

Poetry Series

**John Ackerman**  
**- poems -**

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# John Ackerman()

# 25 Years Of Poetic Work Of Mario William Vitale

(Manuscript of Poet Mario William Vitale)

From 1993-1997 - Attended State University in Connecticut, Attempted plays: Tartuffe, Miracle Of St. Anthony and Balm in Gieade, (His poetic aspirations had in 1989 from submitting his first poem entitled, 'Remembrance Of A Loved One' - (Sparrowgrass Poetry Forum) Next from 1989-1997 (Wrote primarily for and The International Library Of Poetry) , \* Received editors choice award in 1997 for poem, ' A Beacon Of Light ', (1998) Sent poetic manuscript to N.Y. Time Magazine and Chief Editor ' John Hyland'. Back with rave reviews! \* (From 1999-2008: Had adapted a real keen sense of style for writing poetry: (1999- Sent Editorial to: New Man Magazine for the Passion of Christ Movie; Sent followup letter to company with poetry platform information attached, \* 2000-2007: Magazine: (Catholic) Maries Rose Ferron Magazine submitted poem ' Beacon Of Light', which had excellent editorial reviews as the outset! 2008- Wrote poem entitled: (The Heavy Cross) to \* Achieved Poetry status of work of Excellence in writing from the Academy Of American Poetry in which still having received rank and status as a member of Academy; \* (The Connecticut Poetry Society)\* Short story submitted entitled, 'China Dog Ray' submitted to Virginia WritersQuarterly, West Virginia, Also having member status on their board of Poetry.\*

(Attribute Poetry to an ever increasing love of God and his unconditional love that he has for us in return, Thankfulness toward family and friends.(To our past ancestors who fought to uphold freedom that far too many of us take for granted? One needs a pure heart that's fixed on truth, This is in order to withstand the true great test of time! Life is way too short, Press toward the goal or mark of our high calling that is in Christ Jesus The Lord! ~My contemporary artists include that of ellan Bryant Voight, Kay Ryan and Carl all three are Participants in the Academy Of American Poetry.\* Having been a member since 2006, My work reflects the likes of past poets such as , Hawthorne and Edgar Allen of my work reflects with the values of religious beliefs intact, (In my personal view it is essential in demonstrating a real heart of creative passion! The reader I believe will benefit by my artistic style of development in a very positive light.)To further the need for poetry to become more main stream,

Mario Vitale was born in Bristol, Ct Has developed a skill for writing poetry in the free verse form. has been featured on , & Poetry soup. Vitale lives with his elderly mother Ann Soulier in Wolcott, Ct. Currently has written well over 1,000

poems & 2 short story's toward credit platform.

Vitale has taken the poetic world by storm being featured on Google, Yahoo & MSN. Looks up to contemporaries in the poetry industry such as John Ashbery & Major Jackson.

Has been a favorite featured poet reader at Barnes & Noble in Waterbury, Ct. Also featured on such sites as Poetry soup, Writer's café & Neo Poet.

Mario William Vitale  
1 Winfield Drive  
Wolcott, ct 06716

A Beacon Of Light

Written by: Mario Vitale

A beacon of light to a much hurting world in need!

Can't help but to claim..,

Some sense of identity,

Strength and encouragement only come from above!

Amidst in the distance, the trapped seagull..,

Lieth frightened but still yet adrift!

In a most vengeful fashion striking the passing fish,

A true source of hope,

Yet a most triumphal beam!

This beacon of light shineth forth,

Passerby's can err' escape the helping hand..,

To the most sparkling of radiance!

(2)Thanksgiving Dinner by Mario Vitale  
Home for the holiday from New Orleans,  
with Mother and Father at the tiny  
drop leaf, brown rosewood, mahogany  
table with the gold, grinning claw feet;

Father, choleric- red-in the-face, short-  
sleeved white shirt and cane, says the blessing  
as Mother brings in the turkey and cranberry.  
Then Mother asks, "Won't you have more?" and father:  
"Do you think Moll Flanders was a whore?"  
(I have suffered and bleached my hair blond.)  
I am silent before their replies.  
Mother sighs. "I can scarce speak to her."  
And Father, too, quotes Shakespeare. (I am thin  
as paper and the rose- colored bowl  
of blown glass sitting on the silver stand,  
half- filled with water.)  
"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
to have a thankless daughter"

(3)

#### Song of Spring

Today I heard a robin sing  
heralding the coming spring  
A song of exultation to the sky  
an ode to earth's awakening

I saw a willow on the hill  
It's branches greening in the sun  
and all the earth seemed hushed & still  
sleeping streams began to run

I heard a softly rising breeze  
whispering through the grass  
singing through the still bare trees  
waiting winter's chill to pass

I saw the sun, so bright and warm  
warming the earth after the rain  
the buds and leaves, no frost to harm  
at least, at last, it's spring again.

(4)

#### The Ancients

It's my last day with the old giants  
In mourning I hike the lost trails,  
sniffing the aroma of the bark,  
that cinnamon of the forest  
Under tepees of wood  
in a membrane of shadows,  
I stalk the earth, its mammal traces,  
its elusive tracks,  
to sit on a fallen log  
where spiders macramé,  
moss sloping to my knees  
unaware of invisibles within,  
grubbing in their tunnels  
A lizard taps my foot,  
responding, I muse to its touch,  
my thoughts like Indian visions,  
And when daylight mushrooms into night,  
and an owl hoots from cedar,  
I still sit with a lizard on my shoe  
Huddled with the ancients of the woods

(5)

Epiphany

Written by: Mario Vitale

It clings to the cliffed shore,  
to the wintered face of the thistle path,  
to the fingers of the old man's glove  
as he waves his memory homeward

In that breath between come and go  
she moves up from the bay;  
gold turns her stride,  
the line of her dress,  
the soft sea pulling at her feet

When he reaches out  
and the frail birds fly  
and the sun and the sky  
have married deep into the sea, it clings

Even as his shadow threads retreat,  
it clings, even now as it dissolves to mist

(6)

A Return Home, Only Time Will Tell

Written by: Mario Vitale

Oh blessed hope!

Both hardly a believable dream,  
Sweltering heat with bloodshed in the street...  
Send the troops home!  
There is no clear reason for them to roam..,

These are desolate times!  
For we have chosen ill faded rhymes..,  
The casualties are enormous?  
For a stated cause that clearly atrocious..,

A mother's cry as the door chime rings,  
A vanishing salute to freedom as the church choir sings!  
Let us look above to all the heavenly love..,  
Merciful one, take this chip off my shoulder..,

Stop the senseless fighting before our dear nation grows a bit colder,  
Suddenly, seeds were dropped out of a farmers bag,  
In time roots spring up fresh out of the fertile soil...  
As the sun heats up,

Time will tell when this harvest will soon boil...  
In the vast game of life,  
One's time is so very brief!  
The soul yearns for its' heavenly relief..,

Share with others who may want to turn over a brand new leaf..,

Time will tell of the true importance of helping one another,  
To never give into the finish line..,  
Nor harsh criticism that our society puts out!  
Like a famous fighter in his final bout!

Time will tell of the return home,  
To the open arms of a loved one!

(7)

A Valiant Knight

Written by: Mario Vitale

A Valiant Knight

Death springs a new day basking in the breeze  
In solemn moments lets pause to think of a place  
A far off castle in the mountains away from it all  
A valiant knight lived in the structure of it's dwelling  
Those days of old where mere men had a noble demise  
A beautiful maiden was in waiting for her knight  
He would often fight for the cause of strength and dignity  
The draw bridge where the castle stood had a very unique aura  
A mystery of sort sought up in the vast array of crowned nobility

For the king on his throne was humble yet greedy  
Always would take care of himself caring nothing for the needy  
A valiant knight was concerned about the kings trust  
Often they would disagree on who it was to serve  
A joker came in front of the king one day with a magic wand  
Waving the wand in the air then there floated ivy everywhere  
For the court jester was a fool in the making of his legacy  
The maiden would often come forth and see

For she treasured a red rose that was plucked sometime before  
Cherished the calling of her stature to the glory of the throne  
A valiant knight would often sing sweet songs in the night  
Had a following of village people that would sit before his feet  
Having a way of words that he would often share  
The castle was filled with dragons and warlocks searching for love  
A cause to be brave amidst uncertainty of the kingdom  
The legacy of golden capulets filled ardent vestibules  
Let us toast to the valiant knight who keeps a watch on all that is good

(8)

Hampton Beach

The smell of fresh fry doe  
Time had elapsed playing at the casino  
Fresh lobster with a side order of fries  
Those spacious wonderful sky's  
Down at the shell the continental were playing  
A walk by the lady of a statue in waiting  
Flip flops and the sound of laughter  
A playground for kids in the middle  
The boardwalk with seagulls flocking over head  
Fire works in the midnight air with a cheer

(9)

God's World

It is raining again.  
Summer will be over before it ever gets here  
Thunder rolls far away, drops  
hit the windshield, the sky turns gray

The Sunflower, the blue  
Delpinium, the white  
Stinkwood drink the moisture  
greedily. The green and silver

leaves of the Aspens sparkle as the rain hits them, and the  
wind turns them round and round  
The creek flows on, oblivious to  
the change in the weather.

A break in the clouds allows a bit of sun to hit the side of a  
towering mountain  
Three cows slowly wend their way homeward. It is dusk.  
The gray clouds lift and the sun bursts through,

before sliding behind the hills for the night  
It is God's World. He gives it to us to enjoy and to share with each other

(10)

## Jake's House

There was a man whose name was Jake  
Who had a house upon the lake  
Every morning he would wake  
And for breakfast have a piece of cake

He had a private fishing hole;  
He always used a long cane pole  
He fried his fish on red hot coal  
And served it in a great big bowl

For a pet, he had a cat

(11)

## In The Zone

Written by: Mario Vitale

## In The Zone

whispers...

through the dark deranged portals you evoke fear  
filled with angelic fervor on it's textual base  
yet we dig much deep then ever before

cries in the dark will light the spark of what we need to know  
still we stand idle as the average novice introduces its spell  
along again then the sadness evokes a newer feeling  
dwindling through the vain extraction of the never world

we visually see a flash then a new day approaches  
on the lawn two lovers having passionate sex  
the screams of vile extreme explodes throughout  
perhaps this is the place where Nero tread

yet again I sit alone in my house now huddled in the corner  
the twilight sun has tainted my inner vision  
the howls of Satanic laughter gives a piercing shriek through  
a candle was lit by the edge of my bed

One can remain lax in the quietness of the moment  
yet again the setting of the sun

a new day has begun as we embark on the moment  
Does death hurt you the most or is it fear

You can equate logic through a firm grasp of the hand  
whispers again...  
then a faint cry,  
we construct living pyramids to honor the dead

A stroke of luck an the impulse ensues  
onto so much more but for what  
are we grasping for straws what are we searching for?  
quietness again this time I'm in the zone

as if zombie creatures with viscous long fangs that bite  
dripping blood off side we run away to hide  
no one questions anymore no one has a voice  
alone one last time yet feelings of grandeur awake

to the message of hope that spills from the sky  
a challenge to be free is a question of time  
eyes with spots digging holes in a pool of blood  
Satan laughing again spreads his wings

Suddenly I awake but to what?

(12)

An End Of The Age Of Innocence Part III  
Written by: Mario Vitale  
In our fast paced twentieth century world..,

We oft' have neglected to stop to smell the roses,  
Oft' we used to bow our heads silently to pray,  
As we reflect back to the sixties is had launched a pad to rebellion!  
With a vast amount of liberal bias and thinking,

No wonder why our nation is sinking..,

Sinking amidst a cuss pool of mere morality..,  
For now it is a quite different time,  
A very unique but different type of day..,

An end of the age of innocence,

One hath been enlightened..,

From seeking truth,  
Some fresh out of a garbage can..,  
Yet for Gods' sake,  
He hath such an amazing plan!

Hence, to shun the broad road,

Yet to seek to venture in the narrow..,  
Such as a distant bird in flight!  
You might see this creature venture out at night?  
Of the Eagle nor the Sparrow..,

It used to mean something to have a sense of common courteous..,  
To hold open the door for your neighbor?  
Yet for the time being we relent and waiver..,  
Would you prefer another taste of a certain ice cream flavor?

To ponder we must be content with who we are in the inside..,

Nor, a mere fancy suit or blazing sport's car,  
Life is a roller coaster..,  
In what you do while busy making other plans..,  
Finding solace among the height of nature.,

Such to think at what is quite simple,  
As a young child reflects on his or her poster board,  
Playing with their magic crayons..,  
For in eternity it is such a very long time!

Take heed in what you do,

Now is the expectant hour!  
What will one choose to do?  
There can be no place nor need for any compromise,  
Within it's vast perpetual spectrum!

One just can't put a price tag on a genuine but unique heart!

Hence, with honest integrity..,  
The time for change is today!

(13)

He Was There

by Mario William Vitale

From the inner silence of the lamb he was there  
In welcoming to the world to share  
Within the multiple of words the mouth speaks  
As a heart beats through the passage of time  
To every poem that was ever written  
To every burden ever lifted  
To rivers crossing where people living  
Sometimes loving other moments giving  
In storms that were outside brewing  
What is the significance of this love  
In painted pictures from above  
To every soldier in a battle  
To every cow amidst the cattle  
Not a second glance at any real romance  
A field of dreams throughout our head  
From both fire and ice will make you think twice  
Perhaps another chance at a roll of the dice  
When every kingdom comes thy will be done  
Shadows in the shining morn if there's a rose it bears a thorn,  
He was there in every circumstance  
When they tried to throw stones at her  
He was there drawing a line with his finger in the sand  
It is my hope that some day all will understand  
A glance at the past will tell us of our future  
Amidst the inner pain & uncertainty  
Through shadows in a field of dreams  
In moments of solace amidst the pain  
A light moved out upon the street outside  
A day that wasn't meant to be  
Thorn crown was pulled upon his head  
Those shouts of intense anger from the mob  
There was only one who would help him back on his feet,  
A light that brought only a few to greet  
Let us not run away & hide

Each one of our sins was placed on that cross  
To lose the battle now would end in tragic loss  
Father please forgive them for they know not what they do  
He said the prayer now the rest is up to you  
That cross that broke a sinful world apart  
With his blood-soaked crown with spear in side  
To show the whole world he had nothing to hide  
The summoned cry brought about healing in the sky  
Watch the free angelic dove fly!

(14)

Momma Of Pearls  
by Mario William Vitale

Since there's nothing I could find  
That was worth giving you,  
I sat down to think a while  
And write a line or two  
If I had a magic wand  
I'd wave it just for you,  
And give you anything you'd like  
No matter how many or few  
If I could give you back the years  
You so willingly gave to me  
I'm sure that you spend them over again  
The same as they used to be  
Remember when those days and nights  
Instead of going to the fair  
I'd always say tell me again  
The story of the three little bears  
I tried to get a strawberry pie  
But they were out of season  
Then I thought of gold or pearls  
But knew there was no reason  
Although you are so often quiet  
There's one thing we can say,  
You will always be our momma of pearls  
forever and a day...  
So here's your gift; my sweet momma

My heart; my soul; my love,  
My gift to you this Christmas day  
Came strictly from above

(15)

Easement

by Mario William Vitale

I watched from the porch of the old nursing home  
Their games and informal plays,  
And reveled in memories conjured up  
Of my happy childhood days  
It was the touch of her warm little hand  
As she held the rose out to me,  
That reminded me of my own child's touch  
Caressing me tenderly  
I longed to smooth the tangled curls,  
To hold her close to me,  
To tuck fairy kisses in her palm  
For our mutual ecstasy  
But she was off like a fleeting fawn  
To join her friends in play  
And I fervently hoped she would return  
With a sweet smelling clover bouquet  
The little girl came on another day,  
Bringing cookies she had made  
Of sand and water and raspberry caps,  
We ate them-unafraid!  
She was back again with comb and brush  
To tame her windblown hair;  
When she leaned on my lap with her story book  
I was content in my answered prayer

(16)

The Promise

by Mario William Vitale

We promised to love- until death do us part

Now you're leaving- you're breaking my heart,  
You found someone else- you love more than me-  
Now it's over- you're setting me free  
You promised me-there could never be  
Anyone- you could love more than me,  
Now you tell me- that you love him  
And my love- you could never share  
You promised me- our love would last forever  
That we would always be together,  
Now it's over- just memories remain  
What once was happiness-now is pain

(17)

Time

by Mario William Vitale

Time is one of a series of recurring instance, or repeat action  
As time goes on, the birth of a child in time you hope that the life of a child...  
would have the time to develop  
Time to walk, time to talk  
Time to gain, time to lose  
Time to cry, time to laugh  
As time tick, tocks away, we go on  
hoping that the next second will be  
the most exciting experience that time can bring  
but we know that time can bring sorrow  
to make you feel time will never end  
the moment of pain  
Wondering will I have more time  
time is out of our hand  
as time goes on  
Time is here, time is now  
Time is up  
Time is running out. It's time!

(18)

The Motorcycle Gang

Written by: Mario Vitale  
The Motorcycle Gang

A venue was set  
Folks came from miles around  
Just to hear the music & get down  
The band was wailing on their guitar  
A solo was underway  
The brews were flowing  
Suddenly the leader of the pack rolled in  
It was the captain along with his faithful regime  
All those Harley's on a free spirit scene  
The smell of pot was everywhere what a blur  
It was all sex, drugs & rock and roll  
The gang circled around  
A white flag was flown  
There was a specific truce to part  
They were running with the wolf pack  
Feelings that there never coming back  
Grab a lady and take her for a swing  
They all carried a piece  
Such rebels on the burning strip  
A life on a pleasurable trip  
A soul based on fun out on the run  
No faith based all run on sight  
No laboring for the legal tender  
For that is there right  
Give the finger to the fuzz  
Leather pants with eyes in a trance  
Eyes filled with tombstones in their head  
Some have said it's the walking dead  
A rap sheet that runs a mile long  
Take it to the limit is there favorite song  
A free will with a free bird spirit intact  
They were all legends in there own right  
There the sons of thunder rolling clowns in life's big circus

(19)

A Gothic Revival Quest  
Written by: Mario Vitale  
A Gothic Revival Quest

Pillars in light fashionable decorum sets the standard  
Those high rise structures with heavenly interior  
The holy oblation lead to the ultimate construction  
In matters of trust we can maintain a humane aura  
A heart that devised the good of humanities stake & claim  
An old lady named Grier used to live in it's dwelling  
A structure well kept yet needs a fix up with the plumbing  
Grier used to frequent her yard with it's barbed wire fence  
Tragedy had claimed her late husband's life that left her alone  
She carries on with a smile in her lone desolation  
A mere place for rest like a long awaited vacation  
With sincere love in her heart she would often sing  
Letting in the sunshine inside her brilliant dwelling  
A noted poet herself used to write to her hearts content  
The fashion of her study was filled with perfume & appeal  
Stacks of books lined the way the went to her parlor  
She made music in her head as she was getting ready to sleep  
A sincere whisper of gratitude would always be nestled at her feet  
For Grier was living smooth to the natural eye  
Sought back the pain from within with a simple sigh  
She dedicates her home to the loving hands of almighty God  
Enough to give her courage amidst a darkened cloud  
Silently awaits the true love to come through the door  
A beacon of light to a much hurting world in need  
Soft lace now decorates the rug with plush moderation  
A sip of tea will bring forth a new year's resolution  
She has gained yet also has lost humanities heaviest cost  
With four walls of gothic revival in her unique quest

(20)

In Times Of Uncertainty  
Written by: Mario Vitale  
In Times OF Uncertainty

We live for self amidst the greed  
In timeless thought provoked take heed  
Swift viable remorse on record  
In times of uncertainty  
Don't trust something you don't understand  
Through a heavy edge prone in trust

With a temperament in a midas touch  
From a word spoken in the dark  
Has now come to the fullest of light  
In given moments of happiness to endless fright  
Forget the night!

With no given since of remorse nor shoulder to cry;

Among the evil creatures at night will fly  
The times of uncertainty suddenly go by  
Although we at times wander as in a nomadic tribe  
Yet we will persist through the pain to thank God I'm alive!

Since all the fools sail away  
It pays to take pride in homage gain  
To humbly bow the knee to pray  
Then with these promises we chose to fade away  
From the things we shared in promises  
The times of uncertainty away in dire need  
While the world outside having viscous fangs that bleed  
Dripping blood off side to hide;  
We really have no reason to run away & hide

The times of uncertainty & want

Marked on a blotted page intact  
When the whole world outside is in a rage!  
Giving each other a heart attack!

(21)

Woods and Trees

Written by: Mario Vitale

In late Spring when heros scream

A source of sophistication from faint misery  
Inside the thwart hidden silence of the pivotal solace of my mind  
With mind blowing excursion toward the legally blind inside  
Woods in growing habitation & silence

Woods in distant pathways derived from a slight bite in solace

After a warm fire woods will then stand tall amidst uncertainty

Is is where one could often sport for game  
Hunters in woods will drive you totally insane in brain  
In extreme situations the wood can be an untimely climatic disaster to fathom

## Woods

In significant direct correlation through storms in danger arms wide opened  
Woods can create a swift barrier of thoughtful change,  
A romantic encounter by which the lover shall stray  
Is there any other mental nor mere philisophical way

Nature lies dormant amidst its beckoning call  
With a swift viable pulse derived after the fall  
Transformed by silence of thought provoked listening elm & pine  
Created in enriched diplomacy from God by his great design

God again speaks through me from the sound of a wolf intact

He completes his journey through stregnth by which to resist  
Woods

We scenic scope in vast briars taunt  
In vegetation swine with sukken asps which haunt

Vanquished moss covered up in grey filtered steam

An approaching visible light to follow a dream  
A captivated look into the woods  
Engulfed in moss green briars torn asunder  
Trees fallen in decorated colors

In the dead of Winter leaves tumble to the ground

With mice and men walking alone  
On a crooked path filled with rocks & twigs  
Such as a bushel filled with acorns & figs  
Within desolation there crys a fever pitch  
Trees in silence  
Trees in a ditch  
Silence in thought provoking beckoning call  
A combersom message that negates a stall  
With a figure of speech twisted in a dream turned nightmare  
Why should we even bother or for that matter really care

Trees in a Bob Ross brightened country portrait sway feel  
Trees can define sullen wounds that sometime bind  
Make good use of your time within sullen asps which chime  
Throughout its darkened portal without having restraint  
Trees can exhibit a dire need to express  
With just a little love and a whole lot of tenderness  
Meditation through barbed wire fences filled up in tears  
Absorbed in concrete fenders filled in elaborate decorum cheers  
Switching full gears from sullen tears to that of darkened fears.

(22)Fire and Rain

Written by: Mario Vitale

Blood soaked drops of resin dew

Into sweat found nothing new  
Shadows prance yet something sticks like glue  
In battered soil proclaims a dedication  
Amancipation

The thrill will seek through both fire & explain  
Let me further explain:  
One in twain yet marked on its blotted page yet clearly intact  
The pain of refusal of sod amidst its wooden axe

In flowers ardent resin twain provides a shade  
In temporal cure for pain amidst the flames  
As tired as a wretched man I claim we stake to scene  
In soaked clothes of leaves soaked in debris

Within timeless cue of sympathy  
Shattered beneath the leaves the falling debris  
In fruition a braided skeleton etched in modern art

In reluctance toward the forbidden tree we get ripped apart

For she lit that inner spark to what it was I have been waiting for!

(23)

Give Me Shelter From The Storm

Written by: Mario Vitale

With faces in the window having storms in the night

You gave me promises they gave me pain

When will we ever live to understand this game

Give me shelter from the storm within cause we may never live again

In shattered dreams brought through its timely theme

Many are still wandering alone in the darkness of night

A plate of desire poured out with a creme sauce of desolation

At the mountain top the unique summit has a keen sense of view

Through ardent Spring lingers through a papal elect few

It's sought after portal of death as glue

Shutters through the spark at morn,

Some would even bother to curse the very day they were actually born;

A sought after portal which breathed in death

Yet still marked on its blotted page very much fully intact,

Working too hard can give anyone an instant heart attack

Smoke filled rooms filled up in fetters cry of full forced desolation;

In combersome threats the chief negotiator left,

A fields of dreams coming apart at the seams

A port in storm through emmense pain where through,

Give me shelter from the storm,

Amidst total sadness with stillness we soon learn to reflect

Just as in some twilight sun that has tainted my inner vision

Perhaps its in some one track mind that was fully set on some mission

The certain timely strain on the heart can light its inner spark;

Give me shelter from the storm amidst the sequence of outer pain,

In pain to harm the weary soul in which one can helplessly lose all control

Amidst viable dreams proned in an onslaught filled preminition

The sought after portal to death,

Yet still again marked on a blotted page fully intact

In timeless combersome threats toward their negotiable left

A field of dreams coming apart at its seams

Give me shelter from the storms of life amidst its inner strife  
Amidst sadness within stillness will learn to reflect;  
Just as in a twilight sun that has tainted my inner vision  
Perhaps its in a one track mind that's head out on a mission

That certain spark within a strain on a heart can light a timely spark

Give me shelter from its storm  
Very much haunted by an eclipse of the sun  
Through a quaint rehearsal in its timeless cue  
In distinguishing truth dismissed from its ultimate error

Many will escape into a quadratic motif through that of choice

A world filled still fixed in telling lies within its tormented souls  
Broken skulls with fragmentation of vile demise  
That quick fix challenge just not to have to deal with reality.

(24)

Aura

Written by: Mario Vitale

Shades of pine grafted in again resign  
Shattered pine in elm certain grove alone  
My meadow had a thorn certain credit  
The factual harm of its heartless swarm  
Featured within in the created design with pine  
Eyes sharpened as a willow in garb  
The tornado sequence has even the fog alone  
Again tempors fly like never before  
Blatant lies have come at no surprise  
In parts unknown an aura of repute to harm  
Sound the alarm in fetters arm  
Choirs of saints in regard to its beckoning drawn  
Empire strain inside my brain fragments of cure  
The surface of the sun has tainted my vision with harm  
Sound the alarm agiain my faithful friend by whom we can depend

Shattered glass on the parchment floor  
Aura  
An impulse deep in regards to the heart  
Shades of pine will line the volume of scattered pillows  
A willow in derision you made a final decision  
A thought provoking reason to believe in  
Shattered memory's in the moments of innocence with a plight of disbelief  
We have soon turned over a brand new leaf  
Timeless peaks in a swell shattered fragments from within  
A great design still sublime in its timeless parts the heart  
Aura  
Jim Morrison had it  
Janis Joplin couldn't stop it  
Jimi Hendrix sought this quick fix  
An unbelievable call being caught in the mix!

(25)

Angel

Written by: Mario Vitale

From a distance the sound of feathers  
A whole host of words often whispered  
As if you haven't already heard his saving message  
In bitter silence we slowly become unshackled  
From this lying bitter place of cold ego's  
Then angel spreads her wings out on windows peak  
She then keeps silent from inside her swell;  
At its cold whispers haunting to dwell  
Many keep to themselves not wanting to be alone  
Then a cold chill sends a rage down my spine tingling like off the vine  
In time the sun heats up out on waters edge divides  
Many a demon would so often run away & hide  
Angels totally surrenders out on its night scene  
A brandished web of forbidden design,  
For some the angel would lie in wait to deceive  
In triumphant sounds of musical majestic beings light the scene  
We our still here to help ignite its flame  
While the entire world outside lies helplessly insane  
Out on its playing field some have no game,

When our generation dies so does the other,  
The angel of darkness will seek to inhabit its light  
Shackled from a memory on a certain quest nor plight

John Ackerman

# A Beautiful Flower Display

a touch at the heart  
will light it's inner spark  
for what we are waiting for  
with faces in the window  
having storms in the night  
sporting long hanging viscous fangs that bite  
many choose to live by sight

claiming that's their right  
yet who are they anyways  
a beautiful flower display  
this is all I have to say  
yet don't delay  
wouldn't have it any other way

John Ackerman

# A Bitter Taste

Many have a hard time understanding  
They live for self and that of society  
They are the walking dead yet they don't even know it  
Eyes with blackened spots having holes  
Viscous fangs with blood dripping off the side  
You share with them the truth  
They choose to run away & hide  
Yet deep inside they may still question  
Why am i here?  
They can't even help you  
Cause they won't help themselves  
They are the scum of the land  
Much too afraid to stand among the son of man  
A bitter taste  
Do they want salt or sugar coated messages  
Positive reinforcement strengthens the heart  
Negativity kills it  
Each of us has been given a choice  
We must lend a helping hand with a voice  
All of us have been given a choice  
Now which pathway will you choose?

John Ackerman

# A Calling Of Angels

whispers..  
velvet vibrations taunt  
for what do we seek  
eyes, hands & wings

faint laughter  
pause to a slow pitched sound  
angelic creatures in there manifestation of movement  
closer then ever before

many evoke fear  
a cast of feathers drifting  
out of the parchment vest  
alone silenced to its call

will forever look for this event coming  
closer then ever before  
a slight of hand dwildling in mid air  
forever we shall be as one by heaven's throne

Jesus has these angelic beings with him  
out of love for his saints  
if we close are eyes we can only imagine its unique splendor  
fragments of imaginitive thought perish

to the reality of sweet sullen brevity  
in its unique timely orb  
these are there for protection from Satan  
a vivid dream turned to reality

sent down to us from heaven's door  
lest I implore another score  
with tempers of fire its a buring desire  
to never get caught in the mire

child like faith with dreams to escape call it faith

John Ackerman

# A Deeper Way

## A Deeper Way

When What You Believe Infiltrates Your Behavior The Process Builds The Foundation!

A challenge to be free is a question of time.

My soul permeates the very fabric of my existence

A beacon of light to a hurting world in need of love

look deeper again my sweet friend

therefore gain wisdom with all thy getting gain understanding

one has remained lax from what's spiritual

relying on the temporal

hiding behind the squeaky wheel

a vortex of a surreal memory in thought

one must first perceive it then to achieve it

columns of sand pillars wasting away

with a time well spent in thought

shadows block the view from a far

out of reliance to a master plan

does death hurt you the most or is it fear

we can become blinded by vice and facades

yet our heart is an opened door willing to be explored

all for so much more yet what?

for love is the very essence or fabric of my existence

never to join in it's resistance

out of every circumstance we can take part of the dance

there is a deeper way to reach heaven's door lest I implore another way

bow the knee to pray everyday

with what we do with are time today

will become evident then echoed throughout eternity

bask in the vast expanse between time & space

as if golden nuggets coming down from outer space

John Ackerman

# A Dreamer Of Dreams

Outside my door was a rainbow of color  
I'd never seen before,  
Then God saw fit to deliver you,  
right to my very door

He set the color of blue in your eyes  
through which I now see summer skies  
The color of pink upon your cheek  
that keeps me smiling through the week

The color of night on your downy head,  
which rests so quietly upon your bed  
Your skin is snowy white  
and shines translucent in the light

You are a true cherubic delight  
Your lip was formed from an angel's wing  
and when you laugh I hear them sing  
The colors in my life now have a special ring!

John Ackerman

# A Field Of Dreams

Soaring to new heights  
Tossing and turning into the night  
Be happy for what you have  
On the inside  
Many run away & hide  
I sought a peace today in a field of dreams  
A solemn vow to escape  
Any means...  
To soar to new heights  
Through wings in sorted flight  
Forget the night  
The day is far spent  
But we haven't made a dent  
This is the place where  
Dreams are made  
For a noble heart  
That is so very brave  
A place to relax & bask in  
The rich expanse of love  
Fashioned from the hand of god above.

