P.R. Prosper
- poems -

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I am the continuing evolution of who I was yesterday. That's a quote that I came up with a couple years ago and I think it has remained relevant to this day. I am a socially conscious person, therefore, many of my poems reflect my observations on society. I currently live in Florida, but I have traveled overseas several times and seen the subtle differences and abundance of similarities between foreign peoples and U.S. citizens. We're alike, but most of us just don't know it.

Sometimes I focus on my personal experiences, but that often feels too selfish, so I apply it to the world and see where it fits. I also try to learn something new every now and again to keep the brain elastic and make it easier to write about any subject, regardless of how meaningless or boring it may seem to me. I think that is a great exercise to broaden not only the vocabulary, but also my knowledge base. I always enjoy reading Shakespeare. I am a funny guy at heart, so it's quite likely that I'll inject a little humor into what I put down, even if it's as sarcastic as a loveless marriage.
And Some Change

Teasing the populace
A few in the acropolis lean back and forth
To a new opulent apocalypse
Profit margins monstrous
Changes lives to hieroglyphs
And knowledge sits in a store
At half price in obelisks
When you buy a novelist a silver spoon or a fork

-If it used to be familiar but now looks so strange
It’s just a side effect of money and some change

Money is a gossip kit
Its essence has a presence that screams
With glee while remaining ominous
Keeps the poor anonymous
Makes and breaks the politics
In any scene you can dream
It’s waiting on new hostages
Colored pink, purple, mellow yellow, blue or green

-If it used to be familiar but now looks so strange
It’s just a side effect of money and some change

Money finds new relatives
Money boosts the memory
Money heightens sensory
Money is a sedative
Money makes good company
Money lives so comfortably
Never gives and never needs any kind of reason
Never free but always free in and out of every season

P.R. Prosper
24/7 Paradox

A man lost within the seams of his dreams
Sees
Himself gazing into the face of the TV screen
Flashes of a scene blink a wild child
Pointing to the heavens with no sense of denial
The pixels jumble and the audio
Whispers to a mumble
Impossible to hear over the low growing rumble

Then the screen changes and there’s a young woman and man
Dressed in fancy clothes holding each other’s hands
And just like the first time the colors all mixed
Showing something new when it was finally fixed

An old man sat in a moving chair with a book
An old woman walked by with something that was cooked
She said future was ready and the old man got up
Walked straight to the screen and the signal got cut
The boy woke with a fright in the dim of the night
TV was staring at him
He was going to be alright

P.R. Prosper
A Love Poem

Love is not blind; love is blinding
As in
It makes you ignore all the flaws
Of your loved one that would otherwise cause
You to lose your lunch like a seal escaping Jaws

Love is timeless
Or maybe it isn't and it just seems that way
Because love makes you mindless

Whether or not you're not crooked
You can't think straight
Love gets you hooked like captain fish bait
Any scheme borne of dreams
No matter how implausible
Love will encourage them
So, instantly they're possible

Love dramatizes desire
Swan dives into depression
It's great when it's given
And sucks when not returned
True love is true, but love can be a liar
Love is a teacher at the heart of every lesson

Love is boundless, and sometimes
Love can wound you up
And help you unwind
Love can get you in a bind
But love isn't binding
Love isn't blind; love is just blinding

P.R. Prosper
Across The Universe

This was inspired by the Beatles song of the same name

Words are flowing out like endless streams into a paper cup
They stand and sigh and soon they slip away
Across the universe
Through tomorrow drains today an open mind locked in a grave
Unwilling to relinquish me

*Jai guru deva, nothing’s gonna change my world
Nothing’s gonna change my world

Images of broken light which dance before me like
A million eyes they blink and I am gone
Across the universe
Desperation touches joyous feelings fluttering about
From here to there and in between they’re lost
Across the universe
*

Vision walking in a life unfurled within a restless void
Unlimited and bound to none they run
Across the universe
Dreams left sleeping in a space awakened by a crying heart
I’m patiently waiting for me
Across the universe

P.R. Prosper
Adult

It’s a miracle what it takes to be thought as an adult
So many rules told to follow like young children in occults
Suffer heart wrenching pain and go hungry for assaults
Spend more time on money and stack happiness in vaults

The minute hand slowly sweeps life under the rug
In your youth anything could solved with just a shrug
But now you’re an adult, you must cut back on all the hugs
Put your efforts to the future and how you must taste to bugs

-You must cause many crises and never be at fault
And when you’re all alone then you’re truly an adult
If nothing else prospers from the wrinkles and the frowns
-Take comfort in knowing your insurance bill goes down

Your smile must be smug when you’re laughing in the group
Keep the sarcasm sharp like the gossip in the coop
Look down on everyone you find sitting on a stoop
You’re not being rude, it’s just what adults do

Go back on your word and earn their love through fear
Only think about your peers only once during the year
You’re an adult now and have to budget for your tears
Don shades and a handshake, make them wish you were here

P.R. Prosper
Animal Planet Pt1

Footsteps in the dark marching on the hearts
Of the stark winter terrain that was the family’s farm
Food shortage in the barn malnutrition starts to harm
No cream or proteins to stabilize their cells
Stomachs start to swell more than legends people tell

Frozen water in the well dehydration hits the lips
Rags clinging on to hips like rock climbers cling to cliffs
Brain damage then eclipse and then the focus shifts
The root cause of this strife fell down on these misfits

Because the regime that once deemed
Itself as for the people
Attained diplomatic status and a team
As secret as it was lethal

Predicated and dedicated to rooting out all foes
And enemies of state or anyone opposed
To their lavish lifestyles and constant talks of heroes
Zero tolerance for arguments on national policy
Broken promises the basis of this all-perfect polity

Sloppily take and take from the general public
Including any relatives who might have disrupted
Any luscious dinners with their cries of injustice
Crush peaceful marchers with tanks and sniper archers
Shoot into the crowd at anything moving around
In books and newspapers they write a different caption
Business as usual like the whole thing never happened

P.R. Prosper
Animal Planet Pt2

Dragged down to the ground with a shoulder out of place
A man struggles all about, anguish carved into his face
His attacker stands up, but only for a moment
He takes this time out to notice his blood roaming

A second later he feels a sharp pain in his back
His attacker brought his knee down with all the force he had
One, and two, and three times he fell
Screaming each time like the damned souls of hell
The man lay still, mind adrift in the wind
Sees the smiling faces and him amidst his kin

They reach out to him and he reaches in return
Only to return to a fire that’s started to burn
His attacker must’ve tired because it seemed like some time
Since he felt any blows manhandling his spine
He could be paralyzed, in any case
He couldn’t just lie there and die

His attacker stood at his head like one of prominence
Spit on the man and asserted his pure dominance
But suddenly dropped to the floor in agonizing pain
The man had cut a tendon and a very lively vein
Blade in hand and moving as fast as stone
The man crept to his attacker and brought the point home

Over and over as his eyes filled with tears
Collapsed on his attacker and let go of his shears
Barely breathing but alive he can hear the fans cheer

P.R. Prosper
Bleeding Hearts

There’s no fight worth more than the fight
To keep pigs from gulping the light
And making the rest of the world follow
In the mess they leave behind to wallow

Or against the dogs who kindly obey
Orders to fetch and attack master’s prey
Don’t forget peacocks who can be so dumb
As to put war hawks to lead peaceful fronts

Picking and clawing at trust in the crowds
Marshal them all into the wolf’s jowls
It’s a fight that’s worth ev’ry threat
Because life is worth ev’ry breath

Be it ostrich, lion, and all the sheep
Jackass hyenas who chuckle to sleep
Do not give up from what little birds say
Or let foxes con you out of a day

The bulls will blindly charge forth to destroy
Any colony that doesn’t deploy
While pack rats acquire more than they need
And raccoons must steal their meals to feed

This fight must continue on all forms of land
Until the brave gnat and the bold eagle can
Do as they feel, no loss of advantage
Living a life without collateral damage

It’s very hard work and always seems like
A big waste of time and not worth the fight
The feelings it brings keeps the eyes watered
But the heart grows stronger and does not falter

Money and power can only rule when
Empathy cashes all its dues in
And caring takes a backseat in stretch limos
Just to wave back at the world thru tint windows
Don’t throw a cynical gaze down at the dirt
Kicking it, saying, “What is it worth? ”
It will be difficult and hurt to cope
And only impossible if there’s no hope

Our hearts bleed for the injustice and capers
Against the poor for a few clips of paper
And for all countries crippled for growing pains
Man is born free but is everywhere in chains

P.R. Prosper
Braggadocio

I am everything
Man, I am everything
I reign more than clouds
I am above every king

I’m a gentleman and a truant
From the streets to the scholars
All tongues, I speak them fluent
It’s better to ask whom I haven’t influenced
A challenge to most, to me is a nuisance

I’ve got more heart than surgeons
Working on Valentine’s
My heroism is a burden
My courage the paradigm

Loose fitting, I’m never slackin’
I’ve got more guts than Patton
On Friday with Jason Voorhees
I’m sharper than Krueger’s knives
Or Jigsaw’s allegories
With wit that Shakespeare couldn’t write into a story
I could sit and do nothing and still capture all the glory

I’ve got more swagger than a billion bucks
Rapping about investments
On Wall Street, my piggy bank’s anatomy’s a lesson
Because my riches are filthier than a swine’s intestines
In testing out my theory of how fly one man can be
I went to the Amazon and walked on the canopy
Some doubted me and dared to say I couldn’t do it
But I gross so much my bank account is in the sewage

It isn’t all just fun and games
I have more problems and more troubles
Than people and streets have names
I’ve been through more drama than daytime soaps
Washed away my hopes and
Flushed them with a hand of poker and dope
But the way I flow, most say ice cold
Never fails to put lava to shame
I’m more than a warning about global warming
I’m what the world would be in flames

Seeing more red than rubies
I couldn’t be calmer if I smoked 10 doobies
I’m photographed more than tourists on duty
‘Cause I have more style than martial arts movies
The master of drunken masters
I’m more gripping than judo
When it comes to bearing arms, I pop eyes like Bluto
I attract more stars than stadiums
And glow more than radium
So much that Mickey sees my shine from Pluto

I’m cooler than Freon
And since I’m the limelight
I can’t dodge the neon
My diamond mind is always grindin’ clearer than the jewelers
Give me just an inch and you will see me rule the rulers
They’re nosier than tubas while marching like a Sousa
One hit from me and they’ll be more stoned than Medusa

My story is an epic
It soothes the apoplectic
But I’m so nice and humble
That I will let you tell it

P.R. Prosper
Branded

Buy, buy, buy
Baby, you need it all that’s not a lie

You have the right to smoke a pack
You’re prestige drives a Cadillac
Fragments from your yester-year
Gadgets make you smarter, yeah! !

Buy, buy, buy
Baby, you need it all that’s not a lie

You love to shop and it loves you
It makes sweet hearts say “I do”
You’re cool when you are with the fad
What’s new is good, what’s old is bad

Buy, buy, buy
Baby, you need it all that’s not a lie

A sexy you wears different clothes
Your status, everyone will know
You’re young and you’re teeming with fire
Your lifestyle’s beaming with desire

Buy, buy, buy
Baby, you need it all that’s not a lie

To be a better woman or man
You must buy, buy, buy, buy all you can
You’ve just been branded like a cow
Don’t be mad, look who’s laughing now!
Buy, buy, buy
Baby, here’s a bottle, go out and cry

P.R. Prosper
Break

I mean I’m sorry you failed yet another exam
But that wouldn’t happen if you weren’t a keg stand
Every night before you had your big tests man
Beer less cans you take,
Go pass out somewhere and give me a break!

I mean I’m sorry you keep getting your ass kicked
But keep running your mouth even with a fat lip
And somehow you keep getting your ass kicked
Next time yell out ‘Not in the face! ’
No that won’t work, just give me a break!

I mean I’m sorry you got fired from your 5th job
For showing up late dressed up like a slob
But it didn’t help you to have the register robbed
Try and crack the unemployment safe
Make your getaway and just give me a break!

I mean I’m sorry your kids think that you’re dirt
Because you’re out all night chasing tight skirts
And you put them in second behind your new flirt
They learned a bad word today
Guess which one, for now give me a break

P.R. Prosper
Cameo Pt.1

She arrived in the diner with her posse behind her
And ordered her food like she was on a timer
Looking way finer, a major not minor
She was flashing her cash like ocean liners
From the way I describe her you’d call me a liar
If I say that she was more humble than friars

She was all about business that’s not the part twisted
Her shoes and her eyes were no rookies to mischief
Veteran misfit who knew she was gifted
To give a good laugh or to get her wrist lit
She ordered her food and paid what was due
But before her first bite she fed the whole crew

They sat off to my right just out of sight
But didn’t stay long, lunch was only a bite
They hustled and bustled with her leading in front
She lived every day like there’s nothing she could want

P.R. Prosper
Cameo Pt.2

He was sitting on the bus his self esteem in the dust
When he asked an old man if sadness is a must
If he can’t make the money then he’s sure to lose his honey
Hasn’t eaten all day you could probably hear his tummy
And the rent’s past due when her parent’s pass through
Their child’s life is such a mess it’ll make them achoo(!)

