

Poetry Series

Byron Cornell Ford II

- poems -

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Byron Cornell Ford II((May 13th,1988-)

#1

This is for my Number One
Lowkey Alpha
hopeful Omega
Doctors think im fighting with vega
that entertains us....
sometimes we gotta
slow
D
O
W
N
evaluate our anger
cause anyone can be a victim of the strangers
Vegas
Vibe
What Happens Here doesnt leave
who needs to know about us?
When three is Company
Throw us under a bus
Left you alone
so just leave us
smile and speak with a tone facetious
yes she needs us, and we need her
God Kisses me incarnate, ima believer
and im just bored dont explore this deeper
inside you lurks the demeanor of a darker creature
seek her.....

Byron Cornell Ford II

1.6.06

The Heart is the only part of your body that doesn't always heal
I mean you can mend the pieces, but someone can always break the seal
I'm just keeping it real, expressing to everyone how I feel
Don't tell her you love her unless your down for the lifetime deal.

Some girls don't care, they'll just throw you themselves
Don't take advantage though, those are the ones who need help
I see no way you can play women without feeling played ya self
So help with her needs, often esteem can't be raised by self.
Cause a True Woman's Worth is gained through a Real Man's Emotional Wealth

Byron Cornell Ford II

2 Mari

I could be the addict, if you'd be my fix
My niccas gon call me mattress, str8 soft for this chick
Id fly home tomorrow, take off for this chick
Katrina stole her home, you can hear the loss in her lips
Kelis betta back down, theres Boss in this chick
I hope she aint bluffin, im willin to go all in wit chips
Swaga Switch....

Where can i even BEgin?
trying to get a goddess but lets be honest WE sin
all she saw in his past she may never really see him
his games she see dem, so he dont psp it
she skims his poetry but she really don't believe it
half of its nonsense about him gettin weeded
crushes change every week, and damn this dude too conceited
you gimme faith, your a blessing, im pressing til you believe it
kills me to wait, out the state, theres some bout chu i know i need it
when you stumble upon a dime do you pick it up or do you leave it?
i could show you mad love...dont be mad dumb u deserve & need it...: -P

Byron Cornell Ford II

A Far From Mundane Affair With A Muslim

French Kissing a Muslim....

Commence the Jihad under bed sheets

4 hours of pure bliss

lips sweeter than your first kiss

Allah made her perfect

like the arrangement of the words is

the most beautiful dervish

her denial of possessions made me feel worth(less)

'...let go so you can feel more'

shes been to carnival as well as the world circus

So High...5 burnt spliffs

but what i possessed made her surface

She Told me I will forever be her Attractive Purpose

Word Kid....

Byron Cornell Ford II

Adieu

As I write

she sits on a porch blowing wind at the trees

speaking in a language foreign to my ears

admiration ensues..

she bends tree trunks with her native whispers

behind every strong man you'll find a weakness for her

her eyes lure me into a covenant

Hers forever...no doublethought

Ayo Nisha'

they'll never figure us out, my love...

& with 3 sweet kisses

bids me

Adieu

Byron Cornell Ford II

Ahem

she believes she is wrong
traveling down the right path
just at the wrong speed
must i feel like
an amorous commodity
possibly i am in the wrong
write the words
despite the verbs
that depress the editor
never wanted to be publish'd
i do this for my soul
muddy water city
smaller then what im used to
never stay long enough to get used to
excluding the girl thats use 2
all my idiotic tendencies
no plants
ports'
no hennessey
bring'ng back the best of me
mentally...intellectually
for the people that love the rest of me
and this half is just a bonus for them
ahem

Byron Cornell Ford II

All Faults Admitted

My Soul a burning fire
flames shall cease never around me
although I feel tremendous heat
He watches down on me
never fell victim to burns
nor have I given up
With each mistake, a lesson learned
Simply living is never enough
I'm not perfect, no man is
Thou shall not kill
Imagine how it would feel losing your kid
Lord forgive me for things I wish I did
wash away sins committed while wishing
For one can only be truly happy
When all faults are admitted

Byron Cornell Ford II

All She Wants

All she wants is the feeling

to be understood

to be felt

Cause honestly shes sick of stealing

feelin good

with someone's esle

+

Her mind lacks the patience

every good guy took is for her takin

she knows its wrong...but why keep waitin

quit hatin! you know shes too fly to soar alone

Byron Cornell Ford II

Almost

Lost Love...

Shall not be forgotten unless it was unwanted from the start

From the start

I mistreated the one I swore I loved, I tore her apart

Ripped out her Heart

Laughed at her tears

Her tears...Her tears...

The warmth from her tears only made my heart colder

The heated stress from her eyes....Made me cry (Almost)

Almost....

Then I thought

Love is Lost.....

Only to be found by another lover

Best believe you'll find another

& another.....

& another set of feelings

If all else fails...There's always Sexual Healing

Never fails.....It'll get you right

It never fails....2 get me 2 write

Late Nights, Long sessions

Never got her name, Damn what a first impression

We made LOVE, and I HATE love

But LOVED to LOVE her

LOVED 2 be her LOVER

Could this be LOVE?

Nah never twice

Cupid wouldn't waste his time

That'd be like me wasting a line

Well...

I do that when thoughts slip my mind

Wasting Thoughts away.....Bye Bye

Cupid Said Hello

Long before I was given the chance 2 say GoodBye

He gave me a girl with a fetish of mine

A foreign girl with luring eyes

She was the FISHerWOMan reeling me in by my lip

I still aint pulled in that lip

She's calling me back for seconds..So I'm take that trip

Almost Lost Everything...2 Her

Almost lost everything off what i was taught
our minds intertwine in a web of infatuation were caught
I had you waiting too long already, consequences for my thoughts
the girl i couldnt put a name too, i now long for and thank you for all the change
that you brought
I never really didnt know ya name, it just covered up the shyness
all the choked up words and panicky throat dryness
slow & steady wins the race
lets take it slow, so the truth can be presented to ya face
its been a month and i havent yet lied
ya bodi is a carnival, i got mad tickets for the sex rides
your sex drives me all over the road
i used to just be all over
when it was all over, Alone
now we do what it do and hold conversations on the phone
been a month since urkel, look how you've grown
you shuld never give out ya heart unless he places you on a throne
cause girl youll be my princess until your my queen
And its your turn for double, im feeling ya genes
reaching on the floor trying to feel for ya jeans
cause aint nothing sexier then when ya getting dressed
complaining how ya hair is everywhere and looking a mess
arguing with nobodis, I'm growing tired of pests
they shuld all get together and start a protest
Put up signs like: 'How u gon do that for someone you dont even know yet? '
'He dont take you to dinner everyday and buy you clothes sets! ! ! '
all things i aint gonna sweat, B-low can handle my threats
and explain to them all the feelings we used to get in the back of they girls necks
haters is sick, im suprisd they havent hurled yet
damn you overseas and still aint got a girl yet.....
Inherited all them Gz and stopp'd doing them curl sets
calling my chick phone, damn still aint got a girl yet
Janitors head to the toilet bowls these dudes bout to hurl next.....

Byron Cornell Ford II

Amorous Commodity Excerpt

'.....what if everything was backwards
vibe with me for a second..
what if Lucifer was a human and God a misconception
now i believe in God but also believe in deception
dont get me wrong God is involved in all that i mention
she walks with me in this session....criticism rests in trenches
a defense mechanism for the uninventive
let my creative sides collide for a few seconds
a thought before lost, now recollectd
what if pain was really joy
an orgasm of emotional freedom
too much to bear for the weak so they became powerful enough to fool the rest
enslave us within the only emotion we don't always have the power to conjure up
happyness is a drug for those who must feel comfort
oppressing those who bleed smiles
agreed when undesireables interact with razor blades it is never a good thing
but what about the narcissist who just loves his/her inter-beauty equally to
his/her exterior?
im just sayin.....
what if the misfits and rebels were stuck playing into the wrong games
given the wrong names
vibe with me for a second...
let these words read aloud uncloud apprehension
bring about mental reflection..
even the righteous ones are frequent sinners
eat your dinner and discuss your flaws
under your draws you hide your innocence
yet you've given it to the ignorant
ENOUGH!
fine then,
just vibe....
dance your iris' into a trance
disrespect your mother's land
pray to God with closed hands
while on your knees your eyes at ease
I snuck in a secret handshake
a disguised divine mandate
given the gift of manstate
doublethought & chancetake

evolutionist do not mock your ancestors, Stand Straight!
hate your lover as Damien makes land shake
and you deny Her
call me a liar
soon your designer pants will be on fire
as envy sets the world ablaze
uncurl, be brave!
the fetal position is unacceptable
unless sexual....(Behave)
Do you think ultimate disdain will allow you its name
as your child plays safely in the sandbox
a girl his/her same age is getting raped in the sand
never given a chance to advance... barely even to pass go...sold for \$200 into
this World Monopoly
how dare you risk stopping greed when you have all you need
said the master to the slave
politician to the activist
just let the lashes hit
give the ashes flicks
watch the world destroy itself
One day at a time....'

Byron Cornell Ford II

Ardent Tongue

My Ardent tongue atones the weeks I left her alone
I claim home in the proximity of her pelvis bone
She just moans
Her thighs panic as I rise to a view panoramic
She tingles unable to stand it
I let out a smile as if I planned this
Her lips are still kissable
Oral sex not yet permissible
BUT
(What)
BabigirlIJustHave2LetUKno
Your jacking my commas off
Running sentences of passion down my spine
Lites Out Time is off
Ur Foreva Myne
I'm developing polaroid pictures in ya mind
Never forget the lover who embeds visions one of a kind
Lyke:
I'll Rewire all ya short circuits
No more chest pains or hurting
Dedicate the time & put the work in
Dont ask why
Cause Babigirl ya worth it

Byron Cornell Ford II

Art Stiches

it could be sweet like a long forgotten dream
or the times with my sweetheart and the time spent remembering
whatever december brings, the birds refuse to sing
let em know death is close, theyve got yer minds, your comatose
i was silent as a scene post violence when
the cops didnt come and
nobody caught on yet
hyjack ya spaceship, spaceman dont want it,
haha im so lonespit, swagga like im homeless,
ego decode hocus pocus,
over your head like pilot blokes is,
fools never take notice, why speak to the hopeless,
its all love just find focus, all thoughts left unspoken,
forgotten like lame jokes is,
see the pain floating, who will it rest on,
when someone esle swallows anothers sins their outlet is dead strong,
some say im head strong, a lame trying to tread on
thinner water then the space between his lips,
meet his grip,
follow this
whatever this is,
nah thats a different picture,
too different to take notice in like that highschool sweetheart we all missed out
on or got done wrong by
but that is not what this is,

Byron Cornell Ford II

As For Anymore

and our hearts keep leading us down paths of coded reason
trying to decipher love as time flirts with the seasons
give me one solid achievement along with my better half
and for anymore i will never ask

Byron Cornell Ford II

Beautiful Girls

STAND UP! ! !

