

Poetry Series

# **Curtis Mosby**

## **- poems -**

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**Curtis Mosby(1/30/82)**

# A Broken Man Dream

Into piece's I find this life I have Live.  
Under bridges and highways I travel.  
Older than streets and roads they have  
built over my tears.  
Weaken by so much energy I have used.  
I refuse to try again knowing I will lose.  
All though wanting these words I believe in to take form.  
Though I am born without a silver spoon.  
I still had saw the light of my future.  
Hoping it would grow from being lost, lonely, and torn.  
Thier have only been tears over these years.  
Trials of my faith I leave today unbalance.  
Only a family, only a family, only a family.  
Poor I struggle hard to reach that open thought.  
Fallen short everytime I realize this is life.  
Someone care but where I haven't seen  
anyone stop and help to save.  
A broken man dream.

Curtis Mosby

# A Love So Far In The Wind

With every breath I breath I hope sometimes  
I breath in the air that once flow in your veins.  
I wish my voice could carry out in the world and  
you would hear your name.  
If life say the same and my traveling journey survive  
at the end. I hope to be the reflection in your eye's.  
Enough with moving on I am not that strong my heart  
control me.  
Find thee I will with every ounce and inch of my soul.  
I write the same letter over again wishing it will find the  
right person in time.  
I am open to all things dreams are unscripted so i believe  
in magic.  
Call me crazy putting messages in a bottle, as if i was reading  
from a fairy tale novel.  
But sometimes a man heart is all he has and it beat for a long  
lost past.  
Trust me there no giving up my friend as I reach forth  
for a love so far in the wind.

Curtis Mosby

# A Man In A Mansion

I have become my own home alone in the dark.  
From room to room I roam with a glass of wine.  
78 was a great year empty bottles filled with tears.  
The lights stay off my heart is lost broken in two.  
In my bathrobe I live with my eye's close reality in the mirror.  
I will die in this very spot old and forgotten in time.  
While staring at my own personal monet.  
I pour another glass of chateau latour pauillac.  
I am trying to forget my memories drunk and disoriented.  
Though I fence my life around living inside.  
I once was in love a long time ago.  
Remeber my first kiss in the meadow of little italy.  
Oh was she so ever beautiful that first look only took a second.  
Making wine bare naked in a wale of grapes.  
I hate telling this story because it ends at the grave sight.  
That why I sit here tonight I know giving up is out landage.  
But tell my heart that I wish money can buy time.  
For a man in a mansion.

Curtis Mosby

# A Pregnancy Unwanted Of A Miscarriage

Miserable woman lonely and regretful.  
Stare at her body with a dreadful look  
This is your life know a beautiful child waiting to be born.  
You thought he would be thier for you.  
Trust are broken promise's when it come to some men.  
Defend what you begin, hold on and be strong.  
But it's been sadness since a positive test.  
No rest as her other kicks.  
She live with hunger and welfare only take her so far.  
Still I hear the child saying let me live.  
Hope is prayer when pain is thier.  
I fear that day would come, driving drunk with your  
forgotten pride and joy.  
Abuising and losing your seed before even knowing  
if it a girl are a boy.  
She forget and smile with another man.  
Is this what we do make a life and take a life.  
Abortion because were unfortunate.  
Suffering strengthen our soul when we stand average.  
Don't be this woman.  
A pregnancy unwanted of a miscarriage.

Curtis Mosby

# A Puppeteer Of Poverty That Risen

This life has been pulling my strings enough that I am in bondage.  
Years of tears I lost on the concrete it unique how you live inside.  
Could I not see more violence than I saw yesterday on the same street?  
As I raise my hands to the sky with gun powder on my palm.  
The alarm sets off in my head I am a victim of my own stupidity.  
Please lord get rid of me someone pulling my strings before I can think.  
My heart seems to sink deeper and deeper into submission.  
If anyone listening I cry will there be time for redemption.  
I tried to strangle myself with my own strings drinking until I die.  
But who says you have to sober to see the truth a voice says I believe in you.  
I drop to my knees combine my hands and prayed until the sun came up.  
Then I finally rise with my strings tied to the ground without a sound I broke away.  
We all at times are puppet of our own minds I found faith to cut them down.  
Look around life only want you to think it over those are lies.  
Break away and fly to be another puppeteer of poverty that will rise.

Curtis Mosby

# A Red Painted Eustoma Lost In It's Petals

I wonder how a rose grow knowing it's beautiful.  
How can another compare to that smell and color.  
Only one flower is shape in this way but is not praise.  
As lover pass by the eustoma they gaze at the unforgettable  
plant.  
Why should the other grow to die in the sun.  
I can't bloom it causes me to lose my petals.  
The rain seems to be the only thing that touches me.  
Lonely in my soil I pray for oil to deaden my seeds.  
The kids are taught for me not to be bought as a gift.  
I lift no head my veins of pain struggle for water.  
Then the day came after I lost almost every inch of me.  
I was painted out of curiosity, I fell deep beneath my  
old self.  
But when hope was all gone, I was found amaze by this color  
can stand out in the storm.  
I felt wanted in the arms of someone as if they cared.  
Where I come from no one at times even stared.  
Until a child seem to change my appearance, from deep in the  
meadows.  
My life has a meaning know when I was found.  
A red painted eustoma lost in it's petals.

Curtis Mosby



# Always Following The Ambulance Home

After everyday of school.  
Tradgie's leave me in tears.  
The long hour's of sorrow continue tomorrow  
when nobody thier.  
I never learn to cry life give's us question.  
As I wonder why?  
A child so innocent and young.  
Had to die in his mother arms.  
I walk a mile and I can still hear the siren from a far.  
What are these streets made of war.  
So many outline bodie's of chalk.  
That thier a grave where ever you walk.  
I live with this everday but Im never alone.  
It affect us all even if your strong.  
My way home is to a blind man beat.  
Underneath my feet it is shown.  
Im always following the ambulance home.

Curtis Mosby

# An Inspired Love

An antique of priceless memories I read.  
I wish to breath the word's of this story.  
Proclaim to be the greatest love that ever live.  
Between to struggling heart's.  
I find it hard to live in that time.  
When hate created fate and love never interwine.  
The two are seperated by race but lasted love with letters.  
She sent him a watch, he sent her a sweater.  
At night they pray a long prayer for eachother.  
No one could never take the picture from thier minds  
or thier heart's.  
She the reflection from my heart he reply to his brother's.  
He the reason why I live she tell her father with tear's  
in her eye's.  
Forever they would never give up all hope.  
Knowing one day thier love would grow.  
Into life as a family they once was.  
Untill the day close thier eye's together  
hand and hand.  
They became this inspired love.

Curtis Mosby

# Ashe's With The Wind

All my life I have be alone love is but a fragile echo thru the cracks in the wall. A simple life I live plan as white paper the sun folds in my shadow. I build stones and rocks around my me timid a little bit scared of the outside word would sum up the definition of who I ng to work with no emotion just staring at the concrete as the ants walk e is a true friend it may change colors but it never and night the same lonely since the begining of my time there no crime in being is me and I might die alone know one knows with the wind I want to go quietly.

Curtis Mosby

# Away I Sail In These Forgotten Tears

Wind, water and the open sea I begin to spread my wings.  
A desireable urge i have to see how far love travels.  
I want to fly away as If I was a paper airplane.  
Let the birds occupy this life I have change.  
I am not a sailor but a drifter thru the waves.  
I watch my reflection for days.  
Sad, sad, sad I can't really say.  
It strange when u want love but u don't.  
The end of the earth though the world is round.  
I sleep and dream of great memories in my past.  
Death to this heart I believe love loses it's hand in these waters.  
No pictures don't want to remeber make the pain deliver a blow.  
I want no one to know if I die old and grey.  
Swip up to shore please let me sink to the bottom of the ocean floor.  
Giving the sea a healthy supply of tears.  
My time grew near no fear I always wonder why I was here.  
I say to long to long.  
Away I sail in these forgotten tears.

Curtis Mosby

# Be These Words

What I say today is something I believe.  
The world may take it personal.  
My opinion are my views on society.  
Nobody should be rich.  
I said it before know I have taken it into context.  
People watch as other suffer and even children in pain.  
What do u have to say to make me stop writing.  
Does the world have a heart.  
All the these so call stars that people idolize.  
Open your eye's this is life your love should be my love.  
I pity all who are wrapped up in there own selfish ways.  
The bread and meat we eat should be shared to every culture.  
If every one in the world had a dollar no one would go hungry.  
I say look past greed and see the big picture of every child need.  
The world does not need obama he no were near a god.  
What is true are these words written before you.  
Why do we worship material things the mona lisa is scrap.  
Such acts we create should be unmask for it's not authentic.  
All in all we will save ourselves look at these words.  
Read them clearly what do you know about saving someone life.  
I hope to save millions with one word but I need your help to save the world.