Old man looked at him as if his name was Adam
And said big problems can get broken down to atoms
Today’s disaster will be tomorrow’s plaster
Rebuild it how you want, don’t let it be the master
Opinions of mothers and goofy in-law brothers
Should never outweigh yours or your choosy lover

I listened to him teach cause he never once preached
And the things he was saying weren’t too far out of reach
Problems go on and on but they never stay that long
I turned to look at him but the old man was gone

P.R. Prosper
Cameo Pt.3

It was on a sunny day when I was to run and play
A pick up game on a team, one was home, one away
We stayed out in the park until well beyond dark
It was no big deal cause the streetlights were sparked

We walked right by some people gettin high
Heard the music full blast drowning out the baby’s cry
From the corner of my eye I saw him walking on my side
Looking so weak I could’ve sworn he would’ve died

When I turned to face him he reversed a few paces
Said that he was sorry and I felt full disgraces
Looking for some change and didn’t mean to rearrange
My course, but he felt like he was losing all his brains

Gave what I could find and my boys gave him some dimes
He gave a gracious thanks and then moved back up the line
A Jag pulled up behind us, we stared like we were mindless
He hopped in it and said 'Thanks again for the kindness'

P.R. Prosper
Changing Of The Guard

It’s hard
For a young upstart to compete with the old guard
For the old guard guards the old ways of doing business
With old business partners who also make it hard
For the young upstart

For they guard the old ways of guarding the business
From the brash and rash and flash of upstarts
But the old guard was also young at some age
Back when they fought the old guards of their days

And they too were young upstarts looking for change
Things for them seemed just as hard
And they placed each bet on each losing card
But before they knew it they were playing the old games
With the young upstarts who were looking for change

P.R. Prosper
Patience for what you want and what you have will soon flourish
Laughing in the sun’s eclipse is a sign of true courage
Close your eyes, hold your breath, and run see
The importance your mind and body places on money
And the madness it brings comes down in torrents
Because everyone else believes the paper’s important
I admit it’s necessary to get by on this turf
But success hardly equals every penny you’re worth

-Copy written copy cats purring on their master’s lap

Did God create man for Her own private screening?
Or did man create God to give his life meaning?
I believe in something much greater than myself
But not because I was told to by somebody else
Something’s keeping me breathing when I wake morning
If there isn’t, well I’m only here for the moment
There’s no way out of here so I hang on to my grin
Looking out of windows I can never look in

-Copy written copy cats purring on their master’s lap

Some don’t grab the reins ‘cause they think the saddle’s high
So they wait out the boredom ‘til their formaldehyde
I don’t believe in holy books, holy water or descriptions
I’m spiritual, but have no need for canons of religions
They’re too open to the powers of whomever’s in charge
For use on the less fortunate to fight for their cause
And that’s rarely anything to do with goodwill towards men
The real criminals don’t live inside the State Penn

P.R. Prosper
Coulda Shoulda (Going, Going, Gone)

I could’ve been known more than Snoop or Labradors
But I dodged hard work’s horns like a matador
I heard someone knocking but I ignored the door
Now I’m pacing up and down this corridor

I could’ve made more paper than the lotto
I could’ve thrown more parties than Coronado
I could’ve been classier than El Dorado
I could’ve had fans worldwide over one motto
I could’ve built my parents a private pool and a grotto
I could’ve walked the red carpet with a top model
I could’ve been hotter than summers in El Paso
I could’ve seen more sites than tires and autos
I could’ve charged for the water with my name on the bottles
I could’ve gotten laid more than hotels and hostels
I could’ve done a lot of things but they’re all gone so
Whatever

P.R. Prosper
Death Becomes Us

You know what's funny?
When your dead on your feet, but you work 'til you're dead tired
Wait, that's not a joke
Because your paycheck's left for dead and you still end up dead broke
Umm, Whatever
Let's get dead drunk!

You know what's funny?
I once knew this girl who was a dead ringer
For a sultry supermodel or celebrity singer
I told her "You're drop-dead gorgeous when you're dressed to kill
Your kiss must be a thrill; you're a sexy starlet with an arrow
And every heart must be your target."
"I want to love you to death," she said. "Ha! I'm just kidding."
It was cruel of course, and I don't mean to beat a dead horse
But I was dead certain I would still do her bidding
She wouldn't be caught dead wearing clothes out of fashion
Strictly haute couture, none of that Abercrombie
But I must have bored her to death because she turned into a zombie
And I had a bad case of fatal attraction
She remained on my mind more than locks-dread
So I asked her out for dinner at a special place
But she tried to eat my face and then grumbled "dropp dead."

You know what's funny?
An author who writes a story that's been done to death
And you're dying to read it, dying to see it because it's selling best
A story about a down and out artist living in the big city
In the dead of winter her inspiration is cold and extra gritty
But then one day our artist gets a dead serious phone call
From a man who says that she's dead meat, and he will be the bone saw
She hangs up, grabs a cup of paint and jumps straight to her feet
Her growing fear and questions compete in a dead heat
She runs out of her loft, down the stairs to the snowy street
And tries to solicit any help from the icy crowd she meets
That's when she spots him, dead ahead
Knife in hand, he was ready to cut her up like a loaf of bread
She was frozen stiff, but trembling; her legs were like dead weight
He made his way closer, and she was stopped dead in her tracks
Her beating heart would wake the dead and raise them to the sky
If she could turn that line to a painting, her agent would just die
As he raised his deadly hand, she knew he had her dead to rights
Suddenly, she remembered the cup and threw the liquid in his eyes
She quit playing dead, and with one swift move kicked his boys dead on
Killing two birds with one stone
He crumpled to his knees, wailing a very painful song
She stepped back from him, cautiously, and staggered to the curb
If she was a dead duck, then she was one that still had a lot of nerve
He swung wildly at passersby, trying to knock 'em dead
Through squinted eyes he saw his prey, and blindly followed where she led
Right into traffic, as a bus was passing, well
There's no need to be more graphic
I won't spoil the ending even if it's a dead giveaway
So let's just say
Our artist's brush with death didn't leave her dead as a doornail
And that's good because we all know dead men tell no tales

You know what's funny?
Even though we're afraid to perish
We all say morbid things, and we're ever so mindless
Like
Is it right to kill someone with kindness?
What if they deserve to die with dignity?
Who knows? Someday that may prob'ly
Change, but until death becomes us
Meh, c'est la vie

P.R. Prosper
When I was a younger man  
I laid out a master plan to live forever young on this evergreen land  
All the fruits of labor I could savor each flavor  
Over and over and my tastes wouldn’t waiver  
Warm breeze after breeze would freeze  
The hot summer days and cool shades into my memories  
Sunsets would never be done yet, unless  
My eyes were hungry enough to take one rest  

But the years dragged on  
Jets lagged on bored with the sky fumbling paper bags on  
Crisp suit after suit with matching briefcase and boot  
Shuffled here and there as noisy as a mute  
Doldrums in cauldrons of troubling frays  
Took the green away and replaced it with mostly grays  
I felt smarter and sharper but sadder and madder  
I was eyes without a face and hands without a ladder  

I was forced to partake  
Of the empty star fakes and feel the bitter heartaches  
Everywhere I looked was in decay without any delay  
Friends, family, and enemies of the state  
I thought I hit the top and the trip would go down  
So now, time won’t slow down no way and know how  
The soul cutter in the drab gutter got duller and duller  
I didn’t think I’d ever again see any color  

Precious love, this life  
Been nice in day and night but I wouldn’t want to go at it twice  
I loved my lovers and bugged all of the buggers  
That tap danced their answers around Savion Glover  
Learned a lot of lessons and even taught a few  
Was changed the view I had of living and brought a new  
Cut scene to screen in this waking dream  
I know I won’t live forever but at least I can see the green  

P.R. Prosper
Deus Ex Machina

She watches over us from the confines of space
Ethereal finger on the button if our faith gets misplaced
He guides our destiny and forgives us all our errors
Through visual reminders of his everlasting terrors
It knows our darkest hopes and fears and able to unlock if
Our prayers match the secret latch hidden in its logic
They dwell in all our hearts and minds w/LOLs and BFF
And grant us life to see the blind but act as if they’re deaf
She is Alpha. He is Omega. It can disappear.
But they will never ever die, as long as we are here

P.R. Prosper
Dirty Fingernails And Smelly Clothes

An ode to the lifeblood of society both past and present
The multitude of souls who break their spirits to present
Many invisible services to residents who resent
The smell of soiled clothes without their written consent

Or dirty fingernails that fix their home to their content
And fill their rooms with all varieties of foreign content
From all continents
Where beleaguered joints can make them look prominent

By spinning threads into patterns or metal into confident
Shapes that allure the senses and induces false confidence
Amongst others who toil under the same notion
That if they work hard enough
They’ll gain the boss’s devotion

Unaware the head office needs them more than they
Need the head office to provide them with pay
For without dirty fingernails and smelly clothes
What’s to stop the garbage from piling up in rows?
Who’s to handle all the folks with the tags on their toes?
Where can one go to drown away all their woes?

So
The next time you walk by and turn up your nose
Know
That when it comes back down and you look around
You might have to check your nails
And take a whiff of your clothes

P.R. Prosper
Illegal drugs and a cache of weapons
Get dropped off and pointed in the direction
Of lost dreams broadcast on widescreens
For seconds

Where life flickers like tickers
That flashes on the bottom with the glitz
And a sip of the Schlitz malt liquor
No question

The drug problem needs a solution
In the tap water to drink away the pollution
On crowded streets the city’s heart beats
Disillusion means everyday is Monday
But today is filled with confusion
From 3-61 one ways
Divided by pie

And multiplied by a bunt cake
Sprinkled with diced fried cheese and covered up
In vats of high fructose corn syrup
Buttered up

To the crown of mediocre achievements
Get smothered up
In brands
That spread more love than a parent can
Through more jingles than change
And repeat more than parrots can

Limited range
Of economics that touch the world
Air raids that sang
To make the bodies all twist and twirl

Round and round to the sound of this lesson
Gold batons in processions can only work
If the wretched can all part with all their possessions
And aspire to acquire better lives in the dirt
Am I the dream, or am I the dreamer?
Is everything as it seems?
Or is the grass really greener?
Examining my wounds and invisible scars
I wonder
If my real life is lived far beyond the stars

My senses lead me to a pond
Where I stared
Into the eyes of a stranger
The ripples waved and tore
But they couldn't break our bond
And back at me he stared
His eyes unaccustomed to danger

There I was, or so I think it was me
Looking at myself
In a storefront glass at the end of the street
When a different reflection appeared
I rubbed my eyes, then squinted and peered
In closer
Hoping the poser would have disappeared
But he didn't
He stood tall
His shoulders free from the weight of the world
His confidence had not taken a fall
He gave me a glance, a curious one
I assumed a runner's stance, a furious one
And bolted back to my home
Set well under the sun

When I walked through the door
I noticed the notepad I forgot on the table
It was by then five, or maybe four
I tried to read the clock, but was desperately unable
All at once I was overcome with fatigue
The room began to spin and I had to sit down
"You ran too much," I said
"You're not in the league."
I continued,
"That's funny, you should jot this down."
I reached for the pad and felt more drowsy
I reached for the pen and felt more lousy
My eyes were so heavy, I couldn't defend

A noise at the door
It was five, maybe four
But it was me, walking through it again

Something was wrong
Something was wrong with my brain
Something, something that I couldn't explain
I tried lifting the pen, to no end
My strength snapped like a wafer
I mumbled, "I'll write that down later;"
As my head hit the table
And I fell asleep on the paper

When I awoke, my bedroom door was closed
I stretched and I yawned on my pillow's rose
I slowly arose and suddenly froze
Where was my pad full of the notes?
The ones I used to promote the story I wrote?
I remembered
It was on the table in the other room
Relieved
I waved away the clouds of doom
I picked up the pad and smiled as I read
Of how the character actually thought
Something was really wrong with his head
Unaware
My words were the 'something' he caught

"The irony is, " I said aloud
"He knows there's more, but he's full of doubt.
So he'll keep questioning existence
Over happy drinks behind bars
Even though
He wants to escape his bruises and scars
And live a better life far beyond the stars."
A question burned in me
Indeed, it began to roast
I saw a plate beside the pen
And on it was a slice of toast
Next to a simile I put down on paper
My eyes hovered over them like gulls on the coast
They were the two pieces of a broken wafer...

P.R. Prosper
Forgotten

I one looked into the eyes
Of a man who wasn't there
And he scribbled on the air
That the man just didn't care
But he spoke words as true
As truer words could know
He had somewhere to be
But he had nowhere to go
I heard his feet shuffle the earth
Silently moving
Across the liquid turf
If I could see that man today
Would I notice what he's worth?