Revolutionize ya mind

ease your needs

free yur soul

im from a place where beautiful girls dont make u suicidal

they make you breakfast in a necklace if u got the game that i do.....: -)

-II

Byron Cornell Ford II

Beautiful Writer

Self Inspection: Blow'n kisses at my reflection
Distract'd Attractions more or less satisfaction
Brain abstraction, pain n mental strain are just fractions
interacting with factions thru word transaction
just waiting for a reaction
they must be napping, what happened?
my paper is nicely together, they letting these scraps in
I'm a writer before it all but might do better with rappin
Sorry I didnt go dumb and am way 2 clever for snapp'n
and i cant recall a day in my life I'd eva brag about Trapp'n
I aint the type that ever did it for forces n fitteds
I was force'd, money used to be short like a midget
but karma fixed me quick
went legit picked up a bic
and the rest
is history.....

Byron Cornell Ford II

Black 1/2

I sit
eyes closed prose black views
need plenty tissues for all these issues
achoo achoo
see what I'm sayin?
sniffles pile
thoughts compile
I have a story to tell
stay a while
first born finished last
generation torn
evil galore
Wearing a sinners cast
generic genes
and a yankee baseball cap
Grandeur glimpses
at gigantic genitalia
I gibe at my blessed genesis
like
' this is my black half '

Byron Cornell Ford II

Black Bird

Doves flying through the sky
High, High, in the sky
Looking down upon that Black Bird

They swoop down upon the world
Upon the world they feel so superior
Superior to that Black Bird

They eat worms and keep supply up
supply up on them worms
Worms they won't share with the Black Bird

Doves get all the envy from the other birds
Doves make other birds feel like Ugly birds
Doves make no birds feel uglier than the Black Bird

The Black Bird is not envious of the Doves
He smiles, shares nesting homes, and shows them love
Love is shown by the Black Bird.

They degrade, beat, and torture everything Black Bird's about
but still it's rare to hear words of anger come from Black Bird's mouth
They make Black Bird work, they take from him his life
Those Prejudice Snobby Doves.

Byron Cornell Ford II

Bleed This Passion

Let my knees relax as i crush my kush
attitude, passive mood, dont give a f**k like Bush
i got 5 more months and i can take off in a jet
or this new ride ive been placed in at a lovers expense
you love her? pay rent....she'll take care of the rest
she'll take care of your heart & unbury your stress
get married? ? ? i guess....nah we dead'd the dress
cause we both too young to commit until death
admit we both too sprung anything done isnt best
unless you talking bout these lines
forever frozen in my prime
ask Shannon Rich about these rhymes
peep the blog for thoughts combine'd
thoughts of hers
thoughts of mine
isnt my girl tho she is a dime
someone esles...must be fly
i write poetry with crusted eyes
dreams awaken my hindered mind
given time a phoenix will rise
as i have from my father's ashes
why bother asking? im not reenacting
i roll with a cleaner faction
its all in your head you need subtraction
bash skull against wall...bleed this passion

Byron Cornell Ford II

Blesskiss

Her pain gives my life purpose
otherwise worthless
who's Hurtin?
im certain neither of us is perfect
even though expressed in words its
such a damn shame
no comfort, lemme rephrase..
our hunger for love's pain
got us going insane
in the membrane
light'n cypress strains
come n get us anyday
til then
I guess its' pills bills n henny stains
why do i remain
ask lenny babe...
might not catch it
too busy stressin'
im focused on US like im in the election
Bless
Kiss

Byron Cornell Ford II

Book 1

traveling down a path with pieces of broken glass
so it seems someone has ran off with the message
my creative individuality is suicidal when collective
dont compare me rather tear leaks where my neck is
my mind open perspective had a few demons let in
laughs did speak when they fled/seen whats in me
harsh judgements spark uck its who r you anyway! ?
i recreate myself day to day yer a molded piece of clay
a cat hair in stacks of hay, pointless imo
my words/my imaginative splurges attack the weak like dominions
hatred from those dont get its, all love from the prolifics
i have friends in high places low key no need specifix
dropp off the map tap into my own zone sad those mentalie trapt
seen her naked with the dekan backwards preaching leaving saks
same sacks we was crushing puffing while kenny g played on wax
shhh no need for claps let hands relax as mine react
in a world where none matter unless they chatter matter of facts
no body is ucking with that but every soul should dive in the depths
he wore his heart on his niggerlips it lingerd with his breath
an art few have come to accept, Love all or love just self
lonelyness never = wealth, dolla signs disguise themself
the root from which we all live evil some lust to forget
no spit.....

Byron Cornell Ford II

Born 2 Die

When days drag on & on
Just grab the knife it'll be quick
You contemplate this over and over
Mouth the barrel then you won't have to face the world
Allow yourself to be free
Let the air of your soul fly away with the wind.
I envy the suicide bombers more than a sane man should
wishing I could take flight towards the abyss.
Look down at my scarred wrists
See the pain in my eyes nobody can realize
I was born to be hated, Born 2 Die.

Byron Cornell Ford II

Bugaboo

See I used to be so in Love with you
Until I found out you were a BugaBoo
Yeah I did want you to birth my baby
Until I found out your good looks came with something crazy
I never lied more then I had to with you
Until I found out my love had died at 2 (months)
I always wanted to be your Diary
Until I found out the stress you put inside of me
I used to want to be with you forever
Until I found out Beauty doesn't always come with pleasure
I dreamed of always keeping you mine
Then I woke up only to find
I used to be so in Love with you
Until I found out you were a BugaBoo.

Byron Cornell Ford II

Can'T Direct The Wind

We can't direct the wind, but we can move the sails
or watch the sails move until the wind directs us.....
and yea i do believe i have personality... as i am still working on my character
Personality can open doors, only character can keep them open
if memory feeds the imagination then i guess the Navy never could kill my
creativity
Sorry Popeye....our quarrels were fueled by ignorance
funny last night i had a dream i disobeyed another order
Disciplinary Respect is like a massage...that your counterpart sucks at giving
Life itself is a risk.....how many times did you die yesterday?

Byron Cornell Ford II

Chase'D Birds Today

I chased birds today
Realized I had that Slyvester effect
So I chose to Fall back
Lettin Her Back Fall
as well as her neck
Pity the Fool
That loves my foolishness
Love the Genius
That tells me so

Byron Cornell Ford II

Chronikals Of Byron Cornell: The Modern Day Narcissus Pt 4: I Love Her

My mother is the moon
My father the Sun
That is my secret
I shine in the day, and in the Night
The Ultimate Lover
My Mother was a Nymph
So you know I bring the best
as much as you can handle
Echo loved Narcissus
Narcissus Loved Narcissus
Echo's heart was broken forever
I no longer hear echos
just repeated love exclamations towards self
in a melody
the sweetest song in my eardrums
well besides HER whispers
HER moans of exstasy
and any word spoke about HER
on the low, she loves me
and to tell the truth
I Love HER

Byron Cornell Ford II

Church Story (Freewrite)

Walking into the church I see their eyes
I came to praise, they came to criticize
if I would've been told about the glances, I wouldn't have looked so surprised
I would've come in disguise
that way, my identity wouldn't have felt victim to their lies.
I almost witnessed my own demise
The devil somehow entered the church and he's planted some spies.

Everytime I go into the church looking for an answer
I hear gossip about someone's wife, and how the others just can't stand her
I hear the lies, the stories, and usually another story's sequel
How when in the house of the lord, do I witness so much evil?

I know this wasn't the preacher's intentions when he started this church
But he often just stands on his perch, preaching to people with evil behind their smirks

I can't tell you how angry it makes me
these demonic acting people having babies
the babies gonna grow up to act shady, and diss that other lady's baby
and my son won't know how to act
Wait, yes he will I'll show him that
you'll hear more lies than you'll hear facts
and liars usually ain't hard to track
some liars are frauds but act intact
you gotta watch out for those, they usually getcha in the back.

Let's Go Back.

Thou shall not kill
But it's okay to slander another and not care how they feel
People let's keep it real
not everybody lives the life of Jada & Will
Thou shall not steal
so stop spreading ya friend's secrets when you promised they'd be concealed
Thou shall not cheat, otherwise known as adultery
I know preachers living in deceit, their sermons so faulty
Thou shall not use the lord's name in vain, although it's hard to praise it
When ya pop's left you alone, You visit him as if he was incarcerated.

Yeah you fake it, go to church every sunday
figure mamas in heaven and you'll get to see her one day
You going to church for all the wrong reasons
you listen and search for someone you can trust and believe in
the lord knows that you need him, so why ain't he help you?
he knows he was wrong to give you the cards that he dealt you.

the preacher daughter Lori tells you she felt ya when you told the church ya story
how you kept going not worrying bout the outcome, like them niccas from glory
How she'd spend time with you and be there if you needed it
she offered some time to you, gave you more time when you exceeded it
she was there for the kisses and hugs
all the reminisces and all the necessary love
so you start talking and begin to love her
she reopened ya heart after you closed it to another
she knew ya flaws, and through it all remained
and when she gave you kisses it was hard to refrain
see you just had to return the favor, the feeling was insane.
9 months pass by, you go to every church service
read the bible 20 times, know how every scripture is worded
now you approach her nervous, and you feel just like
I gotta make this girl my wife, this girl saved my life
No more tears cried at night
No more loneliness
Like if I did smoke weed, she'd be my only spliff
if i did do coke, she'd be my only sniff
If i was to shoot flicks, she'd be my only stiff
if hanging from a cliff, she gives me reason to lift
On my birthday, she was my only gift
couldnt ask for more, she's thrift
Far from a gold digger
She said she loooovvvves me
shes all I neeeeeeeed
I swear this Huuunnnney
Put Faith in Me.....

Byron Cornell Ford II

Cluck This Chicken Scratch...

95% of me wants us to vibe intellectually

cleverly i scribe while other minds try getting me

difference seen, eyelids closed open to vivid scenes

but back to me and mystery

your my future,

Forgive my History...

damn im so bored...

Cluck this Chicken Scratch...