Curtis Mosby

# Before I Could

Violence have left us in sorrow tommorrow we bury  
another child in the cemetary.  
Before I could get there.  
The screams of an angel wishing she can fly shed tears  
from her eye's being raped.  
Before I could get there.  
Another realtionship leaves a child without a family  
forgetting his father.  
Before I could get there.  
Many children die from poverty praying for bread and water  
what a tragedy.  
Before I could get there.  
My mother fight for her life in the hospital looking for  
a hand to hold but no one comes.  
Before I could get there.  
A teenage boy buried in his own misery look for hope  
then commit suicide.  
Before I could get there.  
I couldn't get there anytime I wonder will I save myself.  
Before I could

Curtis Mosby

# Between The Spirit Of Israel And The Love Of Jordan

Sometime's thier death between life and love.  
A grave obstacle that separated us from being blood.  
We often always live in this seclusion.  
When our minds sholud be our hearts.  
I fall center to this pain for together if we meet.  
Life surely can be more achieveing to our needs.  
Trust me no one should fear death, I know we have a fighting chance.  
It's in our hands amongst the dead sea, to find  
what you remeber in me.  
Brother, sister, and family with your spirit and my love.  
We can join together again, just like before the time of hate.  
We create what we make, inside us all is the true spirit of faith.  
Let's make a life here when they say we can't live.  
The heavy heart will sink and the strong will float.  
Mythology leave it's words but we leave hope for tommorrow.  
That thier will be life.  
Between the spirit of israel and the love of jordan.

Curtis Mosby

# Black Ink On White Paper

Do you believe we wrote this life together.  
A little dip of my skin and the body of your land.  
Our history proceed it's self as being seperated.  
But we just live with different minds.  
Though racism is stronger than ever.  
I will live for your life, if you live for mine.  
Thier no color without a heart to change.  
Let me explain, let me hold your hand know imagine my title.  
If we only become those of the bible.  
A blueprint for peace and love.  
I hold only the truth thru this pen.  
Hoping it reach those heart.  
That want let this hatred end.  
I live for these words common to my soul of faith.  
Do you see how we compliment eachother, so remarkble.  
Bound by this which we create.  
It dry like tears and thru out these years it will fade.  
But never diappear.  
So why we live amongst eachother seperated by color.  
Serving the same savior.  
So don't shred this life when we both are this life.  
Black ink on white paper

Curtis Mosby



# Born To Walk To The Grave

What promise of life is thier.  
When we sometime open our eye's to death.  
Fragile is a child living to grow among poverty.  
I know thier hope is nothing more than a day.  
Tommorrow is a blessing if you ask me.  
This is my opinion to cross examine and move the minds, eye's  
of some that don't see.  
Life is balance by the pregnancy rate which is up.  
War is still an asset that can't be unbind.  
Either we die on the streets or the battlefield seem  
impossible to find peace.  
The infant of our young mother are being disregard.  
When adoption is the only option.  
Still they suffer from the love of not being blood.  
Let it be, some say but I can't stand here and let the  
world destroy itself.  
You can hold me in contempt for my words are vital  
to the futrure of our children.  
Life needs change.  
In such as spiritual women and men of the brave.  
To lead our children from being born to walk  
to the grave.

Curtis Mosby

# Change Doesn'T Need A Leader

President thier ony one I know  
On my knees I give the glory to him.  
In our hearts we need to grow.  
One man can't change the world.  
It's up to everyone that live to begin to transform before  
life is no more.  
A democracy as the people should decide thier needs  
that the goverment seem to hide.  
War is on the hands of us all why should a million soldier.  
Take the orders of one man.  
Violence thier is the same violence here.  
Why are we sending our children to the military to die.  
I blame the man that made the first gun.  
I blame the generation that raise thier children to hate.  
I blame adam for not obeying god.  
Open your eye's this is your llife you egnore.  
Untill you end up homeless and poor.  
We can run this nation off of peace and love  
So believe when I say.  
Change doesn't need a leader.

Curtis Mosby

# Common News Of Depression

My television on the side of the road.  
I have adopted pain but don't need to know.  
Taking lives is what wrote before the time I woke.  
Another brother trace around with chalk.  
As a mother scream to her knees barely can walk.  
How can the reporter hold there tears.  
It even sadden me to hear such violence that  
appears in our community.  
Leaving me with this misery only cause me to  
drown myself in alcohol.  
There to many criminal lockup and the justice system  
might start killing them all.  
I fall to the floor thinking there nothing more I can do.  
But say my words and hope they get to, the one  
that are young exposing red more than blue.  
Constant is the true meaning of our lives session.  
I choose not to watch anymore, as the poor down the poor.  
In our common news of depression.

Curtis Mosby

# Compassionate Fixation Of Nonhuman Anguish

I know thier not equal to us.  
But shouldn't they have the rights to live.  
Forget about what you heard everything has pain.  
Constantly we sacrifice live's of nature for our own pleasure's.  
I measure some men's heart and it is as short as a feather.  
Why can't we just live together, this world is built  
on freedom.  
I even see the tear's of the ant's and the heart of the sheep.  
I express all my thoughts that thier live's should be as precious  
as a child.  
Look into thier harmless eye's innocent of the pain  
they cry.  
No one care we even kill our own kind and that tell me.  
Thier no hope for the animal kingdom and they don't even know.

Curtis Mosby

# Considerable Resistance

Oppose all odd's made by god.  
Leave me to battle a million and i will ask for more.  
Pain is my fuel to the core.  
Destroy this body but my soul live on.  
Im always in harm way in the middle of the storm.  
Born with glory and doom hand in hand.  
These words are no color of a man.  
I have thoughts of phiscally fighting lucifer.  
Courage leave honor in the dust.  
Trust me war is seen to abrupt among us.  
In strive i keep hope alive.  
Wanting to save but crucify, no one immune to this world.  
But we keep our heart from eachother so distance.  
Together we are a force with considerable resistance.

Curtis Mosby

# Cry Mr Drifter

I feel for my inspiration, because it hurt to even write.  
I watch this life so alone to be strong.  
Though i pass you by on the road.  
I would like to know where your going  
Thru the rain and the snow.  
I recognize your tear's, so many to catch with your hand.  
And as you walk i see the pain deep inside a man.  
By look of your clothe's, it's apart of your skin know.  
No evidence of happiness to show a smile.  
You are the words that leave sad crie's.  
Life in your eye's is an ungodly picture.  
Because of you i write, im sorry.  
But keep crying mr drifter.

Curtis Mosby

# Curious Intentions

I pride myself on being a good listener.  
I follow every word in detail.  
Where did that scar come from?  
Those lips are a version of a virgin.  
I want to find something wrong.  
I need to find something wrong.  
The question doesn't want ask.  
Is this a sexual contact from your eyes?  
Is love in there eyes when they gaze in mine.  
I am blank blind is this worth my time.  
One time for affection or love will it blossom?  
Is this heart playing possum I can't seem to grasp?  
The sight of you and me unmask in the same sentence.  
Will I be an apprentice?  
On the sloop of a fail marriage how much weigh do I have to carry?  
This is barely all my thoughts that juggle mu curiosity.  
It certainly didn't kill a cat but will it kill me.

Curtis Mosby

# Date Time & The Day

Only a sick man should think of death.  
I don't want no one to live afraid.  
Life always seem to turn the page.  
With every age we sacrifice our bodies.  
In place we gain wisdom.  
Across our minds this subject makes us think.  
What if tommorrow never comes.  
As a child is being born someone dies.  
There smiles and there cries.  
It haunts our lives and drive us insane.  
I wonder how will it be decease to at time of peace.  
Separation from my inner being.  
I want nothing more than to know right away.  
The date, time & the day

Curtis Mosby



# Dawning On Us

In thy own begining I belong to sorrow.  
Common Is the fate of poverty which leave tommorrow.  
I never learn to cry it came along with the ride.  
In the wind there life passing you by.  
What I a sigh but not a relief.  
Another child die born to these streets.  
I do write what I see the wiegh of tragedies sink me deep.  
What so unique is the way people change underneath.  
I reach so far for a hand but never even touch a finger.  
This is love when hate seem to linger.  
No one I believe no one want to care about our children.  
There enough pain but never a simple healing.  
Time is revealing this world is past it due date.  
How much more can you take.  
One word I say care but no one wants to hear.  
We can climb the highest moutain.  
But when will we discover love thru all the midst of these tears.

Curtis Mosby

# Dead Oil Of This Soil

Dead oil of this soil we become when the  
world is done with us.  
Our only use know is to be recycle to help life  
as our corpse feeds the apostle.  
Don't mean to be so hostile mighty child of the crops.  
I was that dust that settle in the parking lot.  
Until the birth of me I agree life seem better on the  
inside.  
Though no shoulder I lean on her heart when my  
tears can't seem to dry.  
My eye's can see the pain that America causes, you can't  
stay careful in a state of panic.  
I must give it to the plan of a drug epidemic that  
keeps the violence at a high rate.  
Publish these words before the ink settle and i  
hope it create a movement hot enough to heat your tea kettle.  
As old soul lie in the hospital waiting die.  
Let me tell you why we lose it's death to the end.  
There no peace or signal of it so push the antenna in  
and unwrap the foil.  
Because if you know it are not we are the dead oil of this soil.