P.R. Prosper
From Me To You

Make another soul happy, rewards divine
Cast eternal sunshine and a spotless mind
Not words to live by but my river in time
Won’t run dry if you think of these few lines

Once or twice, roll the dice and gamble with life
It’s a shame it’s a game with no end in sight
Don’t seek fame in a name that don’t fit right
All troubles must pass, it’ll be alright
Time’s a best friend and worst foe
It loves to linger
There’s always more than enough
Slipping through ya fingers
Breathe like a singer and keep a song in your heart
Stand on your own two in a crew
Or stand apart

Don’t give up your rules to be seen as smart
Accept all colors like a canvas with art
Yearn to learn to discern
That’s where wisdom starts
Keep your thoughts at noon and nothing is too far
If you shoot past the moon you’ll still be with the stars
Get out and travel more often than cars

Forget to remember the bad days
Remember to forget the worst ones
No matter how much the hurt weighs
Maintain vision all around
But always look to the front

Don’t cash your chips in cause of friendly grins
Loyalty can be as strong or as thin as the wind
Crying and screaming scared from your 1st breath
Death doesn’t fear you, so you shouldn’t fear death

P.R. Prosper
Game Of Life (At War)

Load up your weapons and pray to your throne
You’re here for murder, leave your conscience at home
Keep your wits about you and don’t make many friends
Just point click and shoot and you might see your end

To win requires a certain ferocity
Ignore the smell, the fear, and atrocities
Pay no mind to your nightmares while sleeping
If you freeze up in battle a loved one will be weeping

A paper’s been signed there’s no need now for slaughter
We can be friends again, by the way how’s your daughter?
The planes stopped soaring and the ships have all docked
Peace returns the infantry with all their shell shock

The ambitions of war are always complex
Be they religion, money, or global conquest
Don’t go in to war be you a soldier or civilian
Cause death is there waiting as both hero and villain

P.R. Prosper
Game Of Life (In Love)

We both want each other so why play the games?
One minute is kismet & the next is insane
We both want each other but I gotta be sure
If you’re addicted to playing then I’ll be your cure

The passionate words are for your ears
Unlike all the noises the neighbors can hear
When we’re oceans apart our souls ache for our touch
After years of the fights we still can’t get enough

Through thick fields of gossip and very thin pockets
Love has survived though your parents don’t like it
They say you’re angry most at the ones you’d die for
It’s no wonder then we’re always at war

The affairs of the heart are not for the faint
If you accept all the love then accept all the pain
Two lovers in love need a base that’s so strong
If their heart skips a beat they can still get along

P.R. Prosper
Game Of Life (Ka-Ching!)

Come in here my good man, how bout some coffee?  
Give me your land and I’ll loan you a donkey  
Never mind 3 courses I’ll promise you eight  
For the next 5 years or the next decade  

Just sign here and initial there  
Don’t read the fine print this bargain is fair  
You’ll pay for the donkey and the eight courses  
For the next 10 years and nature’s forces  

Can’t relieve you of making your payments  
Let me slow down and say this in laymen  
You owe me somewhere around 500 large  
Now will that be cash, check or charge?  

The business of business has one bottom line  
To split up your nickel and call it a dime  
Money is money forget what you feel  
If you want to make something, then let’s make a deal  

P.R. Prosper
Global

I am global
My aims may have a high value
But I’m no noble

I am global
I bring the world together
Like pieces of a puzzle
And support all freedoms
But will gladly put a muzzle
To the peace that dares speak out of turn
You think the planet’s warm?
Wait ‘til you get burned

I am global
I move entire nations
By moving just a few
To see things they otherwise wouldn’t
If it weren’t for my view
And to the blind, willing, and able
I say, war is always an option, sitting
On a very convincing table

I am global
I care for the environment
And hug a tree a day
Right before I chop it down
To construct toll booths, oh, and a freeway
Because paving the way ahead
Means making the world greener
For tomorrow, but today, mainly for my beamer

I am global
I’m concerned about life
Even though I can’t die
My hard work makes your living better
I’m pretty sure that I can’t lie
Some falsely think I’m full of scorn
For rules, property, and people
But I can’t help but smile when a new baby is born
I am global
I’m everywhere and nowhere
I’m in your face and unseen
I’m everyone and no one
I’m germ-free and unclean
I’m everything and nothing
I’m in the lead and on your side
Keep your seat back, close your eyes
And let me take you for a ride

P.R. Prosper
Global Pt. II: Global-I-Nation

I am global
Nobody can stop me
No election’s gimmicks, nor the cynics
And surely not the hopeful

I am global
I mass produce misery
By the truckload I touch those
Too basic for delivery
While handing, then branding
Them all with all our livery
They’ll risk and bleed to fill the need
For the next thing doomed to history

I am global
I work to kill jobs
Sending companies overseas
Turning people into mobs
But they never stay for a lower pay
Too small to pull corn off the cob
Why should I cry, be in favor of labor?
I’ll bring robots in to sob

I am global
I set aside to squander
The futures of the losers
Too broke to money launder
Listen to the wail ‘I’m too big to fail’
While my last scruple flies out and wanders
My cash is made ‘fore your life is saved
Hmm...So much for first responders

I am global
I lie inside a network
Within the phone, within your home
I take away the guesswork
Of what you do and if you knew
That previous your chest hurt
To keep you right and living life
As thrilling as a desk clerk

I am global
I bar any invention
I take resources to raze ‘free’ forces
I’m larger than dissension
I speak in tongues of bourgeois slums
I invade all intentions
I eat small fish like a sushi dish
And starve you for attention

P.R. Prosper
Global Pt. Iii: In The Spirit Of The One World Man

I am faceless
My motives smell eerie
I grin with all races
Of no origin clearly
Lead roots to no traces
Hear foreign plights
So I outsource yearly
Never blinking or bat eyes in dark nights

I am careless
So I crave affection
And love from the masses
With little discretion
Throw stones at house glasses
My arms are a waving
In your misdirection
I love you like I love a plaything

I am heartless
My feelings are all void
But I’m never out of touch
I phone androids
All of the robots, tin men and much
Other soulless cyborgs
Or humanoids
I can wait to die for

I am tireless
Through the night and the day
I just keep rolling
Not one sweat do I break
With non-stop polling
To analyze each word you speak
Placed in context my way
From now until the 53rd week

I am power
I spread greed like a disease
Everywhere by the hour
I’m in control, yes indeed
And in speech, I’m a tower
I overshadow causes in the street
And overcast lives like a shower
I’m here to stay, secretly indiscreet
What’s yours is mine, but
What’s mine isn’t ours

P.R. Prosper
Go On This Way

Manipulated in situations, folks aren’t situated unless war is public and then incorporated
Life can’t go on this way

Profiteers at the helm or the cockpit relaying the doctrine as they dropp massive profits
Life can’t go on this way

Private armies immune to all the laws that sing tunes to good ole boys and oil tycoons too
Life can’t go on this way

Minters pay cells broken off like a splinter to collect falling money from a nuclear winter
Life can’t go on this way

Words and deeds simmer, watch for a shimmer of hope before the blast or the glimmer
Life can’t go on this way

Deals over green need a trimmer and a lobbyist for dinner, the fattest patriot is winner
Life can’t go on this way

Can’t catch a breath like a swimmer in the navy, lil kids killing babies, Palestinians, Israelis
Life can’t go on this way

Playing games we’re Kratos, bombing life out of cradles, build a country out of Legos, Gods of War if you say so
Life can’t go on this way

Make dough ‘til it’s lodged, in your throat or your garage, peace is a mirage so let the natives duck and dodge
Life can’t go on this way

More weapons and defense, no health care insurance, people losing common cents
Life can’t go on this way
Let bygones be bygones in Tibet and Taiwan, what’s the score in Niger or Darfur?

Life can’t go on this way

An empire reaches its limit when no one can no longer believe in its gimmick

P.R. Prosper
Good Luck

Today brings difficulties that make your brow furrow
Headlines read a future seen by Edward R. Murrow
Words can be so harsh that positivity burrows
Deep down inside making each glance more thorough

You have to keep your happiness until your soul tires
If you lie to make laughs are you nothing but a liar?
Raise your self esteem because no one will do it for you
The wickedness you see around will try to bore through
The sunshine you hold and carry in a basket
Past the lonely days of teardrops and closed caskets

Sidetracked with seemingly constant dark forebodings
From cynicism and sarcasm and a little bit of loathing
True the world will always be a very cruel place
And will offer few reasons for a smile on your face
But smile you must with sincerest sentiments
Never compromise your merriment, meaning, and relevance
Don’t let another drag your worth down like sediments

Even in desperate situations where
It seems evil takes precedence
Over everything you thought was good as a child
The church worked with spies?
Now that’s just wild!

There’s nowhere to hide to avoid misery
But you shouldn’t keep your joy as a great mystery
Awake in history doomed to worry about worry
If life is but a dream then often it’s too blurry
And often forgettable
And in due time it will scurry

P.R. Prosper
Green Ranger

Traveling throughout the world people see the sky lights
Making ‘em wanna spend their nights with the very high life
I wrote/ this one more time for all my other green rangers
That discovered that daft punks in their pockets means danger
Those/ concrete battlefields left a marathon behind me
Back/ when my trust my guts and my lust would just blind me
I/ almost folded/ strangers called me origami
But now my money clips can gun ‘em down like I was Tommy
Probably/ could’ve spent my days getting wet down by the harbors
Or with them on the steps/ buzzed and faded like a barber
Instead I got it crackin’ and I did a line that’s smarter
I wanted to see myself/ and my evergreen grow taller
Back/ then I made my beats using just a beat box
Trying to stack my paper/ like my name was Xerox
Now I’ve got more classics than Mozart and Reeboks
And my songs have got you hooked like Peter Pan in detox
While/ they were making hits leading them to felonies
On chain gangs in the heat/ dressing up like referees
I was out on a mission for cheesecake and celery
To gross that Benjamin Franklin green without the jealousy
Now I’m embracing first places/ collecting the faces
They still sit and their hatin’ the envious are runnin’ in
But lot of these pennies won’t learn, they won’t learn
That the money I earn won’t burn/ so come again

P.R. Prosper
Hard Times

Afternoon spent out in the street ridin the BMX
Have all grown older as my bones had to stretch
The nights drifted away staring up at the stars
That easiness is gone and it seems so far off
Walking alongside these railroad tracks
I really want to but I don’t dare go back
To chase some good feelings, I’ll face the hard lines
Nothing lasts forever, not even the hard times

- 

You don’t understand why I spend the money to get high
To handle stress of not having enough cash to get by
My meals are never square so I’m out of shape
I always feel tired but I’m always awake
Thinkin when I was happier only makes me sad
My dreams are still running but my feet barely drag
There’s something in the air, I don’t know what it is
These hard times have got me locked down like long bids

P.R. Prosper
Hollow

A sea shell that can’t be found by the sea shore
You’re, about as deep as a paper door
With as much substance as an empty store
Like that guy they named a movie for
Or, piggy banks and chocolate rabbits
Not like monks, nuns, and habits
Your soul is void like winter jackets
In June, you’re as see-thru as tennis rackets

P.R. Prosper
I Don't Know Regrets

Choices laid and voices paid lip service worth Rolls Royce’s plate
And everywhere I went today someone offered up something to say
On my behalf, how I behave
Are you master? Should I be slave?
Are you the life? Am I the grave?
How the hell can I live my life this way?
That’s not an option that I want to try
To be the bee, with you as the hive
For me to see the world through your eyes
I’d rather climb a tower and dive
Onto a windshield just like those bugs
Or swim in sand dunes without nose plugs
I operate my life like a doctor
In the moment and with no scrubs

Some decisions though that I made
Weren’t the best that I could’ve made
But it was either I go or stay
And the opportunity knocked with the pay
So if you want to hate me that’s fine
That won’t make or break me in time
As long as I’ve got my ducks in line
Late bills won’t overflow on my mind
Though I loved you more than I could explain
And did my best to be your best mayne
I can’t forget you always kept blame
Reserved for me like some plane checks aimed
At my sunshine, so I blessed the rains
When clouds rolled in, the strain of stress came
To snowball me like winter X-Games
Are you less vain? I hope yes dame

No second thoughts over what’s been lost
That’s the price happiness costs
No looking back on roads never traveled
Like mysteries by now unraveled
What I went through back then is buried
Regretting the past means future worries
No fear of what I can’t hope to change

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
It was meant to happen so I don’t complain
This world spins and it’s always one-way
If I were God, I’d make Monday Sunday
I’m not so I’ll stay out on the on runway
Til the reaper man tells me to come play
To show me all the cool lives I’ve lead
How in all of them I wound up dead
I’ll really have only one regret
If I don’t use my last breath to laugh at death

P.R. Prosper
If I Could...