Byron Cornell Ford II

Coming 2 Futuristik Terms

Life in Futuristik terms

Should I write?

or would that only attract bookworms

cause I'm pretty sure all the apples are full

plus when I write I 'kinda sound real nice'

least thats what they tell me on all my poem sites

I got a couple girlfriends, I'm not looking for a wife

Yeah the sex was good, but I'm not settling down after tonight

that didnt come off right, but it will after I left

I'm runnin while yall still doin that same ol 1,2, step

I could go to Fullsail and make movies or beats

or I could work with my Uncle making a grand a week

I could go to college, lose money and gain knowledge

or I could save dollars and go buy some books

could make some dollas by showing off my good looks

could rob for dollas running round with hood crooks

or I could sit back and write my first of many good books

Whatever I decide

the future has yet to be seen through these eyes

not forgetting the past, nor reliving the past

just simply letting it pass

taking on the obvious task

of making sure I'm Not 30 sitting on my ass

Byron Cornell Ford II

Compliment Myself

After you read this you'll get it
My shit Diesel like Riddick
The ink from Bic is acidic
mixed with my shit, awww forget it
it's hard to swallow, so I spit it
and write it down for those who didn't get it
I write it down cause I live it
mayne, just listen....

Imagine a girl with Shakira hips
type a chick that could make a pimp
get near her and slip
yet you won't hear her
she don't model
won't read a script
her sexual activitys a mystery
if you walked by and didn't stop
your chance with her is ancient history
you'll see her and blame surgery
if she hears you she'll claim perjury
and say Oh you ain't heard a me?
You betta watch it fella
She's a Saucy lil bella
type a chick to walk in the rain
expecting a chain of umbrellas
she got lips like angelina
just in case you ain't seen her
got a face like christina
you couldn't turner if you was Tina
she comes from a small town called Cartagena
A Warrior Princess like Xena
Man she so fine
Put the D-I-M-E in Dime
she combines past lines into a shrine
and laughs out loud from time to time
theres no way you could impress her
without looking like a jester
you'd have to become a heavy time investor
before you could even request her

you might have her for a semester
but how you gon keep that yella bird when you Sylvester?
She don't like dark cats to stress her
or bald ones like Uncle Fester
you was just a successor
she used to have someone better
he used to write her love letters
his writing skills are what got her
no man ever had her hotter
Late nights with this boi is where you used to spot her
He'd have her Rowling like the author of Harry Potter
It's like he created her smile
ooo that boi had style
tongue long as the nile
hair long and wild
the sex was never mild
when all his thoughts were compiled
you could listen for a while
he'd tell you his lifestory
ending it with a kiss
she tends to reminisce
when he approached her
she could'nt hiss
he simply said
Excuse me, Miss
Now I'm not going to persist
I seen you looking at me
the eye contact was legit
now I'm not asking for you to commit
just walk with me for a bit
gimme the chance to convince you that I'm not someone you wanna forget
she smiled and moved her feet
walking with not too much freak or discreet
she looked at this boi
realizing she wasn't complete
see men came at her in fleets
no exaggeration in her speech
she knew their speech was full of deceit
and made sure she kept her sheets neat
she been approached by them all
Nerds, Burbs, and Pistol Petes
yet when he spoke

her heart skipped a beat
she used to always kiss him mid-sentence
so her heartbeats didn't retreat
He was so sweet
She was so complete
She came down from Heaven
Told Kanye to Touch the Sky
Six years after eleven
She fell in love
With this FLY ASS POETIC TYPE A GUY

Byron Cornell Ford II

Consequences For Thoughts

Consequences for thoughts

words with meaning

afraid to disagree

im not always right

yes i am

got brave

wrote a novel

well...

a book of rhymes

with pages torn out

riddles stuck in time

scribbles stuck in rhyme

this little world of mine

im gonna let it die

let it dieeee

let it dieeeee

Since our birth we begin dying

counting all the time wasted

what will u do with whats left?

Byron Cornell Ford II

Day 25(C2f)

not much you can tell me, too much of your advice couldnt help me
no im not interested in aknowledgements or becoming forever wealthy
i would much rather have all of my loved ones remain healthy
i just wanna be there to help you.....cause come on.....
don't think you never helped me, you were my strength when i was helpless
i write for theraputic reasons i have no reason to sell this
i was once told a writer should bear no light from his interiors, don't need to tell
you how crooked that lie was
had me disrespecting respectable women, on my don imus
who in this world can i trust, my family, my girl, my iris
i just realized shes everything i wish for when i lust
and i heard that was a sin but i'll begin anew if i must
sittin out in the ocean, zone'n..i let my mind rust
forgive me braincells...this blunt is for our freedom
we running from this place, a race wherein they dont need him
but they see him sit on that ship while they leaving
i suppose it brings purpose to their everyday breathing
to see him wake up with a smile, break that down and leave him
thats why i lit that ziggy and proceeded to breathe in
no stress....i wont let myself trip
just fall...im leave'n
.....peace n love to those becoming
as i blow a kiss to jesus and flick ashes to the wind.....
Kinko Cornell-

Byron Cornell Ford II

Day Our Eyes Came To Meet

The day our eyes came to meet
I never layed on eyes on another so sweet
All previous lovers were full of trechery and deceit
But you were as honest as concrete
You weren't in it for action under the sheets
Never thought a country gal would want a man from these streets
Your the long-awaited beat
and I'm a Poet with the flow
your whole body is artwork from head to toe
the type of art so impressive you'd inspire Vincent Van Gogh
and I've been feeling you since a long time ago
I was just waiting for myself to wake up
Your face was beautiful and you wore no make up
The love i had was nearly pumping out of my chest
I met you in church so I know I'd been blessed
and my heart nearly went into a cardiac arrest
The day I made that lover's request
And my lover said yes

Byron Cornell Ford II

Dense Simplicity

her mind is the time between conception and birth
her tradjedies are my heartbeats
we are recognized in realness
conceal this, hidden gnomes like the seal fish
it doesnt need to make any sense
simplicity can be so dense
i just need honestly
spit game properly (not property)
only god has written logically
if your not god your cop-y-ing
So dont Judge me Dudley
for these divine powers i possess
bringing art to a mess expecting access
i wonder if the energizer bunny can relax yet?
mastered my slave, on a slab on a page
'....and tell all the funny niggers to dance this way'
walking in pants of shame looking for a glance at change
i seen a rabbit running saying 'i told you nothing'
little kids push buttons, grown men get lovesick
makes me wan run back to the days of Public
and tell the teachers to shove it,
dig that like i dug this
'get head from all the bunnies, yeah them bugs kids'
i was like kid i, did i, script my finest?
chasing my time and im right behind it
blinded, reaching for her souls grasp
as i hear my soul ask.....

Byron Cornell Ford II

Does God Make Mistakes?

Does God make mistakes?

I mean

Cupid had to be a creation hers

women always wish'n for that ol' lubby dubby type ish

then again...who aint?

but for the sake of this herre lets juss say She is God

and Cupid still hasnt saved Psyche

Narcissus still gazes upon his reflection

and some light-skin brotha named Byron is sitting right next to him doing the exact same thing...

A legend is born while another is forgotten

Can you hear her Echo?

the pain of unwanted love

My Echo

My Goddess

Did you not get the messages from the sidekick?

Narcissus has forgot about you

forget about him

I'm Prettier

Far more handsome

and did i mention how good i look right now?

Men arent from mars

We flee from Venus

Cupid my Beautiful Brother

She has seen us

we must run

not there

no here

shhhh...

'echo'

i will return to you soon

my love is not partial so it must be under a full moon

if it takes seasons

remember our reasons

my ego is too big

your sexual appetitie is forever hungry

and im off looking for the values that will make u love me....

Byron Cornell Ford II

Don'T Wanna Be

im supposed to be the flyest

me needs no co-pilot

riding thru the clouds, hunting cupid

i dont wanna be in love

i dont wanna be in love

i dont wanna be in love

this is useless...

Byron Cornell Ford II

Dreamkillers

I live to die.
no lie
Lies kill dreams in the same breath that pushes them out
Gasping for air
I finally found My SELF.
Rock-a-bye baby on th.....
For a while I was lost in the depth of Seduction
Walking around without a clue, looking for nothing.
Tossing and turning in my sleep, damn those nightmares
Missing my Distant Lover, I almost booked a flight there.
I wish Freddy visited me in my sleep
I always get so lonely around the last stage of REM
Dreams tend to leave me in a state of insomnia
Nightmares always leave me in a state of relaxation.
Took NyQuill on Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Woke up Saturday Morning
Still feeling so Thrown
Watched some Toons, the Flintstones
feeling like a child, & I'm almost grown
Stuck in this Esteem Cyclone
Nobody better try and knock me off my throne
Matta fact, all hatred better leave me alone
No lie.....
Dreamkillers Could get kill't in this poem
Watched Recess
Took a Recess with my mind
Got lost in time
I even spoke with Einstein
He said my life was 'paradoxical'
&
My 'written speech was stronger than my spoken'
I then felt outspoken by my mind's conceptions
I educate myself from cerebrates of self-thought
One plus One does not equal Two in my dome
Cause One could die off and leave the other One alone

Leave the other One in the Zone, Where all Hatred Brews
If there was a Life or Death situation, I'm not sure what'd One would choose
One's had it hard, sick of walking in them shoes
Tired of Reigning over these fools
Tired of having to play it smooth
I'm do what I gotta do
No lie...
Dreamkillers could get kill't in this poem
Lyrical Manslaughter hurt more then two to the dome
You know the type never act different, society's clones
Acting out what they see from the Tv screens in they homes
2 late 2 atone
2 late 2 go home
No lie.....
Dreamkillers could get killt' in this poem

Byron Cornell Ford II

Each N Every 1

i dont need her
she dont need me
its clear as an HD tv
and when she seen me
she shed a tear
i said baby dont cry loves dead here
we wasnt sposed to tread here
nor let fear
take over
our minds
decline
in time
we'll find
someone to rely
i gave u by-ron
emotional si-runs
9-1-1 im fallin for nun
she swears im sick
cuz im so numb
n i always run
from problems
each n every one

Byron Cornell Ford II

Every Division That Is Me

from underneath a ROC i crept
the block i left
had me exhaling Lala breath
and i ain't talking bout the dancer
nah not yet
living a...
southern facade thank god i left
a blunt kept me out iraq thank god for them breaths
young godly & fresh
teaching toddlers to step
got a few lil ones that think Byrons the best
plz put the sirens to rest
.....me no wanna hear dem no morrrrrre! ! !
i guess they hating on me cause they girl run n whores
but i got mine why would i ever comfort yours
if i did have her @ the crib we was blazin wit my chick too
i was too high let em do what the chicks do
forget who?
dude she won't neva forget me
she could be high on ex, inhaling breaths & tipsy

still you'll hear my name out her mouth when her lips speak

they GO DUMB i GET SMART now they all dont GET B

but it dont matter i do this for sticka, kinko, malasio, and every other division
that is me

Byron Cornell Ford II

Father Forgive Me...(Shampa)

Father Forgive me

It took me too long to forgive her

Never thought she would forget me

or how easy it would be 2 forget her

a disaster with a new plan of recovery

honestly...