Curtis Mosby

# Defiant Of My Pride

I live from my roots born to stand amongst the youth.  
To cry for me is a wast of time, i am the whipping boy  
they criticize more than the blind.  
So much pain i have endured that i welcome more with open arms.  
Blame me for the riots that constantly hold us in bondage.  
No more tears is what they fear a man that can walk thru the fire.  
My wounds i wear with such proud meaning.  
I share with the world in the remembrance of believing.  
For when im gone and my words fade away.  
You should see what i died for also live today.  
Nothing couldv'e held me back reckless but always meant well inside.  
Was i ready for the world as being Defiant of my pride

Curtis Mosby

# Dictionary

Im a million words in one.

Acts of many as you define life in this son.

I live with different characteristic within my inner thoughts.

You can find me as you read, memories of forsaken history.

Don't measure me by my action.

Look into my life and believe thier more to me  
written inside.

At time I am hate and love always allowing myself to change.

I cry and smile at the same time whenever thier pain.

An old soul with a cold heart but hotter than the sun  
with a young mind.

I can see but Im blind.....

All the above when you speak of who I am.

A word for everything leave my definition expandable.

The world life streaming thru my veins with intuition.

I am your pain, emotion, and pictionary.

For the words that lies in my dictionary.

Curtis Mosby

# Do You Want To See Something Beautiful

Do you want to see something beautiful.  
Follow my instruction for these words about you are priceless.  
Where ever you are find yourself a mirror.  
Look into it and tell me.  
Have you ever seen anything more beautiful than this.  
I haven't.

Curtis Mosby

# Dust On The Road Of Sand

Do you see me life.  
Drifting along side the highway.  
A painted appearance waiting for deliverance.  
One concern never burn the heart of one.  
I watch the world as if I was at a traffic stop.  
I feel so all alone never to touch what I can see.  
The sun shine at an incredible rate.  
I take what little faith I have on my way.  
Hate cover the earth maybe that why,  
I can't recognize this world at a stand still.  
In the middle of nowhere It appear I am at times.  
The night grows darker nobody offer there heart  
to mine.  
Have I travel to far but the edge never appear.  
Why doesn't he talk when I know I am hear.  
Take me back to the ground, which created this form.  
No one care to believe I am in desert storm.  
Just to be held in someone arms, a boy is still a man.  
I live alone as the dust on the road of sand.

Curtis Mosby

# Expression Of Deceptive Prophets

Don't judge what you do not understand.  
What you saw was the outside of a man.  
A leader should a man be, if he sin just like me.  
The words you speak I hear with an open mind.  
So I see your love for god.  
But what about his children that you criticize in your message.  
You try to separate brother from lost brother's when they all  
are the same.  
Everyone don't deal with pain in oneway.  
Some die and some live today.  
This is not of god preacher with a young heart.  
Live and let another be for this world was made  
for you and me.  
Equal in quality though our live's are apart.  
As such as he believe in you he see my heart.  
Something that you fail to do.  
Which leads me to the expression of deceptive prophets.

Curtis Mosby

# Face These Words

I shed a tear for a lonely star.  
I make a wish and ask a question will my life go far.  
I see the sorrow.  
Pray so I can see tommorrow.  
Because who ever said you would live to be 21.  
So many tragedies from a gun.  
Mama I blame you for my wicked ways.  
But I praise you for saving me from a early grave.  
Father was never thier, so I always cried.  
But mama hide the fact that my father died.  
I never prayed for a brighter day.  
My life is dark for my path I never know which way.  
I kiss the cross around my neck.  
Im just living for respect.  
The sin they inject is vital to my health.  
Don't be mad at me be mad at yourself.

Curtis Mosby



# Find Me Tomorrow In The Sun.

Who are you that seem to smile when we cry.  
Because no one immune to this pain that we feel inside.  
My black skin is sin don't you realize, i have become death  
to be crucified.  
Don't get me wrong i am still strong, waiting for my destiny beneath  
the clouds of the storm.  
Hold my tears and not my blood. Because this is not my body,  
but what you have come from love.  
Separation from eachother only starve the brother as the sister  
struggle alone.  
In disbelief i find peace nowhere in sight, between us thier never  
been joy in this life.  
I would have love to live around our ancestors united as one.  
Leaving this race to never face eachother.  
Find me tommorrow in the sun.

Curtis Mosby

# Glory Forgotten Doom

Everybody wants a piece of the world.  
But what comes with it.  
Is more than the average man can handle.  
For your strength never out weigh your weakness.  
Bound by judgement and persecuted for life.  
These are the many trials of fortune.  
One will battle the demons among themselves untill they break.  
So a domestic mind is created.  
Trying always to dictate life in your own way.  
People will remeber you especially the public.  
Controdicting the way they made you into thier puppet.  
Despite your honor and power.  
The death of you appear to soon.  
For you are so young.  
Glory forgotten doom

Curtis Mosby

# Goodnight Wine

Here I am again sleepless under the moon in my  
goan.  
Only the sad love songs feel the room with the sweet sound  
of a warm melody.  
I sure cried tonight for the world I borrowed thier tears.  
Laughing I resume to cut picture's out of a frame.  
Thank god for this merlo because it sure does  
ease the pain.  
I thought my glass was just full back to the cellar.  
As I trace my tears like footsteps in the sand.  
Then lonely woman by connie smith come on.  
I never walk out of the cellar the truth will lie here  
untill the morning.  
While me myself and I try to leave another life behind.  
With the influence of this.  
Goodnight wine.

Curtis Mosby

# Hiding Scars In A Bruise Mind

Traumatize is a woman always covered in clothes.  
Holding her smile though tears pour inside.  
Such confusion in her mind, mother died a prostitute.  
Teaching her how to honor men but what about the  
pain.  
It hurt more outside than it do in but she faces this  
everyday life.  
I ask to redirect her path but she only calls for another cab.  
I watch her being more drawn to the abuse.  
The storm shattered her arm and leave her heart  
holding to it's roots.  
America eats it's children lonely lost and poor.  
Many babies I know has but they never could grow being  
beaten to low.  
On the floor she crawls in a corner so deep full of fear.  
She almost suffocate for the air can't seem to get  
thru the tears.  
What a battle in a brain wash society, mama why did  
you lie to me.  
You see you wanted nothing but the best for me.  
I have cried forever since you close your eye's on me.  
On the hospital bed barely can recognize her face.  
I embrace her hand and tell her it will be okay.  
Stay awake I say life win when your soul dies.  
The line flatten I live with this blood lost crashing.  
I guess she would have died in time.  
Walking down that same road hiding scars  
in a bruise mind.

Curtis Mosby

# I Don'T Have A Child, I Have Chidren Know

In all the things that we do in life.  
Sometime it doesn't make sense.  
I would love to see us prevent hunger and suffering.  
Our children are in slow recovering from what  
they are discovering.  
Give them meaning for hard times is all they see.  
Though it won't be forgotten in this rooten world  
of american dreams.  
I have seen the pain and once turn my back on it.  
Untill the day life stood still and what I could only  
was tears.  
Streaming from my eye's I grew a heart bigger than  
the sky.  
Humble at my search I hurt no more for me.  
I see nothing but a strategy to save humanity.  
As I walk down the street holding the children that I meet.  
All that won't to be is love.  
What you have had all along they have a song for it.  
Planting a seed in the ground waiting for the rain.  
After today tommorrow marks a start to find another  
child torn apart.  
By people who neglect thier pride and joy.  
How can you live with yourself. How?  
But don't worry.  
I don't have a child, I have children know.

Curtis Mosby

# Im Sorry I Love U

(Im sorry I love u in confinement I would bury my heart at wounded if I tried to live a lie it would not be of rain I fight back the urge of saying it again.I need u, I need amnesia what am I saying Im so pounding on edge I bow my head suddenly I turn should I do no man has endure more love run over as it al damnation of love tormented by my frustration I wish to live life up above.I know she will be an angel one day as she is know heaven oh heaven change her smile. Please somebody help me, save me a day I can't get h I know there no future for us Im sorry I love u.

Curtis Mosby

# In The Clouds Of A Beautiful Dream.

Beautiful dream when I close my eyes.  
I hope It want be the last time.  
U comes to me when the day leaves night.  
This is all I have in my life.  
Lover moon a place of peace sweet kisses in my sleep.  
Heaven sent me the moment of truth.  
If only I can live inside this world there could be me and you.  
The soft pillow takes me to a cloud of certainty.  
I belong here forever and not just to come and leave.  
I wish I can take you with me out of my dreams, into these arms.  
As long as we breathe but until then I find myself wanting to rest.  
In the clouds of a beautiful dream.

Curtis Mosby

# In The Field Of The Tall Tides

Fallen before the wind I lose all hope. I am nearly blinded in sight so hard to find  
home thru the night. I stare at the moon as the stars flicker like eye lids. I forbid  
showing my tears knowing I am alone in need to be saved but is it me that is saved has  
little say thought I pray the pain come anyway. If only I can believe I would rise  
like the open sea of steel I find clarity thru the rain walking on my own  
footsteps. I close my eyes deep beneath the weeds and grassy the sun touches  
me as if I was a flower in a field grows but I follow in long strides to meet my  
destiny. In the field of the tall tides.