If I could
Spit 1 word or 1 verse to dispel and disperse
All this hurt that they blurt
When I’m told my life’s only worth
When it’s inside a hearse
And they curse till I curse all my days on this earth
I’m just 1 more black sheep in the herd
Unable to soar like a high flying bird
Not a gift from above like I was during birth
Instead I am put and made equal with dirt
That belongs to nothing inside this universe

Nowhere to immerse in the darkness of space
I belong to no race
And so daily disgrace is 3 courses a day
On a plate that a dog won’t use to defecate
But if I should break the saucer they say
I’m a menace to order and must be put away

Or they smile with a feign and the laughs real fake
Throw some on my clothes
And the rest on my face
Till I resemble a building defaced
As something
Put there to place all their fears and their hate
Are blind dates who berate and mistake
Every topic except discriminate

I am part of the state
Like I’m part yesterday, half dead half awake
Only needed to incriminate
Every last starving crook that’s on minimum wage
While the saints trick and trade and take castles away
Sway and play under investigate
And somehow it’s my fault my paycheck is late
So evacuate please by the end of the day

Back to the blocks like babies and tots
Wipe my nose of the snot
It’s so cold
But somehow the streets are so hot
Never stop
Second hand on a watch tick tock and the plots
Draw me into this boiling pot
Stir me round

Till my head is so tied up in knots
I can’t tell where is what and wrong what is not
My new home is a spot near a new parking lot
In an alley
With my blanket, my carriage, my new TV box
Hard liquor and schnapps make my brain
Fizz and pop
My teeth start to rot and my heart barely trots
The pain hits my bones
Like the waves on a dock
Back and forth do I rock to break out of this lock
Someday it’ll stop

And I’ll finish the scene
U and I unity
As a part of a team
Not as a disease that needs quarantine
In the same alphabet like
ABCD
MLK’s wish won’t be just a dream
But a slice of daily life in reality
And we’ll all join together like all 7 seas
Like all 4 seasons with different degrees
With the same goal in common in different countries
Working hard to breathe in and out
With some sort of relief

Instead of deceive to reach personal means
To grieve and bereave and cry on the knees
Sing up to the clouds like the birds and the bees
No need
For begging and pleads and letters of peace
Connected in life till death we decease
Illuminated

Turn the lights on!
Change the channel cuz the fight's on
You know you can't watch all the stars dance without the right song
So turn the music up!
Let it beat on your soul til it uses up
The foolish acoustics, your ears lose enough
Wait, you don't need three squares for a cubic cup

Just do the math
And the read the numbers
They must think they're too clever by two halves
You don't encumber
Cuz you know that
Bright 5th graders can be smarter than a plutocrat

So light it up once
Roll it down twice
Puff puff pass, three steps and the roll the dice
You see it in their eyes
Covered by suits and ties
A darkness that hides all illuminated lies

That wriggle through their teeth
And burrow in the streets
Where walls walk over people bleating like they're sheep
And corporations speak
Because they're people, too
Even though they don't live like normal people do

So hey you, yes you!
They say you have to possess debt
The corporate chain gang needs you
So you can't rest yet
The media will try to hold you in check
Like a chess set
Of TVs that keep asking
If you've found success yet
To borrow more and hit the town
Shining, in some fresh steps
Or give news that gives blues
Until you can't suppress stress
On your block and round the world
'They're' making their press threats
To your life, but with air strikes
You'll be sure to sleep at night
Because freedom rings true and it reigns in excess
On the backs of camos that melt in the sun
So when they cross Cs
They cannot express
On whose account should they throw the vet net?
Or which conflict they will have to get next
They tell you life is in shambles and forever a gamble
But they tend to leave out that it is your best bet

Extreme measures
Cannot be the norm because there's always a storm
And we can't steady the weather
So let's get it together
Team Voltron, yes!
With the keys to this game
There is no contest
Fortify your mind and it won't know conquest
Or you'll be a man akin
To every plastic woman with a bolt-on chest

Turn the lights on with a flicker of curiosity, and questioning authority highlights their hypocrisy, it may not make you enlightened with a lightening velocity, but at least you know it'll increase your luminosity—Illuminated

P.R. Prosper
Imagine

Ease your mind for an instant and let us think
Change is too late only when you’re extinct
Imagine yourself not having one possession
Or strays putting little kids in processions
No politics worked for partisan misgivings
Imaginable tolerance and care without a religion
The world’s a wondrous mess despite what’s left
And although I feel the same, John said it best

-You may say I’m a dreamer; well I’m not the only one
  I hope someday you’ll join us, and the world can be as one

Imagine the hunger made by the greed
Ceases to exist and no poverty
No countries or leaders destroyed for position
We all sympathize with our human condition
The days can’t be held from passing us by
Nor the sadness inherent in our aging eyes
Imagine a world where we can all feel blessed
And breathe a sigh of relief with one calm breath
Imagine

P.R. Prosper
Important Illusions

Pay your bills to mow your lawn
Go to work and hold your yawn
Shop for fun or get a loan
For ring tones on tiny phones
Pray for life but shoot to kill
Give your freedom for free will
Where’s your page in VR?
Your avatar should have a car

You’re wasting away on desperate delusions
Of a blissful life of important illusions

From your home, watch this show
The world’s a danger zone you know
Speed it up! Do is faster!
Time is short but still your master
You’re the best and first in prize
And you deserve a larger size
Trust in those who can spend
But success is your only friend

P.R. Prosper
It's Only A Lifetime Pts.1&2

Autistic artistics
Who can't find their words a home, like lost misfits
Counting and working off digits and
Patent their talent to buy what cost digits
Cause this is a pot, of broken dreams
With no means to grip it, the golden beams
Not a soul on the team has the scheme
In order to fix it

-Stirred to a blur of cold sirs and frost misses
   It’s only a lifetime, no reason to miss it

Any colour of brother
Will seem like another
When fabled and labeled with us or the others
Misters and sisters, the system is tougher
Making and taking good friends and bad lovers
Left behind in time, get ready get set
With nowhere to go, bring on the regret
Or wages of lotto and pass out the bottles
To sluggers and buggers everyone is a sucker
From youngest of rascal to oldest grandmother

-Cars with no hearts and a status mal-fitted
   It’s only a lifetime, no reason to miss it

P.R. Prosper
Jailbird (Grounded For Life)

Looking out through the clouds
From behind these eyes
Memories come rushing up to greet me now
And I hear the words
Breathing fears on these ears

Hard to think I was once free as a bird
But then I dream that wonderful dream
You know the one
Where you’re flying so close to the sun
And it all feels so real and warm
I streamed on fire above this storm
Searching infinity within me to find
A lost home
And a key that unlocks this mind

It will be like before
I was alive bowing down to five
Universe in a seashell washed on my shore
In front of me at my feet
I’ll bring it back
So others can see
How small the place turned out to be

But those are just still frames
I cut and fix
‘Til I fade in the moon’s total eclipse
Stuck here to dwell inside this shell
I want to singe this mortal tinge

So I fly once more though I’ve no more wings
Look at the shine inside these eyes
The mischievous gaze that’s on his face
Is me baiting and waiting for his demise
It’s only a lifetime then it’ll be my time
I’ll get out and take flight despite
I’m stranded here and grounded for life
P.R. Prosper
Jambalaya

My star treks through the sky from roots uncertain
And sees the new world through new eyes like LeVar Burton
My dreams are always on the clock and they don’t stop workin
But I must choose between eating, or keep my knowledge thirstin

To become more than I am, or join in with the herd and
Stick to the path made by the white man’s burden
Because nothing comes for free in this land of milk and honey
There’s nothing to laugh about if you don’t have the funny money

And if I could teach the whole wide world to live in harmony
My first test would be to see everyone empty out the armory
I’d pass along that I challenged every challenge put in front of me
Relied on myself since there was always only one of me

To get everything that you’ve never had
You must do everything that you’ve never done
Make an impact that you’re sure can last
Like a raisin when it hits the sun

The dry grass tempts fire
If to burn brightly for the moment
Goes out in a blaze
And turns to ashes by the morning
Fortune smiles on the brave
And it chuckles at those willing
To slap death in the face for the chance to make a killing

If all the world is a stage then there has to be directors
Headliners, part-timers, promoters, and collectors
Some may curse a lot because they don’t have much to say
Or maybe they do, they just can’t articulate
They didn’t get to finish school so there grammar’s terrible
But the foolish are the fools wisdom finds in parables

P.R. Prosper
Keep Writing

We share thoughts, and ideas, and hopes, and fears
And dreams of nightmares that ask why we're here
The anger and rage that we cannot ignore
Rampages on pages no one can deplore

Our longings for belonging to someone special
While we try to figure out a good rhyme for special
Choosing one word for another, and which goes first
We inspire our humanity, until it knows no thirst

From the hearts and the minds of the young and the old
There is no normalcy, no conventional code
Our pens flow freely as space is black
Experience makes trusty keyboards 'click-clack'

Imagination colors images on every line
Scribbled in a moment or trapped in time
To all who may read this, I ask just one thing
Write what you want, just write something

It may not reach the entire world, or a newsstand
But no one can tell your story, quite like you can

P.R. Prosper
Laugh

I held the notice and tears like a dam
As I tried to understand
Whether they were for real or if this was a scam
Made my way through the door
Then stepped into line
It’s now hour four
This waiting is beating my mind

Finally got to the window with half my day finished
I’m was getting robbed in public and no one’s a witness
Show the teller my notice and asked “What’s the deal? ”
She sends me a smile miles from real
Tells me “Your rates are higher to help off set
A higher cost of living and community projects”
“Well can I talk to someone about getting more cash? ”
She said “You trying to get rich?
Don’t make me laugh”

I left her and went to go see a counselor
His stern tie spoke like a stadium announcer
I explained my dilemma
He stayed as Frost as Emma
An attempt at connection was like a stalagmite
As he joked “I won’t charge you for the free advice”
I told him without more aid my money won’t last
He looked at me smiling and said “Don’t make me laugh”

“You’re a hard working fellow
To show you I care, here’s an extra box of jell-o”
I said “But the hunger’s made my immune system depressed”
“Gee, I’m sorry to hear that
Now who’s next? ”

I laid down on the federal building steps
Watching the people watch me and guess
If I was homeless or a crazed drug addict
A scourge on society born to afflict
Their fiber of existence unraveled
As first time felons hear cells slam like gavels
Stood up and heard the whispers walk by
“Oh he looks awful”
“Is he about to die?”

Raised my coat collar to my ears to avoid the talk
Hands in my pocket searching for change
Not enough for the bus so I’d better walk
My eyes start shooting bullets
And my face is the range

The heart wrenching pain pounds my head down
But my tears were too tired to touch the ground
I’m a room and sadness is my adorer
A little girl and a woman walked past
The girl had a smile similar to a mourner
An old man searched for food in the trash
The girl threw her candy bar carelessly on the corner
“Is that man Oscar the Grouch?”
The woman giggled and said “Don’t make me laugh”

I continued on my way through the city
Only my loneliness showed me any pity
I asked a store owner for a cup of coffee
I couldn’t pay now but I’d certainly pay her back
She examined me with a sense of being so lofty
“You’ll pay me back?” she said
“Don’t make me laugh”

Nothing in me, my body starts to ache
I scour the sidewalks for change like a rake
A policeman stops me says he’s Sergeant Jake
“You can’t be on your hands and knees in this place”
I said, “It’s the hunger”
“Sir, I don’t want to go nuts”
Reaches in his car and
Hands me a bag of donuts
I asked kindly for a return ride home
He said “I’ve helped you out
Now leave me alone”
That came out wrong citizen
How can I help you?
And do you pay tax?”
"By law I don’t have to"
"Well then, don’t make me laugh"

He sped off down the street
But at least I seemed to have more pep in my feet
The clouds still kept the sun from the day
But I felt better as I continued on my way
My tears had dried and my vision was cleared
Maybe things wouldn’t be as bad as I feared

With breakfast in my hand I felt some hope
I wouldn’t crumble like cookies and bars of soap
My joy was so much I think I was humming
That’s why I didn’t hear the footsteps coming

From behind me, he must’ve ran
It all happened in such a flash
Good thing I had a donut in my hand
He took off with the rest of bag
'Hahahahaha'
I just stood there and laughed

P.R. Prosper
Lights, Camera, Action!

Welcome!

To the greatest show on Earth

Seldom, do the actors study their words

Or review their lines or cue in on time

For stories undefined

The talent is slim or full of girth

It’s got romance and drama and chock full of action!

It’s a show for the ages, a fatal attraction!

Tickets are free, come on in and see

No intermissions and fewer distractions

Drink and eat, you’ll jump out your seat!

Witness special effects that cannot be beat!

The grooves in the tunes will make your heart swoon

And the wardrobe itself is an added treat

It’s got humor, suspense, and plot twists galore!

Original characters; original score!

You’ll cheer and you’ll jeer and you’ll fill up with fear

You might want to leave but you can’t find the door!

P.R. Prosper
Lip Service

Words inspire and words destroy
Words conspire and words annoy
Words spread freedom and words detain
Words believe them in sound refrain
Words of passion in words misleading
Words without action are words without meaning

P.R. Prosper
Love

Love on each level and at each degree
Love for the night or love on one knee
What is love, who is love, where is this love?
Choose one or circle all of the above

From there and back on TV shows
She loved an actor she didn’t know
'Did you see the part where he did that thing? '
I love his persona, his songs, and films
Tupac created the type that’s for thugs
Or those who love life and love hugs
In the form of animated ladybugs
'Just stopping by to send you some luv'
Good love is so hard to find
Especially when a loved one passes in time
She loves me but isn’t in love with me
Hello love, are you feeling frisky?
Love it or leave it be, since you're wishin
'I hate the house, but I love the kitchen'
All simple enough but the hardest to prove
Is easier to write than to say 'I love you'

P.R. Prosper
Love's Convicts

A new love arises on a new morning’s shore
Where the moon left behind a feeling so sore
The slightest caress can open all the gates
Of dreadful events dug up out of place
No matter how hard this new love may try
Each true kiss must be hiding a lie
One heart bruised another through timeless conflicts
And put all on probation as lover’s convicts

P.R. Prosper
Lsdearly Beloved

Shoulders sagging and spines dragging so weary
No escapes dream states groovin to Tim Leary
Dreary lives mime scary times tastes so melodic
Episodic seasons chronic greetings psychotic
Meetings touch y
Beloved don’t covet the days and months yearly
Ears hearing the colors sway and fearing the eerie
Feelings in fields of view corroded by smelling the teary
Developments enveloping everything in the being
To coax out a hoax and mislead the misleading
Displeasing stigmas stuck on melting backs like a dorsal
Forceful impressions from head to toe through the torso
Hallucination invitations in the dropp of a morsel
Promise clues to breakthrough this dimension in Morse code
And forgo...

