

Poetry Series

Mr. Poetic

- poems -

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Mr. Poetic (8-6-60)

I am a poet living on the island of Boracay in the Philipines. I was a Chicago Police Officer for 20 years and now I am retired and write poetry all day in the sun. My dream is to one day be a published poet. But it doesn't matter if I do get published because I am still living my dream by being able to write my poetry while I gaze upon the horizon across the ocean. So whether I get published or not is just a dream that hopefully will come true as well. Though I've been a cop for many years I never considered law enforcement as my true profession. My true profession is that I am a Poet and I will never retire from my true profession because my poetry is what defines me as a man, a human being, and a creative individual. When I create a poem I feel like I've accomplished a great task because not everyone has the ability to express themselves on paper. But when you are able to express your love, hate, pain, sorrow and good fortune on paper then you should consider yourself a lucky person. The sad thing is that none of my friends or family think that I have the ability to become a famous poet. Well, maybe that is true but I can't stop believing that the world will know who I am because of the words I write. So never stop believing and never stop writing. But never, ever write for financial gain, write because you have the love and ability to create art on a blank piece of paper. And when you create art through the words you write then you will enrich your life in many ways and you can't put a price on that.

A Friend In Me

A vision of beauty
A vision of love
An angel on earth
From Heaven above

Beautiful hair
A bright smile
My dream is to one day sit
And talk with you awhile

Lovely young lady
Appears confident and bold
A lady to admire
A sight to behold

Young heart
Wild and free
I'm so glad you found
A friend in me

Mr. Poetic

Bad Dream

Where is all the love
I was promised when I was born
All the promises' have been broken
Now my heart bleeds becuz its ripped and torn

I watch on TV how young men die
Fighting a war in the desert sand
They look to the world for compassion
But no one will give them a hand

I want to drive my automobile
But I can't afford to feed my car
But when I drive I fill the air with dust
When I look up I can't see a shinning star

My neighbor won't speak to me
Becuz of the color of my skin
But still I must fight for his freedom
In a bloody war that we can't win

The leaders of the world
Stand divided and won't come together
If the world stood as one
Life would be so much better

The man in the White House
Is running wild and is blinded by green
It seems the moment I was born
I've been living a bad dream

No one seems to care
Becuz no one is able to cope
If we find a leader who is full of love
Then my nightmare will turn into a dream of hope

Mr. Poetic

Before Birth

Whats worse
Light or darkness

When it is light u cover your eyes with a shade
When it is dark u look for the light of day

What hurts more
Pain or sorrow

When u are in pain u wonder why no one is sorry
When someone is in sorrow it pains u to hear their story

What matters more
Money or Love

When u are in love your are rich in many ways
When u are poor u can't buy love without pay

What do u see
Tears or Torment

U cry tears becoz u are tormented by the ones who care
When u are tormented u cry becoz no one is there

What do u believe in
Heaven or Hell

When u live a heavenly life u wonder when hell will begin
When u live a hellish life u are consumed by heavenly sin

How will u die
Rich or Poor

If u die without money but enrich the people u love with joy
U will be remembered because to be rich u must destroy

So what will u do
Destroy or Enrich

If u wish to stop destroying then enrich the good mother earth
And enrich your sweet children don't destroy them before birth

Mr. Poetic

BigD the Medicated Wife

Hey rich banker man
U say u want to get laid
I have a woman for u
But she's too fuckin' afraid

U say u've never had a woman
To sit on ur rich face
When big D sits, she sits
Her ass will sit all over the place

So u say u have a nice house
But no one to share
U want to share with Big D
Sorry but she don't care

Big D has problems
Even though it doesn't matter
I no u want to sip coffee with her
But ur cup has been shattered

No rich banker man
It's not becoz ur a fuckin' goof
I think BigD is dead
But I don't have proof

She once was alive
With beauty and taste
But all that fuckin' medicine
Just went to waste

U say u don't care is she's high
U still want to give her a taste sensation
Hey rich banker man
I guess it's better than masturbation

But Big D ain't interested
She's given up on life
So go take all ur rich banker money
And spend it on another medicated wife

Mr. Poetic

Cry Baby

I am not your pillar of stone
Even though u need me to drive
I am not the one to cry too
And u wonder why I get high

So, I am the only man who will hear u cry
Becoz everyone else is tired of your tears
Well maybe its becoz u've been crying
For too many fuckin' years

So u've given up on life
And u expect me to respect you
I thought u were older and wiser
But the truth is you have no clue

So u want to hide in your rich palace
With your new spanish queen
U hang on a wall like a painting
U are cold and lifeless like ur big printer machine

So u think u can hide
With that disguise u wear on ur head
Do u sometimes wish u can live in darkness
Like your brother who is forgotten and dead

Are u afraid of the problems u face
Would u rather talk about Saint Rita
Are u so shattered by your first love
Becoz deep down inside u realize u need her

Can't face the fact that she is gone
Is it hard to carry on in life
Don't think u can hide in your fancy neighborhood
With a bottle of Greygoose as your wife

So u try and escape while watching the Rangers
But your heart is as cold as ice
U buried one brother so I guess u can bury another
I hope it was worth the price