Curtis Mosby



# Infomercial Of Children Seen But Never Remebered

I love how pain grab our heart.  
Only for a moment we seem to care.  
About what in front of us.  
No names but just the horror of gruesome living.  
Where the world it 's standing still at this hour.  
How can a flower be more beautiful than a child.  
Thru the flies these weary eye's can't see us.  
If only we stop watching and lay our hearts by thier side.  
Nothing real untill you touch it and feel what it like.  
To live lonely on an empty appetite.  
About 4 minutes is enough to cry.  
As we turn the channel and forget what we saw in life.  
Contribute what money is not the answer to all things.  
No matter what they tell you it's what your heart brings.  
Don't be pretenders.  
Thier are enough infomercial of children seen  
but never remebered.

Curtis Mosby

# Inner Beauty Never Need To Fold Young Or Old.

There no reason why you should love me.  
I hope you quite understand I am less than a man.  
Far from the man of your dreams I seem to be dreaming.  
I know I sit myself low never wanting to be rejected.  
Do you know what that feel like it impossible to bare.  
Beautiful I damn there curse the name.  
So many claim that others or not beautiful.  
Who is not beautiful let me know for there not from god.  
I love that poem it give the one who can do better a glow.  
I should know I have been the let downs of all let downs.  
Look around flowers are given names of beauty by people.  
Know I know that people are beautiful than flowers.  
We have lost our minds trying to be perfect.  
Is it worth it to hurt so one that in love with you.  
Is this civilize behavior let me talk to my neighbor.  
Thy are told but what does thy know.  
Inner beauty never need to fold young or old.

Curtis Mosby

# Inside Weather

Sunshine rain on an afternoon in my room.  
I mourn my own death In solitude.  
Abuse is thy heart as tears surrender from my eye's.  
If these walls could talk they would never dry.  
This is where the river runs from, slowly in despair.  
I would call you to join me but I'm drowning  
so just stay there.  
As I write my letters, when you find them be careful  
they're fragile from the storm.  
I was born of tears racing down the veins in my arms.  
Never was immune to pain.  
I suffer deeply in vain.  
Can these 4 corners sustain this kind of damage.  
I panic in misery forgetting to pray.  
My hands are only leaves in this storm of a rage.  
I am that heavy heart that can't hold any more.  
As everyone watches outside we all cry together.  
Then I take a deep breath and close my eyes.  
And drown in this inside weather.

Curtis Mosby

# It's Not The Organ

In a transition of human life my eye's close as I save another.  
A fallen brother in the night.  
Because my donation little I know who shall live with this loving heart.  
I walk in as a spiritual being but getting a sign of rage.  
Impulse from the brain hoping is not thy heart.  
Making progress he does from the wheelchair to on foot.  
The people he surround himself with, give me a sense of why he was  
in the hospital.  
Guns, drugs, and money he live dark when my heart is sunny.  
Why doesn't he change I save millions in pain.  
With this heart nothing should stay the same.  
I wrote the glory manifested and held deep inside.  
I hate to watch my heart go to waste to a lonely lost child.  
He rape women cold but not my heart it should be warm.  
There seem to be no hope for him.  
I guess it was me not physically but spiritually.  
So I will give him a pardon.  
Even with a heart from someone of love.  
He still slung drugs.  
It's not the organ.

Curtis Mosby

# Judge Thier No Sign Of Empathy

In my own defense I leave the jury my testimony.  
Color boy they say in a white man world.  
Homeless man on trial.  
I never thought life would get any harder than it is  
for me.  
If you said there would be pain I would have to believe.  
Because it live with me inside and out.  
I haven't had a bath in years so should I thank this  
jail house.  
The beatings are regular, all of this because I was defending  
a little girl from being rape by a cop.  
She turn on me and that when my heart dropped.  
Guilty, Guilty, Guilty, I would say walk in my shoes.  
But I have none for my feet are bruised.  
Some say I have nothing to lose.  
But there something to gain from all this hurt and pain.  
My dignity and self image then also my pride.  
I stare at everyone in the room hoping they  
want forget me.  
An innocent man thrown to the wolves.  
Judge there no sign of empathy.

Curtis Mosby

# Leaving Our Marks In Life

When we leave our marks on the world.  
Tell me will it have to do with healing, to close the wounds expose  
to all hatred and violence.  
Are will the world need another band aid.  
Though it's already cover and left in bondage.  
I promise when I leave I will feed everyone  
around me with love.  
Why do we shove our children out on to the streets.  
There your pride and joy your love should grow stronger  
as he become a man the same as a boy.  
We fail to understand life is an obstacle rarely praise.  
I suffer among my brothers we have all yet to see  
a brighter day.  
That all we need drowning in this room full of tears.  
Why are we shooting holes in life. That very person you  
hurt, could have been the one to help turn things right.  
We are still blind with sight never knowing day from night.  
But not color blind when it comes to the complexion of our  
skin.  
If we stop to see there no difference the inside of a person  
heart is were identification lies.  
No more cries peace will only justify your fight.  
What you live for sometime you have to die for.  
When leaving our marks in life.

Curtis Mosby

# Let Love Live, Let Life Die

Let love live, let life die  
for the after life is forever inside.  
I can walk thru your heart  
winding your lips to see your eye's.  
Watching you dreams  
like a mirror of my reflection.  
I smile every second your beauty  
is more than what i see it's my obsession.  
Were engaged by heart  
and married in each other soul.  
Here we will always be young  
but our love old.  
Soathing in the clouds  
to such touch as an angel feather.  
No love other than this can  
with stand life weather.  
I give my all forever  
only god knows why.  
I ask  
let love live and let life die.

Curtis Mosby

# Let'Em See

Never will you sleep again, with your eye lids tape  
to your forehead.  
Haunted by your past that you couldn't see from the begining.  
What suffering you put these families thru, wanting to only live.  
Touch thier dead bodies and feel the pain they endure.  
That was someone child hoping to see tommorrow.  
Do you know i cried many tears of anger.  
Look! look!  
Your tears are only dead to a heart.  
As he shaken and frighten i realize he see the light.  
Though thier forgiveness i turn around to hear  
him take his own life.  
I let my emotions get the best of me.  
Didn't mean for this to happen.  
But i had to let'em see.

Curtis Mosby



# Look For Me Early

Heaven Oh heaven I wish I didn't have to die  
for you to take these lonely cries.

So deep does the pain ly my fatal thoughts  
become tangled and trap inside.

Give me the outer body experience for my flesh  
is sinful to life.

I will say and gladly be on my way that I am not  
strong enough to be here.

A water fall of tears all I ever hear is sadness in the  
dark hours of living.

In the begining I found myself abandon growing up  
empty handed.

This has never change life has remain a constant  
struggle to survive.

Look into my eye's don't you see come closer can you  
see know.

A child know a man in rags of clothing, in society I am  
the road kill people pass on the streets.

I pled to thee angels look for me early.

Curtis Mosby

# Losing The Thought Of What Counts

Under the shelter of life.  
Thier lies only hopelyness for tommorrow.  
We live for ourselves wrap in sorrow  
Anyone do anyone care to share.  
Happiness with another that stare.  
So many passerby's look in the eye's of children.  
But never sacrifice some bread of communion.  
Together we are bind body, soul, and mind.  
The heart is what missing.  
The love is wishing down the wale.  
It seems to be to far to excell.  
Beyond the time of hate that mounts.  
In this world where losing the thought of what counts

Curtis Mosby

# Love Magical Design

The vision of beauty stare at eye's that care.  
To see what life is like inside of thee.  
You are the reason for love poetry.  
Written and unforgettable from place's so deep.  
That one live thier whole life waiting for these moments of memories.  
Heaven only knows how you complete me.  
With you by my side I will never have to look behind me.  
Picture perfect thier you are an angel without wings.  
I comfort you in the time of need.  
Watching you sleep at night.  
I breath the scent of your perfume and long to feel  
the warmth of your skin.  
These are years of words I reveal.  
As I begin with these tears of affection.  
Made by the love of my emotion.  
Toward your amazing soul.  
Pure as the ocean you arrived like a cloud in the sky.  
Over my head and on my mind.  
Creating love magical design.

Curtis Mosby

# Making Sure U R Still There

I don't want to be this way a political giant.  
So defiant of life and the way it is.  
Discover my weakness is for you.  
In all truth I believe in us and a world of peace.  
Though it hard to see I want to know where do we stand.  
Have you taken all you can inside because I see the out.  
Drawn up of tears I wish I could be there to catch them.  
It's these words that serve a purpose is it worthy.  
I ask myself that same question everyday.  
Let my faith be the change in your heart.  
Battered and bruise I refuse to be a normal man.  
The long stretch of life begins when u realize what u are here for.  
I must say love does complicated this obligation I have taken on my own.  
A hero I am not but when the world get colder.  
I am the shoulder in the storm and the one who care.  
Give me some time to save civilization that on the path to destruction.  
My heart is with you and you have the biggest part of it.  
So while you are brushing your hair I just call you.  
Making sure u r still there.

Curtis Mosby

# Megan Hair

African black  
and shine like the sun.  
A beautiful jewel upon  
her head.  
It is said by me every strand  
is priceless.  
As it lie's down on her back  
she never pin it up.  
No need for difference  
it would be more natural to stay.  
I know the wind love running thru it  
as well as my hands.  
From her ends to her splits  
cutting her hair would be a risk.  
The definition of silk.  
The vitamins in milk.  
The soft tecture and the smell  
of a herb.  
Describing her hair in different words.