P.R. Prosper
Mad House Pt.2

Hissing and dissing and feelings are driftin
Ignored and abhorred insisting on distance
For what seems like no reason when out in public
The shoulder’s so cold you’ll freeze if you touch it
Clenching your teeth brain twisted like twine
They couldn’t have put that knife in your spine
And kept greetings on time
You gotta be crazy in order to smile
In struggles where it’s often guile v guile
Eye for an eye fight fire with fire
And everyone’s blind on a funeral pyre
All lumped in a bundle and dumped on a heap
Ready for shearing like low humble sheep
Following trends like zombies at sleep
You’re still the one bolt in this great big machine
You gotta be crazy to be yourself
And from what’s being said, it’s bad for your health

P.R. Prosper
Mannequin

As I was walking behind the night
I heard a low whispering off to my right
It was the pitter patter of rumor chatter
Skipping along beyond my sight
My ears started to ring
And every last breath started to cling
As I
Prepared to amend or defend
This fortress and its king

I spun through the dark, tried to conceal my fright
But the night turned on me and I was caught in the light
My fear grew crisper and the shadows of whispers
Became the faces of misses and misters
Going and going, their paces well practiced
I couldn’t tell genuine from actor and actress
Mannequins never had a smile so plastic
'Look me in the eye, ' said the woman in sunglasses

To hear such kind words that can’t make you warmer
Leaves a smirk in place of your armor
It’s what you get used to, not what you like
Laugh with friends sometimes to just be polite
People you know and love share this affliction
It was once a disease, now an addiction
And though we don’t smile at all that we see
We’re all mannequins
And we’re all fake to some minor degree

P.R. Prosper
Marvel

There’s nothing in the universe, nothing in DC
That’s fantastic or galactic enough to be me
I’m a marvel
So amazing and venomous with a lyrical hook
I cause carnage in the streets and everywhere you look
I’m a marvel

It all started out like any other normal day
My shirt was quicksilver and my jeans were grey
A fresh sheet in front of me and a pencil mixing in
Rhymes deadly as weapon x, like I’m from Michigan
Slick as night crawlers and with twice the mystique
Wiser than any professor teaching magnetism
Word factors multiplied into a strange pragmatism
I wrote like a colossus while in a toad’s physique
Then it hit me, I suddenly realized
I could write with a fury that could shield the sky
Or set it on fire in waves like a jet ski
I wouldn’t need a phoenix to come resurrect me
From America to Britain, no captain could defend me
Not a war machine or iron man has the mettle to avenge me
So I listened to the blackhearts beating on my block
Kept an eye on my objective like I was a Cyclops

- 

The next day, a guy on a dark horse said I was a gimmick
Said my skill was a small thing, I was just an image
Bragged about being supreme and a real wildcat
I was spawned from him like a feather in a styled hat
He said all the chaos I wrote of came from stories on cable
I was hard candy that he could chew now or later
I was nothing but a clown, he was the real violator
I had never known strife and my torment was a fable
He laughed and he laughed but no joke exists
To cover the insults he punished me with
Went further and said the difference between you and me
You’re friendly as ice cream, you should be a jubilee
You pose so much you belong with Vogue
Trying to gambit your past into a rogue
One after another his opinion was unwanted
But I was being knocked with an infinity gauntlet

- I didn’t know how to respond
My blood turned to ice and my nerves were calm
Were my illusions of grandeur intentional?
Or could my abilities really destroy any sentinel?
I questioned myself on the best path to relief
But I abandoned all hope and unleashed the beast
I was ready to deliver a death strike non-stop
I didn’t care if he was ready for the onslaught
Right then, the clouds circled and I felt a storm
Morph my heart into a more sinister form
Told him I dare devils to come challenge this kingpin
The man became sand and his ego started sinking
As good as I am you think you’ll put a stop to this?
I’m the four horsemen, archangel, and the apocalypse
Once I get going, I don’t brake and I don’t shift
Don’t you know who I am? I’m the juggernaut…..!

P.R. Prosper
Meddle

Calyly waking up to a hot pot of coffee
Moments later struggling and screaming “get off me! “
You never saw it coming
But someone didn’t appreciate the tune you were humming
Or the strings you were strumming
Now your heart beats more than the little boy drumming
You were placed on a list of a suspicious sort
And someone somewhere filed a report

Mentioned to someone on how you planned to contort
The news being spread with the rest of your consort
Showed them blueprints you authored in black and white
You planned to cut society’s fabric like
The dreams of the hobos and the other destitute
Too bad now you don’t sound so resolute
Who you gonna call when your case is to be settled?
......
You know who to trust when you decide not to meddle

-You’re fighting a losing battle but yet and still you march on
   Sun is setting on your ideals but all you see is the dawn
   You’re one against a system as volcanic as it is cold
   Don’t meddle and get out of the road if you wanna grow old

You talked about environment, abortion, political corruption
Quagmires made with weapons of mass destruction
Obstruction of justice carried out through unions
Made pleads on TV while everybody tuned in
And asked them to “try on another man’s shoes”
If they hadn’t any then “try to chant to their blues”
If they had too many then “take a page from their news”
You claimed “there’s always more going on besides you”

But you put your message on during CSI: Super Bowl
Thinking the super flow of audience would be your super gold
You had the planet for a day and you must’ve felt super bold
Should’ve known your real issues were getting super old
And so it goes the ending of your little show
What matters most is just to go with what you’re told
You’ve got a fire that will never temper your mettle
But no one here gives a damn, so why must you meddle?

P.R. Prosper
Must'Ve Been Love

I once knew a guy
Who told so many lies
They actually replaced all the whites of his eyes

He met up with a girl
By the nickname of Shirl
And she promised him that she would rock his world

They had a few dates
Often stayed out real late
Woke up in the morning to coffee and pancakes

After a couple months
He had thought she was the one
So he popped the question for anything but fun

She exclaimed 'Yes! '
And so he tried his best
To make it through the daunting wedding arrangement quest

The day soon arrived
But where was the bride?
As it turns out she too liked to lie!

P.R. Prosper
My Life On The Eve Of Revolution

Tomorrow is on its way
And the person whose pen is writing these words
Will cease to exist when it arrives
The world in which I live in will follow suit
And a new one will take hold
Destroying the old with action renewed
My nerves are on fire
Burning visions into my thoughts and
Sparks into my imagination on the possibilities
Coming my way
I will not see
The current situations on the globe are all
Of devastation in increasing severity
But tomorrow will change all that
Yet
I still feel this eerie
Anxiousness to change
That seems so strange to me today
Even as tomorrow draws evermore near
I’m excited with fear and hope that it comes
But that it never really makes its way here

P.R. Prosper
Necktie Kind Of Guy

We get along alright
Well, at least in my sight
I want to make things work and move past the spite
Though we keep having the same old fights
Because I still love you, I still won’t lie
Keep in mind I’m not the necktie kind of guy
The arguments we have had
Sometimes bad
Won’t ignore the fact
You weren’t my first
And if need be
You won’t be my last

P.R. Prosper
Necromancer

Every passing moment showcases man’s destined
To lead an existence obsessed with clandestine
Operations to subvert one another, and that’s when
Chaos ensues and subdues the path stepped in
So let’s win the question and play for the answer
As lemmings in settings of the necromancers

Imperial cleansers washing phantom threats
That spread out like cancers quashing random debts
And dance a ballet to find how much is true
They had a way to create what love is for two
With old mind games recycled and replayed anew
To frighten the public and silence the few

Much ado about nothing, but trudging along
Through logic and reason with one side of a tong
But a thong’s on the boob tube
Join in the song
And see all the bright lights
And the chrome blinging strong
The copter’s gone from Saigon

So switch up the station
Let the networks build on the alienation
As just one more tool of the daily invasion
And make comedies commonly
From war’s devastation
Levitation of prophets
No rest for a profit
One percent line their pockets
99 cannot stop it

But they sit and they watch it
With their mess o’ kids
Who keep their heads spinning more than exorcists
Asbestos is peeling off the walls as best it can
There is no health insurance to smile on dental plans
If there is no endurance to fly with Superman
Over a Metropolis of hostages
And their homeless piece of land

P.R. Prosper
Ninety Percent

Tirelessly tip-toeing on the tides of time
A young girl reins in the waves crashing the shoreline
Mercilessly melodious in his method of mischief
An old man amuses hearts with the wink of a misfit
Carelessly kicking rocks ‘cross the heavens of man
A small boy holds the love of a world in one hand
Breathlessly believing in defeating the wrong
An old woman carries on and puts the wind on a song

P.R. Prosper
On Poemhunter

Here on Poemhunter we encourage each other
With quips and comments to help us discover
The views that different hues of a sister or brother
May have
Concerning what we 'bout haters and lovers
And we smother our submissions, with all due permissions
No foul language, like toothpaste omission
Lest we keep it hidden like nocturnal emissions
Efficient with the text and we leave nothing
Tradition or freestyle, inline or shot putt
We hurl metaphors heavier than a rock truck
Some are dubious, some are meant just to shock, but
Has anyone else been annoyed by the pop-ups?
It's not luck, it's talent that brought us all here
Because we want to get better year after year
Even after we can the crescendo see
'Congratulations, you've just won a Nintendo Wii'
Oh, hell

P.R. Prosper
Other Woman

She was enjoying a spring day outside on the stairs
With a book in one hand, the other playing with her hair
When her fiancé walked over, singing like Astaire
That he could not wait until the two became a pair
In love and war all’s fair, and she had won the war
She didn’t get what she wanted, so she wanted more
She was clearly hot for marriage, called him a fool’s clown
But when at last she saw the ice, she decided to cool down

There comes a point
When you think you don’t reap what you’ve put in
But it’s no fun to become just the other woman

They started great on their way, the years faded like barbers
And they stopped giving free meals to ducks down at the harbor
Two lives were lived under one roof and apart they had grown
Four walls, a bed, windows, & steps, this house was not a home
He stayed out late, working, reassured her to the end
That he was only working and he had no special friend
She met him several times before, but she couldn’t stop
Because her very own divorce was right around the block

P.R. Prosper
Out Of Bounds

There’s nowhere to run and nowhere to hide
The masses agree like the ocean’s tide
Everyone has a life that they lead
Some are for good
Others for bad deeds

What sort of life do you wish to make?
One where you give or one where you take?
People often like to run their mouths
Just sit back and listen
You’ll figure them out

When someone is deep they’re not hard to find
They’re often quite still with their mind redlined
Knowledge is power
Money is worthless
Switch them around
Now which has more purpose?

Many a question meet their demise
And only a fool argues otherwise
The body speaks truth and the eyes always show
A fake face doth shield what a fake heart doth know
Laughter and mischief are one and the same
In souls who see fun in the boring and plain

Do what you want and
Problems will come around
You could end up alone and
Smiling out of bounds
There’s always a choice from which to choose
If you know who you are
You’ll never lose
Experience waits so don’t idle by
Looking in circles for somewhere to hide

P.R. Prosper
Paper Planes

We get high like vapors and fly like planes
Don’t you try to change our mind, we got money on the brain
If you wanna get the cheddar, you better Kraft your name
On Wall Street and Main, game recognize game

Sometimes we be switching four lanes
Bankrupting banks and ditching Rove Range
Coppas wanna stop us but they are so lame
Boring cash warrants put a claim on our fame

All I wanna do is (Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!)
And I [click] {Cha-ching}
And take your money

High rise homes, limos
Paper planes crash into Zippos
Coming when we get ‘em
Out on bail, above the system

No one in the country can work it like us
Disappear your life savings with a stylus
We drain every asset like liquidat’us
And then pack ‘em up in the back of our trucks

All I wanna do is (Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!)
And I [click] {Cha-ching}
And take your money

P.R. Prosper
Pictures

The thoughts in my head are about as certain as the weather
I always want them witty but they don't come out...
Like that
And I gotta go back to the drawing board, sharpen my pencil
Cause I can’t buy metaphors
Like I can buy stencils
So the sand keeps falling 'til my mind is all clear
And ideas stop spinning
Like I’m drunken off of beer
Then I stare and I leer in the direction of nothing
Soon ugly comparisons look
Like that little duckling

The swan looks great but must still fly to paper
And stick...
Nah that’s too easy, I’ll think of something later
An hour has passed and I see the top half of the glass
I’ve got two good lines now
But I’ll save ’em for last
What I need is some inspiration
That’ll get the ball rollin’
From still frames to animation
Now the feature’s goin’

*This is a peek, a sneak look around
On how I take my thoughts and process them down
From a thousand different pictures with one thing in common
This is how I translate the world that I’m in