Im proud of her

I got sick of her loving me

Byron Cornell Ford II

Finally Found A Description

Darkness hides our secret
let the pure ones sleep
some don't know about sex
so let the sure ones creep
Finally found a fitting description
Insomniatic Sex Freaks....

Byron Cornell Ford II

Flight 2 Cali Poem

'...I went back to my future
esteem through-the-roof'er
nah im not the super but i sleep with ten-ints
meanwhile...
Obama and George playing tennis
I cant afford no dentist
my scribble society would in 2 lines be a menace
need i make amendments
ways and things expected
not too much to remember
short term memories birthd severd
but its always been a pleasure
heres your poem...'

*Poem i remember from flight to Cali

Byron Cornell Ford II

Free 2

Free to Repent
Free to be Ignorant
Free 2 be Foolish
Free for me to do this
Free for yall to criticize
Free for me to circumcise
Free from the shackles
Free from disease...
Cause if they didn't enslave us
HIV would be a 1 in 3

Byron Cornell Ford II

God Will Save Us

for some reason i left this part out last time.....

mental slavery is funny to me

your telling me you really cant decide moods?

i say, treat your mind to a day full of imagery

attractive Chords Carried on by cleopatra

As ceasers' back swallows a sword

JFK bullets fly everywhere along with nigger hoses

spray us

spray us

we must be sprayed

GOD

will save us.

Byron Cornell Ford II

Got Her

I dream of you
we r just sitting there
you smile
and say lets play a game
'I double dare you to force the connection between our lips'
I told her to repeat it....
before she even started speaking....
We Kissed.....
Love at first lockd lips
Maybe third or forth time she walked by
Let out a sigh
hmmmmmmmmmm
gotta make her mine
GOT HER...

Byron Cornell Ford II

Headlines

We all believe in celebrity
Immortal Fame, everyone will always know your name
Would U take it?
I think I'd much rather close my eyes and fake it
Cause with fame comes paparazzi
SNAP *SNAP*
'shit they got me! '
Pictures in the media portraying someone whos not me

'B.C. seen with another woman'
I could see the headlines
See they add life to their names, all they have to do is dead mine
The only friend girl I could ever have has to be my girlfriend
Looking outside my limo window I see a line of girls that never ends
I know I'll say 'I liked it better when I knew I had better friends
Friends who liked you for you, not fake ass chedda friends, '

'B.C. caught stealing at Cornerstore'
They got the story so damn twisted
See I began to miss my boys, So i payed em all a visit
We was at Marlee Crib, and we was all just dippin
See Marlee Idolize Bob, so you know he was trippin
and when Marlee get to theorizing its better if you dont listen
but being I missed my boy I couldnt help but to hear
He said he shouldve went with me that night, it wouldve freed him them 7 years
He wouldnt have been broke then, he wouldnt have to live here
He ran outta liquor, and since he was my nicca
I ran to the cornerstore, and caught the eye of an inspiring strippa
She grabbed me by my boxers told me I'd be hers 2nite
I showed her the ring and told her 'Nah, I'm not ya type'
She said she'd seen me on the tv, said I was lookin right
I replied again, 'Thanks for the compliment, but I'm married with a wife'
Soon as I came to say married, she got carried away
she stuffed blunts in my pocket right after I payed
And thats the story behind the headline ya reading Okay?

'B.C. A Drug Dealer? '
Neva been one, neva will
neva sold no coke, no weed, no pills,

Drugs usually wind up leading to the forsaken
I aint gon lie tho, yall pushing me to take em.....

NO MORE INTERVIEWS.....

Byron Cornell Ford II

Hippietrippie

HippiTrippie

Laying deep in the grass blades sharpest point
I found a light lemme spark a joint
drugheadsomesaidfuckyouduckfriends
tv taught betty not to trust fred
propoganda aka StuckHead
doublethink all thoughts
be concernd and retaught
this is much more then a me thought

Byron Cornell Ford II

Hitchhiking On A Cool Breeze

Left for a second
back for ya blessings

tell me ya mean it
always conveyant

if no one else needs it
ill find use

dreams running from me
ill find you

a mind expanding with times advantage

sittin in the street with the freaks and the damaged

said i cant stand it
so i sat down

conversation with an atheist
who wont back down

god bring me home
sick of this hellish roam

stuck in the matrix
cant find a telephone

tell me kelly
why do you cry?

an a-busive ar-tist
fingerpainted her eyes

she dont wanna leave and
i cant stay

reasons well known but
i wont say

just know if i could
i still wouldnt love you

give cupid my reciept
chest full of troubles

heading back to the avenues
roaring gotta grab sum food

old man gray hat
didnt even wave back

joint point long as my attention span

pretty girl city girl
asks my plans

trust me baby ima deadly man

lost in this world but its
better then the sand

no disrespect id shake every single hand

not 4 me tho
diff-rent gene flows

ran outta bogies
poem got lonely

Byron Cornell Ford II

Holiday Poem 1

Sittin under the mistletoe waiting for a freakdance
No vision to them 'I miss you hoes' not lookn to revamp
Shawty on that Pee, me being HerMan is a wee chance
All my playas that practice know BALLIN! is what we chant
Ima Freak, And?
I Nickname'd her cringer, cuz she follow me like im He-Man
Shoutout to the weedman
damn its been some weeks fam
next time u let that sunroof back burn one for B fam...
(I swear it gets easier, Marvin ain't lie)

Byron Cornell Ford II

I Could But Why Would I?

I could offer a thousand times
advice
provoking thoughts
loving suggestions
but you would never think twice about those

you always wanted me to show how much i cared
you never could just realize it through my actions
i loved you more then any other ever will
and i always will
i swear....

i do sometimes want you as mine for the time
being nothing without you has made me everything i am
everything you never were...
the girl of my dreams has become

she replaces you nonchalantly
if she doesnt belong, she doesnt mind
she knows her time is coming
along with her ring
her happiness
and my love....

i could offer you the same, yes i could, but
why would i?

Byron Cornell Ford II

I Still Got Friends

kickin it with chicks, just showin us they moves
flick! now they can sniff, introduce them to the cool
i produce with just one tool.....my mind, my grind
my drive which demands that i never once fall behind
even tho it seems at times....im always on the rhymes
shes always on my mind, got damn this heart of mine
i didnt wanna fall in love, didnt wanna feel no emotions
now i feel wrong like i should feel like im joking
but its potent, wish i could fall out
dropp dimes & ball out
should i not make them calls out....
i still got friends.....

Byron Cornell Ford II

If I Was You

If I was you

I'd wake up everyday and blow a kiss at the mirror

(I do this anyway) but lemme say

I'd do it as well, if I was you...

If I was you

I'd call my own cell phone and leave a love message

(Cause you gotta love yourself, before you can love another)

and I would want my love..if I was you

If I was you

I'd call Google and ask them why I'm not the..1 search topic

(Smile at the operator via telephone, and hang up)

Of course I'd only do that, If I was you

If I was you

I'd file a lawsuit against the dictionary for having the word Perfect in its pages

(Having being called it so many times, I would have copywritten my definiton)

Perfection is possible, and you possibly are perfect

If I was you

I'd stay in Saturday nights, and go to church Sunday morning

(Being called an angel becomes nonchalant, until God graces you with the title)

And I bet God would, If I was you

If I was you

Beauty would never be Maybelline or Lipstick

(Although your beauty leaves my lips stuck)

I'd think my shyness was cute, If I was you

If I was you

I'd beg for me to stop writing this poem

Give you the number to my phone

Listen to the voice of the wannbe clone

n try to get to know em

but of course that's if I was you.

Byron Cornell Ford II

Internal Burn

surrounded sitting in a forest of red rootdrinkers
dogs & cats that yawn because they have realized before I that there is
NOTHING to do but wait
occupy my time with becoming percents of selfless
trying to love those who love their light more then those in the darkness
When Jesus ran away to Earth He saved the sinners not the righteous
righteous sinners would be wise to recognize their faults
the only all that continues with you in this eternity
when flesh comes to an end
family children and friends
will mean so much more then you currently allow them to
selfish soul
your God laughs at you
why would such ignorant hatred be allowed anywhere peaceful
as far as my words..
Analyze All
Judge if you must
just do not exclude self
Learn to return to the child birth'd eternally
honesty gives us eternity,
internally
do you burn?

Byron Cornell Ford II

Intro 2 The World

what ima spit right here

is ment for your right ear

left side of the brain

stressed guy in the train

little girl with no father

boy with no talent

marker with no ink

pencil with no point

push with no shove

murder no glove

inhale no air

for i am breathless

eyes heavy

as i write i feel like i am sitting atop a kite and i must say it is a feeling that i like

excite the words observe the curve take way too many turns just to turn
backwards i always say i will be there but how can i be everywhere for eternity?
answer me this question and the answer will reveal itself tamperd i am hurting
inside and my soul wants you to realize that all will be saved on the verge
heading towards the edge i bet you wont push me? lookie lookie there goes a
cookie....

and everyone wants to congradulate their bookie

elmo laughs kanye west sits there in the dark.....

and i tear up.....

my souls connection with the infinite is amazing i dont want it to stop if it ever
does bless all of my enemies along with my family

please excuse my vanity

coexisting insanities

hopefully you'll hand a leash

on this mind of mine

line for line

i can keep on going i mean come on i can keep on going

i swear

ima have the longest post on

trippy huh? ..

lol

predict the future thru this shit and all that

thoughts come out onto the cpu

writers r bums save the bums

save the bums read a book

water broken broken water tread on stairs glare eye sight to the day i came to
realize i love samara manymules and this is just a dopeless fearfiends
piano...they call it a keyboard i call all real Gz forward stand up for our women
their rights and the money they take from our familys every night fight fight fight

fight

i mean come on do you not believe? he is here! excuse me, mistake necessary,
she is here, she is coming she will be everything we dreamed she would

be....clouds aloud will yell and rejoice because they have been given the gift of voice. i have walked the ocean floor, traveled to egypt walked the nile flow flow flow the pyramids are amazing sand is in my eyes i know i been here before should i dig here some mo?

oooo how deep the rabbitt hole goes.....

the government is filled with incest

if you could would you ingest

all their bullshit they call debt....

gas gas gas

somebody get a mask

somebody get a future

we must forgive the past

Byron Cornell Ford II

Ironic

Confused(apparently)

but it'll be okay....

time will pass and we will forget our failures

sell our investments in insecurities

Alone

Her lips give gifts of affection

a recollection(of sorts)

b'cuz technically we never met

never kiss'd

never did nor will

so chill....

icecold baby iceMotherFluck'ncold

have no heart until you have no goals

taught myself into this perception

all i have r these recollections

and this Love i find in her

ironic.