John Ackerman

# A Heavy Cross

A light moved out upon the street outside  
A day that wasn't meant to meet & greet  
Thorn crown was placed upon his head  
The shouts of intense anger from the angry mob,  
There was only one who would help to get back on my feet,  
A light that brought only a few to greet,  
Let us not try to run away & pretend,  
Each one of our sins was placed on that cross,  
To lose the battle now would end in a tragic loss.  
Father, please forgive them for they know not what they may do.  
Jesus said the prayer, Now the rest is up to you,  
The cross that had divided a sinful world apart,  
With his blood soaked crown, With a spear in his side  
Only to show all the world he really had nothing to hide;  
This summoned cry brought about healing in the sky  
Set your eyes above Watch on the free angelic white dove fly!

His mother Mary watched throughout his deep anguish & turmoil  
Love has a visible name in his side was his vested gain  
Hearts would explode throughout the ordeal to hide away each memory  
Faded vision in the climax of the moment received by true believer's  
The structure was heavy that he had to tug along with madness in the air  
Frightful screams of the under world unleashed with demonic attacks  
Many dismiss this very hour nor moment caught in time  
He came to those helpless and blind  
Yet in his time he would shine beneath the grave he came awake  
The the fullest reality of our sins being forgiven this was his ultimate mission  
Let us never forget that moment that we met him & long for his over all

John Ackerman

# A Letter To Trump

A Letter To Trump

you don't know me & that's good  
is your choice of water Fijinow  
going to speak to you man to man  
Mr. Trump do you really understand  
when you took the oath of all that was planned  
did you ever think about me a lone poet man of society  
as you sit there in your ivory tower filled with power  
did it ever cross your mind that not everybody is doing fine  
sure there's no gas shortages anymore and no Studio 54  
yet what my inner heart beats for is a common courtesy call  
remember when you were young playing with the bat and ball  
some folks claim that your just a know it all  
but here am i sir giving you the benefit of the doubt while some people just bitch  
and pout  
sure you like Twitter and some of MTV but one one heart felt plea  
is that we all live out our days in sweet harmony  
while your working on that wall did you forget to give Pink Floyd a call  
I no save your money for your momma and try to forget about Obama  
but what are you promising us is it in God we trust  
crushed beneath the seams do you just seek out evil means  
that's the beauty of this country we can both agree to disagree

where does the working man now stand  
how shall we salute the flag all mad  
building bridges make sense of all of this as if life is one big test  
So Mr. Trump what you have up your sleeve are you going to help people in  
great need  
The world is watching and i'm not lying yet may have fish for frying  
so without further a dew some days you must not a single clue  
maybe going through the motions trying to figure out next of what to do  
can we meet together on some significant level  
these are questions i often ponder perhaps its some heavenly call from up yonder  
but we as Americans need to know the full story  
not taking any more pot shot from TMZ  
try if you will to get that big kid out of North Korea  
perhaps we should look to our past to tell us of our future  
now you hold the keys to my future so both polite and kind

for i'm just one lone beggar trying to tell another where to get some bread  
tonight before you lay your Trump head down let's learn from Rodney King,  
&quot;Can't we all just get along&quot;?  
take it from me its best to stay with the devil you know then to go with the devil  
you don't.  
perhaps you can't even cope when your having a fight with that soap on the  
rope.  
lastly from me to you what's knew?

John Ackerman

# A Lonely Man's Dream

A Lonely Man's Dream

I wish I could write a love song  
A song that would take away the pain  
A song about a very lonely man  
Too many times hurt and used for someone else's gain

A song that could renew some trust and faith  
To a heart one time too many broken and torn  
A song to fill the heart full of joy and happiness  
Replace all the bad memories, darkness and scorn

If only such a song could be written  
That could portray the true meaning of love  
So many difficult questions could be answered  
The sun would shine so much brighter above

Am I a fool, and all this just a dream  
To think a simple song could be the answer  
Nevertheless, I think I will continue to hope and sing  
Even if sometimes it comes out only in a whisper

John Ackerman

# A Master Plan

got capped in the back of my head

the ground was wet on that dreadful day

my brain swelled through its brazed main gait

swollen lips shooting bits

going get that thug that did this

now I'm in the hospital with wires in my brain

shooting up dope so I can cope with this swing

shadows block as I sit in isolation

dreaming of days on a long vacation

with the bullets flying out high in the street

Homeboy's selling crack not some meet & greet

got to stay positive cause I got hope in my heart

A vision of God while I was lying in the dark

this will light the inner spark to what I need to know

The Lord said to me a sinner never gives

the less that you give your a taker

he held my hand attached to his long cane

this illusion was mess nearly driving me insane

Said to stand tall & to trust that he was in control

lose the lame excuse to bump up the tempo

Showing me further a field of dreams

many people choosing to scream

getting lost in the sauce of compromise

can't you see the truth & turn from Satan's old lies

to my surprise I awoke to my family & friends

that dream gave me hope & a reason to depend

shadows block my vision from within again

I just remember that dream & think about the master plan

John Ackerman

# A Message Of A Cross

Tonight you maybe hurting perhaps your at a bar? No that someone cares about you deeply far more then you could ever imagine. You maybe sitting on the sidelines of life wondering what this life has in store for me? You weren't created to live in fear & isolation. No his love was such just to cause some of us to follow. You maybe thinking thoughts of suicide, addiction & vice. Well friends turn your hearts and lives over to the awaesome care of Jesus Christ. He died on a wooden cross over 2,000 years ago for all the world to see. He took the awful blow of the Roman soldiers cause he had you in mind. Your very heart & soul was and still is on his mind. Jesus Christ loves you and wants a relationship with you. One that will last for all eternity. If one individual hears this account it will make my life worth the living. To share the gospel of Jesus Christ to everyone will to hear & receive. Amen.

John Ackerman

# A Mystery From Within

baby's hair with a womans eyes  
can see right past you as I tantalize  
the mere notion of a whisper long to filter  
shadows block the vortex of her smile  
how you have fought so very hard & fierce  
my one truest love is gone from here  
a challenge to be free is a question of time  
my one solution is using my mind  
living on the edge and it's going to me head  
sitting up at night all alone in bed  
following the rainbow to the sky  
I see a crystalized vision of you pass me by

one hand to hold a heart will mend  
when will we ever live to understand  
faces, places & traces  
the glue that held inside my mind  
my heart permeates a reason for being  
perhaps its in the changing of the season  
without any viable reason  
you seek solace in your dream  
a barren hill with a running stream  
the conclaves of ivy briars connect along the edges  
with lucid dreams of hay coming apart on its display

mark the one willing to explore  
an explosion from deeper inside  
with illustrative figures with innate pictures ready to hold  
many will suffer in silence amidst the violence  
there is a part of me that I don't want anyone to see  
from deep within is but a mystery  
the vivid climax in the dream  
the utopian ruler with exploits of murder  
search ever deeper  
soon you will discover  
the vibrations upon a cosmic chatter of what we are after  
make me a fire blownup in its fullest of desire

in each of us we soon will discover

a deeper portion of thought brought on by a lover  
shelter lies dormant amidst its beckoning plough  
rich personifications of illustrative taste makes us meditate  
lines being drawn in the sand when will we ever live to understand  
the fields are warm for harvest as a ceremonial pardon  
in vexation we will humbly appeal towards a delegation  
others have blackened eyes filled up with stench  
there portion of being falls head long in a ditch  
some may equate logic for fear yet this time i shed no tear  
holding my head up high listening to life's sweet lulabye

John Ackerman

# A Mystery Unfolds

The tree of life is torn  
Between the darkness and the light  
Unable to conclude or choose  
Which is morally right

And in all the fury  
The tree of life is struck  
By a bolt of indecision  
And it withers to the ground

through the conclaves of sullen asps  
one could grasp a reason for being  
perhaps its in the changing of the season  
burn the candle at both ends

we shall discover it as the mystery unfolds

John Ackerman

# A Perfect Rose

A Perfect Rose

Early this morning I  
saw a rose. This  
rose stood alone. It  
was perfect in every way.

Its beauty and fragrance made me stay  
I knew this beauty  
could not last  
Although God made

this rose so perfect  
He made us in  
His image so our  
soul will last.

Of all the things  
God created we  
are the best.  
The smile we give

can last all day  
long  
A kind word can bring  
on a song.

Let's all pray to  
Jesus every day  
That close beside  
us He will stay

John Ackerman

# A Plate Of Glass

## A Plate Of Glass

hit a tender nerve  
as if you haven't heard  
what a disturbing word  
time is on our side by in time  
we all want to run away & hide  
from the notion of love  
springs from help from above  
tend to push things under the rug  
hearing voices with tender choices  
can't even cope with hope  
like having a fight with the soap on the rope  
yet I'm doing my thing in the evil swing  
nothing but a plate of glass  
right out on the patio  
the weaker you get inflates your ego

a song in silence  
a hymn in private  
words expressed words unheard  
life is but a contest  
it's filled with tests I must confess  
some are left behind an eight ball  
from that of a know it all  
but you will know when your number is up  
now at a good angle the plate glimmers in the light  
never give up on the fight

John Ackerman

# A Precious Gift

If our love was blind,  
I would find a way to see it  
If it was unable to speak,  
I would find a way to say it

And if it was unable to hear  
I would find a way to listen  
But our love isn't blind  
It sees from within our hearts, minds, and souls

Love is a very precious gift and to receive,  
but once it is lost,  
It can never be returned in the same way again  
Love can't be measured in size or strength

For it is what is within our heart  
And it can't be described in every way  
For we all love differently!

John Ackerman

# A Quintessence Of Verse

much of this world is dear to poet dreamers.

As crazy lovers of prosody listen in to the quintessence of verse,  
then a bright and dancing word verve must ignite the mental quixotic sea of  
dazzling swirling poem-birth.....

I recollect the impossible town of my birth and I idolise the veins of our dear and  
daring poem dead..,

May the eternal God come home soon because a sea of angels is now eating at  
my versing vamping poetic honey tree..

something inside of me also speaks of brevity  
we can make an elaborate chemistry  
as we struggle with the innate mystery  
of the way things should be  
golden nuggets of mere brilliance  
a human soul permeates through the path  
to touch the gazed eyes that drift and look away  
onto lucid dreams filled with hay

John Ackerman

# A Raindrop

A Raindrop

A raindrop is a tear that falls when angels cry  
Then it helps the trees and flowers to grow  
The raindrops are falling all over the place  
Cleaning the trees and helping the animals find their food

Most of all  
It is fun to walk in the rain with your loved one  
The angels may not be crying where you are  
They could be crying somewhere else in the world

A raindrop is like a breath of fresh air  
It's like when a little baby cries  
The rain is made of water  
That evaporates and forms cumulus clouds

When they come together  
They burst and form the rain  
We get it all over the world  
The little raindrop

John Ackerman

# A Return Of Elvis

let me make this clear as I shed a tear  
the king really died in the seventies  
but his memory still remains  
his blood still runs through are veins  
realize he was caught in a trap  
some may say he had a heart attack  
yet who are we to say upon this day  
he took us to the ghetto & streets unknown  
got his black belt in karate  
made many tender moments and memories with everyone who knew him...  
had a thing with Ann Margaret but you could forget that  
he had his eyes set on Lisa Marie with a soon baby  
But let just say if he was still around he would be eighty two  
would he have bitten off more then he could chew  
how many more records would he have made  
Elvis in the window  
Elvis in the theatre  
Elvis on the radio  
so many tender songs the king sang  
let us always remember his tenderness  
I must clearly confess  
Elvis was always on my mind  
what a talent in which he surely shined  
love me tender & blue suede shoes  
jail house rock a list that goes on & on  
we must all realize the king never really did died  
he lives on forever in all his faithful loyal fans  
until we meet again my friend until the end  
A return of Elvis Aaron Presley with much respect

John Ackerman

# A Scenic View

## A Scenic View

Let's just pretend you can take a trusted from on a road trip down by the sea  
as a beacon of light to a hurting friend in need  
we have created a magic circle drowned in the rain  
stop for lobsters maybe some baked crab we shall grab  
through the pier we can see the dare in the eye of theflight of the Albatross  
yet as the weather gets bad we are left drowned in the rain

got to get back in the car amidst the near window pane  
she blazed,  
she kindled  
out of the night  
like a white star  
We all boil at different degrees  
one can equate in hidden apathy  
Silently  
time passes  
The only life I have  
submits to its power  
some die looking for a hand do hold  
On the other side of the resistance is the flow  
the sounds of the nearby surf coming into the tide  
my soul permeates the inner feeling of solace

the earth has music for those who listen  
all the while I was a sinking vessel,  
No lifeboat  
No S.O.S  
Salted wounds  
to work until skin becomes bone white  
for I have seen the truth and it doesn't make sense  
golden nuggets of thought in viral personifications  
And in the end,  
we were all just  
humans,  
drunk on the idea  
that love,  
only love,

could heal  
our brokenness  
my very soul permeates a vision for being  
out in the changing of the season  
then for some matter my friend just left me without any reason

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then for some matter my friend just left me without any reason

John Ackerman

# A Vast Radiant Night

couples run naked then plunge into the vast sea  
laughter ensues...  
through the duration of the night  
a flock of birds with intense sounds  
In the distance the still silence then an old man appears  
gets into his boat and heads out to a light house  
there is quite a mystery to this man  
some say he is a ghost captured in time  
still he takes his time and fixes the light house  
On this particular night while fixing a shudder  
he fell of his ladder  
took a turn for the worse  
with a deadly blow...  
authorities got word that the old man was missing  
finally after a week they searched the light house  
there was blood every where but no body  
the old man turned into a zombie  
as the police were getting ready to leave  
something held tight to the officer's sleeve  
it was the zombie old man  
biting down on the officers' neck  
with long viscous fangs that bite dripping blood off side  
the other officer blew a hole with a shot gun in the zombies head  
shot him dead or so they thought  
ever since that day the light house was forbidden  
for the officer that was bitten  
he spread his infection to the village population  
they found no cure but dealt with the explosion of the zombies  
a vast radiant night  
it all meant to scare & fright

John Ackerman

# A Vision Of Beyond

love is the mere essence of my existence  
have my eyes fixed to what's ahead  
loved has gained it also has lost  
humanities heaviest of cost  
through the barren leaves  
seeketh self to please  
yet through it all  
I learned to focus on God  
beneath the earth's torn sod  
we need to realize a word to the wise  
left to are own devices  
there are viscous forces  
we need each other to point are way home  
scattered thoughts of emmense blackened pain  
there is a real pain I feel  
from way down deep inside  
pillars of destruction  
it's all a grand illusion  
leave all noise filled pollution  
this is my modest sollution  
a vision of beyond  
it's the same old song  
questions and concerns you all need to know  
pump up the beat and with the tempo  
showing me where I need to go

John Ackerman

# A Vortex To A Quill

shaped from the tiny fragmentation of the impulse in my mind  
blinded by the mere silence in its brigade of solemn tenderness  
alone I sit on a high hill visually seeing the passerbys visit then leave  
a quaint encounter to the vast duration of negate circumstances  
all of life is a test each of us is caught up in its fix you see  
out of sincere necessity one is willing in which to achieve  
the heavy garb of compromise is suddenly removed from there eyes  
does it come at any big enough surprise the closing of the door  
another window will appear this time very clear  
light & love

hands, eyes & feet  
shadows block the vortex in my magestic thoughts  
once again I'm on a raft near the shore I suddenly get tired falling into a sleep  
next I know I'm out in the middle of the sea away from know civilization  
life hits us hard when we least expect it to  
many have bitten off far more then they could ever chew  
sullen brevity  
the quill is a welcoming mat for all to enter  
a heart saturated with truth will withstand the truest test of time  
sublime

many times we have to come up for air  
a little folding of the hands and then  
hopefully you will understand  
yet a heart will not beat something it clearly can't  
the mere notion of love is not for the faint hearted  
love permeates a soul vested existence  
with columns of lavender torn in its vested mockery  
we now come suddenly to a close for I never felt like this before  
you were all I was living for

John Ackerman

# A Wanderer

through these spaces  
in search of hidden traces  
wouldn't you like to be  
inside of the life of a bumble bee  
what are we willing to achieve  
gone are the days getting caught in a haze  
your just like a mouse stuck in its maze  
yet we must be brave  
look at the wanderer  
wherever he lays his head is his bed  
a face of the walking dead

hitting the road  
alone in his head  
moments of solace  
amidst the inner violence  
traveling deeper then ever before  
lest I implore  
another opened door  
he travels alone  
he walks with a song  
can't everybody get along  
through visions of twilight  
in a variation to a dream  
always tracing memories  
through a scene  
living in a land so very mean

he then takes a sip of Jimmy Bean  
life for him as a wanderer  
waiting for a call up a yonder  
in his dream he's in a gas chamber  
falling apart at the seams  
love for him is exchanged for lust  
like an old car he sits and rusts  
sooner or later  
A stereo nor caper  
seeking for a reason for being  
in the changing of the season

merciful one come take this chip off my shoulder  
stop the madness before his heart grows colder  
may have to wait until he gets a little older  
put your head on his shoulder  
as our hearts grow fonder  
through the very eyes of a wanderer

John Ackerman

# After The Rain

she dreamed of simple things not beyond her means  
to frolic amidst the dust of tranquility  
a tug at her heart would light the inner spark of what she needed to know

She leaned upon her balcony, in the darkness,  
Folding her hands beneath her chin;  
And watched the lamps begin  
Here and there to pierce like eyes the darkness, -  
From windows, luminous rooms,  
And from the damp dark street  
Between the moving branches, and the leaves with rain still sweet.  
It was strange: the leaves thus seen,  
With the lamplight's cold bright glare thrown up among them, -  
The restless maple leaves,  
Twinkling their myriad shadows beneath the eaves, -  
Were lovelier, almost, than with sunlight on them,  
So bright they were with young translucent green;  
Were lovelier, almost, than with moonlight on them....  
And looking so wistfully across the city,  
With such a young, and wise, and infinite pity  
For the girl who had no lover  
To walk with her along a street like this,  
With slow steps in the rain, both aching for a kiss, -  
It seemed as if all evenings were the same,  
As if all evenings came  
With just such tragic peacefulness as this;  
With just such hint of loneliness or pain,  
The quiet after rain.  
her pulse was rushing as she looked towards nature's magnificence  
at last she made it through onto so much more

John Ackerman

# Agnus & Esther

Agnus & Esther

there once lived two witches alone in a barren home  
locked away from the outside world but still social  
the pair were their own best friends  
Each grew their hair very long

they had a cat named Bernice that would frequently drink  
Each had their own ritual to honor the dead  
What was going on inside their heads?  
On one such encounter really rare for the pair

A village photographer captured the true eerie essence of them  
Satanic demonstrations that would spill the girls around in mid air  
They were once friends with a nearby Warlock but he had died  
Agnus cried but it never seemed to bother Esther

They both live in a quaint village of Croate, Minnesota  
They exist to spread their faith as a true Wiccan sect  
They make their living by selling fruits & vegetables on their stand  
Neighbors think they are really whacked out & crazy

But the pair was never found to be lazy

John Ackerman

# All Fall Short

All Fall Short

To the serious seeker  
To the late night watcher of a double feature  
Each of us is responsible to a holy God  
We can either receive or reject  
I bet your sorry that we met  
But no one is perfect except for the Lord  
Many of us stumble at his word  
Yet it all comes down to what he did on the cross  
this was never meant to be a tragic loss  
Our flesh hates the things of God  
Wants to instead serve sin, self & Satan  
It's not a one time shopping event at your local seven eleven  
It's all based upon a cross  
Jesus Christ died 2, 000 years ago  
on the cross for all the world to see  
What was his prayer what was his final plea  
Father please forgive them for they know not what they do  
He said the prayer now the rest is up to you  
Just like after 911 we all need to come together  
Until you walk in another persons shoes you have no right to sing the blues...  
God is faithful to his call such as a boy with a bat and ball  
Hitting it across the street at the mall  
Sin is actions in which humans rebel against God  
Miss their true purpose for their lives  
Surrendering instead to the prince of the air more then God cause all their deeds  
were evil  
We all fall short of the glory of God  
Take some time out to smell the roses  
Everyday is a gift a new start to begin again  
Learn to take it one day at a time  
You can't find it in the clouds or even a sign  
Start to really love each other brother  
No one is perfect except for the Lord  
Even the best it bound to fall  
So you are seeking inspiration just look around you  
Heal the hurts & wounds that bind you  
Learn from each of your mistakes

Choose to keep your head up & walk by faith  
In time you will shine  
Stop worrying and bringing yourself down  
Don't ever wear your head down in a frown  
We all make mistakes in this great game of life  
Crisis maybe an opportunity to change  
Live your life the best way you can  
Look to the man who died for you with a plan  
Faces your fears with sweet angelic tears

John Ackerman

# All You Critics Suck

All You Critics Suck

excuse me what did you fart  
you always got something to bitch about  
nothing is every good enough for you  
you have bitten off far more then you could chew

still your not perfect son neither am I  
you got sweat so much where pigs do fly  
Critics suck I mean who are they  
I'll stay humble enough to bow the knee to pray

I believe that God is the ever constant amidst all your inconsistencies  
I'm holding my own with my hand on the phone  
theses Satanic demons choose to never leave me alone  
we are at war why you kicking it with a two bit whore

Critics can kiss my ass  
they ain't getting by on any free pass  
they come to kill, steal & destroy just like there homeboy Satan  
I'm choose to cook up something light by frying it in bacon

you best be leaving on a long awaited vacation  
they will never help you cause they can't even help themselves  
perhaps its best I put that book right there on the shelf  
there a spitting image of a Keebler elf

See bruh positive reinforcement is good for the heart  
Critics you know there jealous you see  
there the type of people that watch as you go pee  
nothing good about critics you see

I'll take my chances & make sweet history

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John Ackerman

# America

In all the world there's just one place  
Where people's lives are filled with grace  
Where a person's life is filled with trust,  
Where protection of their legal rights is a must  
And the people elect the rulers they trust

Justice and personal freedom are rare  
In a world where many leaders don't care  
About moral values and the people's welfare  
Where family life and a person's pride  
Are trampled underfoot if they don't abide

Here in our road trip across America, religions are respected and free  
To practice their beliefs just as they see  
And here in America, education for all  
is a goal that we've set, and though it hasn't been met,  
We're on our way, on this you can bet

We have a beautiful land, and we're fortunate indeed  
That our ancestors were smart and brave enough  
To seek freedom in a new land even though it was rough,  
And in many wars American soldiers have died  
To preserve this freedom that's our greatest pride.

John Ackerman

# Angelic Frolic

Angelic Frolic

Hope springs a new  
On a cloud in heaven  
Stand a heavenly angel  
With mere beauty of crystalized light  
Golden emblems encrusted their frame  
Sweet songs drifting to a very faint whisper  
Eyes, hands & face  
A real message sent down to earth  
To care for those lonely souls all alone  
There beauty is a surprise to encounter  
Slipping through locked doors to appear  
Many have shed a tear to numb the inner pain  
Causing accidents not to happen  
They appear in the form of brightened miracles  
We see them with a heart all a glow  
Come to the birth of a new born baby  
Come to servicemen who just joined the navy  
You will see them at a graveyard setting  
Even among gamblers who do there betting  
There all around us you see  
For all of life is but a mystery

John Ackerman

# Ann & Nan

Snapshot memories of are past  
having so much fun with the hope that it would last  
To my best friend Nan,  
a beacon of light to a hurting world in need of love

To the truest friend I ever had  
those memories by the stonewall  
Started playing together as friends  
She had blue eyes & long blonde hair

I had brown eyes and brown hair  
roller skating on the sidewalk with the attached rollers with a key  
Went down by the brook to catch poly wags  
we both went to the same school

Having sleep overs was a blast  
a secret passage to get to her father's soda shop  
Taking ice cream and delicious candy  
everything nice and dandy with Nancy

Yours was are youth to be captured with a precious smile  
Cape cod trips when Nan would drive  
going to a trip to Provincetown  
watching the folks dive for money

Big ships coming to dock  
the men would get the money in their mouths  
The island we used to go  
in a row boat along the beach

Looking for young boys and we found them  
went to dances at the Bristol Boys Club  
Doing the latest dance craze the Huck Buck  
Boys wearing pegged pants and girls wore skirts

To cherish those lasting memories of a time ago  
getting married  
Nan had three children  
Ann had six

To raise and cherish the family united in love  
Today we are in are eighties  
both with medical issues  
Yet remained best friend's after all these years

John Ackerman

# Arm Me With Harmony

Arm Me With Harmony

the sweat on my hand is a visible thing  
am I talking irrational as if philosophical  
why does one equate logic with fear  
I shed a tear to numb the pain  
sparks pertrude through my voice as if a flame  
yet deep inside I search for a reason why  
the streets are filled with fly bys  
everyone is getting a little bit high  
one word to the wise we are left with a stress test  
getting caught up in the mix with such an evil twist  
as we parted ways hold your head up high and be brave  
some people use reverse psychology yet in reality there just phony  
alone with their innocence some even give a shit getting caught up in the mix

put your thinking caps on cause I got this song of how we can all get along  
some freaks in the sheets are working on their beats  
rap isn't dead cause I got crazy beats flowing through my head  
hommie Luke Brice got capped in the back of his head now he's the walking dead  
working to hard can give you a heart attack we tend to over react  
sharp words in your tone you don't even need a megaphone  
just like the movie Home Alone we got guys like Pesci taking over  
under cover bosses spreading out upon the masses  
the fly in the air only on first classes  
yet what is the basis to the extreme aura I come to store a unique aura  
busy as a bee floating through the trees all of life is but a mystery

still I got something up my sleeve  
back in the hood where it's all good  
Ice Cube & Eazy E  
turning sadness to gladness falling back on that ass  
no one in this life gets by on a free pass  
like the underground sound you still want me around  
some friends flipping burgers and fries does it come at no big surprise taking  
heed to those lies...

Arm me with harmony for my face in lights with the good night fights  
music ain't the way it used to be Professors need to get another degree  
watch me now I'm going down so is the rest of this song

John Ackerman

# Atheists Aren't Nuts Just Lost

Atheists Aren't Nuts Just Lost

what can I say had my share of debates with them  
still they can't see the fullness of God's reality  
inside they hide beneath four walls that scream  
there philosophy sounds good like ice cream

yet who are they fooling beneath the grab of compromise  
can't they see through Satan's twisted lies?  
they believe in air yet can't see it  
so what can't they trust in the almighty

well it comes down to pride  
instead they choose to suffer in silence with napalm in hand  
Jesus Christ died over two thousand years ago today  
on a cross for all the world to see

what was his prayer what was his final plea  
father forgive them for they know not what they do  
he said the prayer so the rest is up to you  
Jesus went to the needy the outcast in our society

what was his branded philosophy?  
it was based on love from heaven up above  
like a white dove soaring ever higher in the sky  
look to the atheist and show him true love

if they want to debate just share the truth  
the truth that will set you free from Satan's reality  
ever since Adam & Eve ate the apple it started on a cycle  
just remember if your lost you can't see all the fullness of heaven's reality

I pray for my brother in need with the willingness to achieve  
no talk of death, despair or disease it should knock you to your knees  
God works in the most amazing ways never getting lost in a purple haze  
let's look above to the heavenly love

merciful one come take this chip off my shoulder  
stop the senseless fighting as our nation grows colder

when will we ever live to understand you can't keep sticking it to the man  
by taking the good Lord's name in vain it makes me insane

show the atheist love & be on your way this much I pray

John Ackerman

## Back By Force

living on the edge and it's going to my head

sitting up at night all alone in bed

Following the rainbow to the sky

I see a vision of you pass me by

Got breaks in my mind

to much heaven robbed me blind

came from the crafted elegance of his design

freaks in the street but there ringing the bell

one foot in heaven while the others in hell

now I got a great story to tell

you G in the hood looking for no good

caught up in harms way looking for a score

robs the nearest hommie down at the local store

yet looking for a better day a reason to retire

blown up in its fullest desire

got boogy in his socks way down to his toes

rolling a fat blunt smoking it down as the story goes

got music in my head yet I'm no Judge Dread

A hustler is a beggar looking for his latest score

shaking up with the latest whore while she screams more more

it's in the in tuned harmony to the hidden beasts menagerie

falling straight down & feeling the pain

not having that bitch in his arms is driving him insane

now I'm back by force in the Summer's game

Fat paycheck & I can't complain

just hit the tempo beat one last time

Got a rage in the cage on this one last line

man I'm feeling the heat but Satan robbed me blind

Still i'll look up as Tupac had shared

give props to my higher power cause I know he cared

John Ackerman

# Backyard Fences

you want to plan a murder?  
your mind is racing  
its the cause for religion  
in certain circles running

Light of illumination  
who gets the getaway car?  
running through loop holes  
in vested portals,

the glamour girl with big florescent eyes  
a vast mirage to the never world  
the whole host of togetherness  
yet we still barter for socks

a derision of a laundry basket filled  
toilet paper down to the final roll  
we clasp our hands then long to amuse  
outside we see the backyard fence

broken bottles line the vast expanse of its decorum  
the conclaves of caged barbaric remnants ensue  
what has become of the earth  
what has become of her pale sister

let us bask in the vast array of logical persuasion  
come to the inner realization that you are light  
a beacon of hope to a hurting world in search of love  
the varnished creatures are all in search of blood

taunting through the exploits all alone  
yet searching for a new way to discover  
its the in tuned harmony to the hidden beasts reality  
society has lost its way in the night

sounds of laughter once filtered through the air  
today we are left with a toast of sullen brevity  
time will tell when the water will boil  
a challenge to be free is a question of time

John Ackerman

# Barbed Wire

In caged fury  
Many belong in a padded cell  
Now I have a great story to tell  
There once was a mission from a prison  
For two guys named Amos & Andy  
In carpenter class they stole a file  
At night they worked on the tile  
Although many days have passed  
They still had every reason to grasp  
A reason to escape call it fate  
Then one day Andy broke the tile block free  
Off went Amos and Andy  
Crawling through the corridor  
The pair managed to find a door  
It was then they saw the lights of freedom  
Slipping over the barbed wire  
Amos cut his foot  
Dripping blood he managed to make it to a nearby stream  
There he washed his wound clean  
So they went on there journey free  
Later Andy got busted for selling whiskey  
As for Amos he lived a life of a king down in Mexico  
Andy never told the authorites where his friend would be  
Another fast break from the penitentiary

John Ackerman

# Bask In The Vast Expanse

learn to dance  
a chance at romance  
without a glance  
years ago let the truth be told  
got to put things in perspective  
some are very often left captive  
we all must know the truth for ourselves  
put that book right back on the shelf  
lift up your senses  
bask in the vast expanse  
may have to change my residence  
searching through loop holes we will get pot holes  
many years ago  
let the truth be told  
that's how I roll  
through the duration of time  
we have created a rhyme  
all must stand in line  
patience is a virtue  
therefore gain wisdom  
light & love  
rich words from above  
we each must never go under

John Ackerman

# Beach Retreat

Beach Retreat

As life's burdens collapse on my shoulders  
And reality knocks me off my feet  
I realize that time has again arrived  
to escape to my beach retreat

I feel the closest to my Lord possible  
as the golden sand envelops my toes  
Here I enjoy our sacred relationship  
as my spiritual faith in him grows

Witnessing waves breaking into a clear blue sky,  
Tell me, who could ask for more?  
What better place to relish God's work  
than sitting on the ocean's shore

I have yet to outgrow my beach retreat  
in spite the years that I grow older  
I'll always associate the beach as a refuge...  
A place where I can encounter the vast meaning of life

a place to lean on my Lord God's shoulders.