Curtis Mosby

# Memories In My Old Shoes

If you see the sole of my soul it will tell you  
where I have been.  
Against all odds I walk fearless with the wind.  
No socks I handle the rocks unlike stones.  
Alone my bones shiver in the blistering cold  
outside home.  
Life is old for a young man trying to smile at the  
sun.  
Only mark my tears on the concrete holding a mother  
son.  
In the fields over the hills escaping pain is a  
everyday job.  
I look down and see the holes similar to this world.  
What a place missing a face such as a smile  
from a little girl.  
I shall never forget my first pair it bring me back  
there.  
When all was lost I believe in faith.  
That in time a day would come for no more blues.  
Though I survive, I can't forget the memories in my  
old shoes.

Curtis Mosby

# Never To Late For Heaven

The light of the sun clear as the day.  
I had a vision long spoken I came a way.  
With the knowledge of seeing tears without water.  
Clouded was I just being someone that walk the earth  
The darkness that lurks among all children birth.  
My instinct tells me that pain will never die.  
Sometimes we have to cry a million times.  
Just to realize where the path to our destiny lies  
Time has left me a harden heart but a wise mind.  
I fill you in on the destruction of life which we have cause.  
Pollution to evolution I take much responsebility.  
Peace nonexisting seem to hold us back from going forth.  
I mean of course we are people but with hearts.  
Leave me here to struggle and I will pay the heavy cost.  
The product of poverty nobody stoping me to die.  
Why must I suffer when the world glance with the second of an eye..  
Who am I the one with a change heart I may fall in life.  
But in the heavens I rise like a work of art.  
U want see me twice if you don't change tell that to all.  
When the time comes who will remain.

Curtis Mosby

# Never Would Hurt A Fly

The mirror of tears surround the night.  
Everybody mourn the death of a life.  
Innocence and too young to bury.  
What a heart to carry.  
As a mother raising her child in this poverty.  
No mother could have had a greater son.  
He love the world and if anybody knew him.  
The growing of his love had just begun.  
I find no peace in this pain.  
Dear god why not me I explained.  
In the rain I cried along side his wounded body, as he close his eye's.  
That moment never fail to repeat itself.  
I remeber when he taught me to feel the pain,  
of the one I hurt.  
I shed tears on the dirt that your under.  
I sometime's wonder why do the good die young.  
You left and your death brought tears in my heart is  
where I keep you near.  
Against all odds you did more than try.  
To change the world and this is how you die.  
On accident...  
Knowing he never would hurt a fly.

Curtis Mosby



# No Home Of Fathers

I knock on every door in this neighborhood.  
A child or a mother only answer.  
Where the culture of a family the way it should.  
This epidemic spreads like cancer.  
A mother left abandon to be the father.  
What can a man offer but only to make a child.  
I want don't want a man to ever look down  
at a woman again.  
Leaving when the hard times come and later on  
you remeber your son.  
The end is never done a child is a life forever  
apart of you.  
Responsibility is a priority in itself, to take pride  
with a smile of wealth.  
What a tragedy, why couldn't he stay I try to  
answer that question everyday.  
Even the local doctor doesn't ask anymore  
where the father.  
He knows they come alone from this community  
holding there water.  
Whatever she having a son or a daughter.  
It never bother them to live without is life.  
Because who proven to find a husband or a wife.  
I walk after this day of proving my point, though  
the goverment doesn't seem to bother.  
To even care that women struggle when there  
no homes of fathers.

Curtis Mosby

# No One Should Be Rich When To Many Are Suffering.

I know you see maybe even more than i do.  
The truth is stated clear for tears are constant in the youth.  
Their no stare because you don't care, to busy spending you wealth.  
Relying on oneself is hard when no one give you a chance.  
Why can't we expand our love to other in need of help.  
Thier a dollar for every one in the world, no one should suffer to death.  
I left the poor today and seen a difference in light, we should all  
live to do right.  
Soon another will leave vulnerable in thier situation, can you  
stand to believe.  
The money you receive can feed and shelter a child somewhere  
hovering.  
So i say no one should be rich when to many are suffering.

Curtis Mosby

# No Photograph

Thy eye's which a person provision whatever is  
in front them.

It nearly a blind fold life should not be read by  
sight.

No one believe in the darkest night and in it  
lies only suffering of millions.

Yes you may give advice or money to catch the  
bus.

But this is not all of us, not even close.

The pain we endure is like a ghost to many  
who have pass by.

Why can't they see that we cry, wrap in thin cloth  
that we washed our whole lives.

The commercial, magazine and newspaper is  
more of a scheme.

They help a percentage of some and leave  
the rest to dream.

Know there jobs are done, as they watch there  
hands of this land.

We are call unknown but we have names.

I believe we are all one in the same.

But this is how I came and I am not ashame.

Picture are picture left to lie about our path.

Who you see is who you get.

But what about the ones.

With no photograph.

Curtis Mosby

# Often

Often

Their a child seen in proverty.

Often

Some one die's in tragedy.

Often

Thier are scream in the dark.

Often

Family are torn apart.

Often

Tears are seen.

Often

This what life brings.

Often

I pray for the world.

Often

Girls are raising girls.

Often

I cry.

Often

These words do not lie

Often

Curtis Mosby

# Once A Heart Believe In Love

Once a heart believe in love.  
thier nothing you can say.  
It's unforgettable the way it create.  
The light for a life waiting in the wings.  
For an angel to be thier winter, fall and spring.  
What joy it brings, for this is what dreams are made of.  
Thier always a timeless path.  
Once a heart believe in love.

Curtis Mosby

# Once You Were A Child

Let's all think like a child and see how far we go.  
We would need guidance and love to help us grow.  
If only there could be enough hearts, equal to the suffering  
lives of our children.  
What affect one should affect us all.  
The world I speak of is this time and place who shall send  
themselves but not wealth.  
If you care be there your money only give them the idea that  
your searching for a blessing.  
There needs are of what morals you have to live and survive.  
I want to wipe one last tear from a child eye.  
It hurt me to see food being thrown away.  
When there are millions of children dieing as we speak.  
As there skin is wrap tight around there bones, they appear  
so weak but here heart is strong.  
Infested cover in flies there face is so dry you can  
strike a match and watch it light up.  
How do we live with ourselves knowing we can make a  
change with a little bit of effort.  
Who was there when you were crying someone that  
love you.  
They have no one even when the sun come up there  
no sunshine for them.  
Carrying water to one village to another, walking for miles and  
miles.  
Picture these words and know you can feel there pain.  
Because once you were a child.

Curtis Mosby

# One Effective Chain Reaction

What if the world can feel one person pain.  
All at the same time we cry but thier no change  
Sorrow is our tommorrow so no one smile.  
We find ourselve's together thru the weather.  
So when you hurt, I hurt.  
Providing shelter for eachother, my tears belong to you.  
I took a bullet and you also did.  
We are strangers to our own sister and brothers.  
What are we teaching our kids to silent with thier hearts.  
Please let me see and feel the life you endure.  
I will live with it untill i die, I want to know more.  
Touch the life of other's as you suffer in a normal fashion.  
Making people think different, from one effective chain reaction.

Curtis Mosby

# People Afraid Of People

Someone out there taking life from the innocent.  
We live in fear in a community cold as the winter  
days.  
It never fails everyday we smell the gun powder in the air.  
No one wants to walk in there nightmare.  
What was once a friend in my eye's.  
Leave me in my own blood to die.  
I promise I wouldn't cry.  
I lay here in my hospital bed and watch a dozen others  
reply what I said.  
The world is not safe everybody in here because  
of somebody.  
Rather it murder or rape what does it take for a change  
I am your brother why do you cause me pain.  
Will I live whisper the child holding on with  
her last breath.  
Such a harsh reality it appear that the future  
is more severe.  
What is left always a constant reminder of violence.  
Injected in this world so lethal.  
But it's the one we love behind it.  
That why people are afraid of people.

Curtis Mosby



# Poor Support From The American Torch

Unity and equality suppose to be a bond. Within a  
nation we stand in times of hate.  
Between fortunate ones and the unfortunate ones.  
The child I raise will never know the difference  
until he reaches that age.  
I gaze at the sun before it hide behind the clouds.  
Why do I feel not wanted or cared for such a strange place.  
I was born hear collecting tears running down my face.  
What Is poor the definition does not make sense.  
There to much wealth provided for one man.  
Never to look a mind to behind holding for dear life.  
Who see the sight of suffering, the white house  
window are painted black.  
Save those grandmother has been  
waiting for a change praying on the porch.  
There only been a poor support from the American torch.

Curtis Mosby

# Rise Our Development Of Resources

The body we were promise along with the blood.  
I share no thought of untruthful facts covered in mud.  
This bondage shelter only our bones.  
We grow weak with every peak they grow strong.  
Surrounded by flies I have eye's that see the suffering  
and feel the hunger of the moaning in a child stomach.  
Limited is our words forgotten in the midst of life.  
Can we do what right for a change.  
Consider me equal in equality, a mirror in which  
we all see each other heart.  
I have walk this long road as if it was a mountain.  
No sign but for a chance to make good.  
Though were lost in the hood many of those,  
can be raised and you will find an innocent boy scared.  
In the times of these days nothing appear to be what it seems.  
I shed tears in the night because my nightmare are dreams.  
I fear tommorrow a break is yet to come.  
Left overs are sweet bread crumbs waiting on the  
bottom feeders.  
I am a reader of freedom and self righteous within these different  
courses.  
I only long to see one day that they rise our development of  
resources.