I can hear the sound effects and see the movie playing
Cross out words like an editor
As my lead gets to slaying
Every single word that’ll make you think twice
Like an anagram racecar throwin’ snake eyes?
Now the sands reverse with the opposite effect
And I see every line
Like it’s satellite direct
That’s how my thoughts beam down
Didn’t mean to barrage ya
But these words are my own
Kind of like Natasha

P.R. Prosper
Qrious Beauty

She’s a dangerous woman, of an evil sort
A conniving young thing, with a beauty of course
Calculating more than Texas Instruments
She’s very rational when it’s time for injuring

Pushes the right buttons like she’s entering codes
Just to toy with you, she’s not after your gold
Entices crowds of all burning men
They unknowingly enter a tournament

Lose their vision with one bat of her eyes
Their hearts all babble to speak with this prize
She calls each one by one as if they’re the winner
Then brushes them off with a wag of her finger

Qrious, she keeps up a clever defense
Teaches men to never say never again
Though feeling betrayed they go where she goes
She’ll break them all down
Like a gorgeous tornado

P.R. Prosper
Red Book

The way of what is to come are the dreams of a man made mad by some
Things rambling’s converge on one point that's spread across time
And through space in the face of a race that never tires the mind
Your business of demons surrounding the fortress, pitching their forks
Ringing in chorus
As one great big howling moon armored to the teeth
Talking to no one where no words can speak
The truth buried beneath the conscious mask worn by the shadow willing to bask
In vast flasks concentrated with sunlight
But
Graciously bows out
Then gouges its eyes out
To watch itself sleep tight in the dark wake of the night
During firefights between shattered thoughts scattered thoughtlessly with banality
Midway beyond the mayhem of a blood-soaked mentality
Where screaming monsters are routinely ignored by the maniacs of reality
And each of its variations
Softly serenading
All of the bats in the belfry until they fly out and start separating
The shredded pieces and burned edges
Torn from the pages of the red book
Into a collection of jumbled puzzles that jigsaws happy endings
Then strings them up on a dead hook
While coaxing reapers down off the ledges
With crooked pledges of shining driving wedges
And playing golf in a strait jacket, swinging wildly
Aiming directly for the hedges,
Whispering 'four' on an empty course and watching the ball bouncing off the walls
Over the hill under midnight falls
At the end of the book, the sessions, and phone calls
They’re not as crazy as anyone alleges

P.R. Prosper
Red Eye

I live my life out a suitcase
Catching the red eye
Probably should be sleeping now
Instead I
Stay up at all hours
Until this line can get right
In my head and on the paper
See you later
No bed time
Up before the break in dawn
I’m waking up the rooster
Rest stolen from my eyes
Like carjackers and boosters
I mean looters and the shooters
Running through the streets at night
As the red eye watches them
Pinpointing a steady light
It’s déjà vu,
All over again for me
The nothing always grows
In this never ending story
Of scrambled faces and places
Mixed up with my memory
I thought
The mirror said I
Stood out in a crowd of zombies
With dead eyes
Time for the next flight
I wake up and go to sleep
To start and finish one day
And the calendar makes a leap
But every day is still Monday

P.R. Prosper
Remember, Remember

Freedom of the press reveals
The stress and duress
The politics of convicts
And the rest of congress
The Exec and execs
Running a full press
To address to the people
Nothing less
Than a fool’s hex
And it gets done without making
One confess
Where justice can smile
While the truth remains agile
Liberty suffers and will be defiled
But where she is blind
Truth will not decline
And be as alabaster
For where they’re entwined
And of sound mind
Freedom will serve no master

P.R. Prosper
Roads Taken

I dreamed a dream I did not own
But it was mine for I dream alone
In a world of more than senses full
I walk and breathe and push and pull
I talk and laugh and taste and smell
Where my feet touch Earth I cannot tell
So many people seen and places roamed
In a life I’ve lived but never known

P.R. Prosper
Rotten To The Core Pt.2

Resident evils cloud the brains like umbrellas
They know decadence lethal to hungry young fellas
Who empty cash boxes quicker than crooked bank tellers
If their hopes to become like that J. Rockefeller
Rothschild, Bilderberg, Carnegie, and both Gates
Paid no attention to laws to get their estates

And you’re reminded that you too want to be regal
And you too want to be Mr. or Mrs. Big Time
But you must commit to Mr. or Mrs. Big Crime
Then use your connections and make them illegal

That part of their story they neglect to tell
When they motivate for hours and throw out their speeches
How they clung to their dreams much harder than leeches
Crime doesn’t pay but you can sure make it sell

Keep making honey and save up for later
Because
They’ll never give you their money
They’ll only send you their funny paper

P.R. Prosper
Secrets

Soothing and seductive this siren needs a home, so she takes yours
Enemies easily enter the walls that hold, your gardens and courts
Cunning as a fox, chaos ensues with the whip of a tongue
Remorseless reasons reassure what’s been done
Everything begins with an inescapable end that's to come
The art of love and war are fought as one and the same
Secrets sold and secrets stolen are still secrets in deed and aim

P.R. Prosper
She Ran So Fast

There was once a girl who wanted to run fast
She was the fastest in her home, the fastest in her class
She ran so fast she would break all the rules
Not to mention, all the records in all of her schools

All people called her, ‘Fastest in the world’
But that wasn’t nearly fast enough for this girl
She ran so fast gravity couldn’t carry her
And then one day, she ran past the sound barrier

One time, 2 times, 3 times, and 4
She mocked space shuttles in her quest to run more
Her feet never sored, her soul never tired
She ran so fast, she was lean as a wire
As she grew older, so did her legend
Her ambition grew bolder and made her feel destined

To become the fastest that ever existed
She was faster than stars shooting at night
But still she kept running, still she persisted
Till she outran her shadow and ran out her life

Some say that she ran faster than thought
And she could catch the waves of a laugh
Others say her physique was always so taut
She took the pictures and then outran the flash
“Life moved too slow,” was her last known opinion
Before she ran herself into oblivion

P.R. Prosper
Showtime! !

Who’s been there for you when you’ve felt down? 
(You have! !)
Who kept you from danger indoors, safe and sound? 
(You did! !)
Who raised you when your parents were never around? 
(You did! !)
What do you say folks, should I take a bow? 
(Yes! ! Yes! ! Yes! !)

Who says watching me gives you a slow mind? 
(They do! !)
Who says I promise you success with no grind? 
(They do! !)
Is it true you sit there and let your life blow by? 
(Boooooooo! !)
Did I or did they say you’d be told no lie? 
(They did! ! Liars! !)

Who else can show you every bloody train wreck? 
(No one! !)
Who won’t let you see the huge or plain breasts? 
(They won’t! !)
Who keeps looking good with stainless frame sets? 
(You do! !)
Who always asks if you’ve drank a grain yet? 
(They do! ! Booo! !)

Who saves your spirits more than a tow line? 
(You do! !)
Who do you love and can never see through? 
(We love you! ! Woooo! !)
I won’t leave but do you think I need you? 
(Uhh.........)
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! IT’S SHOWTIME! !
(Yeah! ! ! ! Alright! ! ! Wahoo! ! ! !)

P.R. Prosper
Sink Or Swim

The rich get richer and the poor die trying
If you mention this, the rich call you defiant
Unruly and attempting your hand at inciting
Mindless violence and maybe some riots in
Posh sections of town lost up on the hills
Guarded by heaters, tucked away from the chill
Of broken furnaces and shredded blankets
Dim streetlights and flooded embankments

Shivering rags readily welcome the weather
While quivering bags hold eyes shady as ever
“Better dot your I's and cross the other letter
Or you'll never get it and crack up like leather
Fetch a education to raise up your station
Your stature in life and your bank notation”

The message burns ears to the brink of cremation
As creation
Of sink or swim rules bans their flotation
Devices from ever being deployed
Unless they used to always never be employed
Frustration advocates feeling annoyed
Muckraking hits a wall not built by the Floyd

Reputations so green they’re impossible to soil
Explanations so aluminum they can't be foiled
“So the chicken is rotten and the eggs are all spoiled
When you own the whole farm they can both be boiled”

No remorse and no apologies and no regard
And no recourse or acknowledging the free car
Or the rides it gives as it passes the laymen
And rolls over their tongues, still salivating
Wasting their fuel on silly dream chasing
Is silly

If the check they’re craving is in some room waiting
And the pattern repeats itself like a rhyme you miss
The Poor’s demise by pure chance coincides at times
When the rich socialize more than communists

P.R. Prosper
Sisphyus (Greek Fire)

No sword could sever the lines that made up his clever rhymes
he would tackle any battle and put his opponents in shackles
and he did this consistently, like each and every time
never mind some of the mimes who would copy his movements
they would try on his shoes but they just couldn’t do it
they would try out his flow but it just wasn’t fluid
they would try out his style but they just weren’t suited
’cause the cases they were making always needed improvement

but back to the music and our talented lyricist
whose acclaim bought him fame and many, many richeses
his name was on the brain more than formulas on physicists
but critics said his songs all ended up like Sisyphus

“For example, ” they would say as a preamble to delay
the coming attacks on the samples they would play,
“you said:
’I gotta lyrical skill that gets betta & betta
and betta & betta until I run out of lettas
it’s how I show felicitation
please no autographs and no solicitations
my humor’s so dry I get parched when I laugh
I need a gallon of water next to me in a glass
my rhythms can drown u, while my sounds surround you
and make you get on the floor
like the ATF, ‘boom! boom! boom! open the door! ”

“Now, that’s all very magical, Mr. Wizardry,
but tell me what’s the point of having so much imagery? ”
And as he was answering they would say ‘Uh-huh, ’
and move on to the next clip before he was done,
“As we start this next part,
I want to advise our viewers not to take it to heart, ”

The beat faded in something super absurd,
stupid and dope, our rapper mimicked the words,

“I’m a star, baby,
she mistaken me for Betelgeuse,
I rule the world, lady,  
so I wonder, 'What would Caesar do? '  
I ain’t some kind of genius but my momma never had a fool,  
that’s why my lines transcend time zones and latitudes,  
I think ’em in Adai and I write ‘em down in Latin,  
u think ‘em in a year and sit waitin on a patent,  
don’t cop a silly attitude like the world is mad at you,  
cuz you cracking up the pleather while I’m smoothin out the satin,  
and I know u have no money so I’ll bet that you don’t have a clue,  
your horse is a Ford and my horse is Italian”

He would often be asked for explanations or a comment  
on who is the “you” he refers to when he’s rhymin,  
to which he’d reply,  

“'You' is a pronoun I use to describe,  
and address everyone who tuned in to my life,  
'you' is the photographer,  
taking my picture with paper and pencils,  
'you' is the cartographer,  
drawing the meanings from the map of my mental,  
'you, ' in essence, is everyone and no one,  
my words were never aimed on one target like a blow gun'

at this point he would get cut off with accusations,  
on how is themes were just a scheme, a blatant machination,  
to make some green for his team, despite the exploitation,  
of the rampant crime, hopelessness and utter desperation,  
that those living in the ghettos face until their expiration,  
without a navigator to aid in their exploration,

“So what if your scores of metaphors  
opened doors to your new contract,  
and got you lots of brand new fans and brand new contacts,  
all your fancy rhymes achieve very little beyond that,  
now what do you say when I ask you respond back? ”

“Well, I would have to say…”  
“Sorry folks, that’s all the time that we have today.”

That’s the story of the rapper who gained tons of clout,  
he rhymed, and he rhymed, and he rhymed, and he rhymed
but what did he rhyme so much about?

P.R. Prosper
Slim Riches

It’s well known that fortune’s never an even thing
When some vertebrates are paperbacks
Thinner than Stephen King
And other spineless, yellow bellies
In need of their square pants
Soak up everything, including a fair chance

Rare stances taken by the very elite
To really give something back, instead of deplete
The earnings and the savings of the ones they call cheap
By waging war until the poor meet their defeat
That deserves a repeat
A toast to the end of poverty
To all those who can’t get a check without an arrest
In forgotten shacks being played like the lottery
And the victims of mockery
Who are broken more than pottery

To the saps that must move in and out of careers
With more soul than James Brown in South Korea
Though they’re used to hearing fairy tales
While being dealt phony
Hands full of quicksand dropped into their bony
Palms that disappear much quicker than alimony
They keep trying to make more cheese than macaroni

-These problems, I didn’t make them and I can’t undo ‘em
Slim riches have got me one step from waking in ditches
My pockets are always empty because money is running through ‘em
Wishes are too expensive to buy with these slim riches

Squeezing every penny like the wheeze of an accordion
When they get the pink slip it’s nowhere near a Freudian
Passing down clothes, lighting candles, four to a bed
Bread for three courses, groceries cutting back
Bus trips to double shifts, bill collector seeing red
Only aid is Band-aid, malnourished & cutting fat

All these measures taken but they’re used up like tissues
Tossed away with boots, newspapers, and other old issues
Or led by a gold carrot carried by a parrot parodying a man
Told they gotta play ball if they want the fame
And spend money they don’t have to eat that first 100 grand
But they don’t have a car to drive to get to the game

So they stay up late nights learning all of the rules
To better provide and put their kids through better schools
In hopes that the future will be an easier ride
So their children can live and not just merely survive

P.R. Prosper
State Of The Union

If only you could see what I’ve seen with your eyes
A world obsessed with indifference
While bent on its very demise
The original aims of the once community
Brought hopes of mutual aid and protection
Have been drowned out by quarterly projections
And diplomatic immunity

Hypocrisy runs rampant through most of the trusted
Leaving no truth to expose from a lie so well dusted
How do you suppose
This cycle of no action and no repose
Can continue without law being deposed,
Without chaos taking hold?