John Ackerman

# Begin The Begun

In the beginning of time  
We sought out a rhyme that would make things begin to shine  
Each of us has been given a real talent to discover  
We all must look within deep inside  
Love is a funny thing you know  
We all must be willing to show  
Teddy bears and a Easter smile  
Chocolate's and the distant call of the wild  
Summer dreams with rich tasting ice cream  
Yet it's the begin the begun  
A day out walking in the sun having fun  
Way back when you were a little child  
Making sand castles at the beach  
Trying to catch that frisbee so out of reach  
Soft kisses under the moonlight glow  
A chance to show how much you really care  
Life is made up with certain moments like these  
Set your mind of for a sail  
Knock you to your knees  
Snap shot memories of your past  
Having so much fun with a hope that it would last  
For love has begin the begun

The salt air at the beach  
Seagulls flock overhead  
Voices in my head  
Telling me to go to the fare  
It was there i shed a tear to numb the inner pain  
Not having her in my arms was driving me insane  
Carmel apples, fritters & the smell of fry doe  
Vendors cheering you on  
The band was playing your favorite song  
Take a chance at the raffle  
Sledge hammer game is my favorite  
Memories like these we want to savor it  
Then onto the climax with fire works  
A kiss on your boo boo cause you know it hurts  
We were all created for certain times like this

Forget about your problems its quite all right to dismiss  
Begin the begun is one drop in my bucket list

John Ackerman

## Below There's A Bucket

hidden below the deep dark extremities of the afterlife  
there is a bucket  
many choose to dismiss this but I must clearly confess  
it is put there for the many tears to flow  
just underneath the barbed wire existence  
hidden in the undertow  
a lost world where sin will go  
burning debris of sulfur from the serpent  
demonic emblems unleashed to create havoc  
underneath the false hidden garb of lies  
the bucket at times will change its colors from grey to black  
when its fully under attack  
the weeping, wailing & gnashing of teeth  
not a good way to go in its vast misery  
why does one equate logic with fear  
I shed a single tear to numb its inner pain  
the outside world is totally insane  
Below there's a bucket to catch fallen fears  
it holds the sullen brevity of what is of negativity  
in my vast dream I saw it turning  
while lost souls were suddenly burning  
to quench the desire for Satanic clamor  
shattered with lone disaster you must be prepared  
to meet in the great here after  
below there's a bucket full of dread  
what is going on inside are head  
falling angels in search of blood  
the vast expanse of a real gulf fix  
getting caught up in the mix  
with a pilgrims progress we are to tread  
this among the walking dead lying in bed  
a final tear was dropped inside the bucket  
the sounds of immense silence prone with violence  
it's not a good place to go to tell  
this place called the living hell

John Ackerman

# Big M.W.V. In The Place To Be

Drop it

huh, step one as a beginner I'm caught in the middle  
Goochie hand bag for my lady nothing shady  
getting cut in the middle playing second fiddle  
go slow down the outer banks of the river Styx in Hell

got this good story to tell

two is in creation just needing a break on a long vacation  
it's gravitational pull may bring some down  
still I'm the over weight lover under cover dropping lines all over town

three is just a number as I eat this fresh cucumber  
party people in the house living large & free  
dropping these dope rhymes living fancy see  
they say i'm too tucked away like a mystery

Rock to the rhyme that this rap is in reason  
look at my hook its the changing of the season  
Just because I'm white say I can't rap  
Don't pay attention to that homeboy crap

four is the door that flys open for my ego  
tempers on fire turn up my stereo  
got junk in my trunk going take my higher  
paid in full is filled with desire

Going to come out blasting like never before  
watch as the clock ticks while I'm out on the floor  
lastly keep me in check  
I bet your sorry that we met?

John Ackerman

# Biko The Woodsy Owl

Biko (The Woodsy Owl)

Biko came down from heaven  
brought a message from Jesus to impart

the sun comes up every morning in full view of the day  
one must be humble enough to bow the knee to pray

I'm a messenger from the most high God  
as a beacon of light to a hurting world in need of love

Harken onto me dear woodsmen in your strife  
I'll draw waters from heaven for you to quench your thirst

for I was here with the Timber Wolf basking in nature's sway  
fill my beak with fallen residue that fall from ivy dew

Come bask in the vast expanse between space & time  
we are all chosen for a purpose from a grand design

John Ackerman

# Bird Song

When I am gone, I leave to you  
the sunlight that sparkles on the lake  
the fresh green grass and the scent of lilacs.  
You may have all birdsong and a billion stars  
and a soft warm breeze to touch you in my stead.  
I leave you the seasons and their unending procession  
deep roots and swallows swooping in summer blue sky.  
White fluffy clouds and sunsets, you may have those too.  
Fresh green leaves, ancient woodlands and gnarled bark,  
the first crocus as it peeps through springs dark damp earth  
and every russet coloured leaf that swirls in autumn is yours.  
Ocean waves and soft sand, shells and driftwood, as much as you can carry.  
Every friendly dog you pass in the street, the wag of their tails is just for you.  
And when snow falls as it invariably will, its deep silence belong to you, just you.  
The sound of every bell, the tinkle of every windchime, all yours.  
Dappled sunlight dancing through deep shade is yours.  
Clifftop walks and soaring gulls, they too are yours.  
Filtered light and darkest night, all yours.  
Rustling leaves, humming bees, yours.  
Galloping horses and sleeping cats,  
pale pink roses, and all my love,  
are yours... all yours.

John Ackerman

# Blinded By Sight

Blinded By Sight

we make plans the break plans  
do we give up?  
it all depends upon the creature or the creator  
there are those drifting in a sea of the make believe  
lost in the sauce of compromise  
can't we see past those twisted lies  
they are blinded by sight  
you may claim that is your right  
still at the funeral parlor you will then discover  
there isn't a U haul that follows its procession  
you got me second guessing  
the opposite of faith is sight  
getting lost in the night  
with long hanging fangs that bite  
shadows block your squeaky wheel  
claiming its no bid deal  
getting stuck as second fiddle in the middle  
they can't help you cause they can't help themselves  
perhaps you want to put that book right back on the shelf  
so you exist as a vain Keebler elf  
Satan has blinded you from the real trip  
I equate it as being left on the raft near the shore  
all of a sudden the tide breaks out and your out in the ocean  
Satan brands his lies with a real dark brew of magic lotion  
then you realize how to I get here  
it was your choice to live by sight  
in the end who will be your friend the one whom you can depend

John Ackerman

# Blood Soaked Feeble Minded Mutants

the streets were covered with an illusion  
a vast amount of clothes we sent from the Orient in a box...  
puzzled look by some passerby's  
covered emblems with dashing brilliance

beneath the earth the creatures do dwell  
but I have a good story to tell  
the box came from the outer banks of Hell  
legend has it stored in columns of writings

there was a fir trapper in line for a new position...  
he was an important socialite & wanted to start a new conversation,  
over a period of time he showed his face

tiny eyes with a big head with a bullet hole inside...  
he was shot by accident from his uncle  
yet he survived the whole ordeal  
he brought up the story of the box

that night he fell into a deep sleep  
only to awake to feeble minded mutants running through his head...  
calling him further & wanting him dead  
he lay puzzled and dismissed the whole event,

later in the morning when he arose  
out the dead smack in the road was a mutant...  
the fir trapper drew nearer to look  
it grabbed a hold of his leg and bit him  
days would pass having no reason to grasp

the trapper fell really ill & turned into a zombie mutant...  
the streets got word & shot the man dead  
but that wasn't the end quite yet  
lest ye forget the box now in lock & chain

it suddenly opened and the streets were filled with these mutants once again  
no one had a cure for the were all doomed  
until the uncle from the late fir trapper appeared with a silver bullet able to kill  
mutants...

he loaded his gun and one by one they lay dead...  
what was going on inside his head  
but that was the end my friend

John Ackerman

# Blue Eyes Crying In The Wind

you got to be perfect in a non perfect world

out of clear simplistic style you know all the great while

we all must face a trial in this land so very mean

tossed and turned another page has been turned

the lonely cowboy out on the range with saddle

a brigade of dudes follow him but he don't care

blue eyes crying in the wind

in his solace he sees an innate vision something he's been wishing

the prairie is dark and desolate at time

he sips on his warm flask of whiskey

thunder comes from his hidden gait

make no mistake the fallen breeze whistles a storm

some would even curse the very day they were born

blue eyes crying in the wind

a good way in which to begin once again

he's not the sophisticated shoot them up type

nor is he ever looking for a fight

he gives way for cadence on his sun set brim

a time to refrain from his work

a pause to rest

John Ackerman

# Bro Work On Your Rhymes

Bro Work On Your Rhymes

old school new school that's how I roll  
hear the beat drop on the even tempo  
check it or forget we got a way to go  
let the beat drop on your incredible ego

fake people that say they can rap  
working creepy rhymes giving me a heart attack  
the streets are as the same as the hood  
got good in bad no matter what you do

have we bitten off more then we could chew  
my mind is playing tricks on me  
living in this land of make believe  
where people today are so very mean

eating lean cuisine trying to fit in with their fake standard  
as if you haven't already heard a disturbing word  
soup is on & you got the bowl for your own  
say there's clowns in circus nothing to disturb us

I know I got to work on my rhymes  
but I ain't perfect son  
perhaps I should use the back door and run  
far away from this place in certain trace

rap to stay on top of the game  
busting out beats driving me insane  
still got to clean your room  
have to be at home before noon

signs, signs, signs everywhere there's signs  
do this don't do that  
but we all fall short  
still I'm in the game even if there's a 9 to my head

pull then trigger then I'm dead  
rap is for those who want to stay in the game

keep your head up, smile & never complain

John Ackerman

# Broken Wings

Captivated by your sincere but sweet smile  
cause you knew all the while  
angels fly among us soaring with their wings  
the furtherance of swift monumental discovery amidst a rush  
a push toward sullen brevity amidst its calamity  
in certain circles we are warned to curse the very day we were born  
yet I lay here torn caught in the middle playing second fiddle  
life is a puzzles almost an innate riddle  
we seek solace in the heaven's above the sky  
soaring peaks drifting ever more across the sea  
there lies the mystery a cause to believe  
a bird with broken wings perched in the undertow  
exposed to the elements of disease with such a time like these

turn the lights down low and take a seat  
learn to laugh and smile  
hide away from the ignorance of the day  
where people are lost strangers from far away  
you know it never had to be this way  
ever since the fall the devil had his way leaving people out for prey  
come closer and lend me an ear  
try to shed a single tear to help numb the inner pain  
not having you in my arms is driving me insane  
on these broken wings we can learn to sing  
sweat from our glands will remind us to bring  
solace as that in a new born child  
when your out getting a little bit wild

Speak in your native tongue dear to our hearts  
then you will light the inner spark to what it is that we have been waiting for  
a vast radiant night with couples plunging into the surface of the deep  
light radiating an impulse to share matters of the heart searching for love  
broken wings are being tested as if grafted in again to explain the furtherance of  
love's light

John Ackerman

# Bust A Nut In A Rut

Bust A Nut In A Rut  
society is tripping  
they got new sport suits for the latest trend  
my mind is scrambling like ham in eggs  
Bust a nut in a rut some time before  
many are tripping out with a two bit whore  
people are people so why should it be  
you & I live together so awfully  
I want to scream but I got hoop dreams

Comb over Trump is president but he hasn't made a dent  
we got some screws loose in our brains  
not having the television clicker in hand is driving me insane  
it used to mean something to hold open a door  
but that was so 1974 it don't exist anymore  
we still got flower power but it takes place in the shower  
we honor the dead with mixed messages in our head  
these are desolate times  
yet we settle for ill but faded rhymes  
the casualties are enormous  
for a stated cause that's atrocious  
so I build this sanctuary in my mind & no I'm not blind  
you really suck the nation is going to hell but  
I still got a great story to tell  
a winner is still another loser that falls but gets up & gives it one last try..  
What is my last reply?  
we all need to grow & shut the hell up!

John Ackerman

# Camouflage

The things you don't do shine so bright  
Like flashlight in the middle of the night.  
The things you do well blend in like,  
Camouflage in the shadows of others light.

Your hard work is barely seen,  
Hiding your stress behind the scenes.  
Always confronted about the things  
That everyone sees.  
You barely hear a positive thing.  
At times it feels as if  
You're living out a bad dream.

Never though this feeling would last so long,  
Feels like a roller coaster going on and on.  
No stopping point nearby,  
So you stay in one place a cry.  
Missing a shoulder to lean on  
Wishing someone was there to lean on.

Blending in like camouflage  
And no one knows where to find you.  
People stare you straight in the face,  
Yet they don't see your face.

The things you don't do shine so bright  
Like flashlight in the middle of the night.  
The things you do well blend in like  
Camouflage in the shadows of others light.

Working hard in the dark,  
In the light you miss the mark.  
Like shooting blanks at a target  
Or grocery shopping with empty pockets.

It doesn't add up, when you actually try,  
No one's around to cheer you on.  
When you make a mistake,  
You can't catch a break.

When the pressures on you feel the heat  
This is your chance to really speak.

So ready to prove yourself, take a step of faith  
Every eye is on you standing in the spotlight.  
But then you make a mistake,  
And all eyes turn away;  
Laughing as everyone walks away.

The things you don't do shine so bright  
Like flashlight in the middle of the night.  
The things you do well blend in like,  
Camouflage in the shadows of others light.

John Ackerman

# Can You Hear Me

Can You Hear Me...

As the brown eyed lady approached the scene,  
she speaks no words, she has no grin  
She walks at a fast pace, at her workplace...  
She whispers in a soft, but troubled, voice, 'Can you hear me? '

She works hard, long hours  
She loves her work, but feels no power  
Again, that inner voice says, 'Can you hear me? Can you hear me? '  
She's often described in many words by how she looks and how

she feels...passive, crazy, lonely, stubborn, distant and depressed.  
Again the woman says 'yes' but with a soft deep inner voice,  
'Can you hear me? '  
After all the attention she was supposed to have sought,

Did you hear her? Did you hear her pain?  
The sadness, the hurt, the embarrassment, the shame  
She felt she needed to keep inside so deep, what flame?  
Did some one hear me! I did! For I'm your friend;

Jesus, I hear you!

John Ackerman

# Can't Stop The Flow

Can't Stop The Flow

this is a dope joint & I'll get to the point  
in certain circles we always regret the decisions we make  
making choices with no voices  
we got heads today that really want to stay in the game  
but who am I to blame  
your all down to the last cigarette in the box  
boogy down to the socks like the famed Scott Lerock  
just sit back & let me spin  
living in the land of mean with sin  
it's in the everyday decisions that we make call it fate  
surfing the net for your favorite porn you get blocked  
like a high tech car without the top  
long ago was Jenny on the block  
but she hasn't done anything lately  
Can't stop the flow  
from my head down to my toe  
bust out the tempo on the way you should go  
obedience helps us all grow  
we got streets filled with liars blown up with strange desires  
the earth isn't my home not a place to ever roam  
flirting faces spreading spaces look at the lines leaving them traces  
we are getting lazy nothing shady  
got beats to the rhyme the rhyme for a reason  
all my best friends are now in prison  
is it any wonder I got too much time on my hand  
you all understand you can keep sticking it to the man  
doing something over & over with no results  
better put that book right back on the shelf  
not since the Keebler Elf have we taken others higher  
blown up in its fullest of desire  
a hot wire burning for pleasure no matter what the weather  
old school new school that's how i rule  
stay in school & obey the golden rule  
tick tock & bang bang on the floor  
we want to give you more  
but of what you make me want to throw up  
face fell down in the gutter  
from your over weight lover from another mother type of brother

smooth tips to keep me wired keep it in the zone  
just like your watching Home alone  
got a bitter taste & that's just fine  
this is the end of my rhyme

John Ackerman

# Captain Kirk And Spock

I got this rap rock while the hoochie on my sock  
Drop

I got eyes to see & ears to here

I shed a single tear to help numb the inner pain

Goochie hand bag for my favorite lady

Got to keep it clean like Scoobie Doo

I bit off more then more then I could chew

Hook:

That's how I roll bust up the tempo

That's how I roll bust up the tempo

Eating his favorite fish is his dish

Smoking fat blunts with the stereo popping

Star Trek came to us in a fantasy land

A new episode every week

What's good my friend don't need to pretend

Think of the blues don't watch the news

Stretch forth your arm and point it to the door

Uncle Vince out back in the bar kicking it with a two bit whore

Crack is more then on your Ass

No one in this life gets by on a free pass

A cosmic collision of television

Gave me a sought off vision

Captain Kirk on the way to meet Spock I got this rap rock

Searching for the latest trend

While sticking it to the man with the plan

Yesterday we used to pray yet

Today you say it ought not be that way

We got space invaders around us every day

They don't make space shows like that anymore

Instead we got Trick Daddy who could be such a bore

Years that I hurt for something real

I know nothing is worth me coming back again

Rap is an explosion left deep inside

We run away and hide its not a glide

Like Snoop Lion we need to be flying onto so much more

John Ackerman

# Charles Manson

Charles Manson

darkness evokes the very fabric of his frame & gait  
a renegade for what he did to Sharon Tate

666

a following with Tex and the rest  
what was going on inside his head

the walking dead  
tried to blame it on a Beatles song  
yet can't you all get along  
at first you started out as peace then no relief  
to your restless eyes  
did it come at any big enough surprise  
you were blinded by Satan's lies  
Helter Skelter

you were first a song maker playing the guitar  
but you didn't go far  
falling apart at the seams  
evil twisted schemes  
you tried to run away from the pigs  
those guys with the blue hats that flap  
insanity lived inside of thee

yet you chose your drug of misery to set you free  
having your choice of women at your disposal  
until you got caught on that day  
now you locked away  
no chance at getting out  
now your free to bitch and pout  
all your life was a no good mystery  
cause you always have something up your sleeve  
now I heard you got married perhaps that's just fake news  
so long Charley as you sing your jail house blues.

John Ackerman

# Cheap Trick

Cheap Trick

blowing up pops in my socks  
we think a lot from the beauty that's within  
don't pretend you got magic in your potion  
go to the beach & wear your tanning lotion  
but I got the hook up gee in the land of glee  
getting cheap trick on my stick  
it's the magic wand that we are awful fond  
let the music move you in your mind  
rap isn't for pussy's like you they stick like glue  
old school new school that how I roll  
step the beat up & bust the tempo  
I'm still in control with this mic in my hand  
When will we ever live to understand  
it's a good philosophy to stay in school  
some brothers disagree saying not too cool  
yet they are phonies been tripping on their wires  
Cheap trick with Kid Quick taking the scene  
living in a land so very mean  
got Trump Comb over in his ivory tower  
homeboy just bust a nut & needs to take a shower  
but a spade is a spade & you ain't nothing better  
got junk in my trunk & it's headed for nasty weather  
loose lips sinks ships take some time to move those hips  
There is a hero within us all  
can't find them at seven eleven or even at the mall  
so keep your head up high and stand ten feet tall  
music is my melody to bring to the masses  
no one in this life gets by on any free passes

John Ackerman

# Chillin Like A Thug

Word

I gots this rap game locked

homeboy do think a lot

going up stream like a sperm

was late for you momma waiting on her perm

Bruh they don't make rap like they used to

Hook:

Got a bounce for the ounce and a baby in the oven

got laid from yo baby momma Uncle Pete's second cousin

you say you got rhyme but you can't rap

working to hard can give you a heart attack

So you look at this life as a court jester with kings & queens

a drawn out wizard that drank to much that he lost his liver

yeah you bet I can deliver

put the receiver on check and I'm still on the mic

living in a land so very mean peeps do scream

switch to yo next flavor of ice cream nothing green

yo momma's such a phoney said she know me

so she blew me in the shower tower of power

got screams of passion inside my brain

stereo blasting my favorite song

chillin as Rodney King can't we all just get along

old school new school how you do

homeboy bitten off more then he could chew

so I slay the lion with my sword so spread the word

as if you haven't heard

rap is not for the love level pussy

got junk in the trunk & my beats be busy

standing alone on my own two feet

once this life is done no chance at any repeat

see ya on the flip side squeeze going to knock you to ya knees

yeah my fantasy world is still in my dreams

Satan laughing spreads his wings

John Ackerman

# Chillin Like A Villain

Word

I gots this rap game locked

homeboy do think a lot

going up stream like a sperm

was late for you momma waiting on her perm

Bruh they don't make rap like they used to

Hook:

Got a bounce for the ounce and a baby in the oven

got laid from yo baby momma Uncle Pete's second cousin

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yeah my fantasy world is still in my dreams

Satan laughing spreads his wings

John Ackerman

# Chronic

Chronic

sip on my forty one foot on the floor  
one, two, three & to the flow  
drop this dope joint right  
from a young G's perspective  
I done need got caped cause my beeper kept beeing  
falling back on that ass  
no one gets by one a free pass  
got to get the people what they want  
sure this is a dope joint let me get to the point  
there's a weed that burns in Compton Height's  
turn out the lights and get your party freak on

smoking fat blunts in the back of the yard  
chilling with a spliff  
homeboy got the grill cooking hot dogs and hamburgs  
as if you haven't heard  
turn off the lights and close the doors  
playing spades with my forty on ice  
this will make you think twice  
another chance at which to roll the dice  
yesterday was such a simple games we used to play  
awe but then let's face it its a little bit easier today  
got the bounce to the ounce in the tower of power  
homeboy so drunk he needs to takes a shower  
why should we worry when the world is in such a hurry  
can't even think to dismiss this earthle bliss when there's a dozen of pots in my  
sink  
smoke the chroinc then sip on your favorite tonic

don't have to be perfect cause nobody is  
it will take you higher then ever before  
lest of course I implore another opened door  
got whacked in my knees some folks will disagree  
getting this rap game tight as busy as a bee

John Ackerman

# Coffee Talk

Coffee Talk

you don't have to say you love me...  
as a bug snuggled in a rug,  
aroma...basking in the aroma  
a time well spent in thought

put a pot on & wait  
smell the variation of a dream people scream  
a thought by which to ponder  
a heavenly call up a yonder

let's talk about the days we used to share  
thoughts of desire when we used to care  
put a little Cremora in my cup  
days we were lost in a purple haze

today we are just mice stuck in a maze  
look outside at the trees & feel the breeze  
this should knock you to your knees  
we are all busy as a bee

Coffee can fill your heart with glee  
a boyfriend with his girl hoping that she would marry thee  
love is the essence of our meager existence  
take me away to a land of make believe

Savor each taste filled with sullen brevity  
this can set you free  
the notion of a sip can lighten your wit  
to treasure a red rose that was plucked a time before

Snap shot memories of your past  
having so much fun with a hope that it would last  
memories can set you free

John Ackerman

# Cold Clap In The Dark

skeletal bones in the hidden residue  
to escape with its fashionable decorum  
hidden inside there is a map  
a scroll to tell us where is the buried treasure  
turn right on interpass twelve  
quick left passed the brook  
under an oak tree with a chain attached is the buried treasure  
one must endure the crazed wild dogs that desert the area  
we reached are destination and began to dig  
just a little bit further & we would find  
a box with the latch kept open  
to my surprise I realized it was filled with jewels or vast rich taste  
for I hurried to leave when  
a cold clap in the dark would light the inner spark of what it was I have been  
waiting for  
there was a stranger that drew nearer stating, ' I will tell you your future'.  
left to my own devices I made a choice to speak with this strange fellow  
Stating further, 'Tonight as you sleep on your pillow angels will deliver your  
jewels to God.'  
for I couldn't believe what I was hearing but kept starring  
then the stranger held my hand with the tender hope that I would understand  
through the duration of time I suddenly created a rhyme  
a challenge to be free is a question of time.  
Then the figure vanished out of mid air I proceeded to take the jewels with me.  
night fell & I began to fall into a deep sleep  
there in a dream the angel stated, 'You will sew what you reap'.  
yet they said not to fear to continue to keep the jewels without any tear.  
in the morning i would arise then proceed to cash in my investment with a  
vendor  
later to surrender to the fact that they were in the millions of dollars  
all my dreams have come true but have I bitten far more then I could ever chew  
I wondered what to do but then I realized what the angel in my dream had said  
suddenly I became the richest man in the land hopefully someday all will  
understand?

John Ackerman

# Collective Unconsciousness

## Collective Unconsciousness

yet there are voices with choices  
life can make you think  
through the notion of a sphere  
let's its member draw near  
for I shed a single tear to numb the inner pain  
yet still dig deeper then ever before  
a challenge to be free is a quest of time  
still we must all come together  
a shoulder to cry as your draw nearer  
no one thinks hard anymore no one has a voice

to walk along a journey of a path  
darkened columns of hue yet nothing new  
we have bitten off far more then we could ever chew  
running through circles its the totality of the human experience  
its in the history of humanity the ghosts  
not merely our own personal experiences  
It is distinguished from the personal unconscious, which is unique to each human being.

It has a better sense of the self ideal than the ego or conscious self has  
Scientists have made studies that we use a small portion of our brains  
lest I humbly refrain from the truth explained  
maybe its in some twisted ways getting caught in a purple haze

John Ackerman

# Come Along For The Ride

like to write a poem that gets people's attention  
lately Iv'e been feeling no one gives a shit about my intentions  
every day is a new episode to unfold we have been through this before  
before I dismiss this earthly bliss in a time well spent in thought  
Suckers want to end me while bitches want to friend me  
wev'e been here before along time ago  
heart to heart we light the spark to where we need to go  
but up the beat and increase the quick tempo  
sold out for service to me your acquaintance  
at every circumstance we learn to take part in the dance  
the streets aren't the same without me in the game its a crying shame  
gangs out in heated passion were moved in there digressions  
leaving fam second guessing still caught up in the mix  
living is a breeze for some where cash is king  
out in some evil scheme people are dreaming late night screaming  
Tupac sang of the passion it took free styling in his poetry  
while out living in a land of make believe  
having an imaginative tone watching old school movie of Home Alone  
we need to chill onto the next episode

the beat is strong when folks are getting along  
need to take things higher as in its purest of desire  
we all get stuch in the middle playing second fiddle  
waiting to have a bit of fun while our head is held up high  
drive by with a nine in your eye see ya on the flip side  
rap is still king we need to take part in the scene  
like sipping on Gin and juice in my caboose  
got a flipped out ride as a body kit you see the kid don't quit  
heavy in my arms your flirting with fire blown up in its fullest of desire  
come along for the ride we got no reason to hide  
bell botton blues was back in the 70's  
today we have an anything goes look  
yet it took a no it all president to make things evident  
crooked polticians that lie with a fly by in the eye  
suckers want to end me break up the economy then go running home to mommy  
you need to get things settled in a club  
instead of sweeping things under the rug  
a shout out to Eminem you know your my friend  
got peeps in the street that will tell you your a liar

Snoop making a comeback but he never really left  
Acon with Fetty Wap spinning on top  
old school famed Ice T is nice on cribs  
back of his house eating all them ribs  
need to make a booty call to get his party on  
Sweet Shakira nothing come near  
the likes of Beyounce with Jay Z some folks are just meant to be  
wine, dine & 69 when everything is so fine

John Ackerman

# Come Out And Be Heard

Poet to poetry hide me from society melt me in the fervor of sullen brevity!  
there are lines being drawn in the sand let the reader understand in the  
furtherance of the plan...

A challenge to be set free is a question of time use logical persuasion from  
behind

the clock on the wall has holes in the side with a sought grained polish of dust  
talk with me walk with me through the passage of time with a highway with cars  
without tires

the mere notion of intellectualism has taken a back seat toward compromise to  
its twisted lies...

no one has a voice anymore no one wants to be heard

Disturbed

corporate greed with fat cats with blue hats filter through the streets  
agruments ensue over yesterdays left over newspaper yet we tend to rattle the  
chain

society you don't have a part in me cause you lied to me

saying the claim I am what I do you have bitten off far more then you could  
every chew

you walk the New York mile taking the Hudson Ferry

hysteria

people get mad at me cause I'm in support of gay rights the fact that we should  
coexist

your going to have a fight with my fist if you don't resist yet you think I' m so  
one sided

take you back in a blast from the past 1975 watching the Donny & Marie show

waiting for my pops to make me those little pizzas in the oven

those good old days from the past having so much fun with a hope that it would  
last

today we are devided minds are plugged with evil destruction

everyone texts & no more need for family get togethers around the kitchen table

lock themselves inside their proverbial room waiting to seal their tomb

yet at one time we can climb together as a melting pot for the furtherance of  
love

buying your time there's a great ladder to climb until you reach heaven's door  
lest I implore

today we got Nas, Fetty & Snoop hitting the famed rap scene busting out dope  
joints.

got to kick it to the curb as if you have heard they cry for peace in the woods  
laying on the grass.

No one today gets by on any free pass we got bills to pay plans to be made  
we are the bold the blue and the brave letting are stars shine brightly in the  
midnight hour

its all a will or a quest for power perhaps you may need to take a cold shower  
Trump in his ivory tower that no it all president that's thinks he's getting  
something done

Yeah we heard Eminem's take on the whole rap scope of intellectualized  
mentality

but we as a nation have something far more up our sleeve as we quest for love  
burning bridges with soup kitchens way out of order holding your own with the  
foodstamps

we are all learning to take part in the dance

John Ackerman

# Conceive Believe Achieve

Conceive Believe Achieve

The arrow points the way to heaven up above  
It is part of God's gift this mission of love  
We all need a direction to go with our lives,  
There's no better way, there's no compromise

The first step is Jesus as he points the way  
It is by his example that we should live each day  
He died on the cross so that we can try harder,  
To learn of God's wisdom and to love one another

We next must believe with all of our heart,  
In God's ultimate goal and our important part  
He loves each one of us for what the bible says is true,  
But to love and believe in yourself is entirely up to you

As our love grows for what life has to bestow  
It should become quite evident what God wants us to know  
That the glory of loving others and caring for our fellow man  
Is to love almighty God and to carry out his supreme plan

These steps are all necessary for a life ever after  
So keep them in mind as you begin your next chapter  
We all will falter on our way to the top,  
But it's so very important to keep loving and to never stop.