U never gave a shit anyway Ranger Man
I was the one who had to reach out
I made u a Godfather
But now I have my doubts

Why dont u hear mommies cries for awhile
See if u can deal with mom's tears
U'll cancel your cell phone eventually
Becoz u never could hear

But u had the right idea all along
Why would u want to be part of the problem

U would much rather ignore your troubles
But is that the best way to solve em

But I think I'll try it your way
See how life is without Big Brother
But don't forget your big box of tissues
To wipe away the tears of your crybaby mother

Mr. Poetic

For the Memory of my Brother

Why do u constantly cry
About your sad little life
Is it becoz deep down inside
U failed as a mother and wife

If u fail at one task
Then maybe u need another
Tell the world your story
About your addicted children and brothers

Start an organization
About how u hate drugs and booze
Stand on a corner and shout your message
What have u got to lose

Stop crying to the ones you love
Becoz u coz them sorrow and pain
Call the White House and cry to Bush
Let him hear u complain

Go to groups and meetings
Cry to your peers
Let people who understand your grief
Listen to your pitiful tears

Go on the web
Google 'Grandma's who are in pain'
Becoz all your crybaby tears
Are driving me insane

Knock on your neighbors doors
Tell them how drugs are evil and bad
Anything is better than feeling sorry for yourself
How long are u going to be sad

Raise money
Start a campaign
Write a novel
About your sorrow and pain

Call HBO
Sell the the movie rights to your story
Hopefully, HBO will be interested
But frankly, I think your tears are boring

Call Oprah
Ask if u can be a guest on her show
Just do something besides crying
Everytime the wind blows

Stop being a little baby
If u have a problem then deal

U cry so much
U forgot how to feel

Blow your nose
Wipe the water from your eyes
For Pete's Sake old woman
Do something meaningful with your life

I know what your saying
Who am I to tell u what to do
Well, I once was a son
That believed in you

But now I pity you
Now I feel sorry for your crying soul
U once were a woman to be admired
But you lost all control

I once looked up to you
But your image is shattered
Just stay in your fancy new kitchen
And cry in your pancake batter

Lock the doors to you rented home
Put up a sign that says 'quarantine'
Make sure u change your batteries
Becoz you're nothing more than a crying machine

Or u can be strong and don't give up
Take a vacation and plan your next move
Or move to the basement
And u and Poppy can sing the blues

U once were a fighter
But it appears you've lost the fight
The sun still shines each day Grandma
So why are all your days black as night

I am ashamed
To call u my mother
Fight the good fight and never give up
If not for me- for the memory of my brother

Mr. Poetic

I Don't Want Golden Girl to Die

Take her out
Set her free
Do u want GoldenGirl
To wind up like me

She is locked up in a society
That does not care
That only cares about money
So why is she there

Its not to late
She can be saved
Or do u want her
To end up in a grave

Listen, here is idea
Take her far away
There are doctors that care
And don't worry about money all day

There are places where being healthy
Is free
GoldenGirl won't get healthy
If she is put before money

But if u take her out
And bring her North across the border
GoldenGirl will return
And she will be your daughter

There are other places
Where health is free
Where u are cured becoz people care
Thats the way it should be

I know it may seem like a drastic move
I know it is an extreme measure
But GoldenGirl must be saved
Becoz she is your treasure

I know u think I'm insane
But pleez don't wait
U have to pack your bags
U need to relocate

Show GoldenGirl some happiness
Even if u must lead a foriegn life
And GoldenGirl won't ever have
To pick up a knife

U may think I'm manic
But think about giving it a try

I love GoldeGirl with all my heart
I don't want her to die

Mr. Poetic

I Don't Want To Face Rehab

Is there anyone out there
Are u high right now
I need to beat addiction
And I don't know how

Ever been to rehab
Well its my first time
Why do I feel like I'm going to jail
Did I commit a crime

Someday I might lose my home
But right now I'm losing my mind
Is it better to be homeless or mindless
Which one is easier to find

If I get my mind together
Will I keep my home and make it shine
Or will I lose my way
And just get stoned another time

If I fall who will catch me
If I stumble will I take a dive
If I stop the abuse I give my lungs
Will I take a deep breath and stay alive

Hey dude, u say u know what I'm going thru
U say you've been down my addicted road
Then show me the way and I will follow
Just promise to help me carry my load

Don't complain to me about life
I've got enough problems of my own
Just tell me u care
And that I'm not alone

Is there anyone out there
Or are you fuckin' stoned
Reach out to me
I don't want to face rehab alone

Mr. Poetic

In Your Grave

If my brother is in Heaven
I hope he's stoned on fine wine
I would like to thank my kind brother
For leaving a gift behind

But I didn't ask my brother for a gift
So he can take it back
He left behind a SheDevil
And she's on the attack

She gives nothing but sorrow
She gives nothing but confusion
What can u give
When you're conceived in a mental institution

If u wanted to continue your legacy
Then brother your mission is complete
In return I hope u burn in hell
And suffer in the flames and the heat

U are the Good Lord Jesus
But u didn't leave us a savior
U left behind a drug addict
That mimics your behavior