Curtis Mosby

# Saving Others

Im only a man some may call me a hero.  
I look forward to my destiny lives are what i live for.  
The poor suffer and no one cares.  
A young traveler I am there when a tear leaves a stare.  
What ever the circumstances we should live as equal as we are equal.  
There no one above all but one I am a child of god.  
The new david I stand before all with words and wisdom.  
Do you know u have imprison children and deprive them of there lives.  
Let me give u the names of all in pain wrap in bondage all over the world.  
It would take years america to build what broken.  
These words are spoken for u to hear u are not worthy enough to hold there  
tears.  
So I find u guilty and I will die for every race is not about color.  
Our lives are what matter if have not discovered.  
I promise to change the world by saving others.

Curtis Mosby

# Sitting With The Devil

Thier lies a bus stop in the middle of the projects.  
One day a working man on his way to work.  
Sit down as usual but today thier a stranger for conversation.  
He say's working man have you progress from your stress.  
Look what the lord has done your prayer are but senseless.  
Let me tell you his a liar you have to take what you want.  
See that bank thier will set you for life.  
I know it's hard and it's unfair that you struggle like this  
The working man replied I have a family,  
And the stranger replied well that will take care of it.  
Hour's later many people die and a family lose's thier father.

Later that day a beautiful lady approach the bench  
The stranger stare and say's as beautiful as you are  
you shuoldn't have to wait for the bus.  
The lady smile.  
Then a car approaches, a man ask her does she want to ride.  
Thier you are the moment of truth the stranger encourges her.  
In life thier are gifts given to you this is your opprotunity.  
She sit and decide and then get up for the ride.  
A month later she found rape and dead inside.

Before the day ends a woman walk to the bus stop  
bible in hand.  
The stranger make his pesent known.  
What does that book do for you and was has it done.  
She reply it's my shield when everybody else carry a gun.  
The stranger grew angry you are poor and who to say he will  
save you.  
Iv'e been save from a sinner and my name might not be the first he  
call but it want be the last.  
The stranger reply you talk as if you are please with your situation.  
I walk in faith knowing that my lord god has a plan for me one day.  
Pray with me for your faith needs to be renewed but as she close her  
eye' stranger dissappear out of the blue.

Curtis Mosby

# Soft Hearted Child

Angel without wings and heaven born.  
No one is more prepare than you to be scorn.  
Why doesn't hurt i ask.  
Being kick when your down.  
Always left with a smile even when pain surround you.  
Held the man hand in forgiveness before they drove him away.  
Still paralyze from that day.  
But i never seen you cry, sitting in that chair with love in your eye's.  
The expression for tommorrow is that you stay the same.  
While the world change only for the worst.  
Though you have suffer a great deal.  
The support you give is why you live.  
I believe it more and more because no wants to help.  
A stranger relying on oneself.  
Is thier anyone wants to listen and stay awhile.  
And be moved by this.  
Soft hearted child.

Curtis Mosby

# Someone And Somewhere

Can you see past your beating heart.  
When thier pain unbarreble to live with.  
As we complain when our hell is really heaven.  
Rise with your tears, I have seen the rain for many years.  
Have you ever experience a fraction of african sorrow.  
Like the children of lost home's surround by proverty.  
This what bother's me  
I refuse to hear your words of hurt that only last a minute.  
When I can write a book on children that have been suffering all thier live's.  
Deprive in such away it should sadden the world.  
Never will you open your eye's blinded by your own reflection.  
I egnore my pain no where near death, I can't compare.  
Though you have suffer enough, thier pain greater in  
someone and somewhere.

Curtis Mosby

# Stay Beautiful Dream

Stay beautiful dream in my head.  
While my eye's are close and all life  
is shut out.  
I turn into a globe walking among the land  
of women.  
There to find the love that only drive my heart.  
I hope this coma hold for more time I need.  
To say the words I never got to say.  
Tell me what to do shall I live for you.  
Because I long for death.  
Everyday without you is a little more harder  
to bare.  
Before I wake give me something to take  
a string of your hair.  
I hold it with such secureness as if it was a child.  
My desire to forever be with you, still burns  
inside.  
I see heaven in your eye's and when you smile  
the sun brighten.  
Endless I wish this could be as your head hold  
on my shoulder to lean.  
But the moments I can savor for a minute.  
Stay beautiful dream

Curtis Mosby

# Taken By The Emotions Of Long Island Love.

Taken by the emotions of long island love.  
Which I left on a vacation for my company.  
On the flight back I begin to daydream about her.  
The ocean clear brushing her feet against the sand.  
Touching palm to palm dancing at the rythm of the drums.  
She ask what is it like in america I wish I could take her away.  
We kiss under the moon and watch the sunset.  
I told her I love her and what did she think, say something.  
Though a day has past I will never forget you.  
I wish for this she respond the emotions between us are quite a bond.  
I long for somone to say those words these are tears of happiness.  
As I land in los angles I wonder what my fate would have been.  
If I had stayed traded in my suit and tie for a sea shell necklace.  
Maybe it would have been heaven but no one knows.  
When your eye's are close and only your heart u follow with.  
Taken by the emotions of long island love.

Curtis Mosby



# The Absence Life Of Providence

The direction of guidance has lead us to the grave.  
No more sunshine thier only these dark days.  
Home left wothout father's, as mother's  
put the house on thier backs.  
The streets embrace the face's of a lost children.  
Soon the smoke clears and all thier left is tears.  
What a life to live hopeless and torn.  
It's hard to grow when born in a environment  
of unsociable behavior.  
Young minds put in situation of violence.  
Where thier guns thier drugs feed to us like love.  
But who care to see what I believe to be the distruction  
of life.  
Money we never sacrifice for the well being of another.  
Our brother's are losing without love thier no future.  
And what kind of people are we to stand by and live  
thru this tolerance.  
As our children die because the absence life of providence.

Curtis Mosby

# The Eye's Of One Heart Reflection

I am the reflection of you my brother. lookin up to you.  
Violence don't know the word but it seem alright,  
because it's you.  
Argueing with mother watching her cry.  
What i see from my eye's is the life you live.  
The scars you have make me proud to scrap my knee.  
It what i believe to be more like you.  
The cops arrive taken you away for my brother i pray.  
Thier me watching everything i see from someone i love.  
No matter what he does it right in my heart.  
I travel the same path everday of my life.  
Walking in his foot step never learning my lesson.  
Know i rest.  
The eye's of one heart reflection

Curtis Mosby

# The Heart Of A Child Truth

Once you left me.  
I struggle hard to find life as a way to breath.  
You have seen one tear.  
But have you seen one to many.  
In every child thier a heart smaller than a seed.  
For it to grow it need love.  
Forever and eternity.  
Your reflection is mine.  
To carry me as the backbone of your spine.  
Give me hope deep down inside.  
We can reunite one day.  
Don't let me be the child that die's, for another to be born.  
Alone silently I pray without a home.  
Believeing these tears will make me strong.  
I know she doesn't know what she do.  
Im just living for these words.  
That come from the heart of a child truth.

Curtis Mosby

# The Inner Difference Of Sight Beyond His Exterior.

The heart is not thy mind for it taken me,  
this long to realize.  
Though I am know the shadow of my own grave.  
I followed my maker in a violent rage, why me I ask.  
Like he can hear me I watch how he survive in life.  
The tear's was more than I ever seen before.  
The pain which doesn't excuse his actions but  
give me closure when I felt his struggling passion.  
One day at a time the world seem more than blind.  
Why can't they find what I see forgiveness should not only  
ly in me.  
In a way I thank him for my death which open me up  
and gave my heart breath.  
I see what he see and it impossible to live in his shoe's.  
When thier torn to the bottom of his soul and the pain is superior.  
I change once when I saw.  
The inner deference of sight beyond his exterior.

Curtis Mosby

# The Intervention Of My Intuition

The chair I sit in.  
In the midst of a room field with needle.  
I never write my friends off I feel thier pain.  
On many accord we may disagree for they  
are not as yet strong as me.  
Look but I do not stare as his skin sink into  
his bone's.  
I still want leave him alone.  
Espcecially in these trials I walk a foot he get worsen.  
So would if I walk a mile.  
Potential life everyone has, I believe he would do  
the same.  
If the shoe was on the other foot.  
I am not looking for a blessing, just here because I care.  
About a friend that can't make it down stairs.  
Where the light is the healing of love like a nutrition.  
I will sit here untill he progress.  
From the intervention of my intuition.

Curtis Mosby

# The Musical Basement Of The Blues

Story of our live's.

uh..uh..uh....

Written so dry and from the heart of my eye's

Im still watered.

As these night are young and these days are shorter.

I approach life like music from a blind man.

Never reflecting what I hear but what I feel.

This instrument take me thier with some classic whisky.

Burn with my emotion I do.

Make a sweet sound from scratch to patch a wound  
that has grew.