John Ackerman

# Conformity

Conformity

Crouched in his cavern of coal  
The miner does time on his shift  
Black permeates body & soul  
As he digs out the energy drift

He can't lift his head to stand up  
The pay seam is less than a man  
His body conforms to the rock  
Solid boundaries limit his stand

So the judge with the law binding down  
And the priest with a precept to hold  
So the doctor with medicine bound  
And the bureaucrat cast in his mold

Have in common with men in the mine  
No way to stand up to full height  
Rock hard limits society finds...  
Ways to bend men...  
and keep them from light

John Ackerman

# Conscious Response Toward Love

we look inside to dig deeper than ever before  
a willingness by which to explore so much more  
love is all around us as if hope springs a new  
many have bitten off far more than they could ever chew  
solace is branded by ivy thorns on the impulse of love  
brevity is still deep inside of me when I have time alone  
to wait in the parlor for a sweet word of enjoyment  
the favorable response to its duration and plight  
forget the night and the day is far well spent  
as if gravity is still deep inside of me but I hide from thee  
quietness in a walk through the woods  
look at the Willow tree wave its tender branches  
in certain traces we get spaces in ordinary places  
conscious response to love  
to embark on a pivotal point of existence learn to shun its resistance  
out of every circumstance learn to take part in life's dance  
there are various trials to shape your character into being in the moment

love has united the masses with vested chances  
love is the union between man & wife  
love is in the moment as you gaze into its light  
many have departed from its sight giving up on the fight  
the human creature is vast in their intellect  
a great cause to wait upon such a love  
how you have fought so hard and fierce  
my truest love is gone from here  
a challenge to be free is a question of time  
my one solution is using my mind  
living on the edge and its going to my head  
sitting up at night all alone in bed  
following the rainbow to the sky  
I see a vision of you pass me by  
Our war were in is almost over  
It's so hard to believe I lost my lover

love has gained it also has lost humanities heaviest of cost  
yet still dig deep than ever before onto the duration of Agape love  
brotherly love to love in a praise of thanks to your fellow man  
let the reader understand everyone has love just have to tap into it

from that of space and time we shall shine  
the love of your neighbor greater than your self  
greater love has the man that lays down their life for a friend  
a love sought to depend upon day by day  
amidst the barren cliffs hero's glare  
through the soul in flight as it permeates matters of the heart  
In Autumn as the leaves turn each leaf is symbolic  
breathe deep

John Ackerman

# Cool Moe B

Cool Moe B

Back in the day we used to pray  
Others say it ought not be that way  
Snake pit, lion's den you need someone to be your friend  
Your a soldier in the army of God

Cool Moe B in the place to be  
Rocking them rhymes in the land of glee  
A city kid playing high on his grid  
Shook the bananas pole with a tea leaf

Downtown hoods shooting dope in the back alley  
Fixing with the switch homeboy got a nervous twitch  
A beacon of honor in his high vested swag  
Shooting pool in the patio needing a place to go

Smoking weed watch it bleed it will knock you to your knees  
Brillo pads for fenders is it any wonder  
The soldier in the middle playing second fiddle  
Take me back to those good old days getting lost in a purple haze

Hoops dreams watch the bitches scream  
Another dip of an ice cream flavor  
A stereo or capper me and Eric B with a nice full plate of fish  
Sorry that I missed burning this switch as we go free style

John Ackerman

# Corporate Greed & Vain Societal Infiltration

greed in your teeth the flick of a cigarette  
getting everything you want at the supermarket store  
she's on time again and then we pause to think  
can't even wink to dismiss this earthly bliss when there's a dozen of pots in our  
sink  
Trump takes a dump on society yet we hide from thee  
thought you like to know down by the river side we run away and hide  
apples and oranges  
the refrigerator is stocked up  
had too much to drink

sitting in the club listening to fools breaking all the rules  
your the tool of the government and industry to  
I open the door to an empty room that I forgot to go  
blood soaked zombies with viscous fangs that bite dripping blood off the side  
we hit the needle and the damage is done  
falling head long in a pool of mire filled with disgust and mire  
such as a funeral parlor taking a gun for hire  
quench our thirst for a little more I'll retire when i'm sixty four  
corporate greed with hookers on the mile high air  
no one seems to care nor shed a single tear  
we all bought into the lie that says, 'I am what I do'.  
having bitten off far more then we could ever chew

society is blinded by a source unseen nothing clean in its twisted evil scheme  
yet still dig deeper then ever before lest I implore another opened door  
not since the seventies with Studio 64 have we ever seen a scene toward a new  
swing  
falling head long into a break wall to a know it all president who is suckered into  
residence  
these are desolate times yet we have settled for ill but faded rhymes  
no one opens the door for their neighbor they expect preferential treatment  
businessman drink my wine come and smoke my herb  
but we can hold them on the line the place is out of this world  
they will steal from your neighbor to please theor fat cat with blue hats  
working today can give anyone an instant heart attack



# Couldn't Have Lived It Any Other Way

it was years ago let the truth ago  
when I first existed as a seed  
then i was formed into a baby yet just maybe  
I would see things in a sought after vision  
a nurse held me in her arms  
saying this child would grow to reach the masses  
soon after I would grow to become an altar boy what a joy  
then i was sixteen flipping burgers down at Mickey D's  
thinking all of life was just a mystery  
then I met my first girl putting my life in such a twirl  
in time I would shine as the prom king all the girls would scream  
then the leader of my play still thrills me until this day  
1989 wrote my first poem, "Remembrance of a loved one";  
cozy in the ride of a brand new Mustang  
then ran into a street thing took my breath away  
although those many years would pass  
still I had every good reason to grasp  
what true love really meant  
yet it was only lust in disguise  
was listening to the devils ill faded lies  
does all of this logic come at any big enough surprise  
took up acting in college learning with lots of knowledge  
then it leads up to today  
written over 2,000 poems & 3 short stories  
never was my name up there in lights but one day i just might  
be remembered for my poetry that is the only way I could face reality  
what was I will to achieve  
sweet victory as I take my next breath  
feelings that I touched many a heart along my stay  
every day willing to bow the head to pray  
yet I couldn't have lived it any other way

John Ackerman

# Crack A Bad Apple

nature lies dormant amidst its becking plough  
society is blind you see so I need poetry to face reality  
to digress in languished thoughts of muse  
life is a puzzle taking each piece to fit  
a carefree way to an honest flower bouquet  
each of us exists in one form or another  
one needs a shoulder to cry as time passes by  
moments shaped in the very fabric of thought  
you buy your five dollar chicken at Costco  
time heals wounds yet time waits for no man  
let the reader understand that God has an ultimate plan

Crack a bad apple as each episode unfolds going ever deeper then before  
there lies an opened door by which to humbly explore  
there is a direct correlation between that of heaven & hell  
yet I have a very good story to tell  
ivy briars twist and turn  
along the path of cobblestone alone in the night  
choose humble brevity better then living by sight  
Crack a bad apple if your able on the table  
use a heavy knife to get inside  
watch as the apple will peel  
many play a game in life of lets make a deal  
yet who are they anyways as I bow my head to pray

think of a rainbow with colors exposed  
vast illumination of colors which permeate from within  
sullen brevity in a quest to never leave  
in the end we shall all see what we had achieved

John Ackerman

# Creativity In Writing

Writing is a magical touch you get from deep down inside your heart.

It extends to all the known factors of your being.

Essentially everyone is gifted with one talent or another just need to tap into it.

It's a fabricated lie that scientist suggest that we use a small portion of our brains.

Yet as we drift further and further away from positivity we maybe in lack

Words can either heal or wound but its a constant up hill climb.

Talent that some people take for granted but as we extend a hand to help others create we will all be richer for it.

As if each of us is a branch attached to a tree we move and breath together.

It is my dear hope that my very soul permeates a lasting message toward the creative arts.

Remember if we all do our part we can lead each other to the true fountain of love.

Basking in the vast expanse of unconditional acceptance.

Write from your heart and you will make a world of difference.

Just some thoughts by which to ponder hope this helps.

John Ackerman

# Creep

Creep

filter through the inner mind  
where solace binds and reason is there  
for I hear inner voices in my head with choices  
the junkie on the street searches for his pay  
a noble church goer bows there head to pray  
there are marks of discovery in each of us  
yet I'm half the man I used to be  
falling by the road side scattered in my mind  
it's the fortaste of things to come  
a world undone  
the twilight sun has tainted my inner vision  
sought after fix the issues inside  
hide behind a false hidden garb of compromise  
twisted lies with no surprise  
a vision of crystal clear twilight  
tripping out in the forest  
green moss scattered by the features  
it is hard to hold on one more trip & I'll be gone

yet I'm not dead the forest has trees through the breeze  
a sorted cosmic debris of fallen emblems  
tuck back the vision down deep inside  
this forest has a stone carved pattern inside  
my heart permeates through the duration of reason  
words can be lost if not chosen right  
a black cat leads me to a pool of water where I quench my thirst  
look back at the vision in the water I see a face  
voices in my head its the walking dead  
yet I like it when they talk about love  
call it fate I call it a reason for being in the changing of the season

we run to and fro into the outer banks of the forest  
dead flowers all around with immense changes  
the cloven asps of suspicion you got to get away  
bones of skulls permeate the textual lining  
some say I think to much  
in are world in quite a rush

getting ready for the heavy push  
to take us over the edge  
the intense heat of fleeting passion  
the zombies of sex are at your door  
screaming of exhalted primitive choice  
living in caged fury so why should I wonder

John Ackerman

# Cynthia

Cynthia

When at night I close my eyes,  
to think all the days gone by,  
to feel again those passions past,  
and feeble joy that never lasts,

I'm always drawn to thoughts of you, my only love my Cynthia  
I think I found you in a dream,  
the night I pressed beyond the seam,  
where fantasy and reality meet

in summer mist so soft and sweet,  
But you were all I ever felt, my deepest love, my Cynthia  
But dreams just last within the night, when morning came,  
Her soul took flight

I awake to find Her never there  
She passes like the misty air  
To leave me longing and alone, my painful love,  
my Cynthia

Enigma love you swell the heart,  
to crush the same when lovers part  
But whether love and joy you bring  
or bitter pain and Death's cold sting

I plead you come to me again, my final love,  
My Cynthia

John Ackerman

# Dark Apocalyptic Mortification

## Dark Apocalyptic Mortification

the summoning of angels to the front  
briars of heavy moss blanket the exterior  
we are left shuttering next to death  
columns of blackened stench aroma personifies  
evil torment with ever increasing fire flaming into the abyss  
eyes with spots having holes  
viscous long hanging fangs that bite dripping blood off side  
you want to run away & hide but you can't  
death's sting left you here all alone  
Satan is here with flames of utter abolished poison in its asps  
just to dip my finger in a tiny bit of water to quench my thirst  
demonic dragons unleashed to the sonic pulse of radiating tremors  
maggot infested sanctuary turned to terror  
no escape of reality you are forever in its dark domain  
screaming of sinners being plunged into the fire of ravaged torments  
this was the place foretold by the prophets of old  
I wasn't ready but now I'm here to suffer  
first the strong blade of swords from demonic armor  
piercing shrieks of tormented prisoners  
those that believe the lie are here they thought they are what they do  
skulls of the damned line its border  
the scent of manure throughout the dominion  
can't even gasp for air or even shed a single tear  
caged in its barbaric torment over & over  
ever increasing vile flesh being stripped naked into the flames  
666  
A dungeon filled with demonic wardens bearing gift of torment  
Under the heavy expulsion of gross fragments of feces  
this is a dark deranged place a place no one should go  
I tried to bow my head to pray but it was too late  
it was my torn fate to be here forever alone  
cavity's of long horned creatures with sunken eyes  
ghouls of monstrous size digging into your flesh  
with unbelievable gnashing, weeping & wailing  
Jesus is not here, only this is the one we worshipped  
he was once an angel ready for the kingdom yet  
Satan let his pride get in the way

this is the one a blackened stench of death to behold  
eyes of sulfur blackened fragments of piercing fangs  
take me away hurry take me away I want to leave  
Welcome to Hell!

John Ackerman

# Dark Gothic Heart

Dark Gothic Heart

I look to the sea  
viral implications take me to the surf  
along the rocky ledge leads to an old abandoned house  
you hear the intense pounding of the waves outside  
a cobblestone walkway lines the entrance to the inclosure  
the limestone permeates the small structure  
a creaky door open to plants inside having moss  
an old woman perched in her rocking chair begins to speak  
'My name is Martha I'm the owner of this home & I will tell you your future,  
you have a dark gothic heart with a temper that is unmatched.'  
Suddenly a black cat thunders through the home with a screeching noise  
Martha continues, ' The devil lead you to this home in search of blood for  
tormented souls,  
you have been given a gift with an aura of sophistication'.  
At that the woman said nothing more but pointed at the door  
Outside in the back of her yard were skulls lining the main exterior  
I couldn't take it any more so I ran so fast to a nearby stream  
Looking into the water I then saw my mere reflection  
I was left to wonder what the old woman really meant  
a figure moved to help me gain my composure  
of that of a hunch back creature having viscous fangs that bite dripping blood off  
side  
Again I ran away to hide frightened  
At last a nearby meadow with a clearing sought me to venture further  
It was then I realized the true message of my gothic heart  
a cool breeze calmed my spirit & soul  
noting that love was the mere essence of my existence  
I sat alone & collected my thoughts

John Ackerman

# Dark Imprisoned Minds Of Hate

## Dark Imprisoned Minds Of Hate

today we are living in a world of hate  
its a text, tweet & snap chat society  
burning holes through there cell phone  
no one gathers together & break bread  
what is going on inside their head  
its the blind leading the blind  
soon to fall into a ditch  
everyone appears to have a nervous twitch  
following Satan into his pit  
no one gives a shit

bleeding hearted liberals that seek for self to please  
stop spreading your deadly disease  
one equates logic for fear  
sad times ahead for the walking dead  
corporate greet politicians have something up there sleeve  
no one prays anymore even go to church  
they take the word of God and twist it to suit their own lies  
does this come at any big enough surprise  
whats been done has certainly been done before  
Death row inmates in seclusion away from society yet still living in debauchery  
the innate mockery of socially wandering wizards  
they can't help you cause they can't even help themselves  
faces, traces & spaces  
gun shots in the streets speaking of abortion on demand  
when will they ever understand  
they keep sticking it to the man

a society that's blind from the truth of God  
they would be rather basking off the coast of Cape Cod  
thinkers, winkers & moaners  
grown ups who are controllers  
viscious long fangs that bite dripping blood off side  
darkened logic leading to death  
evil minds that plug destruction  
yet lines are being drawn in the sand  
people are starting to wake from their sleep

a new day has dawn  
it all comes down to choice  
we tend to sweep things under the rug  
as if the cart is in front of the horse  
then there's divorce in uprising of shootings in our school  
yet who are we to judge  
yet no one has a voice no one seems to care  
you got bread in the oven but you don't share  
you resist the gay & call them queer  
none the worse for wear

seek for better days in light of what you see within sullen brevity  
its quite a tragedy to leave behind a homily  
but people do what they please

John Ackerman

# Dark Magic

Dark Magic

Cremation

wand, crystal ball & hat  
you put a spell on those  
in search of blood disguised

lines being drawn in the sand  
when will we understand  
a presence of voodoo  
have we bitten off far more than we could chew

tarot cards

it's gravity brings some down  
viscous long hanging fangs that fright  
children lost in a sea of tranquility

eyes with tombstones in their head  
Satan laughing spreads his wings  
blackened stench  
heavy metal blaring

women with hot bikinis  
faces in the window storms in the night  
Gothic crosses  
the only way to go is down

newspaper, bat & diary  
they can see your future  
the twilight sun has tainted my inner vision  
those in search of lust in place of love

omen

black cats who cross the street

John Ackerman

# Dark Passages

Switch blade cross bones  
Skulls branded in a dark forbidden mast  
Asylums howl of the mentally insane  
Grafted in my brain once again  
Demonic emblems viscous fighting soldiers  
Once again off again romance with tarot cards  
Alone petrified evil cavity  
Out of immense silence there was gladness  
Fallen angels plagued with death  
Making a covet of blood quenched with desire  
Sexual conquest in the forbidden sea of lust  
Dark passages follow bellow  
immense heat of gross exploitation  
Branded ivy sphere in direct correlation  
Sulfur with eyes of intense pain  
Fetus scorched in fire  
Afflictions taunt the hidden sullen brevity  
This is what the prophets foretold  
The poets had feared out of mere speculation  
Swords drawn to silence the wayward heart  
Long corridors of immense filled silence  
A cause to fear to shed a tear  
Passages that would not let me go  
Yet I have the right in every fiber of my being to know

John Ackerman

# Day I Lit My Fart On Fire

Day I Lit My Fart On Fire

it was a cold bitter chill through the air  
darkened corridors,  
I was hunched over and decided to do the deed  
I took my lighter to the edge of my Ass

holding my hand to it for something to grasp  
lit the base of my bottom & let it rip baby  
Suddenly a volcanic eruption overflowed its every where  
then I shed a single tear to help numb the inner pain

the onlookers my friends must have thought I was insane  
yet I was merely trying to prove a point  
you can light anything on fire  
as it burns with thought or desire

news spread abroad all over town  
they must have thought I was some clown  
yet I am a true man after all  
for this was heaven sent a direct revelation my call

John Ackerman

# Death

Death

Death, thou was once an uncouth hideous thing,  
Nothing but bones,  
The sad effect of sadder grones,  
Thy mouth was open, but thou could not sing

For we considered thee as at some six  
Or ten years hence,  
After the loss of life and sense,  
Flesh being turned to dust, and bones to sticks

We looked on this side of thee, shooting short;  
Where we did find  
The shells of fledged souls left behind  
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort

But since our saviors death did put some blood  
Into thy face;  
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,  
Much in request, much sought for as a good

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,  
As at dooms day;  
When souls shall wear their new array,  
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust  
Half that we have  
Unto an honest faithful grave;  
Making our pillows either down, or dust.

John Ackerman

# Death Of Zoe March

it had started to rain on the night that she first decided  
to make her way onto a graveyard scene for it was none other but Halloween  
a black cat pranced passed her view she didn't know what to do  
so like a fool she took a risk going into a nearby crypt  
features were in her eyes as if a fake disguise  
wearing a black dress as if gothic apparel  
while inside she wept forgetting the things she missed  
suddely a knock came at the door lest it was a bore  
a hand was extended toward her back almost giving her a heart attack  
for it was the beloved care taker inspecting the situation  
before he left Zoe had confessed she needed to be alone in her solace  
for their she remained an an hour had passed  
this time a figure came toward her with piercing eyes and teeth  
grabbing her by the neck and soon she would forget  
after making a feast of the fare lady Zoe the figure had left  
blood masquerade every where she was no more  
police in the early morning were summoned to sort out the great mess  
left as if road kill her remains brought none the thrill

all the authories saw was a lone black cat walking back and forth  
nothing short of a homicide her fate was sealed  
grizzly allegations of a murderer for hire even blamed it on the care taker  
but many years latter we all read in the paper  
the creature in question was at it again with long hanging fangs that bite  
this time it wasn't in the night to fright but in the day  
a farmer went out to barrel some hay  
the creature went straight for his neck but the farmer said, 'What the heck'?  
put his pitch fork through the vain beings eyes and to his surprise the creature  
just died.  
Scientists inspected the evidence of the carcus and realized it wasn't from this  
world  
Zoe didn't die in vain she was just out living her life game

John Ackerman

# Deep

we could dismiss this earthly bliss in a time well spent in thought  
skull bones with viscous fangs that bite dripping blood off side  
eyes with spots having holes  
let's escape to a darkened world below  
fires of screams of the damned in Hell  
sorrowful tears flowing off peoples faces  
Satan in the center doing his bidding  
it gets a bit heavy when your feet can't stand steady  
molten rocks with blackened stench of fumes  
fire with blazing eyes that pierce your soul

weeping, wailing & gnashing of teeth  
the bowels of the unconscious yet very conscious  
piercing skulls with worms the smell of stench  
swirling circles of grey tubes in elusive form  
the darkened briars of sewage  
can't breath can't catch your breath  
rocks that explode before your face with demons that hook  
grab a hold of your flesh tightly with screams  
throbbing pulsating heavy beats of dire madness  
the explosion of black extremities on the impulse of your soul  
666  
charcoal urination on your face hands & wrist  
exploding into a dungeon of damned fervor  
your mind has erupted into ever increasing doom  
no escape no exit  
no chance at heaven for you are forever locked in Hell

John Ackerman

## Deep Pt. I

Life secretly offering fleeting moments of happiness...

but the underlying sadness creeps through; the grief of human condition always seeps through from the unconscious

. I always imagined it as the watery liquid separating from the unctuous and the solid matter of the brain as a pervading force that relentlessly pursued my happiness.

I am reminded often that this life offers no protracted security of contentment only taunting bits of joy

. Is that what we must satisfy ourselves with then?

We are to be grateful solely for the passing seconds of joy.

deep in the forest, a shot rang out at least I thought it did or someone wanted me to go to line one

In this life we are offered only an empire of dirt and the subconscious encumbered with the knowledge that we are merely destined become part of that empire

Dig Ever deeper then ever before to a vast explosion in the mind  
a surreal look at life through the lens of a thought provoking premise  
lines of discord pertrude through the common lens of brevity

This is no illusion, Time is never still. If you were blind before,  
What hope can the future bring now?

In this time of loneliness, There is nothing but segregation.

Nothing more than the existentialist, What hope can the future bring now?

Now that we stand guarded, What will the new dawn hold?

If eyes can pierce a beating heart, What hope can the future bring now?

In this time of bitterness, Of exceptional cruelty and hate.

Could not the wise ones say, What hope can the future bring now?

For scholar and learned man alike, Can spout truths, facts and figures. But  
amidst the pomp and spluttering,

What hope can the future bring now?

Rise then and be heard wistful, No one has our stance and holding.

We are comfort in a sick world, We are today, tomorrows little dream

John Ackerman

# Deeper Than Monet

A first glance the touch of the brush stroke  
The water lilies appeal to the senses abode  
Look deeper then ever before then you will see  
The source of his strength came from his impressionistic style  
A light lavender piece with flowers & beauty  
We shall cross the world over yet never discover  
A simple portrait with lines in vast formation  
The plot of a sunset glow next to a vast ocean  
We can look away yet miss the whole picture  
A new found mystery in it's heightened text exposed  
The flow of the brush on a canvas with style  
Learned to laugh in some of his work  
Flirting with fire in other elementary discovery's  
Hence the vast opened door by which to explore  
At the age of 86 he still held onto his humble abode  
The vast colors exposed to light through the canvas scene  
In lightened imaginery visions he has counted the passion  
It stuck inside him as tight like glue through ardent treasures  
Vast amounts of pilgrims flocked to view his craft  
Some sadness filled his eyes yet with an inviting big surprise  
A challenge to be free is a question of time  
Every painting that Monet created had an aura of deep mystery to it  
Long lines were being formed in it's vast formation  
There is a classical look inside through pillars of what was said  
A unique beauty exposed to the sequence of time  
Looked deeper in the soul of art to break the chain of silence

John Ackerman

# Deliverance

Deliverance

Survival

Alone in the darkness  
predator-prey  
no decisions-instincts

intuition independence

Trees won't help you fight the wind  
their leaves will not battle the sun for you,  
nor will you help them

Revenge is sweet

but not to be shared

An eye for an eye-a tooth for a tooth  
but trees and streams have neither eyes nor teeth

There is no mercy in nature, she has no guilt-no conscience,  
there is only one side of her story  
There is no limitation here  
the trees stand tall with courage

and the streams are quick with confidence  
Nature does not run from you  
nor does she run at you  
She can only stand waiting for the battle

John Ackerman

# Desire

We allowed the lies of our lives to expire, when we used to dance around fires, while the heat of our bodies perspired to the gods without names that we lived to be desired by, that we saw from the rocks and the trees to the birds in the sky, and even though this once bitter soul might try, to figure out the deepest questions, the ultimate, 'why? ' He's left to walk alone, in a world that's let its heart die, because we gave into the greed, and negated a need, from every drop of blood that we bleed, to the words of our fathers we didn't heed, so we can beg while we plead, in the dirt, on our knees, breaking pottery, and scraping bone, the only grievance we've ever known, the gnashing of teeth, from the torture we've shown, to those less than worthy for the fortune we've claimed as our own, this destruction we left on the shoulders of our descendants, their discomfort prevalent from the weight of our pendants, that we parade around as we hear a cascade in sound, that cries from the heavens, 'We're broken, please mend us! '. But we neglected the ones who defend us, the ones who turn every trend against us, because our hearts are shallower, and we give in to the devourer, when we should have found a love, and with selflessness empower her, with our mouths, and hearts shower her, with all the grace and emotion, that could prevent a commotion, if only we could for the sake of our devotion, give up the notion that we are owed something, because we crowned ourselves queen and king, though to the table we've nothing to bring, instead with jubilation our hearts should sing, until the bells in every temple, church, and house of our gods ring.

John Ackerman

# Destination Excellence

Destination Excellence

deep inside of me there's a part of me I don't show to people  
hence the opened door to a far off place with a certain traces  
destiny is in my veins let me be the first to explain  
as a young child I would dream of far off places with kings and queens  
filter through my mind getting caught up in a bind but we must stand in line  
variety is deep inside of me in my world of make believe  
yet what are you most willing to achieve  
with barbed wire fences & faces in trances  
we must dig more futher then ever before  
as the ceiling drops to a cold world in turmoil  
taking to long to watch the water boil

they say excess is best but I must clearly confess to give it a rest  
still today I dream my dreams away to frolic in its brigade  
sullen brevity  
deep inside of me  
society hides from thee  
a hope to a willingness to achieve  
getting knocked down on my knees  
I push reason aside & watch things glide  
the glue to hold a heart to mend the hand to hold  
now you will do what you are told until the very rights to you are sold  
maybe already gone but I push things a side getting ready to hide  
destination excellence I must confess we choose our dream  
the cure all way to cope when your having a fight with a soap on the rope  
a tender nerve is disturbed forget about what you have heard

John Ackerman

# Disturbed

Disturbed

the weight of the world came crashing down  
thoughts of suicide and I'm running wild  
one can climax in a dream with an evil scream  
all your weight falls on me it brings me down  
eyes, hands & feet

Shadows block the surface of the moon  
as you hide away in your lagoon  
you constructed pyramids to honor the dead  
what is going on inside are head  
lazy diamond studded flunkies

yet the equestrian horse sits idol on the very edge of the room  
shallow promises will seal your tomb  
in my lifetime it was a will for power  
perhaps I'll have to take a cold shower  
filter through the noise with a pinch of gravity  
somehow we take things in stride or let it be

life is like a roller coaster with all it's twist and turns  
one soul soars while the other will soon burn  
maybe its in extasy or desires and dreams  
things caught up in the means  
yet we have come this close not to turn back now  
we vacation in Florida then return to the plough  
there's a dozen of thoughts in my head  
living in the land of the walking dead  
can't even think to dismiss this earthly bliss with a time well spent in thought  
having a dozen of pots in your sink  
we torture ourselves from deep inside  
many want to run away and hide  
then to stay in the game the thought to light the flame  
why is everybody insane?

John Ackerman

# Divine Mortality

## Divine Mortality

When I think of being mortal I never chortle, but, instead  
I put those thoughts behind and hope to be divine  
If when I die there's nothing more  
and I will go away forever, never more

to be, I'll hope for a miracle  
of some meaning or a purpose to define  
Perhaps it's true that when you die  
there's nothing more from ship or shore

the course being silent, dark and deep  
Perhaps, at the thought of death  
we should just wring our hands and weep  
and into esoteric worlds of fantasy

we should, hopefully, creep  
It's hard to be nothing at all,  
or into some empty abyss fall  
But, if there's hope to find and death

is a rebirth of a continuum in space  
and time, then no matter what I do,  
my mortality is divine.

John Ackerman

# Dogs Of Society

Dogs Of Society

its in side of me  
society  
its a barren waste land  
blind leaders of the blind yet will fall into a great ditch  
fallen creatures with the double features  
infinite  
howling bastards that call for a disaster  
never to prepare for the great here after  
be all you can be through the seasons  
there must be a reason  
master of a plan you sought a plan  
inside of my brain shooting for fame  
tatoos got bad news you sing the blues  
to the father son & holy spirit  
cling to what comes near it

learn from your mistakes  
some call it fate  
got drama like Ghandi kind of fond of me  
so I might offend you cause I'm a sinner  
just don't call me late for dinner  
will be waiting at the gate  
dogs os society  
you fond of me  
we both can disagree  
lazy diamonds, studdy flunkies & disater  
I used to have dreams  
now its falling apart at the seams

voices with choices  
I'm not a dish rag you can clean to get the shit out  
become a man when you can hold your own  
society  
something that blinds me  
yet its deep inside of me  
I'm not the gold watch, car & yacht  
this homeboy does think a lot

John Ackerman

# Doing Time

Doing Time

put you rubbers on talk to your john  
switch to the rhyme we all stand alone  
look inside we got nothing to hide  
with random words got my head in a stir

Used to be an every day dream when people scream  
blowing up the charts in my crazy scheme  
sitting back at night eating lean Quisine  
it's a rat tit a tat on that ass

know one in this life gets by on any free pass  
you look at my screwy like I'm in a movie  
I'm the over weight brother master M.V.  
living my life so naturally

got a nine in my pocket for security  
hook one to the joint I rolled my first blunt  
like the way that actress look that blonde Helen Hunt  
take me away to that beach with surf and stand

let me be the first to understand  
you can't go through life sticking it to the man  
now I got to work on my tan  
the high hat man is in jail

a hit and run & Shug Knight gets nailed  
it used to mean something to be so brave  
today you get stuck in your shorts with an underage  
I'm just doing time but that's fine

Coasting fan rims in my body kit car  
seeing how close you can get so far  
I got dreams in flight so I'll stay up all night  
busting rhymes as I do a few lines

we grasp through straws better watch your draws  
A blast from the past having so much fun with a hope it would last

yesterday was such a simple game for me to play  
but then let's face it still its easier today

Don't delay get down on your knees to pray  
time is the money and the money is time  
hold your head up high cause that's the end of the rhyme

John Ackerman

# Don't Give A Flying Fart

you get pulled over and have no seat belt on don't give a flying fart  
you wake up late for school and you don't want to go  
you ask your mom please but she still says no  
miss two classes and no homework  
teacher teaches class like your some kind of jerk  
can't even wink to dismiss this earthly bliss  
when there's a dozen of pots in my sink  
we dream of better days yet get lost in some purple haze  
yet year after year we are as mice getting stuck in a maze  
go to bathroom in your pants yet you hide it away in a secret place  
don't give a flying fart about politics and the newest trend  
we all must keep it in check lest I inspect a newer way of living  
bask in the vast expanse of sex, drugs & rock and roll

like Johnny Paycheck sang, "Take this job and shove itain't working here no more";

like spaghetti without the sauce or toast without butter  
is it any wonder we got too much time on our hands  
let the reader understand you can't keep sticking it to the man  
don't give a flying fart on your critical mindset of fire blown in its fullest desire  
don't care in what you say or did that's why i put an M80 under a garbage can lid  
ever since I was a kid I did what was best for me that's how i studied my history  
life is busy when you are making other plans I hope you all someday will  
understand  
don't give a flying fart when your out burning the midnight oil  
have to wait far to long watching water to boil  
got Trump in his ivory the know it all for president  
don't give a flying fart on who will take up residence  
in the changing of the season everyhting happens for a reason

John Ackerman

# Dope Joint

Word to your mother I'm the over weight lover  
A beat of the clock to watch the grand tick tock  
Blowing up the system in my shorts  
Summer...Summer...Summer is here nothing to fear

Girls in hot shorts the curves on there hips  
Hitting the gym no where to begin  
Solid as a rock cause I got a big cock  
Pulling down the dope joint over my head

Wake up dead a head full of lead  
A nine at my back homeboy giving me a heart attack  
See you on the flip side cheese  
That girl will knock you to you knees

We got the stereo blasting  
Body kit cars in the mix  
Smoking a blunt to my head  
Snoop is singing my favorite song

Gin & juice better then the blues  
New sneakers on Nike and I'm not blind  
Sound the alarm playing spades on the patio  
Banging hot ladies somebody save me

Long hair, short shorts & a weave  
Knock you to your knees I got to sneeze  
Sugar is sweet like hot in the oven  
Better then kissing your second cousin

You say I'm not dope well your all wrong  
The stereo is playing my favorite song  
Going to play pool with a couple of friends  
Should I knock over another mail box

It all depends while I boogey right down to the socks  
What's my claim to fame sense the like of Scott La Rock

Pulling on my jock cause you want a another push  
Honey's in my sofa and some under my hood

Some are just no damn good  
What's a young homeboy to do  
Bitten off more then I could chew  
What's the golden rule

John Ackerman

# Dope Rhymes

Loose lips sinks ships take some time to move those hips

Meet me at the store Rasta man with a plan

Not sense the days of 1978 back seat in a car with a date

Stereo blasting to the sounds of magic funk

Come on bring the noise you got a brand new toy

Cruising down the street in my plush hot rod

Women's liberation heading out across the nation.