I thought when I buried u
I could bury the hate and hurt feelings
But the nightmare continues
When will I stop dreaming

U are rotting in the ground
While your mother slowly dies
Becoz she is being murdered
By a devil with blue eyes

I thought I could save her
But she can not be saved
Hopefully u will save her
When u rise from the grave

Thank you dear brother
For everything you've done
But u didn't do a damn thing with your life
Except smoke a joint in the sun

I hope you're happy
Now that mom lives a life of hell
Its too bad mom didn't give your demon seed
To that crazy bitch Michelle

But mom is doing what she did to you

She locked your sperm in a cage
I'm sorry if you're angry
But you're dead and I can't feel your rage

When u where in your coffin
I thought I could finally let go
But u left behind a hollywood singer
And she is stealing the show

I hope u no longer feel pain
I hope the demon child can be saved
Not that it matters anyway
Becoz soon she will join u in your grave

Mr. Poetic

I've Yet To Be Defeated

Darkness
Lost in a cave
Do I have a soul?
And can it be saved?

Sorrow
An ache in my heart
Falling to pieces
Falling apart

Lonely
Searching for a friend
Will this madness stop?
Will it ever end?

Death
Wondering about the otherside
Though my body lives
My soul has died

Believe
Search for hope
One day the pain will end
And I will be able to cope

Beauty
Searching but unable to find
Hopefully I'll discover something beautiful
Through the corridors of time

Love
Is it really true?
Do you love me?
Am I capable of loving you?

Heaven
The Father and the Son
If I continue to have faith
I've yet to be defeated, instead, I've won

Mr. Poetic

Just a Fake

My Life is in ruins
My home is a pile of rubble
I search for good fortune
But all I find is bad trouble

Sometimes the sun shines
Sometimes the sky is grey
Sometimes I seize the moment
Sometimes I can't find a way

They say to keep my head high
They say to greet everyone with smiles
They say to walk a straight line
But the line goes on for a million miles

They say to feed the poor
But food prices are too high
They say to conserve energy
Though pollution fills the sky

I believe in the Lord
I believe in his Son
If u believe then u are a winner
But I don't feel like I've won

U try and live a good life
U try and obey the law
U reach out to ur neighbor
But they slam the door

U try not to go crazy
Though the world is a crazy place
And if your declared insane
The world spits in your face

But if u can talk to the dead
Then u can get your own show
If the homeless talk to the dead
To the insane asylum they go

Doctor's on the tube
Yet they don't have a degree
Preacher's scaming the public
Pretending to make the blind see

People caring for their precious pets
Hoping there poodles can win in a show
But if you run over a stray dog in the winter
You let it die in the snow

People and their precious persian cats
That pay for them with a million dollars cash

But no one will shelter the kittens
That rummage thru your trash

White swan floating in a golden pond
That your children love to feed
But if a pigeon defecates on your car
U want every bird to bleed

Big beautiful cow grazing in the field
Passerbys admire it thru the farmers gate
But when its murdered to fill your stomach
It will get revenge when u eat it off your plate

The animals run thru the wilderness
Meanwhile, politicians have sex on the job
The politician only cares for animals
If they're organized and in a mob

The world is a jungle
Hopefully you're a big powerful snake
But if you're a mouse than be proud
Otherwise you're just a fake

Mr. Poetic

Learning Is Not A Crime

What do u see
When u look up to the blue sky
Can u see the beauty of the clouds
Or do u see the blackness and then cry

If u feel full of energy
When u see the light
Why do u feel weak
When it becomes night

When it hurts to rise out of bed
Because your bones ache
Remember your sleeping children
That u have to wake

If someone reaches out
Do u take thier hand
Or do u spit in their face
Because u don't understand

Do u feel sorry for the homeless
But yet u wish they were all dead
A homeless man can live forever
If everyone in the world gave him a slice of bread

Is your family falling apart
Because of the evils of addiction
Tell your addicted brother
That when he is free you'll make a connection

Do u hate your sister
Because she stole your lover
There's no need to hate her anymore
Because the relationship is over

Now your sister is lonely
She's lost and without a man
Meanwhile u found another lover
So sister desparately needs a hand

Are u mad at your brother
Because he cut u with a knife
He stabbed u in the back
When he slept with your wife

But the wife has gone away forever
She was always lost and couldn't be found
So maybe its time for u and your brother
To stand on common ground

Do u call the authorities
When the nieghborhs children make a noise

Stop complaining to the world
And look upon the beauty of the girls and boys

Do u scream and shout
When a young pup shits on your lawn
Stop screaming at innocent animals
And shout out to the dawn

When u rise in the morning
Do u open the shades and greet the sun
Or do u still think u are dreaming
Becuz the nightmare of day has begun

It's time to turn your screams of pain
Into laughter and song
Or are u going to sit and shed a tear
And wonder where u went wrong

Face your fears
Learn to go forward in time
But learn from your mistakes
Because learning is not a crime

Mr. Poetic

Little Birds

Why do u cry
Your a grown woman now
Why do u ask why
Why do u ask how

Is it becoz the pain continues
And u can't get a break
Do u feel u've had enough
And that u've had all u can take

Your 2nd girl
Pains u like the first
But when it happens a second time
The pain becomes worse