Byron Cornell Ford II

Its Hard Finding Good Crayons For A Chameleon Colorbook

Yesterday she had a Temper tantrum
it exposed a frustrated happiness
I have become my shadow's adjective
the groom in her dreams
the martyr in her nightmares
all that has defined me, hides me
in this secretive abyss she finds me
as her poetry outlines me
you know '...its hard to find good crayons for a chameleon colorbook.....'

Byron Cornell Ford II

K-12 Love: Volume I: Kindergarten Love

Walked into the classroom confidence blaring
I thought I looked so fly the way the other kids was staring
Mama had me dress'd fresh as that soap off TV
I was 5 minutes late so she had to see me
I brought her an apple, even had a worm in it
she told me to sit in a chair, I remember i squirmed in it
Spelled my name with crooked letters, thats something you gotta love
if anyone tried to ask a question, they were guranteed a push or shove
Day after day she answered every one of my questions
and if she asked something, You know I'd be the one guessing
if eva she was stressing, the nearest grown up I would threaten
Like 'why you make her mad, Dont make me teach you a lesson! '
That made her smile, and for a while I felt special
I asked her could I be yours? she said 'would you act right if I letchu'
I told my mama she said she prolly love my big head
I got my ass whooped when I asked mama which head
She was so fine, I knew it'd be easy for me to finish the year
Could this be part One, or should I finish it here?

Byron Cornell Ford II

Klassic Kinko

mamas tears paid the rent

peers made sense

dents in my pockets

sippin beers on the bench

it appears weve been sent

to expose all the goals n a dream that we mustve forgotten from long ago

long ago when it happened

americas entrapment

they gave us all that dope n told us to get 2 trappin

quoted the shlit in raps n aids gold n a crack binge

half of us locked in the prisons, where the fluck r my black men?

why the fluck we adapting? why did jena 6 happen?

never forget the genesis is our blackness

raise a black fist, letcha pride out

lets get back to black, stay out the winehouse

crucial time out, this is so needed.....

i aint trying to turn away.. its just my souls bleeding

Byron Cornell Ford II

L Ollipop S Ugar D Agger

i am the string on her purse
she wont forget me
digital knomes skip down a path of jelly mushrooms
i am not home.
leave bad news in my mailbox
tearscheer
i see fear in her retina
as ceasars head crashes into eternity
i can see the stars thru the ceiling
the tv screen is too revealing
turn'n me on
turn it off
spit is blood
ciggerettes birth'd a black screem
do you see jesus?
shower with his blood
the sins the lust
what is trust?
i hear music when yall hear silence
why speak bullets?
Bang Bang she shot me
Cupids Monopoly

Byron Cornell Ford II

Lennon Divided By Dylan

IF YOU THINK SHES ON HER LAST LINE
I INTRODUCE HER PASTIME
NOWHERE TO GO SO ADDICTED TO THE LAST TIME

THE MONKEYBIKE FROM TOKYO BROKE DOWN ON OPEN ROADS

FLOWING DOWN A GATE OF RIVERS FLIRTING WITH HER HATE FOR NIGGERS

CIRCULATING IN A CITY OF PLENTY PILLS AND CHEAP THRILLS

SMEARS BY THE SEAMSTRESS LIVING IN A SLEEPDRESS

DONT KNOW WHAT SHE NEEDS JUST KNOWS ITS IN ME

RIDING ON HER FOOTSTEPS SEARCHING FOR THE GOOD LEFT

WHYS IT SO COLD HERE?
MUST BE THE LOST SOULS NEAR

SEARCHING FOR A REASON LOST IN A SEASON

PARTY TOO EXCITING TO EVER NOTICE THE BAD LIGHTING

ALL THOSE AROUND ARE TOO HIGH TO PUT DOWN

SCRIBBLEN IN A NEW BOX CHILDREN GETTING FLU SHOTS

OLD MEN CRYING YOUNG MEN DYING

JOIN IN THE CAUSE OR SIMPLY APPLAUD

ILL DO NEITHER IMA BELIEVER

BAYBEES MINDS A HEATER WAVING ROUND A CLEAVER

I DONT SHOW MUCH SHE DONT KNOW MUCH

LITTLE KIDS PLAY AT LUNCH AS I BLAZE A DUTCH

CAN IT BE ANYMORE INFECTIOUS? SWEAR ITS ALL CONNECTD
SANTA RINGS HIS BELL FOR CHANGE LET THE DEMON OUT THE CAGE
THERES NOTHING I CAN GIVE YOUR MOUTH OVERRUNNING ITS BIB
GOOD FOOD GOOD HEALTH TIME FOR A NEW BELT
BE CAUTIOUS OF THE NEW KID TEMPTED TO BE FOOLISH
I CAN NOT RECALL WHY THE WALL MADE MUSIC
SOMEONES MAKING LOVE MAKING UP
HAVE YET TO CHECK OUT ONLY STEP D OUT
CLUB FULL OF OLD FRIENDS WAITING ON THE WORLD TO BEND
TARGET SITTING ON MY HEAD PISSED OFF A SQUIRREL AGAIN
TREES MEET A SWEET BREEZE CANDYCANE WEAK KNEES
BARS MADE TO KEEP ME OUT TELL ME WHAT THEY SPEAK ABOUT
I BEEN HERE BEEN THERE LOST IN CALIFORNIA'S HAIR
LITTLE MAN WALKING ROUND TOWN WITH THE TALLEST FROWN
COFFEE BLACK, WATCHING FRIENDS EXIT WITH LINES
BLOW KISSES TO THE SKY LET OUT A HENDRIX SIGH
BABE JUST ZONE OUT DONT BRING THE BONES OUT
LEAVE EM IN THE CLOSET NEVERMIND THE KNOCKIN
I CANT HELP IT DESTINY IS SELFISH
I WONT SMILE WHILE IM ON TRIAL
ITS YOUR FAULT RAN N HID IN MY THOUGHTS
NOBODY IS TRYING TELL ME WHOS PROVIDING

CANT SLEEP WITH CLOSED EYES IM DEPRIVED IN DISGUISE

DONT TELL ME NOTHING WHILE IM OVER HERE BLUFFING

I SOLD MY EARS, HER EYES, MY TEARS

HER LIES MY FEARS NEVER SHOULDA TRIED TO STEER

CRASH BURN CRACK URN

WANNA LEAVE AS USUAL ATTEND MY HEARTS FUNERAL

Byron Cornell Ford II

Life

dreams kill'd with doubts

the growl within a snout

some girls just sit n pout

forgive her for a different route

defer the doubt

what r you living for

are you dying or

should we supply sum more?

'i'll take a handful of ya finest'

-II

Byron Cornell Ford II

Lounge'N(Im Done For Today Poemhunter)

them girls on mars way far from our direction

hungry for true love they starve for our connection

spar for our attention, deny their hearts any peace

we are the tree they fall before, they are the many leafs

falling into a pile that makes them all things but Unique

Clustered speech, holding on to an emotional cliff

as their soul pokes fun at their heart's fingertips

they will never learn to let go, just linger with

a want of all things you must not want to get

Byron Cornell Ford II

Love Blank Lines

Sitting in an addict's attic

What can I Tell Her?

'Babe yer my cellar'

The depths of her heart think its sweet

her whispers of amor scold my insecurities

i will write about the same shit every day for the rest of my life

cause its LIFE....

its what makes sense to me

common entities

Navajo n B

Cultural backgrounds are irrelevant but i always have liked to boast and my girl is so unique god watches over mi novia herself

in stealth....

we walk down a cobblestone road looking for magical midgets

who will lead us to a tree with all of our hopes & dreams attach'd

where we will hide our hearts and be in love infinite

bumpin Nick & Norah's Playlist...

I am the proud owner of a spotless mind

poetry.

Dots in Time..

Thoughts Combine..

I Love Blank Lines

Byron Cornell Ford II

Love Can.....

Love can make you
Love can break you
love can over all alternate you
But I guess it's just something we gotta have
Hate the fights and the fussin' but love the Laughs
Love her Smile, have since the first time I seent it
I never lied to her, I just took the truth and kinda leant it
She knows that I'll always love her
Like the love I have for my Mother, Sister & Brother
And that's deep.
Deeper then the infatuation after the first kiss
Deeper then the sadness you have when when your lover is missed
Like I said Before....
Love can make you
Love can break you
The Sound of love so easily seranates you
Love....ahh....such a sweet song
Why'd you do me so right & then do me so wrong?
why'd you give me an angel and know she would'nt stay long?
Why? Why? Why? the same ol' song
Love can.....make you
Love can.....break you

Byron Cornell Ford II

Love For A Certain 5'5 Model

Beautiful...
thats what you are
2 have your love
I'd have to capture a shooting star
and wish every day that you'd be mine forever
and promise you every nite no one could love u better
not ever..
no matter the ways past relationships severed
I'd throw away the rat habits, no longer stingy with my cheddar
Won't act broke
I won't even smoke
I really dont have the room
theres this fly ass WOMAN in my throat
we both fine, so thoughts in r minds
come out as stutters n chokes
shes hungry, i wanna mutter im broke
but i pay
watch as my whole lifestyle sways
This girl is my only attraction
no longer trip when im hanging with gays
got respect for em, even if thats not my way
but back onto this lil poetic inspiration
i didnt ask ya much, i wanted to keep u waiting
peripheral views
let me know who youd choose
secret attractions
nobody will ever guess who...

Byron Cornell Ford II

Love Simply

She Loves Me...