Homeboy Smith wasn't ready when he fucked this dike named Freddie

We used to roll up what is the hold up

It isn't funny but the sound of the money

Take me back to those good old days when you woke up in a purple haze

Going to the drive in watching those double features

Eating at the nearest Arthur Treachers,

We have come to close not to turn back now

No use looking back when your hand is on the plow

Dope rhymes are filled up with a magical potion

Sipping red wine down at the ocean

Putting some lotion on my honey with a kiss

Sorry that I missed a tongue in your ear

I shed a single tear to help numb my inner pain

Not having you in my arms is driving me insane

What is my chief aim to fame

A cause to go ever deeper then ever before

Lest I implore another opened door

Inside our soul we behold a window a chief aim to please

Knock me to my knees like Shaggy with Scooby Doo

We bit off far more then we could ever chew

Rap to the rhyme goes to rhyme with a reason

It's the changing of the season.

Break down to the ground and sound the alarm

There's far too many fish still stuck in the pond.

John Ackerman

# Dope Show

shooting blanks

smoking blunts

eyes, face & hands

when will we understand

you can't keep sticking it to the man

fan the flames of sin

where do I even begin again

hopping, rocking no stopping

got clowns to the left of me jokers to the right

playing with the wish bone on the telephone

not sense the days of Jessie James

a vast frontier filled with games

Manson sand the dope show heading off to Buffalo

sitting in the back seat with a two bit whore

screaming out loud for more, more, more

got me on a zip line heading to the sun

shattered glass no one in this life gets a free pass

there's no better high then the Lord up above

cruising down the highway as swift as a dove

there are lines being drawn in the sand

when will we ever live to understand  
chase dreams from your hair my pretty one  
don't stop, don't stop make ginger pop  
homeboy you think a lot  
many heads getting burned by the midnight oil  
taking too long for the water to boil  
crying until our heart seems to scream  
Summer times here in the mood for some ice cream  
lazy days getting lost in a purple haze  
falling a part at the seams  
evil schemes  
they had me down but I'm still on top  
go run to your friends cause they just called a cop  
spinning like a top

John Ackerman

# Dose Into Eternity

A solemn choice for Monarchs blend  
beneath the barren sod I reflect  
the notion of death in its timely plight  
forget the night & the day is far spent

I have lived a life that's full  
filled with happiness & sad times to  
perhaps I have bitten off far more than I could chew  
one in twain yet marked on a blotted page still clearly intact

working too hard can give anyone a heart attack  
yet through the duration of time I have created a rhyme  
a tug at the heart will light the inner spark to where I need to go  
choose to bury me upside down so the watching world can kiss me

we frolic long in our temporal dwelling  
fix our eyes on the sophistication of the day  
a humble desire to ever bow the knee to pray  
yet the unbelieving world claims it ought not be that way

still deep inside we hide behind the four walls that bind  
its best to leave a lasting legacy in a world of make believe  
many choose to live by sight & curse the day they were born  
swallow your pride cause deep inside there's a star transformed

they teach you in school to act proper & be cool  
yet who are they I pity the fool  
when all that you have to give & your time comes full circle  
don't ever get caught playing second fiddle or be in its middle

Only one life is soon to be passed  
Only what's done for love will last  
For no one in this life gets by on a free pass  
Aim your arrows high in the sky

Watch as the eagle will soar high as it fly!

John Ackerman

# Dragged Through The Mud

## Dragged Through The Mud

well to bring cadence amidst the fallen dew  
hope springs a new through the vibration of sorts  
we have erected pyramids to honor our dead  
my soul permeates a reason to go on strong  
as a cordeal eruption in the vast scheme of things  
the notion of a whisper let it filter through your head  
faces with traces of muse its the walking dead  
perhaps this is the land where Nero tread  
Awake to the new day exposed by the sun light  
let it be a reflection upon your hair

cover me like glue on the refuse of our love  
willingly excuse the part that is dragged through the mud  
as if a cow would chew its cud  
dream with sweetness in the twilight of your room  
keep the solace amidst the texture of a Persian rug  
in silence now the halls perfume the room  
nectar on the outside corner is inviting  
pillars of granguer line the cement gloss of its perimeter  
the gods have spoken through a channel as if a port in storm  
curse the very day when you were actually born

languished in the modern man's head  
a face full of lead base on what has been said  
control is the real issue of the moment  
vomit in red pools filled with blood  
the occasion of the surplus train exposed to the elements  
dirty barbed wire formed on its textile base asunder  
like a cold clap in the dark you lit the inner spark of what I'm here to say  
brevity amidst the humilty of letting things be  
a reason to believe tossed away in the storm  
the blatant mockery of each twist and turn  
one soul soars while the other is soon to be burned

yet we can't have it both ways we must choose  
there are two roads you can go by but in the long run there's still time to change  
the road your on.

Neil Young thought he could pack it in & by a pick up head out to L.A.  
we shall never forget even in regret to show love to a friend

John Ackerman

# Dream Evil

alone in my bed I lay  
still not able to pray  
I close my eyes to a world unknown  
cobwebs etched in the very fabric of my existence  
alone helpless with demonic bites  
viscous fangs with long stemmed dripping blood off side  
slowly I walk through a vast corridor of the dead all damned  
the wretched stench permeates deep from within  
this is where it all began  
columns of pillars in hot conclaves of the vast derision in my mind  
legions of skulls fractured from the onslaught of the heavy decorum  
I'm blinded by the very notion of hate filling up to the extreme  
barbed wire chains with a swollen cavity of death's resolve  
blackened eyes with spots filled with tombstones  
maggot infested feces resonate through the duration of this place  
the howls of screaming torment of weeping, wailing & gnashing of teeth  
vile domain of fire escalates upon my domain  
stripped from every know concept of light  
a demon holds my hand taking me to this place alone  
inflicts pain on my gait with vile objects of torture  
just to tip my finger into water to quench my thirst  
the intense heat makes me vomit & sweat

traveling ever further to embark on a dungeon with a evil grin  
boils of hot lava flowing from the side of its chamber  
suffering executed vile extreme  
hands twisted a hernatal diseased corpse exposed  
ravage in the degree of coupled intense fire  
drifting further I'm alone again  
yet I awake to what?

John Ackerman

# Dream World Pt. I

Dream World Pt. I

last night I had a recurring dream  
of a man injecting a needle in his arm while holding a baby  
there was cobwebs and darkened portals illuminated throughout the duration  
could make out features of demonic nature in the man's face  
in the dream I ran fast towards the door but it was locked  
frantic I felt helpless almost liquified jello in state  
screams of Satanic laughter came through the hallways  
alone I stayed in the silence of my thoughts

a black cat was at the door with a fierce look on its face  
blood was on the ceiling and on the walls  
this was a house of horror to say the least  
a good Steven king thriller couldn't come close to this  
then with a hiss the cat moved and the door was opened so I ran  
faster and faster away in the night into a vast forest  
still not looking back but in an instant fell head long from a prompted log below  
my step

a hand caught my grip and pulled me up but as soon as I could say thanks the  
figure vanished  
the forest was darkened owl howling the wind in my hair  
a sorted scene wherby Pan would come out and play his flute  
yet in the distance there were eyes looking back at me with fierce fangs that bite  
dripping blood off side  
I began to run away and hide  
my stomach was tied up in knots  
then I awoke to what?

John Ackerman

# Dreams Sleep Deep

## Haunt My Dreams

He digs the sweet sting of my rhymes  
Compares me to prickly pear cactus jelly  
We sucked down together one night  
When I became too soft for his palate  
He fell ill and became another specter  
To haunt my dreams like all the rest  
Maybe all along he was the somber deity  
Who tapped out frosty lullabies on my window

He digs the pink edges of my face  
Though I tell him it's all swollen  
Allergenic and oily to the touch  
I got itchy in this fair countenance  
I didn't fit anymore in myself or in him  
And it's just as well I be left to my own sick hibernation  
These winters were never kind to me  
Though now I have an underworld army to keep me company

He digs into the scratches on my arms that sputter with contagion  
Compares me to a beggared medicine bag  
Syringes and shakers of crushed out synapses  
When I became too human for his extraterrestrial imagination  
He fell silent and I fell helpless  
Conjuring moon sirens and juvenile notebook love spells  
When maybe all along I was the villainess, I was the witch hunt  
Who ate scabs and sang caustic hymnals

John Ackerman

# Druid Under Stubborn Skies

nature friend  
such spells you weave  
astonishing views  
and bizarre life forms  
can your anteaters  
and your Appalachian mountains  
halt construction  
I fear it is nothing much  
In the face of progress.  
Upon the fields of Ulster,  
the Druid Cathbad long had passed.  
He left his knowledge to a few, ,  
and all but one, had long since passed.  
The secrets of the land and nature,  
secrets from those sacred souls.  
Sewn, into fields of wonder,  
then to rest with him alone.

Born under skies of roaring thunder.  
A child that always walked alone.  
Found his way to silence,  
found a way to be at one..  
Those days amongst the flowers,  
the trees and all that breathes with truth.  
T'was there he found a way to live,  
somewhere to seek out the roots.  
The knowledge that was planted,  
bringing fruit to a hungry heart,  
was where he met old Cathbad,  
this is where it was to start.

And so the years of learning  
followed like a growing wave.  
The Alchemy and Healing,  
wisdom from an ancient age.  
The reasons why it's worth to try,  
the light that lights the day.  
Those teachings, some they came with grace,  
and some they came with pain.

And then he was the only one,  
the last one to remain.  
A Druid under stubborn skies,  
crying in the rain.

John Ackerman

# Dump Home Girl Trump

it all started with a lie..

you lied about your taxes

Dump Trump, Dump Trump

what hump homegirl

you got the world in a whirl

can't really tell if your a boy or a girl

I didn't vote for you gotta low IQ

got beats to the rhyme, to the rhyme to the reason

soon you'll be made up as a clown in prison

What is are decision

What is are reason for believing

It's in the changing of the seasons

What about this wall you seem to stand ten feet tall

See ya on the flip side cheese

Bruh, you keep spreading your deadly disease

It still won't knock me to my knees

You seem to be busy as a bee

You took out Hillary what a mystery

What hump Trump

make me vomit in my mouth

Soon you'll be going down South

In federal prison,

yeah, that's your final decision

Your fired!

John Ackerman

# Electric Kingdom

Isn't it a pity when you hate the city  
So no damn good with snake pit lion's den you need someone to be your friend  
Like Mickey Mouse & Daffy Duck chasing each other in a bush  
The whole wide world is in quite a rush  
Yet such a kingdom does exist  
Can you catch my drift  
In a far off place in search of trace in  
A child hood fantasy in a dream whole new scene  
With dragons and kings with queens  
A court jester killing the village scene  
We got trolls living in holes with dirt as their ceiling  
Nothing shady in my electric kingdom  
Lot's of folks tripping cause I'm on a mission  
A vision of twilight sun tainting the vast array of its sparkling ellagance  
Such extravagance at first glance a timely dance with a fare maiden  
Looking lips shooting hits take some time to move those hips  
A sought off excursion in my mind cause the dragon got me in a fix  
I mix with tempers of fire blown up in full desire  
An angry elf just bit me in the arm so sound the alarm  
I came to get down & paint to village town  
Electric kingdom where the creatures are so real  
Some may claim it as a no good deal  
Horses with valiant lances never given any second chances  
Took a crap in the distant bushes with a push in  
This is a place inside my mind some call me crazy but I am not blind  
Rap is good in this place of dreams holding my own as my vison gleams.

John Ackerman

# Elvis Had Tears

from his childhood dreams  
out sitting on his swing  
from his mommas tender means  
he shed them in his youth while letting loose  
as the king would grow he had moments to show  
going off in the army being late for curfew  
parting is such sweet sorrow my friend  
married Lisa Marie in pleasant history  
a blend of make believe as he put together Graceland  
let the reader understand he had an infinite plan  
yet deep inside he hid his feelings until he broke in two  
having bitten off far more then he could ever chew  
made movies with Ann Margaret was on target  
the flings of Jail House rock he was on top  
but to his surprise he was in a mix of lies  
Elvis had tears throughout the years  
at his mommas funeral he couldn't compose himself  
then many years had passed having every reason to grasp  
the tender message of his voice with a precious choice  
Nixon gave him a medal of bearing arms & tabacco  
through all his endeavors let us deeply remember  
his whispering voice with a choice  
1977 was the last time we saw him  
he shed a tear to numb his pain  
his deep emotions were driving him insane  
yet for Elvis sake he soared through the flames  
to the king rest nice sweet Mr. Presley we shall see you one day in heaven

John Ackerman

# Enchantress

Love: You can't shut it out, like the crashing of a wave,  
Once it starts there is no stopping it  
So I try to enchant you with my smile,  
But I'm afraid it's just not your style

I try to impress you with my brain,  
But nothing changes- it's all the same  
I try to reach out, but you're not there;  
My lonely heart grabs at air

My heartstrings reach out and cling to yours  
My heart an eagle, my heart soars  
Then the drawbridge goes up and the walls come down  
My abysmal heart is left with a frown

I try to still my hearts ache;  
My love I'll give, your love I'll take  
Why won't you just be at my side?  
To love and to hold, to talk and confide

But you never notice- you don't care!  
To love me, you wouldn't dare  
The stars shine down on my empty soul  
If you would just love me it would make me whole.

John Ackerman

# Enigma

Enigma

Light of illumination  
filled the tiny vortex of my mind  
A world colored river earth cloud and storm  
Forestry crosswinds and fire

Ah natural madness beautiful madness  
A sweet perfect chaotic choir  
So I can drown snug in a sublime mire  
And stand under waterfall of senses and bathe

Only to replenish the infinite orb of me  
The glow of life this heavenly orb  
Kept within everyone's old locket of sight  
Then express I into free and walk into flight

With burdens plus pain hung from swift wings  
Exploring portraying recording  
The when and the being  
Holding inside

Emotional spin time keep in heart beats  
Thought sweeps and breath leaps  
Yes forever in glide  
Another man holding time

Using soul as a guide and breathing in deep  
This life my soul reaps

John Ackerman

# Eve Was African

Eve Was African

she took of the forbidden fruit & sinned  
now where do I even begin?  
hands, heart & eyes  
taken from a rib out of Adam's side

She would later hide with Adam from the Lord  
why so downcast?  
Adam was formed first then Eve  
what would she achieve?

later to watch as she realized her son Cain killed his brother Abel  
may want to put that book back on the table  
For the garden of Eden was in Africa scholars have proven  
Eve was African & the first woman ever to live

She later sought through tears willing to repent & ask for God to forgive her...  
That evil one lurks still to this day causing any to fall prey  
Learn to realize the devil's lies

beautiful woman Eve was to behold  
eyes with surreal glow  
had a magic touch from her head down to her toe

John Ackerman

# Evil Corpse In Post Mortem Habitation

twisted chains in the very fabric of their existence...  
come join in the resistance  
shattered glass out on the patio  
vanished corpse out of thin air  
in peril the vortex shimmers at the call of nature  
strangled by fragments of false decorum  
we left a sign out in the parchment area  
having no visitors allowed inside of property  
an infested entity filled with torn mockery  
the smell permeates the weight of the skull  
still I have a good story to tell

a funeral director decided to sleep on the job  
at night it would send quite a bit of fright  
the notion of cobwebs woke him from his sleep  
tiny creatures manifested themselves out on the corridor  
alone in his tiny egg shelled frame  
the man went totally insane  
his eyes were as clear crystal evil  
throwing things in the air he was a loose cannon  
walking over to a corpse he threw himself on top  
vomit came out of his system along with maggot infested feces...  
he collapsed in the silence of the room  
a candle was lit near by as it fluttered it started a fire on the ceiling..  
it was to late for the director he died a horrible death

yet for some reason his body was fully intact  
they gave him a funeral with all the trimmings  
a flash of light grew nearby then there was the fly  
many years would pass still having every reason to grasp  
a tailor knocked on the door  
there lay the corpse in post mortum habitation  
now was a very good time to take a break on a long awaited vacation.

John Ackerman

# Fat Joe In The Undertow

Fat Joe in The Undertow

Rap to the rhyme  
Rhyme for a reason  
A blast from the past  
Its the changing of the season  
Like Fat Joe in the undertow  
Homeboy is still on top  
not one of those rappers that drink a lot  
Just like fatty Wapp  
Making headwaves through the days  
Society getting caught in a purple haze  
Joe is out on the rap scene  
People these days are very mean  
Just call it fate cause Fat Joe lost a lot of weight  
Getting ready for his date  
Thank God he sprung a leak in  
Another famous Puerto Rican  
He'll take you higher then ever before  
All the women just adore him  
Let me make this crystal clear  
Joe is still in the game  
While the outside world goes virtually insane from his fame.

John Ackerman

# Fatal Attraction

we met at a dance  
next wild romance  
yet at a glance  
there was a glimmer in her eyes  
filled with a surprise  
as the many years would pass  
having every reason to grasp  
we both went our separate ways  
getting lost in a purple haze  
then one day I heard a knock on my door  
as I opened she was standing there without a care  
yet this time I was married  
still she carried on stronger than ever before  
what was her chief aim & ploy  
she wanted me back  
I almost had a heart attack  
even when I told her no she held on  
one thing led to another and we were both under the covers  
told her to leave but she soon had some things under her sleeve  
one night while dining with my family alone  
there were some foot steps coming from my cellar something strong  
my wife was terrified but I looked deep into her eyes and reassured her every  
thing was fine  
then she was appearing out of nowhere with a knife in her hand  
a fight ensued she was in no good mood  
inside I snapped next thing I knew the woman was on the floor dead  
there were many things going on inside my head  
now I was convicted of murder but my wife testified on my behalf  
it was fatal attraction in action

John Ackerman

# Felt A Funeral In My Brain

in a scream I was tossed in a frenzy of emotional imperfections  
the silence richly embraced a feeling of a funeral in my brain  
tried to take the thought captive but it never worked until  
the knocking of the door to hear the strange noise of that of my mother  
a soft still voice ensued until I was left to nothing more but a moment of silence  
captivated by a push of mysterious decorum I set out to find the answer inside  
still in my dream I wandered inside a cave with a warm crystal clear fire of a  
flame  
stretched for my imaginative thought toward a figure inside the flame  
as if a warlock was enticed to produce his magical powers amidst the flame  
all of this was driving me insane as if two tombstones in my head  
today its the walking dead people can't help you cause they can't even help  
themselves

the immense mockery of a white tailed dove flew outside the cave flying high in  
the sky  
the twilight sun has blocked my inner vision I was left perplexed inside  
a bitter chill of the after glow unleashed a deafening promise to explore so much  
more  
the dream continued then onto another knock this time it was none other but a  
black cat  
the innate furtherance of pillows being tossed throughout my room as if enclosed  
in some tomb  
Ivy briars laced with the handle of Lavender bars would peak onto the climatic  
memory of the dream...  
thoughts of Dickinson with her funeral moment with the hopes that it would  
dismiss this interval  
conclaves of broken pieces emmersed in the cadence of an illusion  
my soul permeates a reason for being but in heaven's name what?

John Ackerman

# Fetty Wap Still On Top

Got ya mind on yo money & ya money on yo mind

On time we kick it like right

Got hommies in the street rock rhymes right

Still Fetty Wap still on top got his gene in the game

Comes back for mo fighting fortune & fame

See ya on the flip side cheese

Break down rhymes falling to ya knees

Got rocks in his socks in the music scene

Flippin no burgers down to his means

Still the money is on the table

This is no mother goose type of fable

Eating filet o sole fresh fish is his favorite dish

Flying higher then a bird in the sky

Got rappers today but Wap's the tops

Buggy down with the socks like Scott Lerock

Old school new school that's how we rule

Sharpen your arrow and point it to the sky

Got free stylin today out living the lie

With more junk in the trunk then a New York mile

Giving props to the cops as they hit the beat

Smoking fat blunts with the stereo popping

Some look to Snoop but that is fine

Suckas with gun can kiss my fat behind

Staying in line with a baseball bat in hand

Everyone can't take a just trying to stick it to the man

John Ackerman

# Find The Cost Of Freedom

we are living on borrowed time  
can you hear the path calling from Armageddon's side  
look to the native Indian my friend  
hard pressed to ever notice the silence  
day light again I think about many years ago how are fathers braved  
the twilight sun has tainted my inner vision  
when everyone's talking and no one is listening how can we decide  
look at the buffalo wallow in its herd  
the soldier of fortune on his brigade of retreat  
we can hear the freedoms cry through the sway of nature  
all of us can do are part when we dig deep enough  
search for it as you go on with your daily bread  
remove all obstacles that oppose your mission  
are marching orders are for togetherness  
look as the eagle soaring ever higher above the mountain  
tempered in fire with blown up full desire  
listen to the love songs playing in the back ground  
the windows are illuminating upon are reflection  
find the cost of freedom along life's journey  
look after widows and orphans in their affliction  
snap shot memories of are past  
having so much fun with a hope that it would last  
feelings of love peaks through the corridor alone in the silence of my room  
for this is what are ancestors sought as they wrestled within the land...  
Hopefully someday all will understand?

John Ackerman

# Flowers From Heaven

Out of the mere solace there springs forth a silence  
cold hearts plunge in it's beautiful interludes  
A beacon of light for a hurting world in need  
sorted Lavender grace upon the Peyton Place

We filled slowly into the auditorium  
faces fixed on what was being said  
For I shed a tear to numb the pain  
Not having you in my arms was driving me insane

faces, hands & feet  
Shadows beckoning call asunder  
A harp was being played  
we could see his majestic throne

Alone taunt the fragile imagination in my frame  
a soul vexed solution for the mentally insane  
A message of grace seasoned with salt  
Flowers from heaven can't be bought

A free gift to the undeserved  
to flourish in the vast intoxication  
May need a rest on a long awaited vacation  
A red rose that was plucked a time before

Our tender hearts will soar through the opened door  
a feeling of ambiance through the room  
Destined to lavish this upon are hearts  
awake to watch the white angelic dove fly high

A challenge to be free is a question of time

John Ackerman

# Fly As A Bird

Fly As A Bird

Fly as a bird to the blue mountains  
Where I am longing sometimes to be,  
To see green lakes and rivers too  
Nobody knows what it would mean to me

Fly as a bird through the sky  
To see the silver streams again,  
To be so near, this now my dream,  
Meanwhile my longing is in vain

Fly as a bird over the ocean  
To see my native land again,  
But my wings are weak-who can help me?  
I shall never get there-all is in vain.

John Ackerman

# Follow Your Heart

Magic breathes life in our hearts  
Destiny resides in our souls  
Our path now shimmers unshadowed by the night  
With one embrace partnered by a tender kiss, the bounds

of time and distance crumble through fingers like drifting  
grains of sand  
Dream time is the place where I am alive  
Green eyes ripple into lipid pools where miracles draw me

to your heart  
I am free to swim by your side until the sun sets and  
rises with you again  
Life is my dream

I love you

John Ackerman

# Foot In Mouth

Foot In Mouth

you talk a lot  
through tears you get a fear  
you just said something wrong  
go take it back

relax  
evil minds plug destruction  
tombstones for eyes does it come as a big surprise  
don't ask don't tell

soon you will burn in Hell  
through the duration of time you created a rhyme  
all liars will have their part in the lake of fire  
burning up with the fullest of desire

it all comes down to the wire  
these are desolate times  
yet we settle for ill faded rhymes  
words expressed in the dark have come to light

forget the night & the day is far spent  
we only wish we could take things back  
working so hard can give anyone a heart attack  
it's gravitational pull may bring some down

don't ever hand your head down in a frown  
the little things in life mean a lot  
sadness can bring upon the sun if worked out  
there is a lot in this life to bitch about

John Ackerman

# For I Exist

## For I Exist II

For I exist as a vapor only to appear for a little why then I am no more  
as a heart explodes with the lotion of laughter to unfold I digress  
tapestry on the wall has divisions of sought after fervor exposed  
for as a young man I used to dream immaculate dreams of kings & queens  
a challenge to be free was a question of time my own solution is using my mind  
think of a path leading to a barren forest exposed to its elements  
as you walk your very soul permeates love filled up in song  
long columns of pillars lie on the enchanted barrier as if a whisper  
there are things to take notice upon such as moss with green composition  
leaves are torn with various colorization of blue, red, & green  
as a vortex through the light beams a filtration aura  
a whisper leads to an angelic being where sounds of mystical fascination ensue  
if only I could touch the very him of its vested garment  
then alone again I cry in the very silence of my own thoughts & fears  
for I shed a single tear to help numb the inner pain

Come with me bury thee in a barrier by the sea with a sweet melody  
the noise had stopped in the forest then I resigned to my hamoc  
life is but a mystery then in time you will see the fullest extent of reality  
not since Pegasus and Orion have we come into the realization of thought  
to proclaim happiness to the mass populace amidst a tragedy left in sullen  
brevity  
for I am here as a fragrance sprayed out on all mankind alive to be  
in the moment with love nestled in the very fabric of existence shun the  
resistance  
can't even wink to dismiss this earthly bliss in a time well spent in thought  
come with me stay with me as we bask in the vast expanse between space and  
time  
why does one equate logic with fear for in our differences I will show I really care  
For I exist as a figment in imaginative thought along the barren path  
Everyone seems to be touched by the impulse the very vibration of love's resolve  
falling emblems taunt a hidden resolve toward a quest for more but then of what  
for I can be reflected as a mirror shown to brighten a heated horizon  
perhaps I existed before time began in some quaint little dwelling along the  
barren sod  
we each look through things as if in golden nuggets of thought exposed to the  
elements

let go of your ambition released for the white dove in the sky will truly fly  
for when I came into being I sought love to share with all those faces who truly  
care

John Ackerman

# Forbidden Underground

under the darkened layers of silk & lush  
we can commence in a push  
filter through soup bowls with moss in the undertow  
you unleashed the lion in me  
caged barbaric creatures having little eyes  
the immense silence toward its bitter violence  
dark deranged dungeon with pillars of vast exploits  
feeble minded zombie mutant creatures come in search of blood  
in the vast perpetual time between matter and space  
we get a taste of vanquished vomit in bright yellow asps  
the seal on the door that leads to the underground is locked  
one needs to negate the notion of spineless agitation  
why does one equate logic with fear  
I shed a single tear to numb the inner pain  
the warden of the dungeon calmly opened to lock  
only to reveal vast shivers down one's spine  
a time revealed with swords of armor on the influx of its residue  
we climbed in further only to discover  
a draw bridge that brought creatures in to infest there mind with evil dread  
the cosmic collision of a puzzle made for the walking dead  
viscous fangs dripping blood off side we run away to hide  
only to get closer as never before to the underground  
there in the center lies a barrage of infested rodents chewing on vile matter  
with a barrage of waste that taunts the madness in my mind  
for i have seen enough turning to the warden he locked the door once again  
at night i slept but was awakened by a viscous noise coming from under my bed  
a stir of emotions came rustling through my extremities  
I was naked and all alone then the silence dissapeared to the knock on my door  
for it was the warden warning me that the creatures were once again loosed in  
the city  
I was beside myself but I realized that these creatures hated water so I came  
with buckets  
one by one I was able to lure the creatures back to the naggot infested dwelling  
all was left was a zombie that I barely couldn't see  
throughout the duration of time the warden reassured me that all was well  
the remedy of this madness is to have water handy then everything would be  
gravy.



# Gimme Shelter

gimme shelter

long ago I hated the stones  
then before long grew up  
ran gauntlet after gauntlet  
till one day  
I wore the leather jacket  
they said I would look good  
in...grow your hair  
and beard....  
gave me skinny jeans  
I picked up a wallet chain  
and sunglasses  
I mountian bike  
and grit from the sidewalks  
and road even at first gear  
chopper speed  
Mountian bike speed  
no front fender  
U get bugs...dirt  
insects..thus the dark  
shades....Its not just  
too look cool  
and cold air too  
..  
I was working..  
had just finished at a top  
end military installation  
slinging fibre optics  
I was up a pole  
the stainless cable  
lasher I was transferring  
when the eclipse right  
around here happened  
Darkness overhead..

streetlights came on  
at the horizon nothing  
but light...as if a  
dusk or dawn  
was three sixty all  
about while cold of night  
descended and street  
lights powered up...  
I loved it...I can see  
why It scared the shit  
out of the ignorant

many will do what they  
want in quadratic configurations  
and it will surprise U

John Ackerman

# Got High Hopes For The Underground

Got high hopes from the underground sound  
sneakers with Drake's emblem on the side  
a walk in the park no forget I'll ride  
got the bounce for the ounce in my hour of power  
blown up in its fullest desire  
I'm on fire come somebody stop me  
working on my degree while you make a sweet mockery  
everyone is living a lie as time goes by  
shattered glass in a pool of dreams with evil screams  
Beyonce may need a place to stay when she's through with Jay Z  
Fetty Wap blowing up the scene in certain circles  
getting stuck in the middle playing a game of second fiddle  
Scotty Pippens dribble getting caught in the middle  
lifes resources back at you with special forces  
just living the dream in my new Mercedes Benz  
a life of liesure you can grow to depend

rolled a snake eye down at Vegas circle in the New York New Yorker  
life is a great feast trying to take it all in just ask Steve Wynn  
Sucker M.C.'s aiming to please gonna knock you to your knees getting busy as a  
bee  
you want to sit next to me as I bask in the vast expanse of a blue clostered  
ocean  
drinking that magic potion  
life is busy when your making other plans  
let the music be your friend as we light up a blunt & forty to bounce  
nowadays we get stuck as if a mouse is in its maze in some purple haze  
still I got high hopes for the underground cause you came a long way  
dirty sheets with something smelling up the laundry  
working on borrowed time when I'm down to my last thin dime  
rap is for beggars and those who choose her to use it and abuse it  
a gravitational pull can bring some down yet don't ever wear your head down in  
a frown

John Ackerman

# Gothic Demonic Illusion

out of the depths of the earth there lies a swell  
of a great story I'd like to tell  
to delve into the midnight madness of the bowels of Hell  
your body lies frozen in time  
Sublime  
the casket is slowly lowered into the ground  
you are locked as you awake to demonic bites  
viscous long hanging fangs dripping blood off side  
you close your eyes again want to run away to hide  
now it's just you & Satan going on for a ride  
bowels of hot sulfur & radiated fires of impulses  
your very soul is a loose tonic in the beverage of death  
blackened stench with skulls surrounding you  
the immense screams of torments in weeping, wailing & gnashing  
minds plugged in eternal destruction

a hole in the center of the vast formation leading to fire  
intense agony as you gasp to take a breath  
eyes with holes having spots with tombstones in brain  
no chance at turning back you are now captured in Hell  
the billows of hot lava scorch your gait  
a deep odor of sewage permeates through the vast domain  
your heart explodes into the corrupted way of the damned  
Satan laughing spreads his wings in flight  
gross premonition of demonic henchmen doing his bidding  
liquefied fragments of death launched at you  
screams of pain staking patrons under garb of evil  
walls of vast petrified extreme with bats over head  
the walking dead of sinners marching to their doom  
666  
When will this madness end?