Do u ever wonder
If u were meant to give birth
When u have children
U must treat each one like your first

But your first gave up on life
She now lives among the rich
And ur second girl is your last hope
But she calls u a bitch

Why do your children
Suffer such pain
Is it becoz they're depressed
Or are they insane

What do u want from your offspring
Do u think u've given all u can give
Then why did your youngest bird
Find another nest to live

Why does ur middle child
Suddenly feel distance from u
Is it becuz he gets high
Well what did u think u do

Why is your oldest son
Dead and buried in his grave
Why weren't u there for him
Why couldn't he be saved

Will ur oldest daughter
Ever wake from the dead
Was it all the medication
That poluttet her head

Just like the many pills
You've taken all your life

To try and be the best mother
And succeed as a wife

But u dont enjoy ur success
All u do is cry
And u wonder why all your little birds
Decided to leave the nest and fly

But the question is
Will they return to u
Maybe if u stopped crying and smiled
U will learn to fly too

Mr. Poetic

Mountain Top Tears

I Need Too

Count the Stars

As I lay on a mountain top that I climbed in the darkness of the night and if there are a million stars in the sky than I will count them all and if I lose count than I will start over again becoz the stars will always shine their light on me as I lay on a mountain top I need too

Count the Moon

There is only one Moon so I won't spend that much time counting but I will count how many times the moonlight will be blacked out by a dark cloud that forms in front of the bright ray of the moonbeams and I will relax in the warmth of the of the great Moon and I will find comfort as I lay on a mountain top I need too

Count the Waves

In the ocean as the waves crash onto the shore but if i lose count of the waves than I will start over again becoz with every wave that crashes I new wave will come forward and illuminate the ocean sand as it glows in the golden fog becoz the shore is cooling off from the heat of the day and I will be cool and refreshed as I lay on a mountain I need too

Count the Sun

There is only one Sun so I won't have to count for a long time but I will count how many times the sunlight is blacked out by a rain cloud that forms in front of the warm rays of the sunbeams and if it rains than I will stretch out my hands to the Heavens and I will quench my thirst as I lay on a mountain I need too

Count the Rain

Raindrops go on forever and I will count the drops that fall on my tongue and I will taste the water of the sky and my thirst for happiness and freedom will finally end but if raindrops don't last forever then I will taste the tears that fall from my eyes as I lay on a mountain top I need too

Count my Tears

Becoz my tears are forever and they are washing away my mountain top where I lay

Mr. Poetic

My Rainbow is Overdue

I'm searching for a rainbow
Everytime I look up to the blue sky
I can't find any bright colors
Becuz I'm blinded by the tears I cry

It stoped raining and the sun is shining
But there is no rainbow in sight
Soon the sun will set in the horizon
And all the world will slumber in the night

But I will lie awake wondering
Just where is my silver lining in the sky
There are no rainbows or bright colors
And I can't figure out why

So since its night I'll look at the stars
I'll study the brightness of the moon
And I know that once the storm passes
My rainbow will appear soon

But there are to many demons
That turn bright colors into black
My demon is a filthy animal
He's just a monkey on my back

The demon appears in darkness
Thats why I can't sleep
So I light a match and take a hit
And smoke the demon while I weep

But I'm tired of the high
I want to get high on life
The demons must die
Kill them with a big bloody knife

When I'm free from addiction
Maybe I'll spot an angel in the sky
I'll be able to finally see my rainbow
Becuz there won't be tears in my eyes

The rainbow will shine brighter than before
And I'll be able to share the colors with you
I'm fighting the demons and I know I can win
Becuz my rainbow is way overdue

Mr. Poetic

Overdose

Mountains of white powder
Shiney spoons and silver straws
A place where there are no rules
A place where there are no laws

Fields of freshly grown marijuana
An endless sea of smoke
And when I inhale the sweet scent
My lungs don't choke

Jars of little yellow pills
Some jars are filled with white powder
Streams of sweet rum and strong scotch
Are released from the faucet when I shower

Millions of small plastic bags filled with junk
Needles that leave no track marks in your skin
Pounds and pounds of recreational substances
Where does it end and where does it begin

I've finally found Heaven
Or am I in Hell
My nostrils are bleeding and scabed
I've lost my sense of smell

Little gold pipes and giant silver bong
That automatically light when u take a taste
And endless supply of mind altering hallucinogenics
And nothing will go to waste

Trips u take that are never bad
Higher than the tallest mountain
No hangovers are foul odors
Greygoose that flows from a fountain

No need for love or affection
No need to feel cuz I can't feel a thing
Plenty of medication to make u happy
A land of drugs and liquor where u are king

Plenty of paper to roll a smoke
Plenty of paper to wipe your ass
A place where the air is sweet and gets u stoned
A place where u can smoke the green grass

There are no prisoners in this world
But its a world full of slaves
Its a land of make believe
Becuz in reality I am rotting in my grave

A world that exists in my mind
It's all in my addicted head

Becuz I few days ago I overdosed
And now I am dead

Mr. Poetic

Runaway Man

Hey Dad, where are u
Are u out there somewhere
Did u forget u have children
Or do u remember but just don't care