I ask her for another,

She gives me hers...

short but candy

Byron Cornell Ford II

Low

Damn i feel low
Me & Lucifer could hold hands
but I have too close a relationship with God
and shes always been the jealous type
but maybe she would understand just this once
cause everybodys doing it
come on its the celebration day of all evil
everybody esle is stuntin...lemme get on my evil kenevil
promise i'll be myself
i wont even wear a mask or nothing
when he makes jokes about you i wont even laugh or nothing
but i swear to you ima leave if he makes weed an availability
cause thats something im trying to dodge
shoud'nt be that hard...
I was built Ford Tuff
but you know that already
(slips a note to the original mechanic)
'my engine is in desperate need of a tune up'
and all my dreams are becoming a lil too fishy like tuna
can't stand that smell
kneel in her presence
but i can stand in hell
as i walk thru the valley
the shadows flirt with my mind
telling me theres always pain
and we're all hurting inside
I take this as courtesy
until one of them demons tries to murder me
told me my demise would be my set eyes for currency
....sounding just like my mama
demons in my life bring so much drama
friends spit hatred
my dogs turn to llamas
and im starting to feel like a North Korean
Stuck in situations i really dont wanna be in
feeling like shit,
low as the pot that i pee in
Simply Just
Low...

Byron Cornell Ford II

Metal Boxers

sittin on a porch with a rocking elder watching hell burn
inside sexy slim yelling in her melanin
children drowning in a well of sin
no time for arks...smile at nemo stich'n lilo in a shark
jaws be aching when heartbreaking becomes an art
best to stop before we start
cupid is useless as his darts
cold as the ice before it parts
exposing warmth beneath the secret
i guess this is how we'll leave it
metal boxers beeping, please delet him

Byron Cornell Ford II

Mirror Man



Mirror Man -Kinko Cornell & The Dopeless Fearfiends

Current mood: busy

'Mirror Man'

Written by Byron Cornell (2008) for II & The D.F.

And if her smile awakens mine,
I'll know then I should take my time.
let her know no man is perfect,
and all that has been, makes it worth it.

I Live a life beyond these verses,
spent days in hell, spent days in churches,
and if my past does make you nervous,
i won't blame you, i'll blame the surface.

im sure your worth it
so sure your worth it
when im with you my heart's a circus
if it dont last, if you get nervous
i won't blame you, I'll blame the surface

I may not be the Holy man,
but with you by my side ive got miracle hands
scribble n scribe
dont you feel so alive?
if not i believe you see the demons inside

im sure your worth it, i wont deny
but much too nervous, to give it a try
visibly perfect, but id rather collide
let a truck full of ugly, hug me and die.....

Byron Cornell Ford II

My French Poem

Tempt me, mi amor
Escribe en espanol
envidio cada inhala de aliento
quiero que ella necesiteme mas'
sin ella lo que es mi proposito
bilingual a propósito
French Poetics...
Tempt me, mi l'amour
Me tenter si vous devez
je l'aime
no..
elle dans l'amour ma poesie
J'adore ma passion ecrite
Nous aimons mon ombre
Chasser l'amour pas encore né
Tempt Me, My Love...
I Beg from these fingertips...
....these lips are addict'd to the temptation

Translated:

Tempt me, my love
I'll write in spanish
i envy each inhaled breath
i want you to need me more
without her what is my purpose?
bilingual on purpose
French Poetics...
Tempt me, my love
Tempt me if you must
I Love her
No..
shes in love with my poetry
I adore my written passion
We both love my shadow
chasing a love unbirth'd
Tempt Me, My Love...
I Beg from these fingertips
.....these lips are addict'd to the temptation

Byron Cornell Ford II

My Resonating Mind

looking at the moon as gods hunger shows
while im just standing still watching others grow
shedding tears of pride
wondering why i cant decide
if i go this way that way collides
commence the funeral for all things on which i rely
shedding tears of pride
my ego mustve witnessd things far before my eyes
ive been sad for days mad at ways ive let her die
on the verge of submission babe just listen babe just try
im shedding tears of pride
theyre only there when i present my resonating mind
just leave it ima pheonix let the ashes meet drafts and fly

Byron Cornell Ford II

No Words For Love

No words for love
her madness drove my mind into clyrical insanity
Got me paranoid, looking over my shoulder for them men in white suits
and could you truely blame me?
A Word-Smith, Love Struck, driven time after time to lose the being I lived for
I wonder would I still have said yes, if I knew what I was in for
Her tears are necessary for our love, the Roses growing out the Concrete
Hugs & Kisses often dismissed by Arguments (Slash) Aggitated repititons of
certain thoughts
I thought, I thought...I loved this girl with whom I'd one day give gentle kisses to
in 2-seater Wheelchairs
She got me sprung like T-pain, I swear if I lose her Ima act like Jamie Foxx in
Breaking all the Rules
Filling pages upon pages with my heartbroken Poetry, attempting to pick her
brain, listening to Floetry
I used to go with my ego, 'Man you dont need her', then We {split}, but I'd
eventually returned like the warmth out Car heaters
Never been a cheater for fear of catching the eye from up above
Man, everybody knows ain't No Words for Love

Byron Cornell Ford II

Nobody Saves Themselves

Nobody saves themselves...

she overstands my miseries

offers herself as a gift to me

Bride to all my collective pains

I have given her the shatter'd pieces of my heart

take care of whats left, my love....

she loves and protects all the parts of me that i will never accept

places herself between my ills & my joys

Jill led Jack up the hill as a boy

& I have exiled myself from society until i discover my attractive purpose....

distract'd curses she chalks up as intelligent ignorance

lets run off together

for worse or for better

they believe us as we decieve trust

all is fair in love & war

she smiles and dials the number...

Byron Cornell Ford II

Obsession/ Love In A Sense

The day are eyes met my heart began to melt
I still remember the exact feelings that I felt
Our lips have yet to meet but I await the day
That you pick up your phone & realize I'm only a call away
Being a man, I'm sure I'll make mistakes
But to keep you here, I'd do whatever it takes
If harm came your way, I'd prove my love was true
Gladly die & watch over you
If you denied me & loved someone else
I'd live life, alone, & die by myself

Byron Cornell Ford II

Obstruction

did my time
wonder can she see
i cant survive this in one piece

passin time with your
sleepy eyes
wonder in your dreams do you see our demise
(cause i do)

shes in the dead room
mumbalynn away
found out my dreamgirl got lost in her ways

shed rather frown than
play around
wanna break it off but cant stand the sound

melodies floating on the sea
tell me
tell me
tell me
is there hope for me?
(am i drowning? ? ?)

she digs abuse but
not affection
live with her forever id rather hold the breaths in
cause im fade'n
im fade'n
looking at a future of displacement

somebody save him
save him
save him
from this obstruction

Byron Cornell Ford II

One Eye Up

Sleep one eye up
watching as the world turns
dreaming of my grandmothers smile
the origin of my daughters beauty
the one responsible for my mothers strong will
the one who poured me more kool-aid when i was only halfway thru
basically TRAINED me to take seconds and go outside and use the energy....
Like the Energizer Bunny, I just kept on going recklessly
deferring towards things that damn near put an end to me
oxymorons make intelligent poets go dumb
Legally grown still waiting childishly for me and pops to throw some
the reason i WAS a playa, was cause when it came to me and you for my pops,
yall hoes won
regardless of what might happen there wont be no Encore
even if Bonita do me dirty i still aint jumping on whores
seen plenty of heads thump on boards
heard the screams of satisfaction, the babi i want mores
I want less, just a girl who gives me a sense of simple happiness
I guess what im trying to say is...I just wanna smile without forcing it
she so fine I'll take time 2 court my miss
letting her curves distort my lips
I want her to give me what the storks equip
a baby with her sort of wit
i wanna explore her til shes sore n shit
im nicer then these whores admit
Mista Slicka then ya average
aka Sticka Sticka hitcha like a savage
a weed n liquor addict
accede snickers at the habit
but i quit for my chick
cause she 'aint even gonna have it'
and i long to have her heart
cupid lathers me with darts
hoes scatter n depart
cause ash had me from the start...Mad Love....

Byron Cornell Ford II

P.O.S.

I'm falling victim to this addiction
watching a queen become a fiend
she remains stable
long as I give her what she needs
Of this I am always able
even if I don't want to be
I'm a P.O.S.
Prisoner of sex
I just can't reject
the feelings that I get
It used to be weeks
It used to be days
Now I only wait hours
this is much more than a phase
I give it her raw
I give it to her wrapped
I give it my all
and whatever's left after that
I don't blame my actions on a type of music
it's in my blood, pops was the type to do this
I don't wanna see another woman hurt like mama hurts
I stay asking myself ' Damn, why she had to wear that shirt! '
I just wanted a lil bit, tend to get greedy
it's been more than just a lil bit, I feel so needy
So I guess I'll keep going til there's nothing left
I'm a addicted P.O.S
Prisoner of Sex

Byron Cornell Ford II

Peace & Love

cause if i die tonight

another doctor will find a heartbeat

a 14 year old daughter will get an abortion

and we'll lose another child in the abyss of capitalism

hoping if in deed I do die tonight

God will remember all of the weedsmoke i blew his way

maybe it does make me passive

but it makes my mental active

from a drone/vegetable status

2 being on point in all ways like a cactus

my girl is my world, im her axis

not a pimp, no limp, no chalice

pretty lil navajo girl with an accent

the other girls sound like sims from Maxis

if you dont understand this you average

me and my girl split it all like taxes

take a break from it all, trip in fall, we kit kat'n

as i send messages across the world like faxes

hate attacks, paper stacks & we laugh'n

Pryor To Richard

Pryor to Richard
I used to draw True Nigger Pictures
I used to speak True Nigger Scriptures
Pryor to Richard

Pryor to Richard
I never laughed at being black
I just accepted the facts
Pryor to Richard

Pryor to Richard
The word Nigger Hurt
It made me feel lower then dirt
Pryor to Richard

Pryor to Richard
I cried in detentions
I longed for Out of School Suspension
Pryor to Richard

Pryor to Richard
Niggas never showed much pride
We had yet to open our eyes
Pryor to Richard

Pryor to Richard
The Black Panthers were lost
Ain't show whitey whos the boss
Pryor to Richard

Then He came.....

Throwing 'Nigger' round like it was your name
Cussing and Fussing at Whites like he was insane
Putting all Racists to shame
What was going through his Brain?
What was going through his Veins?
The government gave it to us Richard ain't one to blame
He just had the fame

So he was 'wrong' for his addiction
Good Ol' Rick....He'd be quick 2 give that a flip
Saying There's no wrong in addiction
Just wrong in the one who inflicted

Pain 2 Comedy.....