John Ackerman

# Grace

Grace

Unmerited favor from God  
Perhaps you want another ice cream flavor  
For by grace are you saved through faith  
Giving you something you don't even deserve  
A love that will not let me go  
You make a mistake and we all do  
Later you think you are all through  
But you pray & repent  
God exchanges your filthy rags for his riches  
It's a lot like washing your dirty dishes  
God's love for you is the great  
eternal constant amidst all the inconsistencies of your daily walk with him  
He came to open our heart to turn us from Satan onto God  
that we may have forgiveness of sins  
and inheritance among us which is sanctified by grace that is within us  
Look we all stumble through the word which has been spoken  
It's truly a gift from God to you  
Love is the true essence of his existence  
A surprise of a sparkling array of care  
To let you know that God is always there

John Ackerman

# Grant Me The Serenity

Grant Me The Serenity

Life, is it really worth living for?  
I did not know until God opened the door

And there he was in the shape of a big, bright, spiritual light;  
He said, Son, believeth in me and everything shall be alright

So every morning I get down on my knees and pray;  
God, please let me have another clean and sober day

Though I often have thoughts of suicide  
And tell the Lord: oh, how hard I've tried

Then I asked him for a way out of this bind;  
With a silent voice, he answered: my son, one day at a time

Before I called upon him I had one foot in the grave  
but like he told me, believeth in him an thou shalt be saved

When my mind and nerves become idle  
I become secluded and read the bible

So now I am saved and will always wear his sign  
And will never forget the blessing he placed in mind

Now that I've found myself and my goal  
With dignity and pride I can shout out, no!

No one wants to be a drug or suicidal fanatic;  
So remember, that's life through the eye's of an addict

John Ackerman

# Grasping For Straws

you have many personalities inside your head  
face full of lead but I'm still not dead  
I need love I need you I  
I am no more than a blade of grass  
no more than a shell  
cast out of the sea  
no more  
than a bird  
in migrant flight  
nor am I less  
than a star whose light  
penetrates infinity

yet last night  
When a half spent moon  
Lay on the bosom of heaven  
And day's heat pressed down  
The sides of mountain peaks  
To squeeze the desert floor,  
And all the world was weariness  
Which the stars wept to see,  
Boldly  
A desert songster  
Insolently free, joyously  
Lifted melody  
To the moon, and teasing a breeze  
Into cooling the night  
And drifting the yucca's perfume  
Bringing heart's ease to me

John Ackerman

# Hammer Head Toast With A Jar Of Spam

we can think then relax a bit  
take a sip or to of coffee until I give my foot a push  
nestled in the very fabric of a fresh pile of manure  
we stand clueless amidst the onslaught of big corporations & government...  
peal back the wax to taste fresh air is it explodes through your nostrils  
I was once there but I'm not anymore that was so 1984  
so I explode inside as I taste the toast made out of hammer head boar remnants,

why does one equate logical persuasion with that of a mediocre blemish..  
on the ass of politicians that drive their brand new Audi  
get the best seats in the house as a shimmer like a mouse  
businessman come and drink my wine and smoke my herb  
the backwash of Trump as he sits in his ivy tower alone & desolate  
why do we buy into the lie that says I am what I do  
you will do as you are told until the very rights to you are sold

get out my cigarette and take a drag watching phony politicians on the boob  
tube..  
yet this is nothing new its all been done before  
a jar of Spam on the thick circumference of barbed wired fences  
second glances as the shadow inferiority complex looms  
a barrage of protester outside your door while your kicking it out back with a two  
bit whore  
still there's toast we have to eat as an added substance  
the morons in society that stimulate jagged pictures of beverages for your  
delight...  
don't you believe in what television or radio says about you its only somebody  
else's fantasy

a gun man heads to Nevada to take out his frustration on innocent bystanders...  
the nut job from Manhattan decided to take a little stroll in a borrowed home  
depot vehicle taking innocent lives with him  
the good shit prick with flames of violence will have an eternal one way ticket  
with Bubba in cell block number nine..  
then we insist that everything is fine a we lastly grasp for straws and wait for  
newer horizons to approach what a joke.....

John Ackerman

# Hard On

beautiful beyond description in light of illumination  
falling head long into a stream with whisper that evoke a taste  
my very soul permeates the lavish cadence of a thought  
gone our the days I used to frolic in a haze  
a challenge to be free is a question of time  
each of us should know how to handle their vessel  
we treasure our private parts with humble adoration  
a soul vex torn illustration

we seek solace as in a song  
join hands in the mix can't we all just get along  
like the stream we have created idols for our own pleasure  
what gets you hard minus the pleasure of the weather  
for I'm as light as a feather as in the sandy shore  
while your our kicking it with a two bit whore screaming for more  
yet more of what we put that book on the shelf as if were the spitting image of a  
Keebler elf

you maybe sporting a suit out in the business world  
looking very pretty as you paint the city  
you may have to call security cause you life is a mystery  
you got a hard on so sound the alarm where the ladies are quite fond  
dig much deeper then ever before with a willingness to explore so much more  
one step at a time you will climb out of the corporate scene to a brand new swing  
theres a battle for your mind you see we shall live it out in perfect harmony

John Ackerman

# Hatred

Hatred

eyes with spots  
ears yet dull in hearing  
sullen asps with dull emotions  
viscous long hanging fangs that bite  
dripping blood off side  
eyes with tombstones in their head

say whatever they feel  
pay no attention to what others may think  
they are the first to judge  
yet for themselves they are perfect  
they feel they do nothing wrong  
they worship sin, self & Satan

they have hardened their hearts as to see the truth  
instead the live in a world based on self  
shadows block them only for a season  
As a leopard doesn't change their spots so they stay  
lost all known sensitivity of what true love is  
instead they embark on the hate from within  
no one wins in their glamour life of sin

blackened death filled with evil stench in their extremities  
dull eyes that close tight at the sound of love's expression  
they abort their child in the womb & think nothing of it  
trapped in their own tomb of heartless fantasy  
they lie, cheat & steal  
think nothing of it like its no big deal  
when will this madness stop doesn't anyone care?

John Ackerman

# He Speaks Through Me

as a seed was dropped into the atmosphere it took root as I grew  
although those many years have passed still I have every reason to grasp  
the mere notion of a whisper and that of a smile  
to know all the great while the Willows tree waves through the breeze  
he speaks through me when time is rough and its hard to commerce  
in little things that the mere sadness brings in view of a thrill  
as in Autumn the climax of the leaves turning the human hearts are forever  
burning  
onto yearning amidst life's tragedy & pain  
the melodic fixture on the wall seems to me ten feet tall  
wild union of the Albatross as it nestles in the warmth of the sky  
very often in my dream he is there as a figure to embrace  
the lonely heart of faith with its twists and turns  
one soul soars while the other is soon to be burned

braided green ivy dashes out on the spectrum of the patio  
teaching me pleasant things in the way I should go  
can't even cope to dismiss this earthly bliss in a time well spent in thought  
with rain that implodes on my head to insight  
forgetting the night and the day is far spent  
there is great beauty in his eyes one hand to hold a heart will mend  
slowly we grow to depend on pleasant laughter prepared for the great here after  
one in twain yet marked on its blotted page clearly intact  
silence is golden when we need a shoulder to cry  
a passerby wanders alone in the night  
snap shot memories of our past having so much fun with a hope that it would  
last

as he sits enthroned in light of illumination of the heavenlies  
suddenly I grasp for breath onto the mere notion of love  
love is the pure essence of my meager existence learn to shun its resistance  
out of every circumstance let's learn to take part in the dance  
wholesome brevity of the way things used to be amidst a blatant lonely society  
it's still inside of me the madness of my thickened conquest  
all of life seemsto be a test  
as if blackened holes filled with dots  
everything is captured in a thought  
many people just tend to think a lot  
yet life is a wave filtered in a dream where people tend to scream

perhaps we are plants ready to blossom in the sun  
others live in some paradox filled with fun

He speaks to e when in the night being so very cold  
then you will do as you are told until the very rights to you are sold  
blessings flow through his small but still voice all of life is but a choice  
many equate logic for that in fear but he still brought me here  
some if not many reek the very stench of death left as road kill  
yet he is there in the midst in order to avoid a Satanic twist  
what is my last heart felt final wish?

Jesus

John Ackerman

# He Was Broken Long Before The Sky Would Open

for i exist as a vapor then I am no more  
if you can't hear his voice trust his heart  
he was despised and rejected yet he never reflected  
apathy just wanted to let things be  
all of life sweet child seems to be a mystery laid flight to fantasy  
but yet in reality he calls forth you and me  
with a small still voice with a choice  
pitter patter of soft sandled feet to greet  
he was there from the beginning with be there when we have past  
a sorrowful servant that will last the test  
chosen vessel from heavens glory yet that's not the end of the story  
just to touch the very hem of his garment  
the women at the well with a great story to tell  
a faint whisper and a cry

he longs for us to see  
faith blown up in our face as if a reality  
may have to move some rocks and things yet freedom still rings  
in shadows tossed through the derision of pain  
so what's holding you back to knowing Jesus as your savior  
for he was broken long before the sky was open  
come to him for salvation amidst your hesitation  
he waits to hear your cry as time passes by  
until that faithful hour when you can be joined to him in a song  
as if a beacon of light to a hurting world in need of love

John Ackerman

# Heads In The Street

There is a line being drawn in the sand  
try to understand  
Many equate logic for fear  
I shed a single tear to numb the pain

We each are given a voice with a choice  
many insist on lust instead of love  
Other's just push things under the rug  
eyes, faces & traces

Burning the midnight oil  
when will this harvest begin to boil  
Shadows break apart upon the morning dew  
we have bitten off far more then we could chew

solace, humility & sullen brevity  
Marching orders have been given  
Satan's laughing spreads his wings  
Trump is in office a new political swing

As the eagle fly's throughout the sky  
to send a tender wish or a soft reply  
Let us look above to the heavenly love  
shelter lies dormant onto it's beckoning plow

The time for change is now  
a call is going out onto the nation  
Hearts to unfold their dream episode  
become a beacon of light to a hurting world in need

John Ackerman

# Heathers

Heathers

an ocean breeze fills up your senses  
the seagulls flock overhead  
inside there is something stirring  
as if heathers exploding within  
shadows block the temptress taunts  
alone in the silence,

couples running naked through the sand  
happy people with eyes gashed with glee  
somber moments were unleashed to revere  
a volcanic hot ash experience  
cascading..

does fear grip you the most?  
why does one equate logic as fate?  
burning desire inside yet we still high behind four walls  
the chemistry is elusive in its solvent decorum  
shades of green Pine embers fallen in a nearby grass knoll

we can escape if we drift  
to hear the vast expanse of the Timber Wolf dash  
yet never to distinguish right from wrong all is relative  
let the time stop now no use looking back at the plough  
in heavy burrows as if the fox had escaped through

many today escape through a prison in their mind  
only to get locked up in chains  
the demise of Satanic laughter filters through the duration  
yet hope keeps one alive through the pain  
a chance at beautiful brevity loosed in the moment  
many swallow the debris of left over road kill

only to infuse a sense of togetherness  
as we near this place with whom we seek  
perhaps its in the never world beyond explanation  
yet we still have a pulse to believe the impossible

Shoot for the stars!

John Ackerman

# Heaven & Hell

Heaven & Hell

She flirts with the desire  
beyond he means...  
to appease laughter in caged fear  
she sheds a tear to numb the inner pain

inside she hides from the insane  
wrapped up in the madness between heaven & hell  
yet she has a great story to tell  
looks to sin, self & Satan to get by

very often to a substance that makes her get high  
shadows block her mere appearance of skeletal extremity  
blackened heart filled with stench with the residue of death  
long hanging fangs dripping blood off side

she treads a fine line between two places  
faces, hands & feet  
Eruption

John Ackerman

# Help Me Understand

We can, but only try  
To understand the why  
The reason we exist  
Or how, we so persist  
Amongst the good or bad  
Within the joy or sad  
To love and fill with hope  
Or hate and only grope  
they willingness to share  
to help but wonder where  
love is the essence of our mere the existence learn to shun its resistance  
we traveled so far not to turn back now  
can't turn around when your hands on the plow  
so help me understand while living in a land that is so very mean

through the isle of discontent have we made a single dent  
why are the innocent found to be guilty  
where is our sense of mere dignity  
some say we are living in a foreign land  
filled with kings and queens in their evil schemes  
in time we shall shine the deep heart of love from straight help from above

John Ackerman

# Higher

got to keep this scope for real when I'm out making the deal  
switch blade in the sand looking at what Obama has done  
have we become another hip hop Republican?  
let's look to the sun so I said it before your tripping how you want to feel  
Trump in his ivory tower do you think he cares?  
No the worse for wear he's gotta cheap slogan, 'Drain the swamp'.  
the mystery is over as we grow a little older and our nation grows a bit colder  
North Korea cute guy in a fat suit glued to the seat that squeaks  
have to laugh when I here him speak lest i repeat  
the message is getting clearer something is drawing nearer  
going to take you higher blown up in its fullest desire  
it all comes down to the wire were going to start a big fire  
got Eminem on a free style rap thingy  
come and join his resistance in all circumstance to take part in the dance  
there is the talk of a great wall stand more then ten feet tall coming out of a  
mouth of a know it all  
should i push it to the curb as if you haven't already heard  
folks are going to have to watch where O.J. goes maybe back to Vegas  
Puerto Rico still without power have to come together even if the weather is bad  
faces, traces & spaces  
reading the news like its on Hill Street Blues we all have to pay our dues  
like poets to poetry all of life is a mystery a challenge to be set free  
something inside of me is blinded from reality  
this is are destiny the willingness to achieve yet you may not agree  
got to give props where props is due  
if Trump is our president the where is Trump's president?  
Were in the rap game yet who am I to blame yet i started this flame  
Seek for better days amidst the grave gotta be brave  
These are the days when anything goes yet its coming down to the wire  
Going to take you higher

John Ackerman

# Holocaust

Holocaust

Holocaust...Trapped..Like the fires of Hell,  
Destroyed the old and the young  
Millions suffered the agony and despair  
Holocaust...Covered in bruises,

Scarring the mind and body for life  
Letting only the strong survive  
The smell of death lingering in the air,  
All around people dying,

Dead bodies piled high as mountains  
Holocaust...Like an endless path,  
Desperate to leave, With no way out  
Holocaust..No name, blank faces,

Look past the face,  
Eyes like flames screaming to be extinguished  
Holocaust...To live is pain  
To die is rest

Holocaust...

John Ackerman

# Holy Spirit

whispers...  
a shudder,  
to frolic in the dire ambiance  
a spiritual awakening  
a peace that passes all understanding  
the go between  
the comforter  
a heart saturated with truth  
in order to withstand the true test of time  
angelic premonition  
a deep longing

to seek deep into the heart of the manifestation of God  
Jesus came to open are hearts  
to turn us from Satan onto God  
that we may have forgiveness of sins  
inheritance among us which is sanctified within thee  
the soft pitter patter of sandaled feet  
a breath of wind  
to light to sun set amidst the day  
a humble need to bow the knee to pray

Holy Spirit I surrender take me where you want to go  
help me daily in your presence so that I may grow  
with tempter on fire with blazing eyes of vengeance  
daily my portion will be just to be with you  
love is the essence of my inner existence  
God is not a man that he should lie  
comfort my heart may you never depart  
live your light through us  
give us wisdom therefore with all thy getting gain understanding  
keep us by the power of your spirit  
give us the strength to over come sin, self & Satan  
a challenge to be free is a question of time  
light of illumination  
sought to be with us to the end as believers.  
Amen

John Ackerman

# Honey Bee

Honey Bee

thought of lucid dreams with hay  
pillow clouds in the sky  
a tear falls from the face of a little girl  
shades of grey turned to light

The little girl speaks, ' Sugar is sweet so sweet as honey from a bee.'  
she dreamed a dream set in a flight to a fancy  
remembers holding the hand of her daddy  
life is filled with times like these

the cool breeze through a Willow tree  
love is a circle nestled to her brain  
love is a fountain that explodes in extacy  
columns of pillars in duration

we each can learn from the honey bee  
the hay had grown to a fuller stock  
pillow clouds lay somber  
in it's desolation

we can learn to fly

John Ackerman

# Hope Again My Friend

Hope Again My Friend

warm blankets fly away  
glowing pixie wings shatter  
the compulsion destroys everything  
charging in like a wild bull

let loose into the arena to face death  
past the leering crowds  
Run! Run! Run!  
Rise in the night

alone  
unable to fathom the incinerated heart  
where is there to run  
who is there for comfort

lie down in a shallow pool in the  
darkest of night  
the white gown and dirty braided bindings  
emitting the only light

which slowly dissipates from within  
he has come to watch on his steed  
does contentedness engulf him?

John Ackerman

# Hot Stuff

in the dark of the night...

beep beep... hush hush

Within our world in a rush

when push comes to shove we need a hug

things in life get pushed under the rug

these are desolate times yet we

settle for ill but faded rhymes

we look inside for something to hide

Summer's here & the time is right

block parties stirring up the scene

living in a land so very mean

short skirts and the long flowing hair

none the worse for wear

getting cozy in the back of the seat

a triple threat in effect

going to the pool hall on the way to the show

got the music in the streets

She stands alone on the edge of the street  
searching her phone for names to show  
out in the street where people meet  
has many a lover and a friend

Going to the dance hall all dressed up  
Compton Height's was a thrill that night  
running in circles inside her brain  
a wine, dine & a sixty nine

Soaking up the rays getting lost in a purple haze  
drinking the finest wine she dines  
many hearts are swollen behind the squeaky wheel  
the fashionable report like Batman behind the wheel

Those Summer nights go by so very fast  
having so much fun with a hope that it would last  
beep beep..hush hush,  
why are we in a rush

Take off the disguise no reason to hide

behind the four walls of gloom

get busy in your room

light up the sky & let's get a little high

Smoking blunts and the radio blasting

gone are the nights we used to cruise to the Hampton's

just one step at a time so stand in line

we all have a reason to smile

She's the hot stuff queen after all

John Ackerman

# How Beautiful Is Thee

How sweet thy name  
I speak it and your voice calls  
I hear wonderful whispers from your lips  
Followed by the smile bestowed upon your face

How beautiful is thee...  
When you cry, a tear strikes my eye  
When you laugh I roll in it  
How beautiful is thee....

When you gaze at me  
I feel alive  
When you touch me with your tenderness  
I feel alive

How beautiful is thee..  
What magic do you possess  
How do you spark the fire  
That holds me within

What do you see in me  
How beautiful is thee...

John Ackerman

# Hungry For Heaven

Hungry For Heaven

you struck a chord yet deep within  
white lines that filtered through my brain  
the lover in life is not the sinner  
the less that you give your a taker

through the head of a small child learning to dream  
coupled with the given ambiance of the moment  
sincere promises made in the dark  
will light the inner spark to where I'm destined to go

we seek for shelter among the wolves that howl  
blind wolves desperately bleeding in the night  
shadows block the sun in my search for fun  
I'm hungry for heaven burning the midnight oil

take too long watching water to boil  
dig much deeper then ever before  
Dig much deeper then ever before

A willingness to explore the vast perpetual universe

For a cause of true brotherhood & togetherness.

One needs to capture the true essence of their youth.

Carve out time each day to meditate or pray.

Share your unique creativity to a hurting world in search of love

As a beacon of light to a much battered existence.

We need to break the amends answer the call.

Live in light of eternal implications to suffice.

We only get one chance at which to roll the dice.

The modern man does more then search through his Sunday morning newspaper

Sort of a caped crusader with the memory of Steve Jobs in tow.

To evoke creativity toward the mass populace.

Common courtesy by holding open the door for a neighbor

Searches for truth with all of his heart

This will light the inner spark to what he has been waiting for.

Search for the true riches that Christ has in store

an open door by which to humbly explore

the world, the lust of the flesh & pride of life

never relent to ever give up the fight!

John Ackerman

# I Exist

I Exist

as an erection ready to burst  
inside the sweat of my hand let the reader understand  
through towers that encompass a rich epitaph  
my soul permeates a lasting faith  
through borrowed pews with the latest news  
the kotex lying on the floor lest I implore  
a call for awe so much more but what  
working too hard can give you a heart attack  
why do we equate logic for fear  
branded ivy briars blemished in the exterior of a flood  
we tend to sweep things under the rug  
a store bought pardon for the forgotten  
have we forgotten Ben Laden  
everyone has a voice but no one's using it  
the exploits of a harness in its textual plough

I exist through a flicker then no more  
although the powers that be will sway  
the taunt of the nightingale puts a smile on my face  
yet soon to be erased by the mere notion of sadness  
marked on a blotted page yet clearly intact  
cheap thrills popping pills & heroin on the street  
with elusive brigade of a fantasy swirling through my brain  
snap shot moments on the past with a hope that it would last  
no one in this life gets by on any free pass  
I exist in the morning after a night with burgers and fries  
through the ceiling beams a light of trivial pursuit  
with the notion of a faint whisper in the midnight hour

perhaps I was here before the world began  
with soft pillows to prompt my head to give it a sense of solace  
to soar to heights unknown  
in lucid dreams with midnight screams  
a knock on the door lest I implore something more  
the hospitable decor with colors of white, green & red  
what is going on inside my head  
sidewalk zombies with a thirst for blood

a cow chewing on its tender cud  
you spoke to me in the tender moments in a dream  
lines being formed in a vast stretch of the imagination  
perhaps now is a good time to take a rest on a long awaited vacation

I exist through the climax of two lovers in passionate sex  
the marble decorum for a thirst for more pleasure  
to rest in the basking in the vast expanse between space & time  
through wandering hours when faces do shine  
faces in the window with storms in the night  
I exist to never give up on the fight

John Ackerman

# I Look To You

I look to you in Autumn's merge with the climax of love  
for the fragrance of scented leaves in the trees  
I look to you in the quaint forest all alone  
with the howling of owls in the distance  
through the epitaph of braised neglect you are there  
perched in the hands of loving hearts pierced through the fallen hue  
quaint encounters on the porch swing by the Willow tree  
you are the humble reminder of what true love is for  
the notion of a vested solace hanging on the rich decorum

although at times and moments you may shy away yet you are there  
aware in the twilight of fragmented choice  
we may wallow in the mire of sweet extacy yet we humbly agree  
I look to you cause we were both meant to be  
all of life seems to be a mystery it seems  
never before has my soul permeate through a glass menagerie  
of the fallen leaves quaint but yet so dead  
what is going on inside my head

I look to you across the hands of time  
nestled through the mere vibration of brevity  
in shallow peaks throughout the conclaves of death door resolve  
as we climb the steps of time only to finally reach heavens door  
lest I implore a more simpler way for my heart to display  
beauty as in crystalized nuggets of time well spent in thought  
I look to you in the morning fresh on the grass fallen dew  
one can't ever know until you let go  
in lavender decadance along the surface of the outdoor perimeter  
basking in the vast expanse between space and time  
as a beacon of light in a world in search of love  
shelter lies dormant amidst its beckoning plough  
a challenge to be free is a question of time  
we have come this close never to turn back now  
love is the essence of my mere existence learn to shun the resistance in every  
circumstance  
until at last we all will take part in the dance

John Ackerman

# If A Raindrop

If a raindrop  
could represent  
the love in  
a man's life

a rose would grow  
being much like love itself  
starting at the bottom  
with splinters and thorns

getting to the top  
where the soft pedals grow  
if a teardrop  
would represent

any sad moments in a man's life  
the rose  
would start to dry  
where once stood

a beautiful rose  
now stands  
an old dried stem  
only the memories remain

the beautiful memories  
of watching it grow  
and the sad memories  
of letting it go.

John Ackerman

# I'll Forever Fly

The many shades of blue I see,  
Far out in the sky  
Say my name and beckon me,  
I wish that I could fly

Fly above the deep blue seas,  
And pain upon the land  
For once again I shall be free  
And holding no one's hand

The single thing I long to be,  
Flies within the sky  
I'm not an angel on her knee  
I'm a bird that flies up high

High above the swaying trees,  
And soaring with the sun  
I've lost myself within the breeze,  
And now we two are one

For now my problems seem to flee  
And I stay in the sky  
My problems set my spirit free,  
And I'll forever fly

John Ackerman

# I'll Rise

through the smoke out of the devil's Hell  
I sought for peace when times get slow  
you will never know until you try  
stop lying to yourself putting that book right back on the shelf  
We each move to slow in society's vast undertoe  
people telling you which way you should go  
these are desolate times  
yet we settle for ill but faded rhymes  
can't we read between the lines  
for years you pushed me underneath the rug  
carrying not about me with love  
yet I'll rise through the noise pollution  
willing to start a new revolution  
a tug at the heart will light the spark to where I need to go  
sometimes I feel like I'm in prison in cell block number seven  
it's not a one time shopping event at your local seven eleven  
I'll rise from the shadow of darkened confusion  
I'll rise out of the furnace of affliction  
With my hope in the Lord & heaven up above  
There is nothing I can't do in this life  
You can beat me & put me down  
but I'll never wear my head down in a from  
only one life is soon to be passed  
only what's done out of love will last  
lift your voice up so you can be heard  
listen to the heart of love by accepting every word

John Ackerman

# I'm Dreaming Of Love

I'm Dreaming Of Love

set a course to a horizon & I'm not lying  
some how deep down inside I need love bad  
taking my ride down to the beach  
Relish in the noise folks out of reach  
inside I have my thoughts being scattered can you gather  
She's out there somewhere & some how I'll find her  
melting with the mincing of souls that bind us  
for when I look deep into her beautiful eyes  
it is then i see a romantic future  
just like Renee me Ashton Couter  
take long walks in the park together  
draw up the bubble bath no matter what the weather  
put on some sweet music like a tune of Berry White  
or let Keith Sweat take you through the night  
see inside we hide behind four walls that bind  
don't ever be left behind  
I'm dreaming of love thinking of you  
Remembering times when you were there  
a candle in the middle with a scent of perfume  
permeates the influx of my desire for you baby  
soft pillows with chocolates to suit your fancy  
gone were the days when Sid met Nancy  
still a stud is still a stud & a liar is a liar  
blown up with the fullest magical desire  
love is the essence of my inner existence  
join with me and omit the resistance  
it's the hour of power & your face is all I see  
let's get together make make sweet history  
all of life is a mystery  
I'm dreaming of love  
when I'm alone in my room & then I stare at the wall  
it's telling me I need a girl whose as sweet as a dove  
for the first time in my life I see I need love  
sweet kisses & stay out all night  
don't worry I'm not Dracula in need to bite  
my love for you is so unreal  
a love embrace will seal the deal

John Ackerman

# I'm Still In The Game

my philosophy is that my peeps are glad to see a different side of me  
we can humbly agree the streets are not the same when everyones playing the  
name game  
got Eminem still on his way to fame but don't forget about Nas cause he's no lost  
cause  
got beats from my hip sipping on the line when everybody around you is quite  
fine  
fashionable jeans with Goochie hand bags forget about North Korea and their  
sand bags  
Trump in is ivory tower but why do we even bother to keep on hearing him holler  
there's reason for my being in the changing of the season with Drake in good  
taste  
this is the melting pot so watch it shine cause Vitale is in the mix so kiss his  
behind  
its your choice to salute the flag or not or have you forgot this spoken melody  
those are the things we used to see while were out there getting our college  
degree  
save the drama for your momma and we can't forget Obama he such a charmer  
but you knew it would be like this getting caught up in the mix waiting for your  
next fix

like a jewel in the Nile we can learn all the great while we got a shoulder to stand  
  
with an infinite plan to spread it out upon the masses no one deserves second  
classes  
our history books have proven that we need to take part in a solution  
a nation united in love but some of us want to sweep things under the rug  
got high hopes for the underground sound cause they still got me in the game  
not grabbing that text is like driving me insane but who are we to blame  
with cats having blue hats they stuggle for assistance in joing in the resistance  
we got to learn to fight the power or take a nice cold shower  
don't look down on me cause I'm not dead yet but I'm going to be the man you'll  
never forget  
make the melody gell with you and me then you will see sweet lasting harmony.

John Ackerman

# In The Last Days

People will unfold  
hearts will become cold  
there will be ears dull in hearing  
sadness in the stars & moon  
many will suffer in silence  
amidst the rage in violence  
people running to & fro  
tempers on fire as everyone is doing what is right in their own eyes  
blind leaders of the blind  
soon will fall into a great ditch  
it is written in the scriptures and humbly explained  
that without God in there lives its a game of lying shame  
blood thirsty creatures dripping it off side  
eyes with spots having holes  
no love any more just lust  
no in God we trust  
just seeketh self to please  
out spreading the hateful disease  
minds plugged with that of destruction  
no one helps you anymore  
they can't even help themselves  
blackened hearts with a faded stench of death  
666

men having itching ears but not able to understand  
there cost of freedom is that of sticking it to the man  
when will we ever live to understand  
the onslaught of abortion on demand  
war zones we call school & the mob rules  
violence heated decadance permeates from deep within  
Satan laughing spreads his wings  
the wicked never sleep cause they are creatures of habit  
demonic fangs that bite in the night for fright  
the book of Revalation foretells of his coming  
when men will be lovers of pleasure rather lovers of God  
evil in their eyes does this come at any big surprise  
taking heed to wicked lies  
angry politicians feeding their pockets  
darkened shadows block the vortex of their crazed intellectualized wasted minds

tyrants of zombie creatures in their late night double features  
raising hell with not a good story to tell  
they are missing the mark as they faint in belief  
shadows block the vortex of their fragile egg shelled minds walking blind  
living in a world so very mean where people scream  
when will it ever end  
won't you help me my faithful friend  
Jesus

John Ackerman

# In The Moment

lines are being formed from the face and hands  
eyes, feet & hands  
when will we ever seem to learn to understand  
through a variance to a dream voices scream  
a whole host of angels surround me  
the lines permeates the very fabric of my existence  
strong delusion for those being tested  
you had your moments in the sun with a bit of fun  
caviar with lobster tail on a bed of rice  
it will make you think about things twice  
another chance at which to roll the dice  
these are desolate times  
yet we often settle for ill but faded rhymes

then I look in the mirror I'm in the moment  
times has elapsed for a space in which to relax  
we have been captivated by a smile  
cause we knew all the great while  
solace is the residue of it's timely vortex  
an explosion inside that made me realize  
there is a tender meaning of our existence  
you are a mere shadow of a deeper reflection  
through the vast expanse of the moment we can learn  
one soul soars while the other one burns  
you just might have to wait your turn

the village queer is always stern in his approach  
as if a lost seagul heading outside on the coast  
savor those tender memories with both family & friend  
hopefully someday you will all understand?