Are u working now
Do u have a job
Are u a rich business man
Or just a lazy slob

Did u find a new love
After u lost your wife
Are u angry becoz I accepted my stepfather
Into my lonely life

Is that why u decided to leave
Is that why u had to dissapear
Did u divorce me or my mother
Tell me Dad, what did u fear

Did u fear I no longer needed u
Did u feel you were replaced
Did all the hours in Juniper Park
Just go to waste

U were a good father
Though u couldn't read or write
And I could remember your screams
When u argued with mom all night

Did u know your son was crying
Was he crying becoz of the pain in his gut
Or was it becoz mama wanted u to leave
But all u wanted was to smoke a butt

How did u get money for food
How did u get money to pay for your Kents
When u came home early from work
Why did mother suddenly worry about the rent

What where those funny looking bills
That u and mom called stamps
And why was it that when u spent them
The cashier looked at us as if we were tramps

Why did u know so much about cars
But could only fill them with gas
And when I made my first communion
Why did u steal my communion cash

Why did u have to make up our bed time stories
Instead of read them out of a book

I never heard stories of the Three Little Pigs
Cinderella, Peter Pan or Captain Hook

U took us too McDonalds
When we took a ride over the Rockaway Bridge
But how did u manage to pay
For the food in our fridge

U made me wake u up
Before I left for school each day
But when I returned home at 3pm
U where still lying in bed the same way

Why did Mom have to go to school
To pay for our school bills
And when she left for her first job
Your spine got a cold chill

U knew that she would meet a new world
And your world would come crashing down
Well maybe your world did fall to pieces
But my world is still around

My world is a Universe
That I created with my own two hands
U could've been part of my Universe
But instead u are a coward and u r The Runaway Man

Sometimes I wish I could run BigDaddy
But my Universe is everything to me
I have three shinning stars
And they are all that mattter to me

So u keep running BigDaddy
Becoz we reap what we sew
And the love I once felt for u
Died many years ago

So if u are out there Daddy
I hope u have a clear head
But don't expect me to pay my respects
When u can no longer run becoz u dropped dead

Maybe if u make it to Heaven
U might be able to understand
But when I never visit your grave
Its becoz I'm just like u Dad I am a.....

Mr. Poetic

Stormy Weather, Stormy Night

I don't feel love 4 you anymore
You are not my family or my friend
Nothing lasts 4ever
All good things must end

I tried to love you
But u drove me away
I know I am too blame as well
But I have nothing more to say

I don't have to fix
Your broken hearts
I have young children to raise
And they are the missing part

I'm no longer going to worry
About your misery and pain
There may be a chance
I will never see u again

But I have all I need
I have a good home
Though u are no longer a part of my life
I will never be alone

They're are people in my life
Who love me for who I am
I don't need your love
I am no longer a child I am a man

I don't feel the need
To be the chain that keeps us together
I don't need to shelter u
From the stormy weather

Besides u are too rapped up
In your misery and grief
U may think i am the manic one
But I no longer care about your beliefs

I don't care that u live in seclusion
I don't care if u live in a heartbreak hotel
I don't care if u think I'm to blame
For your child that was spawned in Hell

Go ahead and believe I am evil
Becoz I needed to get high
But everyone around u is stoned
So why don't u open your eyes

So why act surprised
When u find that I have an addiction

Did I shatter your trust in me
When I apologized and told u my confession

Well if all your dreams are shattered
Then u need to put the pieces together
If all u are gonna do is cry to the world
Then cry in your garden during the stormy weather

But if all the tears you shed
Somehow turn into rays of light
Shine your light on my soul
The soul u drove away one stormy night

Mr. Poetic

Sweet Bella

I am a fighter
I can survive without you
I know what lies ahead of me
I know what I have to do

I can make it on my own
I thought I needed your love
But I have the love of my wife
And faith in the Lord above

I don't need your wisdom
I don't need your advice
I don't need your spaghetti pie
I don't need a slice

Keep your problems to yourself
I have enough of my own
Take your beef stew
And leave it on the bone

Handle your sorrow
Deal with your pain
You don't need me anyway
Because you think I'm insane

I don't owe you an explanation
I don't owe you a fuckin' thing
You should have dissapeared like daddy
The one armed illiterate king

But you stuck around
Becoz u felt I needed a good mother
Well just becoz u stuck around
Doesn't excuse u for killing my brother

Oh u say your innocent
You are not to blame
Well don't lay the blame on me
Just becoz u think I'm insane

U say you did your best
U did all u could
The only thing I'm thankful for
Is that u moved me out of that shitty neighborhood

Where I was trapped for many years
But u didn't see I was in a cage
Becoz u were too busy fighting with the king
U were blinded by rage

U think you're so fuckin' smart
U think u have all the answers to life

U should take the time to figure out
How to be a good wife

At least I don't marry losers
The one I married doesn't hide in a dark room
And the first fuckhead u married
Couldn't even hold down a job pushing a broom

U think I am an evil person
Becoz I got stoned with fire
I've accomplished more than u ever will
Becoz I'm filled with passion and desire

What are u filled with old woman
I think your full of shit
U used to be a fighter
But u threw in the towel and quit