I feel like robert johnson thru the cross road in a  
depress mood.

Old as my harmonica born with the sax take me back  
to 1952.

The first time my heart was broken, then I built this room.

For when men seem to always lose.

And today it stands.

As the musical basement of the blues

Curtis Mosby

# Though Not The Man Of Your Dreams

Settle this heart that call love when it waits days after weeks for someone.  
In the wind you leave me watching your stare as if you didn't care.  
I write about it in my personal diary burning for your words to reflect my irony.  
Who to say love will not just sail away only a few run the river.  
This is life you will never be here again; in front you can be your beginning or end.  
Do not lose all thought of glorified happiness a book has but pages and words.  
Hold me to my promises a family and a picket fence.  
The water is dense feel the waves your reflection are my joyful tears today.  
Take a chance there a hand if you reach out I will let go of the pen.  
Open your eyes fairytales have it way of changing our views.  
Among all things is the taste of love sweeter than sugar cream.  
She smile, she smile, she smile at me.....  
Though not the man of your dreams.

Curtis Mosby

# Time Behind Plexiglass

How did I arrive here in tears.  
Feeling the after affects of last night beaten.  
No man is prepared for these chamber doors.  
The floors are constantly stained with blood.  
Some brother find the bible others find there rivals.  
Nightmares become my everyday dreams.  
Painting a picture of description that my day by day story.  
In this unethical place that journey men seem dwell.  
Would I rather except death and a lifetime in hell.  
The pain is endless I wish to see the sun.  
In orange coverall we feel equal and in the  
same ways.  
Mother don't cry in due time, I will be a better man.  
My child been born without the look in my eye's.  
I smile and huge the phone hoping life can grasp.  
The love in this heart that grows over time behind this  
plexiglass.

Curtis Mosby



# To Bare With My Many Seeds

I have corrupted life.  
Proven to be so fragile.  
From the birth of a child and another.  
I hope to live thru my brother's.  
Never knowing the pain I endured, would make me suffer even more.  
Maybe it my upbringing that was feed to them.  
The dark days of sinful men.  
Familiar name to the news.  
I refuse to shelter my heart away.  
They are my children.  
Bare witness to thier live's.  
One day they will die and I will grieve.  
And that how I come to bare with my many seeds.

Curtis Mosby

# To Close Or Not Close Enough

Everything for a kiss seem's worth it.  
Especially when your heart stop searching.  
I believe in your words to such emotion.  
Make's me want to be a better man.  
I treasure every second before a minute.  
That last an hour of love.  
I replay every moment in my mind to keep from giving up.  
From your heart to mine, mine will never quit.  
I just hope I am not moving to fast.  
Let's see if the future begin to grow in our favor.  
Draw your line and I will never crossout.  
I will always be the perfect gentlemen  
complimenting you often.  
See my words about you are never harsh and rough.  
Just let me know if Im to close or not close enough.

Curtis Mosby

# To Live Inside My Heart

I gave up everything to live inside my heart.  
Life for another was more to me than one could imagine.  
I could never stand by and watch a child suffer in sadness.  
I would starve and disregard myself for what after i saw.  
Every mile out of the way i walk misery pass and talk.  
Though you couldv'e seen my bone's you would never  
know i was alone.  
This is for the one's that aren't strong and need it more than me.  
Im hoping i can restore a world that never feeds the poor to believe.  
Some might object to my decision and ask why am i  
trying to be god.  
Sacrifice kindle the spirit for some heart don't see tears but can hear it.  
Tell me could you die for another to live.  
A piece of bread to keep one of you alive who will take and who will give.  
A question to live with but my answer was made up from the start.  
And this is why i live inside my heart.

Curtis Mosby

# Today

I know when life is always the same the reflection of yesterday storm and rain.  
U look for nothing more but if one day can make everyday satisfying.  
The want to live with that someone I thought to myself one wish is all I need.  
Beauty is in my eye sight a blessing of delightful daydreaming.  
I wrote a life with you in instant I fell head over heels.  
I said to myself if she has someone he has to be wonderful.  
I smile at the joy it brings me of being near you.  
If only I can say something without making a fool of myself.  
Yes I am a man but your beauty leaves me speechless.  
I want to live inside your heart and be a flower in your garden of love.  
No matter how long it takes me I will wait forever and if it takes forever.  
Then that what it will be you are life in which the air from you I breath.

Curtis Mosby

# Traden Places In The Tradgies

I want to know what it feel like to be rape.  
A life that cries for help when there only pain that stays.  
An infant left in the house on fire, I have one desire to walk in u r shoes.  
Oh burning flesh of helling bullets blazing thru wind.  
Let me have cancer and cope with it to the end.  
Hold my hand as it shiver in pain from hiv.  
See me suffer as I was u born to be battered and bruise.  
A child abandon running thru the rain looking for shelter.  
Give me your pain I want it, let me climb the highest mountain and fall.  
Come on forget my tears look at it as if it was water cleansing my soul.  
Let go and share with me the ability to live in pain.  
Obession it is if we all felt what others feel imagine change.  
Love can be our hearts gravity we need to know and feel.  
Traden places in the tradgies.

Curtis Mosby

# Trials Of My Deception

Please don't call me judas.  
I never been strong, I died a long time ago.  
The tears in the field of the snow.  
Where faith in me seem to leave.  
I wanted a family but all I receive was pain.  
Forgive me lord as I stand in the pouring rain.  
Turning my back I did so often because of the outcome.  
This son has no more hope where my grave.  
Are should I burn for my last day's is upon me.  
Tribulation of revelation is my frustration thru life.  
For the writing of christ I have been nothing but  
the ungodly things in this book.  
Look at me I deserve more being walk over.  
Picture me giving the world the middle.  
Ending up in a hospital without a savior.  
I lay thier once again proclaiming my life perception.  
Giving the man no choice.  
My voice has become the trials of my deception.

Curtis Mosby

# Tugging On Heart Strings

I watch him sing in a manner that captured the crowd.  
The tip of his fingers was a movement of praise talent.  
Our souls where capture within a wind of musial porportion.  
Women mesmerize with a stare as smoke pass there eyes.  
It like silent poetry taken you on a journey thru love.  
I found heaven and all the angels dance to this rythm of soft melody.  
If we ever thought of love different it was on this very night.  
No one said anything just sat there by all means please keep going.  
Many thought this man was a god with a little bit of whisky.  
He breath life into a soul buried in it's odds.  
Line for line those five fingers of passion lift me high.  
What a lovely sound I can't say goodbye.  
He said wait for me sweet heart I know why.  
It was early in the morining and the start of spring.  
I fell in love with a man tugging on heart strings.

Inspired by sasori of the sand story.

Curtis Mosby

# Turning The Light On In The Dark

Thier never night for me constantly in fear.  
My tears i watch with a mind of nightmare's.  
I venture thru the past when i was a child.  
These eye's have seen so much.  
The violence that plague today follow tommorrow.  
I long for peace, to stop the shivering inside.  
My heartbeats to death, maybe when no one left.  
I can close my eye's and have sweet dreams.  
Untill then i will live my life afraid in my heart.  
Constantly.  
Turning the light on in the dark.

Curtis Mosby



# Upon The White Owl Of Cessation

The white death found me unforgotten in a place that is rotten.  
I want no more of this life after that night.  
He saw my pain in the middle of nowhere I became someone  
different.  
On my destiny as I walk with my end.  
Die shall I before the sun come thier will be peace  
in thy heart.  
That gaze into the eye's of a beautiful death.  
Burn my desire to fly with the moments that are left.  
I soar amongst the clouds with my head in the sky.  
Along with the white shadow I rise.  
Beyond all crie's the world has to offer.  
I recieve it like a gift as it lift the burden of life  
off my shoulder's.  
I am getting colder but peaceful within my soul.  
Life was never my creation.  
I saw the freedom of salvation.  
Upon the white owl of cessation.

Curtis Mosby

# Use It

Such days are these rotten and forgotten among us.  
I couldn't see love under a microscope defenseless as a goat.  
No more shall i cry tears from these weakning eye's.  
Thier something that we all have inside, as being a child of god  
What are the odds seems unlikely thier will be heaven on earth.  
Since birth i have had every name place in this organ spiritually.  
I know you can hear me were all the same, i live to love  
because i know thier pain.  
Let's open it and give it for many are alone in life.  
Lost to find emptiness in thier sight.  
Tonight i write this poem as for the reason of music.  
For you to listen to a heart that you have.  
And when you need to use it.

Curtis Mosby

# View's Of Existence Life Prosperity

In this world I live in, there's no one there to care for the poor.  
I only dream of a shelter and something to eat would be grateful  
for anything more.  
Under the bridge I watch if only they knew I was born abandoned.  
I cry tears of rain as the pain leaves me empty handed.  
This is my interview even if nobody hears.  
There's a thousand of us suffering every second of a minute and by the  
hour we die.  
Sometime's it's not our fault I am proud to talk for the one  
unfortunate.  
Why are we living in a society so cruel I beg for a chance  
at life.  
A one room shack would bring a smile to my heart.  
Please I believe there's more to go around than passing  
me by.  
I just want to survive and be happy as you are.  
With some compassion and a heart full of clarity.  
You can save me.  
As another view's of existence life prosperity.