John Ackerman

# In The Zone

In The Zone

whispers...

through the dark deranged portals you evoke fear  
filled with angelic fervor on it's textual base  
yet we dig much deep then ever before

cries in the dark will light the spark of what we need to know  
still we stand idle as the average novice introduces its spell  
along again then the sadness evokes a newer feeling  
dwindling through the vain extraction of the never world

we visually see a flash then a new day approaches  
on the lawn two lovers having passionate sex  
the screams of vile extreme explodes throughout  
perhaps this is the place where Nero tread

yet again I sit alone in my house now huddled in the corner  
the twilight sun has tainted my inner vision  
the howls of Satanic laughter gives a piercing shriek through  
a candle was lit by the edge of my bed

One can remain lax in the quietness of the moment  
yet again the setting of the sun  
a new day has begun as we embark on the moment  
Does death hurt you the most or is it fear

You can equate logic through a firm grasp of the hand  
whispers again...  
then a faint cry,  
we construct living pyramids to honor the dead

A stroke of luck an the impulse ensues  
onto so much more but for what  
are we grasping for straws what are we searching for?  
quietness again this time I'm in the zone

as if zombie creatures with viscous long fangs that bite  
dripping blood off side we run away to hide

no one questions anymore no one has a voice  
alone one last time yet feelings of grandeur awake

to the message of hope that spills from the sky  
a challenge to be free is a question of time  
eyes with spots digging holes in a pool of blood  
Satan laughing again spreads his wings

Suddenly I awake but to what?

John Ackerman

# In These Times

Can't we read between the lines  
another pardon but people starving  
North Korea's little man  
we are going to build a wall from a know it all  
in these times I stake my claim  
not for power nor for fame  
it's a shame we came this far to discover  
from a president with a comb over  
where is the love & stop all the hate  
call it fate a new position for your intuition  
these are your marching orders to proceed with love  
coming down out of a hand with love  
many suffer in silence invading all the violence  
in these times we must stand in line  
not to pretend that everythings fine  
we have become socially wandering wizards  
trying to drain the swamp & then what  
the whole political scheme make me want to throw up  
got babies having babies with abortion on demand  
when will we ever live to understand  
don't turn your backs when saluting are country's flag  
there are lines being drawn out in the sand  
hopefully someday all will understand  
In these times we have created a rhyme  
got you broke down to your last thin dime  
yet keep your chin up you can surely shine  
all things beautiful in its time

John Ackerman

# Inner Feelings

Inner Feelings

I was just sitting having a cup  
Of coffee suddenly!  
Your spirit came to me  
Oh, so strongly

No, words can describe it  
I let it lead me as I will  
in the future also  
These inner feelings of yours

Are magnificent!  
Continually growing stronger  
from day to day unending  
My inner feelings for you are love

Yes, as time passes I find  
I have misplaced inner feelings  
Elsewhere!  
And hurt again this hurt never ceases!

John Ackerman

# Inner Silence

the decay of the leaves in late Summer  
really makes you wonder  
the thought of Cobblestone on the soft decor  
a life that was meant for so much more  
but what?  
what are we searching for in this vast domain  
at night I lay silent on my bed  
movement ensues & I'm left with a new fresh attitude  
feelings of neck ties, streamers & bows  
a peril of sorts of the fragmentation of my mind  
life is being filled up with challenges to extreme  
in a land that is so very mean  
they want to help you but they can't even help themselves  
perhaps I should put that book right back on the shelf  
I will say this through the problems there is a pause of relief  
maybe turn things over to a brand new leaf  
let's look deep inside for we have nothing to hide  
sidewalks filled with strangers who are in a great deal of danger  
many have tread this barren sod before  
with noble hearts let's stake our claim  
not for the criminally insane  
sow the love that comes from deep within your heart  
then you could do your part to what it is I have been waiting for  
all of life is an open door just ready for you to explore  
the faint in heart will soon discover you have to press in  
stay attached to the vine in his great design  
in my inner silence there's a swelt of decor  
the challenge for so much more lest I implore  
honesty is the best policy  
this will one day show on my homily  
but for now I'll take it one step at a time  
choose to succeed & that's it for this rhyme

John Ackerman

# Inside Out

I spit this on the mic to flow oh so prolific  
What's the since in believing in Christ  
If ur just gonna take him out of Christmas...  
Dish the wish list...u can't re gift this...  
Can't unwish this...  
Hold the phone put it to ur ear so i may call  
You on this...  
I don't mean to phone straight home...  
Put ur wish bone on this...  
I'm in this rap for tit and tat cross my t dot my i's...  
Bring that right back...  
I said I'm in this rap for tit and tat...  
I'm diving for the truth but  
it seems I'm getting lies just stuffed full of cotton...  
So I start digging in deeper let the lord be my finder as well as my keeper...  
Im just the seeker...  
I use to just be the peeker I was searching for it all...  
But the only thing I was able to do was watch it all fall...  
Behind it I would crawl and cry about how I almost had it all...  
That's all....  
The devil wanted me to give up...  
But my success was simply based off of me getting up and moving on...  
So I left my baggage behind for claims...  
Now I'm onward bound to my success full stead ahead....  
All aboard this train to success...  
I use to walk out my house...couldn't see my path so foggy  
Now I'm gliding down my path so hands free cuz god is handling me....  
Can't u see what I see my cup now runneth over...  
All brand new...  
My home turned to a castle I can see the riches the success...  
That the lord has for me...  
He set it all up now it's slowly falling down for me...  
I use to bit the hand that feed me  
now I shake it and hold it so firmly he guides me down the path...  
Hand in hand...makes me feel so securely...  
So surely not late I thought...  
But maybe not so early  
He came at the right time to save me from myself like a goalie...  
So holy...

Hollie mollie I use to feel so lonely...  
But now I feel so secure its like I'm held down  
held together by a force much stronger than gravity  
Yet I feel so free like I'm on the moon zero gravity...  
Helped my outta all my problems...  
Had so much sin I was indebt to sin...  
Had to look within to get out...  
That's when I found God and he turned me inside out

John Ackerman

# Inside The Court Of Arms

chosen are we pierced with tears  
always thinking no one cares  
we got loose change a chance to rearrange  
people can be strange  
stop dragging my heart around  
then without a sound it suffices to say

at first we see the light of its vast domain  
shaped back structure of immense prowess  
one step at a time we shall climb inside  
The court of arms we its intense appeal  
kings and queens would gather together at this place  
my heart was frantic and permeated real lasting love

the impulse of a smile and we shall know all the great while  
it seems such a great mystery for those willing to appease  
the swords were drawn in a fashionable decorum  
horses have been transport to and from the place  
eyes of ivory solvent bent on a conquest a reason to rest  
we can learn a thing or two of its humble vacancy  
the thought of humble apathy intervenes

John Ackerman

# Intuned Harmony To The Hidden Beasts Menagerie

try me if you please as you are out spreading the disease  
plagued by thoughts of grandeur with affectionate melancholy  
sparkling array of blissful care through the air  
my very soul permeates a reason for being amidst the changing of the seasons  
with daffodils and common ivy hue  
come with me as we frolic in a land of make believe  
away from the bustling crowd can make you think out loud  
there is a land with kings and queens with twisted heated evil schemes  
nestled near the dungeon there lies a little baby dragon caught in his humble  
abode  
a nearby court jester merry and wise enticing to the villagers in the square  
juggling and spinning around like the present day clown  
a fair maiden timid with red dress alone in her castle looking into the mirror  
there is a beautiful butterfly that leaps through the cobblestone onto the green  
grass with moss  
the lovely maiden begins to sip on a cup of tea with a biscuit crumbs are left  
behind  
faces, spaces & traces  
filter through the duration of time in a menagerie of sorts in the quaint kings  
court  
there in the center is the jewel of the Nile running rampant & wild  
personifications of colors mark the cobblestones leading to a garden with  
beautiful flowers  
it's Spring time and the court is filled with wine & spice galore  
a black cat dazzles in the sunlight next to the baby dragon alone  
the court jester begins his sonnet with not a dry eye in the parlor  
"Love is the essence of my inner existence shun its resistance"...  
outside at night the moon was still and there fell a quaint bellowing noise coming  
from the baby dragon as if a gasp.  
nestled below there was small dwarfs scratching their heads trying to go to bed  
  
perched on the maiden's window was a beautiful white dove with a reed in its  
beak  
in solace the warm brevity permeates throughout the duration of this quaint land  
let the reader understand the fullest extent of the kingdom in your thoughts  
into letting it dazzle the very fabrication of your mind then in time  
dreams would ensue of decorative doorways with covered wagons & parchment  
boards exposed  
inside you will see the visualization of a walkway a given chance to get away

behind pillars then trophies of long ago in this vast domain  
beautiful illustration of the unseen land let it bask in the vast expanse of your  
mind  
a place to find love for nature and the beauty it helps to represent  
the maiden has a significant purpose to bridge the gap between heaven & hell  
with a great story in which to tell from the heart of her soul  
her mind tingles her body aches with the pleasure she was afforded  
when she is done she will feel the climax of her restored heart with that of sullen  
brevity  
she cares for the baby dragon with equated logic and fervor and will forever  
honor her  
the green moss surrounds the land and even infects the nostrils of the palace  
guard  
for this is a land we used to have been given to us out of vested reason of being  
the intuned harmony to the hidden beasts menagerie cause all of life is but a  
mystery you see

John Ackerman

# It Wasn't The Nails

Suffering is a part of life, and I say  
But sometimes I just wish the suffering would go away  
Pain seems so useless, its purpose is so hard to find  
When I'm in pain I'm often abrupt, rude & unkind

But Jesus had much more pain than I ever will;  
His suffering was the way he chose my sins to kill  
He died of lack of blood and lack of enough air  
Into his lungs, and to me it seems unfair,

To die for my sins on his cross up there  
It wasn't the nails that held Christ to the cross;  
It was his love for us that put him at a loss;  
For air to breathe and blood to flow

And in the end, for his life to go  
My pain has purpose when I unite my pain,  
With Christ's pain on the cross which was for my gain;  
Gain of forgiveness of my sins on my soul

And for other's sins, too, to make us all whole  
So I'll offer up my pain for others, and not complain  
For my suffering may help them repent and not sin again  
Suffering is a part of life, I know, and I say

John Ackerman

# It's All A Lie

It's All A Lie

Staring into the eyes of another  
Knowing deep down your in love  
But the other denies  
But you know it is a lie

When he confesses  
He has excuses  
Upon why not to follow our love

Not giving a shit  
You argue your heart out  
What is the meaning of life  
And it's not all a lie

They break your heart  
Cuts you down  
And resigns from their love  
And it's all a lie

You lose yourself in your passion  
For the one you love  
You feel your life pass through you  
And it's all a lie.

John Ackerman

# Jake's House

Jake's House

There was a man whose name was Jake  
Who had a house upon the lake  
Every morning he would wake  
And for breakfast have a piece of cake

He had a private fishing hole;  
He always used a long cane pole  
He fried his fish on red hot coal  
And served it in a great big bowl

For a pet, he had a cat

John Ackerman

# Jesus Christ

Awake

a pause to meditate on the pay  
a humble need to bow the knee to pray  
you came to open our hearts  
to turn us from Satan onto God

that we may have forgiveness of sin  
and inheritance among us  
which is sanctified by faith that is in him  
Lord, you drew a line in the sand  
parting way for the accusers to prevent her from being stoned  
picked up the cross on the way to Golgotha

taught us from the sermon of the mount  
feeding of the five thousand  
you rose again & then appeared to your chosen one's  
Jesus...Jesus...Jesus your the lover of our soul  
you come take control  
come with healing in your hand

Father forgive them for we know not what they do  
he said the prayer now the rest is up to you.  
you provided sight to the blind  
cast out demons to that troubled man  
when will we ever live to understand

Come fill our hearts with your dear love  
sent by your angels from the hand of God  
shelter us with your rich message of hope  
Give us your peace that passes all understanding  
blood stained crown upon your head  
you were risen from the dead

you were with Satan in the desert alone  
cast thyself down he said but you never relented  
Lord Jesus be with us today  
show all of us the way to heaven we pray



# Jesus Christ Risen

Awake

a pause to meditate on the pay  
a humble need to bow the knee to pray  
you came to open our hearts  
to turn us from Satan onto God

that we may have forgiveness of sin  
and inheritance among us  
which is sanctified by faith that is in him  
Lord, you drew a line in the sand  
parting way for the accusers to prevent her from being stoned  
picked up the cross on the way to Golgotha

taught us from the sermon of the mount  
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show all of us the way to heaven we pray



# Jesus Saves

Jesus Saves

you read your books in school bruh  
they taught of lessons needed in life  
some how along life's way you got lost  
busting down doors sleeping with dirty whores

rap scene was you first priority  
flirting with fire of Satan's burning desire  
trying to get you higher  
you were so blind you couldn't see

now your messing with a son of a bitch  
you realize eternity is a long time  
had to stop all your dope rhymes  
yesterday it was wine, dine and 69

got to keep it real cause the truth will set you free  
let the devil flee as you king on to Jehovah  
turn your life over  
you wake up late stating it's one of those days

getting lost in a purple haze  
take a chill pill & wear your Sunday's best  
swing in your corner and turn your thought life over  
yesterday we used to pray

yet today you say it ought not be that way  
Jesus Saves  
Jesus Saves  
you were a mouse stuck inside a maze

until you gave your heart to the savior  
now your eating another ice cream flavor  
disaster was your best friend  
slipping & sliding nothing was guiding

today you stand ten feet tall

cause you took your chance with the king of kings  
the world outside is so very mean  
coming back to your first love

kick that old dog Satan underneath the rug

John Ackerman

# Jesus Was A Sailor

Jesus was a sailor  
When he walked upon the water  
And he spent a long time watching  
From his lonely wooden tower  
And when he knew for certain  
Only drowning men could see him  
He said &quot;All men will be sailors then  
Until the sea shall free them&quot;;  
But he himself was broken  
Long before the sky would open  
Forsaken, almost human  
He sank beneath your wisdom like a stone  
And you want to travel with him  
And you want to travel blind  
And you think maybe you'll trust him  
For he's touched your perfect body with his mind

I have a friend in Jesus  
Who guides me through the gale  
A first mate and a skipper  
Who helps me to set sail.

He offers strength and guidance  
A helmsman at the wheel  
An ever-steady beam of light  
A fortress made of steel.

He's the master of the ocean  
My refuge and my rock  
A harbor that I turn to  
My anchor at life's dock.

He's a mighty sailing warrior  
A helping hand indeed  
A pilot through the churning waves  
He meets my every need.

He's the One I always run to  
When the waves won't let me be

The lighthouse that I turn to  
On a rough and troubled sea.

He's a smoothly sailing vessel  
A refuge from the storm  
The gentle breeze that sends me to  
An island, sweet and warm.

He's a brave and fearless skipper  
A shelter from the heat  
Water when I'm thirsty  
A vessel filled with wheat.

He's a sure and steady sailor  
My Captain on life's sea  
No matter where I journey  
He goes along with me.

John Ackerman

# Joker Gone Wild

Joker Gone Wild

it was 1893 in a mental institution by the sea  
there was locked in a zombie of a man let the reader understand  
yet he had an ingenious plan to escape through a trapped ceiling door  
making his way on one cold frightful night onto the streets of London  
the air was brisk yet had a tint of fog but yet he drifted as a log  
sucking the necks of virgins in their midnight apparel  
infecting them with his deadly venom cause he was not of this earth after all  
one day a child was conceived from the rape that was put on a woman  
the young lass had hairy as a Wolverine & tongue that was green  
shaken inside the man had no place to hide until he went into the cemetery  
now he felt at home with his head next to a stone  
they used to put bells on the toes so that if they were alive it would ring  
a funeral director took the man by the stone and draped him with cloth having a  
bell attached...

suddenly the bell rang and the director met his fate as if he was bait  
sucking the blood the zombie man disappeared into the night  
many years had passed still having every reason to grasp this time the young  
child Wolverine was a full grown man  
locked away inside an institution alone until one night he was greeted by his long  
lost pappy  
taking him down from the ceiling trapped door to explore once again  
this time with a fiddle in his hand let the reader understand  
the time away the zombie man made a deal with the devil to stay out of trouble  
together at last there was a zombie family happy as can be for the rest is left out  
in sweet history.

John Ackerman

# Jordan Smiles

Jordan Smiles

When she smiles she lights up the room  
loves Jesus & her boyfriend to  
a beacon of light to a hurting world in need of love  
Coming down out of heaven from God above  
A challenge to be free is a question of time  
Her only solution is using her mind  
Living on the edge and its going to her head  
Sitting up at night all alone in bed  
Following a rainbow to the sky  
She sees a vision of her pass her by  
She dances in a ring of fire  
yet throws off its challenge with a shrug  
love is the mere essence of her existence  
A sweet girl who longs for love  
like to go for a ride to get away  
loves nature and a reason for being  
she never gets lost in the changing of the seasons  
love has gained it also has lost  
humaities heviest of cost  
love for Jordan is never over  
live on in her adorable heart forever

John Ackerman

# Judge Dread

in the year 2070 there lived a man from another fantasy  
his name was Judge Dread & what was going on inside his head  
he lived in the village of Shaun in Sweden with his family  
he always supported unity and the willingness to achieve  
the only judge in the county that was make believe  
he settled many cases in vested spaces

what was his claim to fame  
non other then his magic wand that he brought along court cases  
there was magic in his hands I hope you understand  
one day while coming home late from a case  
he was bitten by a viscous fanged zombie creature

soon after Judge Dread grew faintly ill with no where to turn  
he lay sunken in head bed with a face full of dread  
it was only a matter of time and he was gone  
soon after this narrative disaster there came a knock on the village square door

it was a wild boar with a head like a man  
let me be the first to help you understand  
the dead at times would come back as people  
yet in this case it was an animal  
this wasn't anything casual or natural  
for it had the head of Judge Dread  
quiver inside alone with the silence of this bor lest I implore  
he made his way through each home in Shaun  
now the villagers were zombie creatures infested  
having long viscous fangs that bite dripping blood off side  
it made everyone visiting want to run away & hide  
Judge Dread was a boar & his chief aim was in gore  
then the town was no more

John Ackerman

# Juliet

Juliet

She had big eyes  
Sweet soft reply like nectar  
Hands, feet & face  
Her hair would flow with a trace  
Loved to be loved in a world so very cold  
She humbly kept a diary  
To capture her imaginary friend  
A sweet loving angel whom she can depend  
Spent hours in her garden  
Touching the lavender and strawberries to  
Juliet there is a star in your eyes girl  
Her sweet kisses was in her grandmother's wishes  
She was a true poet of her own  
Spent most of her time staying home all alone  
Yet outside lurked a frightful demon  
Who taunted Juliet which left her screaming  
The demon attacked her many times alone  
Until the very day she called upon her imaginary friend  
With its appearing the demon disappeared from sight  
Falling head long to the edge of the night  
To call upon her friend for that is her right

John Ackerman

# Just A Thought

I am a teacher of children and father with none  
I am an artist with a different frame of mind  
There is nothing that strikes me like the lack of trust and care  
Among fellow humans, what a waste and I don't dare

Please tell me the real motive, I will try to understand  
The time is getting shorter, let's make this moment fine  
We breath the same air, we use the same soil  
The water is all ours and the skies we all do share

What else is in there that is hard to comprehend?  
Don't we all look for the same in our lives and in our destiny?  
Let's stop and think and let's set a change  
Because the time is ours and our children will be soon gone

Or we will find ourselves mourning in the middle of a quiet storm  
It all seems so ironic that after all our years  
See? at the end of the road? There is something for all of us, dear  
The same hole and the same fear

Let's live with ample joy because our hour is almost here

John Ackerman

# Just Having Fun

I'm just having fun, but no doubt someone will take this serious  
I'm about to take you on a lyrical experience  
I'm having fun with words, like when a baby first starts reading books  
Saying I'm good at rhyming, Is like saying Mike Tyson packs a decent punch  
I best mention the Kardashians other wise you'll have trouble keeping up  
Me with a pen is more dangerous than Michael Myers on Halloween when he  
starts slashing with the knife  
Telling me I can't rhyme, is the biggest mistake you've made since you let your  
ex Back in to your life  
Speaking of exes, will someone please date mine  
I promise she'll give you a great time  
I'll pay for the date, its all on me  
All I ask, is please be good enough to get her to stop calling me  
I love Hip Hop, and yeah I know I'm white  
Please be creative and tell me how I'm the new Vanilla ice  
Or how I should walk right back across 8 mile  
I could have thrown this into my waste pile  
But I just wanted to write some joke lines and have some fun  
Sick of hearing rappers talk about drugs and how they pack a gun  
'yeah I'm Bad. I'll make this Uzi Squirt'  
You don't know who Nas is, And think the greatest rapper is Lil Uzi Vert  
Or some other mumble rapper with lame rhymes  
You deserve to have Biggie and Big Pun sit on you at the same time  
Some guy called Young Thug is wearing dresses  
That's not something I have a problem with  
My problem is  
There's so much going on in the world and these rappers are scared to address it  
What happened to Hip-Hop when rappers would share a message?  
Nas, Big Daddy Kane, Slick Rick, I could name so many more  
Now its a bunch of dudes who sound the same with empty thoughts  
I'd pretend to be from the hood and blast guns but I'd fail  
I'd rather be the real me, and I'm far too cute to go to Jail  
I just love Hip Hop and the way it used to be  
You always get the truth from me  
someone tell Rihanna I'm ready to give her the best 30 seconds of her life  
Tell her she'll only regret it if I become a legend when I die  
Knowing she could of had me  
This is my last piece of paper, I'm now pad free  
I was watching rap battles on YouTube, So took you on this lyrical experience

I'm just a poetical lyricist

John Ackerman

# Kalvin Klein No Friend Of Mind Don't Wear His Stuff On My Behind

Keith Sweat took us to the limit  
Jams that left us in search of love  
Break it down to those days of Stevie B with Spring Love

Flip flops with high hats cruising down lovers lane  
Let me be the first to explain  
Run D.M.C. & rap influenced other styles  
Switch knife prison break who did we imitate

Plush styles getting a little bit wild  
Today the style are changing you don't see the old school anymore  
It was so in tow with Studio 54  
Still we got Eminem & Jay Z getting busy on the floor

You got the hook up so keep it together  
Flash cars with the stars hitting all those bars  
Illumination....  
Some have gone to prison

Getting the beats from my socks like Goldie Locks  
Its the changing of the season  
Homeboy got locked for no good reason  
Dizzy are the days getting lost in a purple haze

This is a journey into sound  
Sleepless night falling at the beach

Moon beams shine on my lady whose a peach  
Got to get those old school rhymes

Clap your hands & push up them daisy's  
Gone are the days of the late Slim Shady  
Cause sugar is sweet so sweet like honey  
I'm the homeboy at the back of the joint counting the money



# Keep Your Cool

Keep Your Cool

Keep your cool as I stay in school  
got dope rhymes for the times

you walk a fine line through the duration of time  
Sublime

you hear it on the radio of some place to go  
keep your head up to the sky

you want to start a riot in the Hollis  
keep quiet got tempo beats in the back

working my rhymes as I get whip lash  
you'll be sitting back in the far seat second class

stay tuned to what you got though it may not be a lot  
Gone are the days of Scott Lerock

Got rappers today to my dismay  
dizzy under the sheets

big named producers always a boozer  
Still keep your cool know your tool

if you sweat just ask for a towel  
the styles are all aglow got to take down the beats tempo

yet through the duration of the rhyme we can all get in line  
popping don't stop them from the jungle of the street

when another thug disses you don't fret  
just be glad that we never met

maybe take a nine to his head want to see him drop dead  
the system is blown apart should send a dart piercing the heart

we could chill at a friends house while he chases the mouse

got to take your time have to write things down

don't ever wear your head down to the ground like some clown  
your a card carrying member of the human race no disgrace

roll a big fat blunt even if you got junk in your trunk  
we can travel the world and still find nobody tougher

then an over weight brother from another mother  
keep your cool & stay in school

John Ackerman

## Keeping It Alive

Keeping it real from the heart: We need to talk, Why is it that some people get away with things in society & others don't. It's a double standard. Also how come atheists have so much hate in their system? Love should become the essence of one's inner existence. As a society we are slowly drifting away the fundamental values in which make are country great. This leaves me feeling ton inside. Many people today live by sight behind a false hidden garb of compromise. Can't we see through Satan's evil lies. That's why I think faith is so beneficial it's believing in a substance of things unseen the evidence of things to come. Just knowing something superficially isn't necessarily biblical truth. You have to back it up with the word of God. Still it makes me wonder when someone dies have they been actually dead for years until the moment? Sin is actions in which humans rebel against God. Miss their true purpose for their lives. Surrendering instead to the prince of the air more then God cause all their deeds were evil. Still faith without works is dead if not put into action. Even the devil believes & trembles inside. Only one life is soon to be past only what's done for Christ is going to last!

John Ackerman

# Keeping It Real

## Keeping It Real

as a young child I could dream  
of far off places with dragons, kings & queens  
still in my mind I shine  
the inner light of solace  
playing with a bat & ball  
as I got a little older I stood up tall

trying to find the spark to light the inner flame  
I gave up the sand box to build forts in the woods  
stolen candy bars from a nearby store I gave up the goods  
back then I liked the Yankees & the Bee Gees  
As the years would pass I had every reason to grasp  
a quest to live my life through

perhaps I bit off far more than I could chew  
in the days of my youth were very brief  
I always felt like turning over a brand new leaf  
Sweat pants & the break dance scene  
a shouting star to the dance hall scene  
chilling with my friends now that I was grown

I used to really hold my own  
head up high to the sky & never relent to ever give up the fight  
kissing sweet honey's down at the school thought I was so cool  
block parties after high school with fast cars too  
Hearing the tunes of Stevie B  
smoking weed & laughing until I cried

Thought that sex was real love but that soon would fade  
instant gratification made me rest on a small vacation  
had moments of sadness feeling all alone  
until the day I met the savior & my life would shine  
Created by the hand of his elegance crafted from his design  
all my sins & chains were gone now I sing the redemption song

Some say you got to go through Hell to get to heaven  
it's not a one stop shopping event at your local seven eleven

so today I choose to keep it real  
where other dismiss & say it's no big deal  
the light of the world shined on me & love was the answer  
Never relent to ever give up on your dreams  
In time you'll shine through the darkness with light  
Don't ever give up on the fight

John Ackerman

# Labyrinth City

## The Labyrinth City

back in the old days of yore  
lived a Warlock who made vested figurines  
selling them on side walk near the village queen  
a humble guard of the Knights palace would watch him for security  
The warlock had a vision one night that he visibly saw a Labyrinth city  
beautiful maze of fresh Autumn trees would permeate one's inner senses to  
believe  
he used this vision as a plan to replicate it toward man  
constructing his own inner circle in time it was they chosen day in which it  
arrived  
King & Queen were there to share the anticipation with a song  
each coridor exploded with lines in their pefect circumference  
a noted scholar was surprised when he entered to doorway to this vast domain  
climbing through one opening to the next one's heart was in a deep fix  
even the court jester made note of the corridors and billows it with follow

soon the Labyrinth city was found to be very busy with a whole host of people  
trying to find the end as if it was some great game  
then in the middle there was a midget playing second fiddle  
colors of vast oblation taking apart of the scene  
an explosion of sorts until finally the end with a great opening to the Warlocks  
dwelling  
inside they would celebrate in praise and song  
from one Warlock with a dream that came true as it seemed until  
the bottom dropped out of the pendulim and all would scream  
for the city was fully under siege knocking many to their knees  
The walock in question didn't know what he should do  
for he had bitten off far more then he could ever chew  
but he saved the best for last full aware that there might be attacks.  
one switch from his home sent the invaders to the deadly plight  
for at last the kingdom was at peace and the rest of this tale was played out in  
sweet history

John Ackerman

# Lady Of The Harbor

Lady Of The Harbor

as the sun beats like honey on the lady of the harbor  
there is stillness in the wind as fabrications set it  
puzzled from the smile of her face left to a caress  
strapped beneath with pillows in the brigade of the silence  
etched across the sky their is thoughts of granduer  
we have been here before through the soft still silhouette  
let us never forget a promise made amidst a curtain  
within certain structural boundaries we stand attentive  
her voice is deafening not demanding in quaint understanding  
we each have to go pass pillars of time well spent in thought  
in the conclaves of societal creatures with various features unleashed in the night

we both were hear before in the duration of the door we can ponder a song  
swift movements of vibrant currents of thought permeates our inner existence  
we can hear the message as we play the song to help us get along  
there's quiet beauty within solace we can lean to recapture  
throughout our life we can make things think twice  
love is like a phone its always attentive to hear on the other side  
love is a lamp for thy feet a chance to meet & greet  
love has gained it also has lost humanities heaviest of cost  
if we follow too close we may lose hope it helps to go it alone  
tempers filled with fire in one's taunt hidden desire  
yet the lady of the harbor stands strong amidst the given circumstances

she has shared with visitors coming from different countries  
she has gazed into the sun amidst the affliction of 911  
she has imbodyed deep strength amidst the resilience to impart  
she will light the inner spark to where we all needto go  
she stands as a monument of freedom to us all to behold  
freedom that so many take for granted  
amidst the dew on the ground to the sunlit sky she waves her banner high  
people have shunned her yet is it any wonder there is hope in store for everyone  
one of us

John Ackerman

# Land Of Milk & Honey

Land Of Milk & Honey

sugar is sweet as sweet as honey  
now that I'm broke & got no money  
the moral of this story is to stay positive young G  
living in the land on milk & honey

time has elapsed & it has for no reason  
some say there's a change in the way of the season  
lift your head high up in the sky be brave today  
living in the land of the free & the home of the brave

you got to come up with a good rap in time  
down on your luck to your last thin dime  
the word on the street is you got to stay positive  
love your neighbor and choose to give

someday your pay day will come  
like a lost soul being out on the run  
hear the bullets blast outside in the hood  
homeboys out for no good

what we do today will be echoed in eternity  
keep your head on straight and head for the main gate  
the rich will always blame the poor  
still nobody has a voice anymore

Choose to be the best young G you can be  
living in the land of milk & honey  
one day when your full grown you will see  
the moral of the story is love making sweet history

John Ackerman

# Learning To Fly

it started to rain on the night that we first decided to fly  
inside I was a bundle of nerves and then the suspense kicked in  
we huddled close behind the many gadgets to explore  
little by little we drew momentum to the setting of the sun  
life was just like that flight in motion a certain aimed solution  
its filled with many test and such  
just like Tom Petty sang, 'I'm learning to fly, but I ain't got wings

Coming down is the hardest thing'.

deep comes onto deep starting from my head down to my feet  
one day at a time we you shall climb until at last you make the victory sign  
we are living in a world torn up inside without any notion of love

exposed to the elements we then can learn to fly  
you just have to give it your best try  
such as the uneventful pop fly in the center fielder  
features will grow but the challenge is getting greater  
each new experience fosters another lapse of a response  
learn to take deep breaths inside through the cycle of life amidst its given strife  
gravity is in most of society some folks just let it be  
stand determined to make it through the finish line and you'll do fine  
just like Steve Harvey on the family feud always in a good mood

John Ackerman

# Lenny Bruce Was Not Afraid

Lenny Bruce Was Not Afraid

You believed in free verbal expression.  
However, the law harassed you with repression.  
Your fans loved you. You had quite a following.  
What you said on stage and on records had them laughing.