I am a quitter I must admit
But I'm still standing in the ring
Your tears used to mean something
But now your sob story don't mean a thing

Who is the adult
I should be crying to u
Go cry in your fancy bathroom mirror
And watch your face turn blue

When your little princess
Finally gets her freedom back
Don't think that things will change
Becoz the Devil constantly attacks

And when u need me to drive
Your little angel to Heaven's gate
Wake up the sleeping dungeon master
After u serve him his vitamin plate

And when the dark dungeon is empty
And your little angel left to seek fortune and fame
When u are alone and have no one to cry too
Who will u have to blame

When your family abandons u
Becoz u love to bitch and moan
Will u finally find happiness
Now that you're all alone

So u say you've been thru it
You've dealt with mental illness before
Don't worry about my illness Sweet Bella
Becoz I won't be knocking at your door

Sounds like your tired of all the craziness
How can your children be so sad and blue
Just remember Sweet Bella
Your children are a reflection of U

Mr. Poetic

The Bottle Belongs to a BabyGirl

If love is a flower
And hate is a weed
Why can't we unite
When we plant the seed

If a child is hungry
And a rich boy has food
When the rich boy grows up
Will he destroy that child's neighborhood

When a black man overcomes
He feels rich at last
But his mind is still enslaved
Because he can't bury the past

If a baby girl is born
To the father of a KKK member
The girl becomes a woman of hate
Because there is no love to remember

When the cold becomes brutal
Because the high price of oil hurts
No one can pay the oilman
Because there's no gas to travel to work

If one man controls all the money
And all others are poor
Will u be welcomed into the castle
When u walk thru the door

Will u be rich or poor
This u must decide
Because the middleclass
Will have to run and hide

If u control all the money
By stealing it from your brother's hand
U may be ruler of a nation
But you're hated by your fellowman

Little baby with a bottle
Will you grow up and change the world
If baby boys refuse to grow up
Perhaps the bottle should belong to a girl

Mr. Poetic

The Darkness of the Past

You wanted me to cry you a river
But instead I bled from the heart
You wanted me to finish
But I couldn't find a way to start

You promised you'd be there until the end
But one morning I awoke and you weren't there
You promised me that you'd always love me
But now I know you never really cared

When I first looked into your eyes
I saw my future at last
Years later I looked into them again
And all I can see was the past

A past that was so dark and dreary
That we'd like to forget
I wish we could leave the past behind
And go on with the life we have left

But sometimes when promises are broken
Just like the promise that you made
All the good memories of the past
Seem to slowly fade

And only the darkness of the past
Seems to remain in our minds
Hopefully the darkness will fade
As we make our journey through time

If you want me to bleed from the heart, I will
I'll even cry you a river if need be
I only ask that you save me from drowning
If my river becomes a raging sea

Perhaps we'll swim through the currents
Together we'll make it to shore
Perhaps we'll look forward to the future
And not the darkness of the past anymore

We'll lay in the sun
Enjoy the fresh air at last
We'll look forward to tomorrow
And forget the darkness of the past

Mr. Poetic

The Eyes of Blue

If I won a billion dollars
I would owe it all to the eyes of blue
Becoz those eyes have been hurt
Becoz of the pain I put them thru

Sometimes I wouldn't hear the hurt
Most of the time I ignored the eyes of blue
I forgot that I made a promise
I forgot that I said 'I do'

I only cared for sad brown eyes
I didn't care about the eyes of blue
And I realized that when the eyes speak
Everything they say is true

Now I look into one pair of eyes
They are the eyes of blue
And I have to remember to tell them
I'd be blinded without you

You are the light of my life
You are a dream come true
I don't want to see a tear
Come from the eyes of blue

And even tho the stars in your eyes
Don't have the same color as u
I still see your eyes when I look at my 2 stars
Tho they don't see with eyes of blue

But the stars see a miracle
Becoz there is so much love inside u
I married a miracle
When I held hands with the eyes of blue

Your amazing eyes saved my life
Without you to guide me I don't know what I would do
I thank the good Lord every second of the day
That he gave me eyes of blue

Dedicated to Ann, the woman in my life who taught me too see with her beautiful blue eyes.

Mr. Poetic

The Mighty Tarzan

There is a fire burning inside me
I need to extinguish it with a beer
But what if the fire keeps burning
And I perish in the flames of fear

I need a smoke to feel the high
I need a snort to feel the blood in my veins
But all I have are tear drops
That fall like the pouring rain

Is anyone listening to my screams of pain
Can anyone feel the sorrow in my heart
Is there a pair of open arms that can hold me
Can anyone put me together now that I've fallen apart

If I die with a slash of my wrists
Will it make the morning news
Or will I be a forgotten soul
Like the poor and the abused

I sit in darkness going thru withdrawal
While people in Africa starve and pray for food
I try and think of all who have it worse than me
But it does me no good

All I can think of is the monkey on my back
He is hungry and full of rage
The monkey wants to ravage my soul
That is why I keep him in a cage

All my life I've fed the monkey
As he shit down my back
But the smell never bothered me
Becoz I was high on crack

Now the monkey is in a cage
But he desparately wants to break free
If the monkey gets loose
For sure he will kill me