A world with no responsible leaders
It’s not the house’s fault if you always blame the dealer
Scolded proletarians
Molded to sectarians
Carrying vendettas of a time long deceased
Instead of questioning
Why the index is up but their wages decreased
And they’ve nowhere now for nestling

The price of simple comforts climbs ever higher
Making the hold on simple lives ever tighter
The strong only survive when they remain number one
Be it through diamonds and guns
Or a void promise of funds
Everyone is kept under the right thumb

If we’re no longer people, then what are we possibly?
Figures on charts and mathematical anomalies
Driven to value things thrown at us symbolically
Blind to the fact we’re all connected symbiotically
Could the human race be already run?
Or can it really last to the last setting sun?
P.R. Prosper
Still (Rough Edit)

Folks Still blindly trust in all aspects of the government
Not knowin their best friends could be under cover men
for the establishment
Still feeds those with a lot of cheese
And the ones who can’t afford it can continue saying please
Tactics for control Still taken outta history
They worked then as they do now and yet it’s Still a mystery
Still very few witnesses who don’t value their lives
But to find questions for answers, they jeopardize their wives
Husbands, cousins, sisters and mothers
Brothers in arms with intent to discover
We’re all Still equal, some Still more so than others

You Still buzz in everyday an unappreciated drone
Money can buy happiness, it’s just never your own
New blood grows old blood Still gets fired so
Still getting told with no sign of pretense though
You’ll always have a place here like the old Nintendo
Pretend? No, trust us with your dividends
Blindly work hard and you’ll be a model citizen
You Still work to overheating then your paycheck’s half earned
Buy groceries, pay your rent and by then it’s all burned
Still want a life with less stress and the newest Range Rover
But the saying Still goes
Things are Still tough all over

As time goes by, it’s Still the same old story
The fight’s Still worth it, be it for love or for glory
New hearts soaring at the thought of being near
Old beats Still pumpin memories full of tears
Leave 'em at the pier, but feelings Still change with the wind
Words Still aren't all that distinguish a king
Loyalty is Still a deeply buried treasure
Betrayal remains a knife that Still cannot be measured
Wise men learn from fools who don’t return the favor
They Still follow every week a different lord and savior
Trust sad to say is Still the easiest of prey
Though thriving for years, it can be killed off in a day
Hate hates to be hated and hates to be loved

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Ignorance is Still as carefree as a dove

P.R. Prosper
Supergod

There I was
Being made in the image of a being whose image I could not envision
My eyes could not behold the full glory of the creator
And I did not know my own humanity blinded me
But humanely it reminded me
To blindly trust in SuperGod and always praise him for the bees the trees
The water the bread and the cod
Because he didn’t have to give me life
He did so because he’s just that nice and caring and loving and concerned
With my personal healthcare, overall behavior and general welfare
He could do anything but he couldn’t be a woman and I might have to fight his wars
Yet I thought the trade was fair because
Yep, for me, he would always be there

And I went off uncertainly into the brightness of the world
Though my mortal vision could plainly see
Others who couldn’t have been made in the same way as me
They were evil and wicked and must have been frauds
Could they, too, have been fashioned after my SuperGod?
Malevolent and cruel murderers and criminals
All running wild and doing as they pleased
I put my hands together and dropped to my knees
Closed my eyes and asked him
If his plan was so subliminal my mind couldn’t hope to comprehend the degrees
Then something hit me in the chest
And I fell to the ground and I felt my heart stop
I guess I must have died

Here I am, in a desert
This is now, I guess; or maybe this is later
Anyway, to be sure, I just met my maker
There I was walking for what seemed like years
Dying of thirst but never dying
When a figure in the sky caught my eye
It was my SuperGod flying by
Smile on my face, I waved and shouted for his attention
He slowed down then descended to me
Arms stretched out at his sides, as he hovered above my level
The sun’s light cast a shadow on his head and I couldn’t tell if he was
A SuperGod or a SuperDevil
I asked “What was the point? Why didn’t you save me? ”
He tilted his head then slowly rose into the air
I watched him fly away and answered my own questions
Yep, all this time, my SuperGod didn’t care

P.R. Prosper
Supernatural

Supernatural, I
Exist beyond your vision
But everywhere you look
You can see I’m on a mission
That you can’t understand
Like what your life is missin’
You’re fishing for the answers
To speak when you should listen
You’re always in a rush to shine
When you all barely glisten
Where cause and effect
Start and end with a collision
I’m cold fusion and fission
And you cannot define it
But numbers over zero
In division I sublime it

Supernatural, I
Don’t believe in good or evil
To support my being
That line was drawn by people
And it is moved and crossed
So much legal is illegal
A demon is a savior
But they’re both still lethal
And yet they’re both still worthless
To every other eye and ear
That senses they’re not worth it
They take them out the furthest
From the fearful journey
To find their tearful purpose
I don’t suffer such delusions
My illusions perfect

Supernatural, I
Never lose and never gain
Any interest in your time
Spent riddling my name
When you’re down it might seem
I don’t hear when mice scream  
But I never play the game  
And there is no right team  
I am never one to blame  
Your horrors and your pipe dreams  
They are of your own design  
So you deserve all the acclaim  
You don’t have a prayer to be like me  
Too limited and feisty  
Eternity is what I see  
And I’m watching it on widescreen

P.R. Prosper
Superstar Pt1 (Super Nova)

No life on earth is perfect some will make it some will fail
There’s a dark side and twisted side to every single fairy tale

When you step into the public you’re a convict in a noose
One wrong move and you’re hung like the juries in lawsuits

And I gotta wash my hands where ever I may go
Cause the slime thrown my way always seems to come in droves

It’s better and worse than I thought but is it worth to last?
The show must go on till my final (autograph)

P.R. Prosper
Superstar Pt2 (North Pole)

All the interviews and photo shoots are takin their toll
But it’s worth all the shiny rocks that get pressed out of coals

Skoal some people call me and others call me spit
Cause my name just seems to be on everybody’s lips

I’m a superstar now not new money on parole
On the North Pole-so icy so froze

Forget whatever sayings that you were ever told
It ain’t lonely on the top and only my cash is cold

P.R. Prosper
Superstar Pt3 (Laundromat)

The bubble has popped for this fallen star
No more luxury cars, riches, and caviar

I was the search word that everybody looked up
Was gonna have my face put on a million bucks

But things happened so fast I was a newborn turtle
Couldn’t get past or trash the smallest of hurdles

Now I’m in this Laundromat thinking where it wrong
I don’t even know why I’m writing this song

P.R. Prosper
The Bad

You rob for a job
Steal for a deal
Lie for a dime
Beg for gold eggs
Harass for the cash
Borrow for sorrow
Lend for dividends
Or busted amends
Shake hands with Satans
Party with fool hearty
Bulldogs and hogs
Who squander their money
Off in the fog
Folks say you’ll pay
One day what you’re due
Everyone’s got to live
Why can’t they let you?
Instead they choose to map out your course
And track you ’round like pets on all fours
Scratching and pawing at every door
Are they living their lives?
Or are they living yours?
You see foes and friends
As equals in the end
No recourse to the law
You get what you want
Without breaking a jaw
It leaves evidence
Violence is prevalent
A service you keep secret
Like the president
Residents give uneasy side glances
Cops follow your steps like electric slide dances
“Say goodnight to the bad guy”
In footprints you’re steppin
When you feel the heat you’ve got 30 seconds
Maybe you’re wrong
But who really cares?
When you come along
All they can do is glare

P.R. Prosper
The Good

You’re a good person
First into the office
Workin to exhaustion nervous
But always cautious and
Burstin with excitement and thirstin
For the worst when
Your boss is
Lurchin for his desserts and
The rumors are like tumors
They’ve got your head hurtin
But you keep from out blurtin
Mouth closed up like a curtain
Ready for paradise
Done workin with the desertion
They’ll all see you’re not worthless
Ears got your brains open
With the notion
Hopin that you’ll be coastin
Cruisin done losin
Towards a new promotion
Boastin
Silently gloatin
Floatin
On thoughts you’re knowin
The words before they’re spoken
And owing all your success
To no one was holdin
Ya hand when you was dopin
Foldin broken chairs
Round the clock for a token
Coats and different hats didn’t match
All the pats on the back
Unless
You were up at the bat
The spits and the spats
Are all fast in the past
Last but not least out comes the beast
With the tease of a sneeze
Belts out and decrees
Everyone’s fired
With 10 minutes to leave

P.R. Prosper
The Looking Glass Through

What do you do when the peace is in pieces?
As ignorance rises while the wisdom decreases

There’s nowhere to hide beneath the chaotic stars
From the order of societies living at odds

And ends stop short and congratulate failure
Sacrificial criminals burning ladders to scale the

Mountains of currency destroying truckloads of gold
Supporting the notion there’s a top to the globe

Turns dizzy round and round ‘til we all fall ground
Smash the looking glass through reflections and jump down

P.R. Prosper
The Manageable Nightmares Of Everyday Life

At the first sight of sunlight
Mr. and Mrs. S-'s alarm radio
Sings along with the morning crow
As he watches the daisies go
In the direction the breeze pleases to take them but
Mr. S- is just getting into his aluminum sided hut
After a night of working late with his sweet secretary
He met his mistress in front of the library
Slides silently in bed
And pretends to be asleep
An hour later Mrs. S- does the same
Without making a peep

Irene S- hates her name and believes that's why
She’s unpopular with everyone
Both the girls and the guys
Tries to tell her parents but their answers are clichéd
Takes it as fact that she’s fat
So she decides to lose some weight
Disgraced with her waist her self esteem gets thinner
Convinced she’s not anorexic
She just needs to get slimmer
Too weak to mumble her health’s taken a tumble too
She doesn’t care for that
She has to look good for school

P.R. Prosper
The Rambler

This is what happens when I go off
And crash through your windows like I’m Microsoft
I ramble on subjects unrelated
And other things otherwise un-debated

I search up and down like investigators
On escalators, trapped in elevators
Outcasted by the delegators
That let them run loose with the regulators
So mount up and answer this
Why are we so cancerous?
We spread out, seek, and we destroy
And destroy, and destroy
In Mumbai, Gaza, and Detroit
Start your engines and rev to this
Off a cliff so perilous
Not even a terrorist would make the time
To check a list, then blow it up
And show it off as something so insidious
That no broker that trades a joke
Or joker that makes you broke
Could miss the chance to piss their pants
At a crime so hideous
And tell me how can they take
The few scraps that are on the plate
Knowing well that you can’t pay
So they raise the interest rate
And you, too, haven’t found what you’re looking for
And you two can’t feed who you’re cooking for
Plus four equals an odd sixteen
Candles singe night air pristine
Punch random numbers on calculators
They’re jerking you around like masturbators

This is what happens when I go off
And crash through your windows like I’m Microsoft
I ramble on subjects unrelated
And other things otherwise un-debated
The Ugly

You think you’re like so hot
A real looker lookin top notch
With layers of makeup caked on your face
Powder and rouge all over the place
Botox makes you unable to frown
One shade of red from resembling a clown
And the way you walk screams out pretension
Like all your screams and acts for attention
Turn your nose up at those who show you some kindness
Because you don’t want them to know that you’re mindless
Nothing inside so you pile on the laughs
Know nothing else but how to spend cash
Tight fitting clothes reveal a slim figure
So slim your wrist is the size of a finger
You’re a gorgeous doll but only on the surface
Good for a rent but not for a purchase

You say you’ve been ugly since you were a baby
But you should smile more often pretty lady
You don’t how many guys are out there chasing
After you hoping it’s you they were dating
You have confidence in all that you say
Yet you hide yourself away from the day
Nose not too big and hips aren’t too wide
Ears aren’t too low, hair doesn’t need dye
Feet aren’t too small and nails all look tight
Belly is flat and the clothes fit just right
In all the right places, don’t be so self conscious
Cause girls like that are very obnoxious
Your sense of humor expresses your knowledge
Even if you’ve never seen one day of college
Don’t look to Barbies and keep on wishin
You’re gorgeous from the outside and the within

P.R. Prosper
These Dreams

Dust swirled all around
But the heli couldn’t leave the ground
With all my might I tried and tried
But my old friends still left my eyes
Some diamonds broken in my hands
A toaster burned cool as a fan
Skeletons dancing in the glass
1 and a million rainbows pass
Change Scene

I’ve met him now a couple times
The one who tries to kill my mind
At first he came and shots rang out
All through my soul and fear ran out
Next he came at me with swords
But this beast would settle the score
My goodness would soon be overcome
At least I had him on the run
Change Scene

With my daughter at the marketplace
Then the sky turned black as space
Bombs and gunfire were coming to us
Mobs of people were running through us
This time he came out of the norm
How could I fight something with no form?
Just when I thought I would cash in the day
Destiny said she wanted to play
Change Scene

Smiling teardrops and laughing frowns
All dressed in black, send in the clowns
A fat man sat on a mountain of meals
The hungry man still had to beg for a deal
Bricks on the floor were banning together
This time for sure they’d stand up forever
No one for miles to dance the last call
I slept
It was only a dream after all
Time