His moms was a bust-down
His pops was a no show
His jokes all came from that info
Leave U like..
'Awww shit what we in fo' '
Rick did it again
Better then any musician with a pen
Better then a Vet with any pet
Gave every living thing respect
Even Though Respect at first for Rick was hard 2 get
He still showed R-E-S-P-E-C-T
Came hard with his and made it look easy
Tellin' everyone I know yall mutha fuckas need me
Last words.....
'Can't a Ol' Nigger be let down easy? '

R.I.P. Richard Franklin Lennox Thomas Pryor III.....

Byron Cornell Ford II

Pure Evil

Lost home solitude soul bones
so alone
close-mouth'd courage
poetry porridge lemme stir it
blue with burnt tips foottrips atop sand pebbles
she awoke my soul
wish me well when you leave me
never goodbye BC
in the cab home cupids dagger hone'd
called baby that night soul flames ignited
first date on ice talking twice about the lifeless
acknowledging the dead, do it all before were them
'...i could die right here to night'
as the ice cracks
neither of us cares to run back
reality is another galaxy
blue moon attracting me
eX-men distracting me
she slips into my crevases undetect'd with a toothbrush
sleuthly dust crept in
relationship isnt what was expected
now i must forget her
as evil slithers
i gotta shake snakes without my angel beside me
and live with the fact that she cant even remember her heavenly orgins
medication deadly to organs
Lucifers not important
I wake up everyday and look pure evil in his eyes

Byron Cornell Ford II

Pure Goddess

Pure Goddess

Jealous Lord

Beg Forgiveness

Beg some more

Want a Chance

Take a Chance

If I lose

Lost one

Try Again

Give down

never up

always down

maybe up

What i said

...quit playin

play too much

laugh a lil

Live the same

happy goddess

stuck in my brain

Byron Cornell Ford II

Ramble 2

Had an angel
Had a demon
Had a recepticle of semen
Had a few in between em'
some i hit the first time i seen em'
Had girls that made bypassers pass by wantin 2 be him
Wish i had this one, but she'll prolly neva see him
mad love to every one i had that see these poems n read em
jus dead'd my B.M.
ask the bitch if u wan be him
so i guess this is my RequIEM

cause she gon kill me for that..
Breakfast in Bed..She gon bill me for that
I pray my new touch still feel me for that
Forgive me for play'n Tom, Jerry promise he no longer feel like killin the cat
the same way Jerry S. Friend aint really feeln the blacks
south'ern terms:
She feeln playd...but i aint got no feelings for that

Byron Cornell Ford II

Revolving Door Policy

she has nothing more to say
revolving door policy just let it sway
seducted i trusted a hidden face
shes in denial on trial with herself constantly judging
a tumbling facade shes created with help from her ipod
songs that you would swear she wrote,
her alter egos beg freedom from her on the d-low
stiches when she spoke you could hear her open wounds
drowning in fears/tears in her cucoon, a suicidal butterfly
Zs floatin above her shell a mind that knows way more then willing to tell
as she sits in a well, located deep in her mind, prolly the left side cause all her
rights have died
'i cant seem to write no more'
well then let the words be expressed thru speech
be naked to the one you 'love' or be naked on the streets.....
Now i hear shes wandering around looking for cloth that would risk her presence
she sold my presents, she has nothing more to say
revolving door policy, just let it sway

Byron Cornell Ford II

Rose

The Gun went off
She fell into the abyss I promised I'd never let her fall into.
I failed her
Could'nt save her this time
No poem could make her smile...This Time
This Time I really messed up
It's my fault mi amor can't get up
She's laying there
Lifeless
The worst part is Her eyes are Open
I used to tell her my future was seen in them eyes
Not only did I tell her that, but I truly believed it
Believed it so much, that for 8 months after she fell
I could'nt bring myself to rise
Her favorite poem was by Maya Angelou
Phenomenal Woman
She was easily considered Phenomenal...never grew into a woman
Scanning through Maya angelou's book I found the Poem Still I rise
Somehow through those words I heard her and I Rose again
She was my Rose that caused blood to drip from my pen
Never will I see my Rose Again
Tupac said it best though
Rose was definitely grown from the concrete
and the concrete jungle was the reason Rose isn't with me.
Now So many tears are shed
When I read valentines she gave me
Roses R Red.....Can't read no more
So I write
Roses are Red
So was my Rose the day she stormed off because of what I said...

Byron Cornell Ford II

Salvations Single Change

'....and when all of heaven falls,
what will become of us all?
will the love for power devour
our one chance at salvation? ...'

-II

Byron Cornell Ford II

Saves Us All

the shields will break
and the knights will fall
but the day will come
when he saves us all

Byron Cornell Ford II

Search For Her

My Soul's a Grand Canyon
Half-filled with tears for water
tears from another woman's daughter
expensive tears that I bought her
couldn't afford the cheaper teardrops
for fear she may just love me not
the garden of eden cannot be found
playing love games, I tore it down
she loves me, she loves me not
Whoa, where did all the pretty flowers go
I checked under trees, and behind mountains
nowhere could I find my true love
I saw no hope then I opened my eyes
I was given sight to see into minds
Picture me running up n down streets
stopping random women, interpreting their speech
Lord knows how much I need her
I think I seen her before & scared her off
because she too was a mindreader
Sitting back pondering my next of steps
I daze of into a type of retrogress...

When we were young I lost her
I put her missing persons flyer on the side of my lemonade stand
I remember I left to find her on a hot day
maybe she was thirsty and stopped by for my lemonade
I turned around and went back
all my lemonade had been jacked
but I wasn't too focused on that
I had to get my baby back..
Back to the future
I'm no Michael J. Fox
But Damn I need the Doc

I come to a town
hella dumb dumbs around
but when I hear her speak
my jaw hits the ground
I swear this is her

her picture never left me
I'm scared this is her
did she forget me?
stand at attention quickly
no military background
if she can't be with me
whoever shes with shall get smacked down
I've came to far to back down
I'm talking to myself now
like
GO TALK TO HER
and when I did.....

Byron Cornell Ford II

Shampa

Tears fell from her face
Her face now drowning with tears
She told me to leave the room
I was the cause of this teary monsoon
I took two steps backwards
Her chest filled with laughter
Laughter often occurs when anger's capacity is absurd
I came at her mind blurred
Yelling possible truths that I heard
No longer letting the conversation defer
I questioned and questioned her
Her eyes leaked with disbelief
Lips quivering for their chance to speak
True she's a freak under the sheets
But she's too much of a lady to cheat
She admits the relationship isn't at its peak
But the love that is shared is so unique
She kisses me on the cheek.....
Tears dropp from my chin
I want to apologize, but where do I begin
Why do I get in her head like a bobby pin?
Constantly making her emotions spin
Going this way I'll never win
I have to really search within
Like clothes, she feels so good on my skin
That comment causes her to grin
She smiles
I feel like if the lord returned 2nite she made my life worthwhile
Worth departing from heaven
&
Returning so soon
I feel like anyone who's ever been called beautiful is just my baby's lampoon
I wouldn't take Brazil or Cancun
Over me & her under the moon
She brings so much to the table; sex seems like just a spoon
But I love them Cheeri Oohs
& the way she curls her toes
When all her curves are shown
Its perfection, I suppose

If the lord ever did compose
I feel obligated to expose
My Indian-American Rose

Byron Cornell Ford II

So Much Of Me Left

I used to feel a passion
used to care how she felt
then her mind went elsewhere
she felt she had to have sex, to better herself
could I be the one to blame her
I opened her up to it, without reading the disclaimer
The first time we kissed
also the first time I missed
the right path in the road
Damn, I should've took that left
I should've took that time to contemplate them steps
maybe then I wouldnt feel like she still has so much of me left...

Byron Cornell Ford II

Soul Inhalor(Teaser)

The Soul Inhalor (Teaser)

Current mood: contemplative

I told you of your future...you called me a prophet. God does not give me that name or power...your lifestyle just makes your future obvious! ! ! why give up hope on bettering yourself because of a few knots in mother natures hair? You cannot blame another earthwalker for your shortcomings so far in your life, devious decisions defer destiny, alliteration to a lost angel...my mind has went numb, i write this from my soul....confusion may fill your cup of tea and only curiosity will help you obtain freedom once again...ask questions not to be noticed but to become informed on the things one is inclined to discover...and for the sake of your heart do not treat it like it is a sin to say goodbye my lover...temptation of love is a lonely battle to face, but when you succumb to the temporary feeling of fulfillment you will be left more alone then you previously believed yourself to be...strive to be a 'minute longer in the mirror' away from arrogance but do not become full of yourself, for blessings can evaporate as quickly as water in hell...but i guess you can breathe easy for now...let these words be a potent dosage from the soul inhalor...Waiting to exhale like Angela n Whitney...They don't get me.....Keep ya Got Damn Heads Up! ! !

Byron Cornell Ford II

Spitkicker Radio

tune in 2 spitkicker radio
katrinas brother was weak
God was good in preparing us
sparing us the grief
never really WANTED to be nothing
just something like the Beats
lemme quote the GOAT
i got the guts to live my ideas
ignorant to your blissful advice
depress'd stress'd...a mess
glorifies my happyness
i dont post it for those who read
my notebooks just tend to run from me
ink penetrating paper
obsessively collecting me

: remember God sent us here to wait
our comfortability is irrelevant
thats a point not a fact
recognition of knowledge never condemns anything but stupidity
anyone but the fool
recognize

! @\$: I will always be only what i am
you will always oppose my simple complexities
tell me how lost & confuse'd i am
a fool never analyzes themselves before others
God bless God's mother
and the children i godfather
and my interest in the orgin of that term
adjourn'd...

Byron Cornell Ford II

State The Facts

Living on this earth
Don't never expect peace
Babies living to die at birth
Leaders turning the other cheek

So many things not said to your face
speeches about you behind your back
all the gossip this world is disgraced with
why attempt to state the facts?