Will the monkey ever go away
Will the monkey ever die
Why does the monkey laugh
When I shed a tear and cry

Got to be strong and I've got to survive
The monkey wants to kill this man
Little does the fuckin' monkey know
That he's messin' with The Mighty Tarzan

Mr. Poetic

The Storm, The Rapist and The Getaway

Torrid raindrops fall outside my window pane
The sound of the thunder slowly drives me insane

The moonlight stretches across the sky
The raindrops glow in the mist and resemble the tears I cry

The clouds form and cover the twinkle of the stars
As a young girl is brutally raped in the backseat of a car

The storm gets louder and lightning strikes down
As the young girl is left bleeding in an alley across town

Hopefully the night will pass and I'll see the sun
But as the night progresses the madness has just begun

I run outside in the rain and scream and shout
Screaming up to God and asking what life is about

The attacker of the young girl is making his escape
He does not see me because he is blinded by the guilt of rape

He is driving fast, speeding down the street
Little did I know our paths would meet

As I continue to shout to the Lord my misery and pain
I am struck by a speeding car in the rain

Now I lay bleeding and my heart won't last another day
As the rapist speeds down the road making his getaway

Mr. Poetic

The Warrior

I want to be a warrior
I want to express my pain
I want your blood to spill
Like the pouring rain

I want to be a soldier
And carry a gun of steel
Though the wars we fight are fake
The battles we fight are real

I want to strangle a mighty lion
In the jungles of the Far East
Then I want to steal the lions prey
And have myself a feast

I want men to fear me
When I walk down the street
I want every woman to desire me
The moment we meet

I don't want to be Rambo
I don't want to be a fake Hollywood star
I just want the world to see who I am
So do u know who u are

I want to have a mighty, strong body
I want to have hands of steel
When I touch the skin of a lovely lady
I want her to feel

When I touch a man
I want him to feel my grip around his throat
When my mighty body drifts in the water
I want the world to see me float

I want every woman
To desire my powerful chest
And when every man challenges me
I want him to fail the test

I want to be a ruler
But I want to rule my mind and my soul
I want to live a powerful life
All I need to do is take control

I want to be a warrior
I want power becoz power is hard to resist
I want to be a mighty warrior
Becoz inside me I know he exists

I want everyman to think that I'm a crazy motherfucker
Becoz the truth is I don't care

But if every man would search their soul
Then they will find a warrior there

But most men are nothing but perverts and fools
But I don't want that to be who I am
I want to be the baddest dude in the valley
I want to be a warrior becoz I know I can

I don't want to be an addicted coward
That turns his back on his children and silently leaves
I want to be a mighty warrior in the eyes of my son
All I have to do is believe

Mr. Poetic

The World Needs A King

Crying
Becuz mama died
Remember
Becuz she lives inside

Screaming
You're full of pain
Rejoyce
Becuz hurting doesn't mean you're insane

Try
Lets change the world thats unknown
Family
Becuz change begins in the home

Tired
Of the demons that haunt
Yearn
Becuz u desparately want

Peace
But first we must free our mind
Search
Once u are free who knows what u will find

Honesty
Express it
Truth
So please confess it

Fly
Set your soul free
Realize
So u can see

Negativity
A sad tear is shed
Positivity
Becuz it eases your head

Believe
And u will win
Doubt
And u live in sin

Win
At any cost
Fail
And then u are lost

Succeed
Even if u fail the first time

Quit
And you are committing a crime

Hate
Doesn't solve a thing
Love
The world needs a king

Mr. Poetic

Until The Day I Die

I'll be your ocean to cross
When you learn how to swim
I'll be the pill that you swallow
To ease the pain that your in

I'll be the tears that you cry
When you feel sorrow and pain
I'll be the memories you cherish
And help you relive them again

I'll be there when u need a friend
When you feel lonely and sad
I'll be the anger you express
When you feel like getting mad

I'll always be around
If you want me to stay
And I'll be close by
When u tell me to go away

I'll be a body
If you need somebody to hold
I'll be the flame in your heart
If ever you feel cold

We'll search together
Who knows what we'll find
But as for the sadness
Lets leave that behind

Lets search for joy
Lets learn how to live
When we feel anger
Lets learn to forgive

Are you ready for our journey?
Are you ready to fly?
Remember my friend, I will always love u
Until the day I die

Mr. Poetic

Will U Forgive Me When I'm Dead

So u have a lot of anger
Becoz u failed and had to dig a grave
Now your new master is misery and sorrow
Now u are nothing more than a slave

So you're angry at me
Becoz I got high with your demon seed
What do u want from me
Do u want me to die or shall I just bleed

If I die will u forgive me
Like u forgave him while u caressed his head
Well I'm not begging for ur forgiveness
I'd rather be dead

Can u forgive
Are u able
I got high with your little princess
But I didn't rape her on a changing table

Maybe u should blame yourself
Instead of blaming me for your creation of sin
I have a lot of blame to lay on you
But I have no idea where to begin

She's not my daughter
My daughter is nestled in her warm bed
And if u want to blame someone for your pain
Go to the grave and shout at the dead