Curtis Mosby

# Waiting On Mother Nature

Nurture by mother nature.  
I hold my hands together with my knees to the ground.  
Praying for the sound of rain to shower over my seed.  
Along with giving it life from the air we breath.  
I wish my tears was enough to grow this vegetable.  
Dependable of one though surrounded by many.  
But no one care to even lend a penny.  
Dear god this is where you send me.  
Lady liberty is a judge and exclude is out by color.  
She not my mother and where is my biological wound.  
Which I submerge from, absent in this time of need.  
Why are my emotion so unclear to see.  
Maybe I am the dark as I stand here with a lonely heart.  
Clothes in hand me down I feel shattered and torn.  
This land I hope for growth is turning into desert storm.  
So many passer by's only the wind keep me company.  
Camouflage in filth mistaken for dirt.  
It hurt to suffer with hunger for something to eat I search.  
Fragile I am on my last limb light as paper.  
Watching the sky waiting on mother nature.

Curtis Mosby

# What A Hell Of Drug To Beat.

If I die let the world understand why.  
I desired to be dead love thy wounded me.  
Tears of salt I fought thru the storm of being broken.  
White silence I tried hiding when it hurt ignoring my heart.  
The over flow of my emotions sank so deep I literally cry myself to sleep.  
Maybe love is my enemy how do I get even I wondered.  
I begin burning old love letters and pictures of smiles in a frame.  
Rebellious against happiness it does not exist I repeat it does not.  
Suicidal in the path of certainty where I believe I found my destiny.  
If love don't love me then death will do kiss by poison I know the truth.  
My mind is well aware of what my heart does to me.  
Still it Love what a hell of a drug to beat.

Curtis Mosby

# What Can You Do For A Child

That house, that house over there have been abandon for years.  
But every know and then I hear something.  
A cry a moan and a sigh never a relief.  
I believe some one in there dieing as I speak.  
I haven't seen anyone come out of that house in a long time.  
I know I should have followed my first mind.  
Some one in there as I walk toward the window.  
My eye's and my heart could not been more prepared for what I saw.  
A liittle girl about 2 years old lonely cover in dirt.  
Another thing that puzzle me she had been eating spoil bread.  
But did not show any signs of sickness, maybe she immune to it know.  
On her face also was dried up tears hoping someone would hear her.  
I reach for her and she spoke first words papa.  
I to say yea, where could he be along with your mother.  
Such a cruel world missing so many hearts.  
I adopt without going thru paper work she in school know.  
I promise her I will always be there for her no matter what.  
People have children and want even stay awhile.  
It's not what a child can do for you.  
Is what you can do for a child.

Curtis Mosby

# What Im Capable Of

What Im capable of.  
Is hate.  
Love.  
Pain.  
Taking a life.  
Being misleading.  
Curruption.  
Defying god.  
Abandment.  
Making other cry.  
Intoxication and stone.  
Sucide.  
Caring.  
Sharing.  
Dieing.  
Living in hell.  
Going to jail.  
Raising a child.  
Building a family.  
Becoming a hero.  
In everyone mind and heart's  
change is love.  
I know we are strong and I know.  
What Im capable of.

Curtis Mosby

# When All The Flags Fall

War become's essential for peace is an under statement.  
Between money and resources thier abundant of it needed.  
So the question is who wants it more, and I answer my own question  
by saying everyone.  
Remeber blood is thicker than water and money is thicker than blood.  
The people are not a concern on the goverment mind in every  
country.  
Power is the word honor is forgotten and buried deep beneath  
the dirt.  
How do you prepare will it is what it is.  
The hardship of pain struggle to die but give it sometime and it will  
kill you.  
We are all watching the world destroy itself to the point where  
nothing will even live.  
I can see bodie's as dust that was once us close your eye's to this  
picture.  
Violence is a constant word along with dieing.  
No need to keep crying war will never stall.  
As life itself burns away when all the flags fall.

Curtis Mosby



# When Love Never Stays

Down the wishing well I drain tears.  
From the heart of this pain I wish I can say I don't love u.  
That would be a lie I can't live with a lie.  
Sorry oh.. but I cry day and night under the sight of missing u.  
I thought time would be later a stepping stone to forget.  
Who am I fooling myself of course I hear someone with your name.  
Leave me another scar beat me to death with love wicked ways.  
No.. no..I want give in I made a promise to myself to stand.  
This demanding heart refuse to let me turn around.  
I am weak daze and confuse abuse by love.  
If I reach out for u will u be there.  
If I reach out for u will u be there.  
Silence is my reward when It come to faith.  
Oh.. violin play count the many tear drops that fall today.  
When love never stays.

Curtis Mosby

# When Love Sometime Leave Memories.

The note that float from a boat seal with a kiss.  
For a love that missed and never to old to reminsce.  
It travels a long distance with it story of words.  
We all know it priceless if you know love.  
Be that I found it I am taken by the emotions.  
No love is greater than this one.  
Maybe because they only see eachother in dreams.  
When she mean there no one for me but you.  
I felt the energy and the passion written old fashion.  
I am curious who does she write to with this name.  
I would let him know that she never forgot.  
That moment of joy which last a lifetime in her mind.  
When love sometimes leave memories.

Curtis Mosby

# When Running Never Get You There.

Running you always run nowhere in the world along the wind....  
So far away from here a tear after a tear lead me near.....  
What behind you can also be in front of you?  
Immune to pain no one immune life will resume.....  
If a mother child doesn't come home soon.....  
There u go down the road leaving it all her heart is too small to grow.....  
To fragile near broken but never shattered.....  
In those shoes put on by the blues she runs as if she has nothing to lose.....  
When she runs out of breath the walk is but a long thought....  
Memories only hold when time gets cold you never stand and stare.....  
To be there is to care what do you do at the end of the road.....  
When running never get you there.....

Curtis Mosby

# Who Would Do This

Unforgiven night haunted by eye's in the dark.  
In all black as his skin he begin a plan.  
Tormented is his mind set at war with the world.  
Committing murder's and raping little girls.  
Reluctant to create koas where peace sleeps.  
No one knows his age thinking his an adult.  
But what can I say is it really his fault.  
Though violence is his way of being free.  
He still a child left in poverty  
And we look so shock at the outcome.  
But this is what he got the streets at hand.  
Can break a child that can never become a man.  
Shooting everyone in the house for a dime.  
And you ask who would do this, maybe your son  
Because you didn't give him any of your love, that cost time.  
Know we look back and wish.  
If only..... If only.....

Curtis Mosby

# Why Are We Living In A World So Cruel.

I live in anguish because of my sight.  
Want let the pain go to sleep tonight  
Do we care that our children are suffering constant.  
In thier on mind they are mislead.  
Grave's expand to take up more land where  
kid's use to play.  
Drugs is an epidemic in society proven  
to bring you down.  
No one never stop to help the really unfornuate one  
look around.  
What do you see the weigh of proverty to great to  
hold on your own.  
Thier no place like home if you had one ashe's never  
turn to bone's.  
Life is so fragile, the moment that a child present himself to  
you. That should be a chance for your heart redemption.  
I write these words because it hurt me to see.  
We as people are blinded by our own misery.  
So we rather live with the dieing of our everyday violent  
duel's.  
And disregard our children tell me why are we living  
in a world so cruel.

Curtis Mosby

# Why Is My Black Skin Sin

Born this way I realize.  
I've been deprived of liberty.  
Only in god eye's, I am a child of history.  
Harassed I try to grasp a little bit of truth.  
So what make me different from you.  
Innocent and for peace, I live to love.  
Why cause me pain when I have suffer enough.  
What is it can I see, what leave me in shackle's on my feet.  
I know this color of my reflection.  
As tears seem to flow and begin.  
This question.  
Why is my black skin sin.

Curtis Mosby

# World Of Women

Women are the world as you feel embrace by thier passion.  
The love that control thier heart is everlasting.  
The tear's they shed are gift's.  
Mourning for live's that can be worhtless and unfit.  
In society never forgive or forget.  
The beautiful warmth of given birth made by a woman.  
Give you a sense of how strong she is in life.  
To carry a child for nine month's, is like a flower baring a seed  
untill it grow's enough for light.  
Always walking in grace with a face that always smile.  
Knowing this world is suffering all awhile.  
Even as a child you can see the wisdom and faith of art in a women.  
Sharing thier shoulder to any one who cometh and need a friend.  
Heaven awaits.  
The world of women

Curtis Mosby

# Written From The Beginning Of Time

It look me long enough to know.  
That there someone for everyone.  
When hope is all gone there faith.  
Love shall guide the way to a promising path.  
Once god has craft and created such miracle.  
There only the sweet sound of joy that echo in thy heart.  
Because there no shadow of doubt he know  
you can't live without.  
Though we try so hard to disregard these emotion  
(oh) so strong.  
That leave us gray as we start to fade, then our light  
gets dimmer.  
Don't forget your heart beats to a name, listen to it  
then press on.  
This is where you belong, your destiny for love proceed  
every need wanted by man or woman.  
Mountains will never touch heaven when you  
climb.  
But your heart will when find, that love written from  
the beginning of time.

Curtis Mosby