You use it up throughout the day
But no one seems to have the time
The good old days, they always make
You spend your time just buying time
You move with such a steady pace
That never lets you pass the time
For love, or money, or goodness sake
They’ll help you through this trying time

I’m still ticking away and turning your follicles light gray
What you save or you waste, either way, there’s no time to wait
With time on your hands, you have all the time you want to kill
In a matter of time, but it’s life, so it’s just about time

Sometimes you give the time you take
Down to its base like turpentine
Behind closed bars or free to play
Everyone is serving time
Way too brave or slave to fate
None of you can master time
Where you go, who’s to say?
You’ll find me, time after time

P.R. Prosper
Trapped

I'm trapped

In a place so tiny I feel grimy just thinking about anything that's shiny
Don't mind me

I'm alone in a zone that was dead to the world long before I was unknown
Icicles on the bone

Melancholy's jollies peeling away feelings from the shadows I'm concealing
Revealing

Next to nothing I am something to hold on to like a schizophrenic mumbling
Slumping

In a sliver of a river 'tween the genius of a saint and psychosis of a sinner
And binger

Drunk and out to catch all the facts and the acts while my breath is doing laps
I'm trapped

P.R. Prosper
Vapors Of Yesterday

Yesterday we were enemies
Today we are friends
Yesterday you said you loved me
Today marks the end
Of two souls which were once intertwined
Like a ball of yarn unrolled now lies undefined
Yesterday we were children
Today we are growing old
Yesterday we were warm
Today we are as cold
As the many dreams that we left frozen in time
Of all the frightful nightmares, some were benign
Yesterday was a blessing
Today is a curse
Yesterday was forever
Today is the first
Moment that we have to read the guiding signs
Through vapors of tomorrow, breathe in and unwind

P.R. Prosper
V-Day

All's fair in love and war
And some people settle the score
And some people don't want to be beat
So they do what it takes to win, even cheat

War always equals conflict
It always has through history
And company loves misery
So love will make you want to knock a motherf***** unconscious!

For the love of money
War can make some people rich
And lose a part of themselves like a seam loses a stitch
Until they're crazy in love and develop a twitch
And can't turn an eye blind to a fine behind
With a body that's made for the bait & switch
So some spend all their cash chasing that ass
Faster than the automatic itch of a trigger
Down to the deep pockets of their beautiful mine
Now, I ain't she a gold digger...

War ain't for the faint of heart
You must keep rules of engagement and emotions apart
Because the two can make you clumsy and you start to trip
And then you fall in love and dislocate your hip!
That might've made a funny impact
But let me keep this poem intact
Although you probably smiled, you probably should frown
Because much like the truth
Love really hurts when it lets down

Love at first sight can speak any language
And disregards all costs and collateral damage
Without controls, it sets fire to souls
And as the flame grows
It threatens to burn bridges and consume all it knows
To the point there's no heat in between frosty throes
And some become, ya know, just a friend
And some begin to snipe, keeping each other on their toes
Because the hottest love has the coldest end

All's fair in love and war
And some might tell a different tale
One where a knight always comes to the rescue
And cooks, and cleans, and always says 'Bless you'
A real hero, always willing to rush you
Out of a blaze, but too honorable to f*** you!
And then some seek out what's not so high above
Real life is tough, so they want that thug love
But they don't think it through, and always without fail
They lockout the fact that thugs go to jail
Forget about date nights
Or weekends shopping for sails
Thugs don't do that s***!
Thugs go to jail!

So all's fair on this V-Day
And the 'V' does stand for Victory,
And not a verdict of vengeance
Or an alien form of penance
In case there was some mystery
Follow your desire, be you squire or pure liar
And may you win and keep rolling, until you just get tired
But if you cannot make it work and you always get fired
When you fight so hard to make your play
It ain't no thang
Just replay what the Queen say
'It's just another day around the way, hey!'

P.R. Prosper
Visions Pt1-Omega (Visions Lasting)

I can’t hear my pulse beating
My life is fleeting
I can’t feel my limbs twitching
Or my nose itching
I can’t believe I’m dying
While I’m here lying
Where in the hell is that flash?
Oh, a kitty cat

I can only look around
Insides feel warm now
Visions come I hoped to see
Before life leaves me
The many things I have done
Have amassed to none
The camera’s flash takes my pose
I see my eyes close

P.R. Prosper
I opened my eyes only to see
Destruction and horror in front of me
The searing hot wind forced me to squint
What waited ahead, I dare not think
Dark clouds up high were victims of death
The air smelled of nothing but rotting flesh
I must take this path to make my way home
Wading through blood and stepping on bones

I heard the screams and wails of dead
Bodies moved about without need of a head
A hand tore at my arms, then at my face
I looked in some glass, they were all ablaze
The burning was nothing I could describe
In one, two, or forty lifetimes
Terror and fear is all that was furnished
But I must press on out of this furnace

I felt hatred and anguish surround me
And greed and lust trying to bound me
I’m amazed that my heart kept beating
Through all the violent, deafening shrieking
There was an endless war that was raging
With no signs of stopping, no time for aging
As I left, my shadow gave me a pat
To put out the flames
And keep me from looking back

P.R. Prosper
Visions Pt3-Marooned (Visions Forsaken)

There was a warm gust from every angle
I felt like an unleashed angel
A path up ahead went neither up nor down
It made no difference, my souls were on clouds
Ran my fingers through the air before going too far
I stopped to gaze, more or less, and picked up some stars
Looked them over and gave them to the wind
But they stayed with me like next of kin
And my journey begins

There was no sign of sun, but plenty of light
No need of sleep, the night had the day off
There was nothing familiar but also no fright
No laws of the land and no grass to stay off
Everything at hand, no need for resilience
Worlds on my lashes, each blink was brilliance
I peered on down far into the blue
Imagination expressed in magnificent hues
And my journey continues

There was a flock of birds streaming above
Wherever I turned I could feel the love
A newborn to my right, raindrops of life trickled
And a figure to my left, in the field with its sickle
Devils and saints danced side by side
With pride but had no agenda to hide
Shook hands with my shadow when I thought I had traveled
The distance
But the journey had more to bedazzle

P.R. Prosper
Here I find myself arrived
I can’t be dead or alive
Not much to see or to hear
One breath is one thousand years
Memories have long since past
Of where I set my soul’s heart last
Faded prints and no sequel
I’m outside good and evil

Something off in the distance
Pulls me against my wishes
So slow I don’t seem to go
Anywhere fast but I know
And I have a strange sensation
Of a mortal’s contemplation
I feel myself getting light
And everything is so very bright

P.R. Prosper
They manufactured a need for greed
That demanded speed when they made the dirt bleed
While the others fought for the bread they knead
They wanted to get rich at any and all costs
Buy now and sell the futures, they would all be the boss
On private planes with private tutors
And legal suitors they courted with lavish
Donations and gifts then they openly ravished
The buffet and banquet, but they were still famished

They built a house of cards and set it on quick sand
And congratulated each other for the innovation
There was an ace on the roof 'Wow! That's sick, man!'
And a joker greeted them with the invocation
'You can throw all the sticks and the stones at this home
But by the grace of god, it's bulletproof'
They were all that mattered, no sense in hiding it
'Live now, die later'
They could do anything with paper
There was no sense in denying it
Everything would last forever

Mountains of scrap pile up and scrape skies
Fountains collapse while rivers and lakes dry
Well, at least leer jets still have a place to rest
Their tired wings with the rest of the best
Iron birds that once soared from the east to the west
In an area that's seen from near and from far
Their rust gleams in the sun in their own private nest
That's a grave to machines, aka a junkyard

The bright future they wanted to secure for their heirs
Is draped by a fog that's smothered in smog
And no one alive can breathe the air
Without a filter to keep out the toxins
The heat is so bad, people must stay boxed in
Their humble abodes which are riddled with holes
Or they head underground and live with the moles
Checks written before the debts of today
Killed the king and the queen, no cards left to play
Only bombs that make the Earth flat once more
As nations gun down one another's front doors
And desperation fuels the Resource Un-Wars

In this life there is no rewind, so think of the future in what you leave behind

P.R. Prosper
When U Drink Ur Booze

When u drink ur booze
N u drink it slow
N reach for the doorknob
N miss the whole do’
Ur not drunk, u just been drinkin

When u drink ur booze
N u drink it red
N reach for the pillow
N miss the whole bed
Ur not drunk, u just been drinkin

When u drink ur booze
N u drink it fast
N reach behind u
N can’t touch your own ass
Ur not drunk, ur wasted

P.R. Prosper
White Collar

You shouldn’t do the crime if you can’t do the time
Unless you’re in a light that’s a bright green lime
Then the more that it shines
The more the law is left behind
And Justice raises the blinds
And looks more to your side
Lawyers slick and you slide
While you lie and deny
How you’re a victim in this mess
An innocent standing by
Look concerned maybe cry
And avoid a felony
Spend four months maybe five
Without a single luxury

Do your best to look stressed when you’re placed on house arrest
Rest your head on your bed
Knowing well you robbed the nest
And made off with the chest like silicone and saline
You could get away with murder
Write it off as a daydream
Your fans will always say please
“Can I have your signature? ”
There’s no hero like you
Anywhere through all of literature
Daring to do it again
Pockets open, stuff and go
Buy yourself a great defense
You’ve got more bills than buffalo

P.R. Prosper
Why We Fight Pt 1 (Lock And Load)

You’ve walked out the garden and watched your hands go
From picking up berries to picking up ammo
The same sticks and twigs that build up your village
Fight off the conquers and plunders and pillage
-Stones and sticks and sticks and stones
Gather them up to protect your home
And when needed use them on some bones
Lay them all down to outline your zone
Raise them and burn them on your throne
Monsters can’t outrun the sticks and stones-
Sharpen your spears to take down your dinner
You and the beast can’t both be the winner
It’s about time you got out of this slump
Load up your brains to outsmart the hunt

P.R. Prosper
Why We Fight Pt 2 (Reload!)

We got catapults—to erase your faults
Take our years of built fears and smash ’em all on the walls
Shoot ’em one! Shoot ’em two! Poison knives in your shoe
Shoot ’em three! Shoot ’em free! Till there’s nothing to shoot
Reload!

Get the lead out and head out to meet with the man
Hiding down south with his head in the sand
Iron clan jousting to hear the crowd roar
Shoot ’em three! Shoot ’em four! Go for more!
Reload!

How much more destruction does anyone need?
More than too much, until your blood bleeds
Break in the hulls of the skulls with the hammer
Tear down the halls with the balls from the cannon
We got swords for warlords who don’t like machetes
’47 Kalashnikov standing guard at the ready

Steady with that axe Eugene whenever you roll but
Boredom can transform a bear to a donut
Tis the season for hunting, marathons for gun runners
100 cals from 100 barrels on the new Hummers
Break open the atom and you just cannot fathom
Mushrooms bigger than anything that John could imagine

Ancient proclamations just a few days in the making
Needs little motivation for this new world domination
Strike the steel curtain through heated deliberation
And burn down the stage with ice cold proliferation

We’ve got pigs in the water and they’re aching to be slaughtered
Kahn is stomping on and his tactics never falter
Trigger happy button mashing missiles fly across the sea
Submarine! Fire two! Fire three!
Reload!

Listen to the battle you can hear the nerves rattle
Get a taste for the ammo even if it’s just a dabble
Fire nukes! Fire two! And one more for the road!
Incoming! ! ! !
No more to reload

P.R. Prosper
Why We Fight Pt 3 (Sticks And Stones)

Now is the time for peace
We must take the awful lessons of the past
And see today as a new lease
For if man again walks that path
Surely he won’t last
We’ll help each other out of this dark hour
Strive toward tomorrow and one common goal
We are all equal and share equal power
Now let’s get our spears and find some food to go

P.R. Prosper
Wishlist Pt.3

I want
To see a smiling face
Among two groups of race
Poor nations keep pace
With leaders of the race
Keepers of the faith
To stop fighting over faith
Love to make haste
In its chase of hate
It’ll probably never happen before I’m gone
But my words will live on if you pass them along
And hear the message like you hear a gong
Whether you hit the courts or you hit a bong
No more kids’ bellies with hunger swollen
While politics spit game like Ryan Nolan
Iron foldin bright limestone huts
Lyin holdin ace high no luck
No bucks to help out all the needy
Free lunch to fatten up all the greedy
One more time for all the daft punks
You don’t get help if your wallet is shrunk
But most of all I must say I want peace
On Earth, in space, and in everyone’s lease

P.R. Prosper
You Are What You See If You Want To Be

In a symphony of harmony and muted voices  
Where what makes your life is a matter of opinion  
Where love conquers all and death has no dominion  
There are no answers only your choices

Some blame can be placed on disco mania  
Or the yuppies created from Reaganomics  
Crack taking folks higher than aeronautics  
And pop stars rhyming with schizophrenia

On front lawns dawns the day’s complications  
This is so common and thus is much proper  
Where you can make more cake than Betty Crocker  
Must not cheap with the conversations

You are what you see if you want to be  
 Legendary gallant or the infamous  
 Legendary valance of the incubus  
 There’s always 2 ways to travel 1 street

P.R. Prosper