But I forgot
When people die that's your time to forgive
Well if u don't want to forgive me then go to Hell
Becoz I'm going to fuckin' live

Don't ever compare your blonde headed brat
To the innocence of my young Queen
It's not my fault your raising the spawn of evil
And u can't make me feel guilty that I gave birth to a dream

If u want to neglect my young princess
If u want to ignore my young king
Just like u neglected me, then go ahead
Becoz your misery and tears no longer mean a thing

There comes a time when u have to stop crying
You will never have me to blame again
I don't want to be your shoulder to cry on
Go cry to your basement friend

Go cry to the doctor
That I arranged for you to meet

Tell him u want to stop crying
Becoz u have a fancy fake kitchen but u can't take the heat

And if u want to shout out in anger
If u want to find someone to blame
Go yell at your psychotic son
Did u forget his name

He's the one you forgave
When he was dead and cold as stone
I'm not gonna die for your forgiveness
So stop shouting at me and leave me alone

I hope u are happy
In your make believe house with walls of red
And I hope you can forgive me for what I've done
Not that it matters becuz the next time u 4give me- I'll be dead

Mr. Poetic

Your Aborted Family

Are u happy in ur penthouse
After u paid the lawyers u can afford it
Just be glad u weren't the fifth in line
Or u would've been aborted

Did u ever have a family barbecue
In your sad garden made of stone
Everytime u grilled a steak
Did u eat alone

Your first love made it her prison
But all it turned out to be was a cold empty dome
Now the second burns her fancy candles
Becuz she feels its her home

But where do u fit in
Can u find a love and call it a home
Or are u spending time in isolation
Becoz u are still alone

One left u lonely
And u immediately replaced her with another
But can she take the place
Of your two dead brothers

Are u in search of love
But find only sorrow and pain
You seem like u don't care
Will u ever care again

Do u feel the need to cater to the ladies u love
Perhaps u should find someone to cater to u
U say u don't need a pill to deal with life
But if u say ur dealing then I don't believe its true

Becoz believe it or not
Your blood is the same as mine inside your veins
If u think u can never be institutionalized
Then u must be fuckin' insane

Your still a young man
Young, handsome and strong
But if u think u can't reach your breaking point
Then I hate to tell u but your dead wrong

Look at the blood in your siblings
The blood that scares u and makes u hide
U have the same poisoned blood
That roams around deep down inside

So u can be a cocky sonovabitch
Be proud that u don't have to take a pill

But when u have no choice but to face the cold facts
Will anyone be there to help u deal with the chill

So u say u've never had to wear a straight jacket
Becoz those jackets your siblings wear won't fit
Pleez remember to at least wear a raincoat
When u run into a fan covered with shit

U can't hide your pain
From your brother who sees thru the same eyes
But who do u hear when your ears are open
Becoz so many people in your life seem to cry

So u'd rather just vegitate
On your couch and hope ur team wins the game
But when the time comes when your world is in misery
And u are all alone who will u blame

When u have to wear a tight fitting jacket
Will the lovely ladies be there to give u support
Or will u reach out to your family
The family that u happen to abort

Mr. Poetic

Your Crying Soul

Your life is a struggle
You need to get away
You need to find sunlight
To deal with your dark days

Perhaps a spritual place
Instead of that fancy beach
You need to extend your hands
You need to stretch out and reach

So u think u found the light
In your fancy Long Island home
I think u need to find your soul
In order to seek you must rome

You need a change of atmosphere
A far off tropical place
Some place where u feel no pain
And u can put a smile on your face

Some place where u feel young again
You're still young but your tears grow older
Thats becoz for all your life
You've been carrying the world on your shoulder

Its time to let go
Its time to be free
Forget the worlds problems sweet mama
Remember the world of love and u will see

Go to a place
Where u can watch the horizon in the night sky
Go find a land
Where u won't have to cry

U say you will be in your renovated house
Until the day u die
Why would u want to die in a house
That belongs to the landlord guy

Take what ever money you didn't give
To the fairy princess contractor lady
Go find a nude beach and have a pina colada
Go swimming in the blue ocean and get a little crazy

Go to a remote island in Africa
And go on a safari or visit the Asian lands
Find 50 young oriental men
And have them massage your feet and hands

Go climb the highest mountain
Jump out of an airplane

Do something crazy you old woman
U might as well becoz your going insane

Put away your sob story novels
Put your sad books of death on a shelf
Let your hair down and go wild
Do something for yourself

Don't do it for your children
Don't do it becoz your angry about the past
Do something that makes u feel alive again
And for God sakes woman pleez do it fast

And if the scar on your heart stops bleeding
If your path of pain finally ends
If u ever find happiness on your journey
Then perhaps we'll find each other again

But until your anger and sorrow
Turns into laughter and joy
This man will keep his distance from u
Becoz I am a man and I'm no longer your little boy

And if I've caused u any pain
Becoz of my addiction and the way I behaved
Don't damn me to Hell and disregard my dreams
Becoz its your soul that has to be saved

I'm not a perfect person
I have every right to make a mistake and lose control
But don't worry about mistakes or the misery of the world
Becoz u need to find love and happiness for your crying soul

Mr. Poetic