I attempt to state facts
for those babygirls and boys
who one day will hold gats
skipping the joy of Children toys

I attempt to state facts
for victims of genocide
you can see their ribs out they backs
you view true innocence in their eyes

Attempting to state the facts
I realize its truely easy
for me and you to sit back
and view all this drama on TV

Teletubbies got canceled
only to be replaced with
Live war and it's true handle
on the frown of dying faces

In my attempt to state facts I prayed
Day after day, til the lord finally pushed
he said in a betrayed kinda way
It all falls back on the Burning Bush

I state the facts for every baby sister
that has to tell her mama
that lump on her tummy aint no blister
and she bout to be Big mama

I'm stating the facts
but it's kinda hard son
ima have to come back
this is just part one

Byron Cornell Ford II

Surviving Through The Fear

Vomit Prozac

I dont need this life

Placebos do the same 4 me

My mind just isnt right

2nite

I find myself playing russian roulette in the mirror

whispering to the reflection 'pass the gun here'

Upset and so alone when a 'click' sounds in my ear

often times i live my life on the edge, surviving through the fear

Byron Cornell Ford II

Tale Of The Perfect Woman

Have you ever been told the tale of the woman made perfect
She had virtually no flaws, and the ones she had you could work with
men searched for her shit, but after being dismissed, cursed the myth
she was legit and would admit she would split if once called a bitch
so when tried she never lied, If you cant abide she can't confide
she was down to ride, and would stay by your side
just dont place her inside with some shit in which shes not tied
and she'll never whine, personality and beauty combined
made this woman so fly, so easy on the eye
that as a straight guy you'd have to give her a try
be her alibi if ever she commits a crime
she the type of dime when she walk by your talk die
you'd tell yourself her being married is guaranteed
and I agreed, til she decreed she had HIV
I didnt believe it B, not this sexy girl from tennessee
the tale she told me isnt known so well
the story's no mystery it's kinda hard to tell
'The first man she let into heaven, cast her into hell'

Byron Cornell Ford II

Tears Behind The Smile

I see the tears behind the smile
your eyes lead to thoughts hostile
you used to be versatile
but you've been in this rut for a while
you feel lower then the key under the doormat
and shouldnt no woman ever have to endure that
You was leaving him a week ago for the past 4 years
been threatning to take ya life, like these ya last 4 years
Yeah you got a life, but don't think much of it
He doesnt give you the chance to Hate it or Love it
Cause he beats you when you get home
Like bad kids in public
watching tv like wheres my easy button?
you used to be a tall glass, now you on ya last swig
you feel so small, ain't nothing you doin big
days seem to drag on
wheres the knight to save you
the knight in shining armor
you feel like a slave farmer enslaved you
Listening to Tupac Keep ya head up
wishing he was still here to help you get up
cause lord knows your way past fed up
make his toasted bread or he'll bust ya head up
butter on both sides, evenly spread, cinammon bread
if its burnt spots on it, oooo girl I swear ya dead
His speech repeats ova n ova
Bitch it's March, go find me a 4 leaf clover
You go into the backyard under the tree
look up at it, and what do you see
a rope hanging with a noose open free
here he comes telling you
dont you try n flee
cant nobody stop whats about to be
your last words were
Baby, I been dead a long time, you just concluding it for me

Byron Cornell Ford II

The Genuwine Pickup Line

My beautiful queen, I don't mean to intervene
But i see you here all alone, no man to call your own.
So allow me to appreciate how beautiful you really are
I seen you over there, but over there was kind of far.
So far of a walk
do you mind if i sit down while we talk?
So tell me about yourself but allow me to introduce myself first
Byron Cornell Ford was the name given to me at birth,
I wanna make this conversation work, i promise not to be rude
when were done here could i interest you in some food?
I'm being careful with my choice of words,
soft-spoken but speaking loud enough to be heard
I'm self-concious but with you the last thing on my mind is myself
I hope your ready for love cause i dont wanna be with anyone esle
Financially I dont need any help
but the last thing I want is a women in love with my wealth
So tell me how you feel, be honest and keep it real
I got a broken-heart that only an angel like you could heal.

Byron Cornell Ford II

The Girl Behind The Pretty Eyes

She got me sprung in captivation, way past the infatuation
classmates be hating, cause we placing each other in sedation.
Can't nobody touch the love behind our kisses and hugs
girl spaceships couldn't reach the high of this here love.
I'm not sure she knows this, but I swear it's Hocus Pocus
She attracts all of my focus, with the words coming from where her throat is.
Every spent moment got me feeling a love so potent
if it feels so good right now, it'll last forever....Won't it?
Nah, Love ain't like a diamond unless it's true,
but all the time I'm applying MUST mean I truly love you.
Your Grace is Amazing, it could inspire a church choir
It puts a Grin on my face, can you see the smile through the wire?
I'm gonna maintain the romance, til im old like Ron Isley
ya stance got me in a trance, ya hips Hypnotize me.
I got a couple of goals, and yeah one involves the pole
but another involves connection between the Mind, Body, & Soul.
Girl you got the heart of a Nympho, aww shit what you in fo
I'm gon tell you all the facts, don't listen 2 false info.
Lock ya ears in, don't listen 2 sadiddy lies
they just mad cause I got to know the girl behind the pretty eyes.

Byron Cornell Ford II

The Infinite Benu

Isis has discovered my name....
my soul is hers,
told to learn until im cold in an urn
a smoldering burn...i am an infinite benu
wisemen distant from the truth
who am i supposed to listen 2?
Osiris never gets boo'd
the desire within Lucifer's womb
the lack of accomplishment in elder households
have got me pondering whose role model'n who....
your a role model to who?
I have no aspiration to attempt the model role
Me?
in my heart i store the knowledge of Isis
Mind bright as Ra, gives me the knowledge to write this
you like this?
bite this....
i spew the venom injected into our sun
created by our mother so she could be the powerful one
do your research son..
I am a man not a woman nor a desire to be one,
just gimme cannabis.....
walking among the living dead
scribbling this pledge, written as Anubis
if you over-stand they make you sit n forget it
so i act dumb, no college credits
kickin it with Judas for a second
the mind within a man is a beautiful blessing
its rare when common society accepts it
accept me or kill me
just don't bill me
IRS can't catch me up in the hills
stacking up the wrong kind of bills
ill.....

Byron Cornell Ford II

The Ultimate Blessing

Anoint my lips
Allow me to receive your love
write scriptures on my tongue
a language only we understand
not spoken, but understood thru eye connections
{visual braille}
Let me inhale an Angel's breath
Breathe easy for a second
let me be first in your heart
the ultimate blessing
-Byron Cornell

Byron Cornell Ford II

Trail Of Fire

hitched a trip down the trail i once crossed
driver asked me where im going, anywhere the winds soft
and i dont mind that the times are hard
safe full of heaven's leaves and simple cigars
give me a chance im just here to dance
watch my feet as my eyes seek demise in a trance
like the inhales his tales arent distant
babygirl cherish youth your so innocent
dont let in thoughts to anybody givin it
wishing for the good life, past the bad times, your living it
keep the papers they wont be near later
little boy cheers as the trees shed tears
my mind is in the place that all the dead fear
they dont come around unless comfort is found
go away from my pillowplace
im just a runner in this pillowchase
dreams explained by the pillowcase
be anything and everything you were ment to be
nobody will ever mean what you ment to me
i live with this heart but its dead to me
runaway with my love as i watch the beats that fled from me
i live for the unexpected feats
summarized in collective speech
i walk with dos eclectic feet
what a pair with none to share
none will care, so i might as well admire
setting matches on the road blaze my trail of fire

Byron Cornell Ford II

Untitled 2

maybe i should return to
the light breeze that burns true
cause its not like when i quit my life stop'd giving me fits
cooking its better i must admit
but i like the stench that sticks
makes family members drift
like i give a flup whos mad at me...
pinpoint my flaws with accuracy
this is my reality
tell me who lives in this mist casually
opinions wrapped up like gifts hassle me
present'd rudely attacking me
but you were wrong to attack her
torture me with your ignorance
but leave her where she sits
forever i'll respectfully bite my tung, internal fun when she flips

Byron Cornell Ford II

Untitled...

Mix gasoline with flame
Rinse your throat with the product
My tongue is on fire
My lips burn each time we kiss.

Unwind Love Complexities
It is Simple.
I Love You
Because you are the woman I Love.

Seven-hundred & Thirty nights
I wrote some of my saddest lines.
I told you I'd fall into depression
If we were apart for such a long time.

I'd walk the thousand miles
Fill the path with burning coal
Pray the heat rises in my heart
Refresh the love in my soul.

Byron Cornell Ford II

Wake Up! ! !I Dont Wanna

things i dont want
become things i long for and need
with a motivational level like the busdrivers foot in that movie speed
then it all fades away..
black and white with emotions blue a dude who thinks in shades of grey
what more can i say?
irrelevant to those who never listen
sideways talking shit in the church hurts to say im not a christian
tho i do believe, usually i sleep in on sundays
dreaming about angels with curvy angles walking down far away runways
i dont wanna wake up.....

Byron Cornell Ford II

What We Had

We HAD...

What

We had..

Shes sad..

Shes mad...

Shes common..

Hes Plaid

We Had..

What

We HAD...

Bz Bad.....

Mistaken Love

Byron Cornell Ford II

Who are you?

Your nothing but a lost soul
a shadow with no depth
falling asleep on mirrors
lying on yourself

your walking all alone
down a hectic road
only taking concern with flesh
realizing there is little realness left

Nobody can talk you into life
when death calls eternity wife
you find tranquility in the darkness
So nobody can talk you into the light

tried to surround yourself with holy folk
Lord knows that was a joke
Your still in debt with Jesus
Lucifer is offering to loan redemption for your soul

you love steak
your throats a smokehouse
your only similarity to others:
your a carnivorous smoking brotha

if a cat chokes on a mouse
who killed who?
you love to chase pussycat
that could kill you

HIV causes alot of us to D-I-E
still you choose not to wrap it up
Took a test last week, it burns when you pee
now whos laughing huh?

It seems you'll never learn the lesson
or determine the subject I'm stressing
so quit guessing, and just ask yourself
Who are you?

Byron Cornell Ford II

Writing Away.....

U wanna know how pen tips turn cold
white lines turn to black holes taking in my soul
trying to grasp thoughts my mind has to let go
I finally realize everything that glitters ain't gold
lettin yall know on the way, my word is bond
although my presence doesnt always come off as strong
I still mean every word in every one of my heart's songs
my confidence is high like calvin broadus
i got some tight lines, weak minds take notice
remember that dismembered facts lose focus
I try not to get caught up in hocus pocus
so i don't go to church that much
gotta keep it real, you know inser that touch
Sometimes I feel like Kurt too much
poppin pills just 2 get through the months
I never thought writing that would hurt so much
Yet I need to write like I need a light
Relieving my pain is more then a phrase
I been feeling like shit, if that's not too cliché
Man my lines deep like the voice of Isaac Hayes
but ain't no chef singing me songs to get me through the day
so what am I to do besides keep writing away....

Byron Cornell Ford II