Some of your words were an inappropriate quip.  
You had to deal with drug addiction as well as censorship.  
A perverted deviate they called you in your day.  
The wrong things were said, and the law whisked you away.  
Your life was the eventual high price you had to pay.  
What you said back then seems like nothing today.

R.E.M. named you in the 'End of The World' song  
never afraid to take a stand by sticking it to the man  
you will be missed in the whole wide world comic circus  
now we must dismiss any notion of disrespect as you lay to rest

John Ackerman

# Let Your Mind Relax

light in visible light never give up on the fight  
break through the silence in a pause of a whisper  
a heart over flowing through the notion of fate  
step aside from your worries and don't be in a hurry  
put some soft music on and light a candle  
breathe deep into your very soul let the vibration permeate your mind  
shadows may block your clear vision yet you are on a mission  
look to the sea vibrations are meant to be  
the surf going out and coming back in  
hold your breath and count to the number ten  
there's things that you can do to loosen the mood  
let your heart beat toward love out from a higher extreme  
we are living in a land so very mean  
what is your favorite flavor of ice cream  
bask in the vast expanse between space and time  
let your face shine within tender moments like these

loosen any inability to let go & smile  
it start with one foot at a time  
step by step inch by inch you will reach your proper place  
call it lavender grace  
take a long walk in the woods through a variation in a dream  
travel the pathway that is suitable for you  
gaze into the sky & be happy  
alone again in your thoughts  
yet at this time you have a reason for being  
start achieving & stop the nose bleeding

John Ackerman

# Let's Do Our Part In Society

Let's Do Our Part in Society

We can each do our part in society. Maybe fix a flat tire for a neighbor or offer a cup of cool water to a stranger. Go to the widow & orphans in their affliction. I'm keeping it real people. Only one life is soon to be passed only what's done out of love will last. Pray with all of your might maybe write a poem so others can read and enjoy. We each have hidden abilities and talents that we need to be putting into use. To the beggar out on the street destitute for no daily bread. To the laborer in the factory we need to be busy about the fathers business. No one knows the hour or even the day of the savior's return. But he asks us to be ready. These are the marching orders out of love within my heart to you. Stop all hate and negativity. Choose to put a big smile on your face instead of a frown. Perhaps go to a soup kitchen to volunteer your time. Believe me in time you will see the benefits & blessings flow as long as you have love in your heart. When it comes to music sing or rap on topics that will benefit the soul. Our mindsets need to be focused on a selfless agenda instead of being so selfish. Yet in the end it's our choice in how we want to proceed out of life. This is from my heart to yours & thoughts by which to ponder.

John Ackerman

# Letting Go

Letting Go

Remembering lost thought and unseen smiles  
Constant urges come upon me unannounced and send  
chills throughout my entire self  
My dreams don't allow me to see, the heart, as well as the soul

letting go...

In need to move and feel the wind  
Words just seem to sound better on paper  
There are only some days when you feel like

nothing can bring you down  
I get dizzy just standing still  
But when the sun is shining or the moon is full,  
then why does it still rain?

I can never tell if my world may be coming together  
or simply falling to pieces  
I feel this could be a good thing  
I'd like someday to see a black cat with crystal green eyes

All of my tears have turned to smiles  
and when I wake up, the sun is still shining.

John Ackerman

# Life Of A Bum

morning light a new day has begun in the life of a bum  
he stammers in the curb as if a lonely bird  
goes to the soup kitchen at dawn  
closed off from society as if a mystery you see  
pan handles for spare change to get a pint of liquor  
later he retires in the mire of the shelter  
everyone living so close together  
he ears whispers in the dark to summon his beckoning call  
doorways clasp together as ovations of clumsy feathers  
pillows with cobwebs etched in the very fabric of the material  
springs louder than a car in danger

yet the bum awakes again to find his belongs stolen  
he seeks deep inside to answer his many questions  
grabs a hold of his bottle of poison with the very notion  
to try to it all again this time the help of a beloved friend  
a deacon from a nearby church comforts him with love's invitation  
a lasting beam as if a sparkling vast array of hope from where he may cope  
hears his favorite song on the radio by a near parked car  
the enemy the devil who is Satan was using this man as bacon  
but word from the deacon man made him fully understand

Now he had a vested plan  
to go forth into the world and spread the gospel  
in time he would drop the bottle  
learning to practice both more and physical hygiene  
now that he was clean he hit the streets so very mean  
learned to see the good in others  
he chose a life of ministry and the rest was sweet history  
looking back at things when he was down in the gutter needing a helping hand of  
a dear brother...  
learning never to forget what you came from but be blessed to where you are  
going  
rather its not the know but in the knowing

John Ackerman

# Life Through The Eyes Of An Addict

Life Through The Eyes Of An Addict

Life, is it really worth living for?  
I did not know until God opened the door

And there he was in the shape of a big, bright, spiritual light,  
He said, Son, believeth in me and everything shall be alright

So every morning I get down on my knees and pray:  
God, please let me have another clean and sober day!

Though I often have thoughts of suicide  
And tell the Lord: oh, how hard I've tried

Then I asked him for a way out of this bind;  
With a silent voice, he answered: my son, one day at a time

Before I called upon him I had one foot in the grave;  
but like he told me, believeth in him an thou shalt be saved

When my mind and nerves become idle,  
I become secluded and read the bible

So now I am saved and will always wear his sign  
And will never forget the blessing he placed in mind!

Now that I've found myself and my goal  
With dignity and pride I can shout out, no!

No one wants to be a drug or suicidal fanatic;  
So remember, that's life through the eyes of an addict!

John Ackerman

# Light And Love

light

in heaven the stage is set for all the whole host of players to take their place  
not about perfection but we are being perfected daily by his love  
as a beacon of light to a hurting world in need of love to behold an open door  
when I was young I used to dream many dreams as if a fantasy  
now those days are gone but I still look on to when I was young having fun  
life is filled with twists and turns one heart soars the other will burn  
its in the sanctity amidst the calamity that he provides to thee  
we all need a shoulder to cry with a tender message to answer why  
many hide behind the garb of false compromise can't they see through its  
twisted lies  
yet he still provides yet doesn't work as a steeple or ringing the bell  
or a salesmen telling you something you want to here no  
his love was such that he suffered so much just to cause some of us to follow

love is the quaint interpretation of a dream set to fancy  
gone are the days with both Sid & Nancy  
to be on the cutting edge of laughter to the supreme  
we are living in a land so very mean where people scream  
the slamming of the door filled with tempers of fire blown up in its fullest of  
desire  
we fight, push & war  
all seems to be a will for power & nothing more  
love is the sweet essence of my inner existence learn to shun the resistance at  
every circumstance...  
love has gained a rich way of expressing what to say  
it implodes through dreams falling apart at the seams  
giving people something to grasp amidst the aftermath  
love is a flame it lights the way on a beautiful flower display  
the ever given chance at which to humbly bow the knee to pray  
God is the light the sure fire way that will lead you from sight

light & love

bringing down fire from above as distributed through a hug  
the notion of better days to come as you feel comfortably numb  
with each human heart will shall light the spark to where we need to go  
life is filled with surprises out of many circumstances  
some have chosen a rose that was plucked long before  
others are destined for the resolve of so much more

yet both paths can be met halfway as if the mere notion has taken you away  
in time we shall shine as two forces of graduer  
as if a swiftling but silent flowing river  
remember that God is the giver and we are merely its receiver  
there can be a balance of power as you may equate logic for fear  
sullen brevity leads to mediocre tears

John Ackerman

# Like A Bird In A Snare

she whispered in his ear

Torn

hands, eyes & heart

at first he plunged into her like an ox

caught up in the charm of the moment

in a blink of an eye it was over

under the covers

she treasured a red rose that was plucked a time before

the twilight sun has tainted her inner vision

felt a funeral in the brain let me explain

two lovers embarked on a cosmic scene

living in a land that is so very mean

a moment of pleasure now with a lifetime of regret

for I'm so very sorry that we had met

as a cold clap in the dark

she lit the spark to what I needed to know

faint hearted creatures in a double feature

the logical choice would have been to abstain

something's not quite right in the brain

just not having her in my arms now is driving me insane

John Ackerman

# Lines Being Drawn In The Sand

Lines Being Drawn In The Sand

heads in the street  
lust for love  
viscous fangs that bite  
evil minds that plug destruction

corporate greed  
drain the swamp  
violation of the innocent  
faces, hands & feet

A challenge to be free is a question of time  
the handwriting is on the wall  
women's liberation heading across the nation  
voices with choices

abortion rights  
never relent to give up the fight  
eyes with tombstones in their head  
the land of the walking dead

no one stands up for themselves anymore  
lest I implore  
Trump is in office  
were being plagued with clowns

gun rights  
we got to labor for the legal tender  
never surrender  
faces in the window storms in the night

equal right & justice

John Ackerman

# Liquid Torn Illumination

Liquid Torn Illumination

smoldering duration of piercing eyes lurking  
searching & seeking in the midnight blood  
portals filled with vast darkened madness  
Torn

eyes, hands & face  
following headlong at the seams  
the mind is vast has many connections  
some are lost torn to a world of scorn

Scientists search for a reason to believe yet what?  
there the tool of the government & industry to  
they have bitten off more then they could chew  
Liquid torn illumination

hearts are beating today to the brigade of doom  
death is there plight having viscous fangs that bite  
eyes with spots having holes  
others ponder there flight in the midnight air

As a space ship looks down to planet earth  
looking on to the immense expanse of space & time  
to look into the vast domain with an inner torn reflection  
the inner mind is fixed with noise pollution

that's why many cleave to suicide as a solution  
they hide behind the dark hidden garb of compromise  
Can't we each see through all those lies  
At death's door there is an immediate sting

the illumination of love in its twilight aura of revolution  
everyone believes in something but what?  
no one questions anymore no one has a voice  
having eyes with tombstones in their heads

these are desolate time yet we settle for ill but faded rhymes  
still a human heart won't beat something it can't

we each have to find what's true & false  
the marching orders are for sure follow the golden rule

John Ackerman

# Living The Dream

My mother had a dream  
Just like Martin Luther King  
To climb the mountain of dreams  
And made it all seem real  
Her inspiration to find those who are lost  
To give them the incentive to live and move on  
Has now become my dream  
To teach, and let our youth see  
That they too can have a better life  
Better dreams  
What an inspirational women she was  
You live on in my heart mum  
Cause I am living your dream  
When you're living the dream  
You let no one stop you from getting there  
You try to make your life worth more than ever before  
Because you now have another purpose for living  
We're living the dream everyday  
Even though we may not know it  
Because we are too busy trying to go  
A different way

When I live my dream  
I live it to its full coverage  
Because I know that mistakes happens  
And they happen for a reason  
Don't try to be someone you're not  
That just makes life even harder for you  
I care for the ones who are true  
Not the ones who are through  
With their dreams  
My dream really matters to me  
And no one is gonna take it away from me  
I surround myself with people who are trying  
To get where I'm going and not trying to  
Hold me down.  
So, for all my people who are out there trying to

Live that wonderful dream  
Take a lighter and light in the sky  
And say I'm going to live the life of my dream

John Ackerman

# Lock Up The Wolves

in a caged barbaric frenzy from a tale of long ago  
there lived in desolation on a barren island  
wolves in there own habitation  
out of the fascination they would eat as scavengers in danger  
often in peril a lost soul from the outer banks would land on its premises  
alone and uncharmed he would rise to pillage  
all of a sudden out of no where the wolves would come  
long hanging viscous fangs that bite with fright dripping blood off side  
there would be nothing left to the poor soul raped up in maggot infested drool...  
authorities got word that the island had these creatures on it  
they had summoned a search party that would retrieve these brute beasts  
it started to rain on the night that they first decided to search  
darkened barren forest with the unknown residence  
for the first couple of days getting stuck in a haze  
but the brave men journeyed to capture these beasts  
fire was brought in to light the path in the heat of the night  
suddenly two eyes appeared & arose with fear  
jumped on the militia men and frightened them  
there was a toxic zombie look in the creatures eyes  
the authorities wasted no time and rounded the beasts up  
much to there surprise they were quite harmless after all  
yet the order were announced to lock up the wolves  
for many weeks would pass having every reason to grasp  
the final decision was made an order to kill the wolves on spot  
but I never forgot about where they were and where they came  
a firing squad did the horrible deed & they were no more  
yet there memory lingers on in poetry & song

John Ackerman

# Love Is All We Need

Love Is All We Need

you can hear it in the alley in back of the street  
you can face it with a dear for a meet & greet  
we have created a true rich calling  
love is the essence of mankind's existence  
hold off to ever join the resistance  
this is are chance to spread it to the masses  
some words have fallen on deaf words as if you haven't heard  
but a true heart needs to be saturated with the truth  
in order to withstand the true test of time  
John Lennon sang it with Yoko  
it is words for the hopeful  
love has gained & never lost  
humanities heaviest of cost  
filter through the noise pollution with a much needed solution  
love is a you need  
many hearts are torn & bleed  
but for the hopeful believer the willing achiever  
you will see the bright manifestation of its call  
lines are being formed in the sand  
when will we ever live to understand  
quick conclusions often lead the best of us astray  
the wisest move in life is but to wait  
otherwise are galloping emotions run away like horses at the gate  
just call it fate a reason to believe  
we all need to come together no matter what the weather  
use your voices send out noises  
the poets are calling for this order  
we can all make a difference if we only try

John Ackerman

# Love Is Like The Autumn Sun

through the sweet vortex of our inner frame  
we can dream of far off places with kings and queens  
shaped through the fragments of are exploits  
someday you will be all alone in your room  
there you will read a text to reflect upon your life  
we each are on a journey in this life  
some ponder the existence of God  
other reflect in the day to day toil  
love is the mere essence of are existence  
shine your inner light upon the twilight hour

shadows block the mere reflection of my frame  
not having you in my arms is driving me insane  
lest I refrain another door by which to explore  
there is so much more in this game of life  
within its given strife we can learn  
one soul soars and another will soon burn  
we better wait are turn in this wheel in the sky  
the faint lulabye in its scope

thoughts can make you recapture about a life here after  
some like the fantasy cause its like the real thing  
other ponder grace as there guide through life's surprise

John Ackerman

# Love You For My Life

your sweet elegance permeates  
through a sequence of love embraced  
to cherish a red rose that was plucked a time before  
when I look into your delicate eyes its then I see a future  
filled up with hope for a better tomorrow  
amidst the give and take of sorrow  
one hand to hold a heart will mend  
love has gained it has not lost humanities heaviest of cost  
two lovers in love walking on the beach  
trying to catch that frisbee way out of reach  
love look at the two of us  
strangers in many ways  
we have a lifetime to share in so many ways  
time will tell where we are destined for  
love may grow for all we know

to taste a sip of coffee as the aroma permeates beneath  
then walk throughout the quaint forest amidst the fallen dew  
we have been so many places in our life and times  
love can treat you unkindly but darling can't you see  
we were both made to be  
stand together amidst the pain of society  
each of us simply can disagree  
love you for my life you are a friend of mine  
although we may suffer in silence amidst the sway of violence  
out of every circumstance we can learn to take part in the dance.

John Ackerman

# Love's Destiny

## Love's Destiny

a tiny seed was dropped out from a farmer's bag  
onto the fertile soil in time roots would spring up  
through the duration of time we have created a rhyme  
a pulse of the heart will light the spark to where we need to go

What hurts you the most? Is it fear or death?  
the tranquil pier on a clear brisk morn  
clouds over hang to bring a pale atmosphere  
each of us elapse in our own inner thoughts

reckless wanderers as distant nomadic herdsmen  
with all the twists and turns through snap shot variation in a dream  
we then come to a better understanding from deeper within  
love is the essence of our eternal existence

learn to cultivate honest laughter with a smile  
to know all the great while we each our accountable  
Oh, Lord, I love you so much  
Possessing such a forgiving touch

Praising your name doesn't seem enough  
Through past times that were so rough,  
No matter where or what I may do,  
My path always leads to you

Life is not a mystery to me;  
It's all about setting one's self free  
Lord, you make me feel whole and complete  
Knowing only I can ever cause my defeat

Keep me from all that which is profane  
Humble me Lord, in Jesus name  
My heart is forever in the Lord  
Where all stand fast of one accord

In this world I am but flesh and bone  
I no longer wander, I have found my home.

John Ackerman

# Love's Light

Love's Light

through the duration in time  
we have created a rhyme  
finding solace amidst the quest of nature  
now is the expectant hour

a pull at the heart will light a spark to what we need to know  
love has won yet it also has lost humanities heaviest cost  
yet these are desolate times yet we settle for ill faded rhymes  
The night sky is dark, the stars  
and moon can not be seen, the wind

blows cold over my dark and creepy grave,  
The roots grow deep into my coffin of death  
the dirt is heavy and hard to breathe under  
the weeds grow tall above my tombstone,

my name is not readable my face is  
forgotten my body is decayed my soul  
is yearning to be joined with my master  
but I am afraid of the great light I

have to pass through to get to the pearly gates of heaven.  
I lie in the dark solemn slumber  
of death and life, in a forgotten world,  
A world which I once lived in,

a world that forgot me, my dreams and my undying soul  
I am the forgotten one, and it grows  
harder and harder for my soul to breathe  
yet in the distance a portal a glimmer of light

Love at last appeared out of the duration of its illumination  
a beacon of light to a much hurting world in need of hope

John Ackerman

# Love's Sweetest Philosophy

## Love's Sweetest Philosophy

If I should labor through daylight and dark,  
Consecrate, valorous, serious, true,  
Then on the world I may blazon my mark;  
And what if I don't, and what if I do?  
The fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean;  
The winds of heaven mix forever  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine  
In another's being mingle-  
Why not I with thine?

See, the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sister flower could be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother;  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea; -  
What are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me?  
My stormy love for thee  
dark drifting clouds of troubled torment  
come crashing down  
windswept hair lashes my face  
water falls from crazy eyes  
and blinds me to your beauty  
dragged down by a heavy heart  
in a sad sea of terrible tears  
my conscience shivers  
and finally disappears

John Ackerman

# Lust

Many hearts have been broken  
a waste of desire as a token  
We have come to far not to turn back now  
no use looking back when your hands to the plow

Shelter lies dormant amidst it's beckoning blow  
You have every right in which to know  
Hollywood portrays love for lust  
in are twentieth century world in a rush

Many hearts seeks self to please  
A humble way to knock you to your knees  
Yet many do as they please  
with no notion of correction intact

Working to hard can give anyone a heart attack  
Mark the man willing to explore  
The roll of the dice will make you think twice  
Shadows break through the sudden madness

Cagey fury  
The devil in the garden of Eden  
hidden himself as a serpent  
When Eve took a bite of the forbidden fruit it was over

Actions in which humans rebel against God  
miss there true purpose for there lives  
Surrender to the prince of the air more then God  
cause all there deeds were evil

Yet he came to open are hearts  
turn are eyes from darkness onto light  
For the forgiveness of sins and inheritance among us  
it's just a temporal quick fix for a hidden desire

John Ackerman

# Madame Blue

Time after time you sit near the ocean frozen  
bask in the vast expanse of the ordinance of the day  
captivated by your smile you conquered the world & more...  
now deep inside she feels the moments fleeting without a viable reason  
in this vast expanse between time & space  
she err escape the personifications of a place to reach heaven's door,  
again she closes her mind to a far away place  
beautiful angels passing back & forth  
the angelic beings hold her smile cause she knows all the while  
love has a great hold on her heart with tears  
in sullen brevity with tears  
this place she often stays to visit in the fragile tender moments of her mind  
Madame Blue emmerges to peel the sweat off her tender lips  
loving peace with a whole lot of tenderness  
shadows often block her weary frame  
she carries on with a beautiful song  
colors of white, green & red  
what is going on inside her head  
still she looks to the shore for more  
heavy emotions emerges as she seeks tender forgiveness  
she has a heart of the purest of gold  
let her brightness to unfold  
throughout the duration of time she has created a rhyme  
love is the mere essence of her inner existence  
Sweet Madame Blue what are we all to do?

John Ackerman

# Mario Vitale Dead Presidents Rap

I'm the man on the mic that's my right  
the virtual Houdini always shining  
but deep inside I got pain that hides  
eating away my delivery of who I be  
so I kick it to the curb at your word  
I got raps that raise the anxiety please  
gonna knock you to your knees  
seeing the suckers bleed  
got one foot in heaven while the other is in hell  
but I got a great story to tell  
I'm the over weight lover Mario Vitale  
spreading out love making sweet history  
we each go through things  
another door bell rings  
an explosion deep inside  
we all want to run away & hide  
see you on the flip side squeeze  
gonna knock you to your knees  
many folks just do what they please  
so I took my ride down to the ocean  
Surf & turf with some magic lotion  
sipping on Pepsi cause that's my potion  
see I got high hope for the underground  
kicking vibrations with a brand new sound  
can't we all just get along  
Rap through the pain in your midnight hour  
screaming shame with your pain & sorrow  
onto soaring heights like a young G in the night  
never relent to ever give up on the fight  
it's a spice of life with cheap thrills it still pay the bills  
taking all those pills yet knock on wood I'm not dead  
got a lot rap beats flowing through my head  
it's the living dead  
stop me now or I'll have a face full of lead  
Word

John Ackerman

# Marissa

Her delicate eyes do twinkle in the pale sunlight  
When i look into her eyes it is then I see a bright future  
Filled with hope for a brighter tomorrow amidst the sorrow  
She dances in a ring of fire  
Yet throws off its challenge with a shrug  
Always smiling cause she's happy  
Likes horse & Justin Beaver  
So no matter what the weather she is there  
With a beautiful flower in her hair  
Singing in her heart without a care  
Her name is Marissa  
How the fellows want to kiss her  
She made her way  
Out on the stage of life  
A little bit of ginger & spice  
The splash of everything nice  
She often wrote in her pretty little diary  
About the way life used to be  
Getting a pop from the ice cream man  
Loving her neighbor the best way she can  
In time she would shine  
A light of love at the beauty pageant  
A real sweet heart lady & it was no accident  
She would win the contest with glee  
Marissa would go down making sweet history

John Ackerman

# Medusa

Medusa

she open her heart wide to the vast illusion called life  
in a variation of a dream she will scream  
the twilight sun has tainted her inner vision,  
hands, face & lips...

A sought after excursion of her heartfelt memory of her past,  
Alone she thinks of the quaint memories to long ago,  
shelter lies dormant amidst its beckoning plow;  
She dances in a ring of fire yet

throws off its challenge with a shrug  
her powers are from Zues of long ago,  
making a premonition of fortune telling...  
She comes from a kingdom near the sea

A glance of kings & queens and trolls in the meager existence  
Empties her ideals in a shard of glass,  
Dragons lurks around her heavenly abode  
a flame of passion in a sincere covet

eyes, lips & hands,  
She looks at life through the lens of death  
her salvation is a longing quest of self discovery  
as she approaches her own heaven's door

John Ackerman

# Midnight Encounter

## Midnight Encounter

A warm fall evening, walk through the park  
cool breeze; brief yet lingering  
the scent of roses, an old oak, car fumes, a hot dog cart,  
and autumn air a pause...take a deep breath

hair begins to prickle, cars are getting hot, eyes are wide  
a full realization!  
Walking quicker, wind picks up, pulling the coat tighter  
whirlwinds of leaves once dead on the ground...alive and fierce!

Cobblestone streets; hollow footsteps; echoing  
pick up the pace, losing space, unusual turn, quicker perhaps  
chattering teeth, clenched fists  
silent prayers muttered under ragged breaths

Limpid eyes, staring...probing; marble flesh, cold as stone  
wicked smile, glittering teeth  
quick tight embrace...melted surrender, hot breath, sudden pierce  
blood flowing...quickly dying

reminisce, as one, of days gone by  
blessed darkness, beckoning forth, closing in...  
Jolt up...look around; where's my teddy bear?  
Another nightmare! ! !

John Ackerman

# Miles From No Where

Miles From No Where

sometimes I feel like a motherless child  
running wild in the breeze  
at times I think there is more to life  
a splash of tonic a hint of spice  
another chance at which to roll the dice  
yet in the gloom in doom  
take some time out to clean my room  
a splash of perfume  
yet I'm here left alone miles from no where  
I shed a single tear to numb the inner pain  
left with the one guitar string that I have learned to play on  
deep in the dark corridor of my inner mind  
sublime  
a vast array of oceanic sounds come alive  
look at the Albatross flying in mid air without a care  
learn to think for yourself as the sweet manifestation of love permeates in your  
gate  
we all look for something in life yet what?  
miles from no where  
in the setting sun

words can't express the true meaning of our conquest  
all of life is one big test I must confess  
barrowed basement pews  
the tunes of Huey Lewis & The News  
somedays got me singing the blues  
whispers in the corridor of my mind  
fancy suits and wine  
I resign yet to what?

John Ackerman

# Mind Control

you will do what you are told until the very rights to you are sold  
Satan has a grip hold on your thoughts  
yet we have come to far not to turn back now  
why look behind when your hand's on the plow  
the system is rigged and your in on it  
some times I feel like I'm a piece of shit  
you were born in the gutter & your mother was a whore  
we need to put God's armor on that will settle the situation  
instead we like to vegetate on a long awaited vacation  
Big Brother maybe watching but I'm still not buying  
got food to eat like fish for frying  
why should I dismiss this earthly bliss  
with a time well spent in thought  
once this life is over your soul can't ever be bought  
have you forgot homeboy does thin a lot  
many win the Academy Award but they don't deserve it  
the lover in life is not the sinner the less that you give your a taker  
there's a dozen of pots in my sink give me time to think  
time to soar to reach heaven's door  
soar to parts unknown or else you will be stuck at home all alone  
many are addicted to vice in pornography but that never stopped me  
for pursuing excellence with all of my might so out of sight  
got people out in the street with viscous fangs that bite dripping blood off side  
they always try to run away & hide from inside  
there's the voices inside my head a face filled with lead  
the angelic conclaves of blood soaked creatures with hideous features  
take a good look inside we have nothing to hide  
stand your ground from Satan's call the know it all  
someday you will find his people in a ditch with feverish pitch  
darkened eyes with tombstones in their brains  
zombie creatures from Hell below with tempers of fire  
blown in its fullest desire you evoke fear as your leader  
we need to start to take are thoughts captive & dismiss what is evil  
some are being caught in the middle like a basketbal dribble  
no this is real life son many moments may not turn out to be fun  
still you play the one last string that you have been dealt  
put that other book on high right back on the shelf  
he comes to kill, steal & destroy what's my one last chief aim & ploy  
keep your head in the sky and never fall prey to ever believe the lie

John Ackerman

# Mind Is Playing Tricks On Me

trapped within the very impulse of our loved beneath the perplexing ambush

we close the door of brevity with a slight adjustment of the hand when will we understand

caught between the world I know then onto the one I wish to go we become puzzled

my mind is playing tricks on me day after day with humble knee to bow the head to pray

out in the street where people meet we wear a smile yet know all the great while

when push comes to shove we tend to sweep things underneath the rug

in a time well spent in thought our chromosomes run a bit wild

when I was a child i used to dream of kings and queens & magical places

yesterday is gone and I sit here all alone with a song in my heart to light the inner spark

we will humbly embark upon the distant road we are to tread within the walking dead

following apart at the seams living in a land so very mean

Halloween

with witches in the air without a care in darkened portals of my mind

a flash in the pan when to understand that true simplistic art

Warhol with his soup cans promising everyone 15 minutes of fame

Elder bush still trying to grab some bush best he keep his Tiger in the woods

living in a field of dreams faces that scream eating my favorite ice cream

blind leaders of the blind following a no it all for president isn't it relevant

chase back the dreams from your hair without the willingness to share

lines being drawn in the sand when to understand send the troops home

no time for them to roam...

mind is playing tricks on me as we take things casually masquerading with reality

with sought after humble brevity living in a land of make believe

yet we have something up our sleeve

crimes of passion embarking on the New York mile

bloodshed in the street of the town of New Haven

gone our the days of the forgotten Ben Laden or have we forgotten him

North Korea fat boy in a suit with funny hair

a cause to reflect lest we have met together for a journey of fear

working to hard can give you a heart attack like that old school rap

with Slick Rick & Mellie Mel boogy down with your socks like the late Scot Lerock

Fetty Wap is still on top still got time to call up for a cop

many years from now I'll still be on top

minds playing tricks on my as if its in the gutter is it any wonder with Stevie

everybody needs me like freshly squeezed orange juice drinking one hundred  
proof Vodka

these are the days that try mens souls as in the summer soldier and the sunset  
patriot

we can learn from our past mistakes not to make them again

Guess its best to hold our breath & count to the number ten again

John Ackerman

# Mirrors Of Madness

Mirrors of Madness...

why do people complain  
when all in all we are insane  
what will light the flame  
or shall we play the blame game  
falling apart at the seams  
with wretched ill faded screams  
vanishing salute to freedom  
as the church choir streams

I stare to the madness, I see just my pain, it staring me back, drowning me in  
the sadness...

My tears flow, blinding me, just for vain, for no reason, my mind falling to the  
emptiness..

. I stare in the mirror, once again, I see my eyes, I see mirrors of madness...  
Pond, lonely moonlight reflecting from it, I look how the wind is altering the  
surface...

Figures of moonlight shiveringly playing in the pond, glittering, modifying,  
multiplying, imitating life...

Group of reflections in the surface, raging wildly, spinning and swinging...

One lonely spot of light, far away from others, quivering forgottenly, slowly dying  
away...

onto the needful all is needy  
onto the greed all our greedy  
left in quaint apathy where we expect to be  
I see mirrors of madness  
tossed with a salad of brevity  
we are living in a world of the make believe  
what are we most willingly to achieve

John Ackerman

# Molten Hot Lava Love

wrestles hearts beating alone tonight  
love has gained yet sometimes love has lost humanities heaviest of cost  
you stood outside in your nice skirt in the rain  
waiting for your love to come  
then in an instant he was there  
now he holds her  
for when he looks deep into her eyes he could see his future  
filled with bright beauty of the hope for tomorrow  
amidst all the sadness & sorrow  
shelter lies dormant amidst its beckoning plow  
sadness fill her eyes once again for he departs  
leaving her a stranger in a strange land  
her whole soul permeates for a reason to believe in

out of the corner of her eye  
she spots a reflection of a woman torn in circumstance  
not willing to take part in the dance  
yet she still longs for tender romance  
a break in her routine away  
from all the hurt and mockery  
now living in a land of make believe  
light & love  
two hearts return together again this time best of friends  
shattered glass on the parchment floor  
lest I implore another opened door by way to willingly explore  
for love is the essence of her existence shun the resistance  
light of illumination  
sullen brevity  
captures the mere vortex of her eye

hands, eyes & feet  
a place to meet and greet  
smiles  
inside she still hides her soul permeates to a lavish decorum  
to relish in the way of better days  
to capture sweet reflections of her past  
having so much fun with a hope that it would last  
one hand to hold a heart will mend  
a visitation filled with gratitude in her illustrative thoughts

she dances in a ring of fire yet throws off its challenge with a shrug  
molten hot lava love

John Ackerman

# Morrisonesque

she dances in a ring of fire yet throws back each challenge with a shrug  
what hurts you the most is it death life hurts just as much  
Jim took us to places where no man has gone before  
breaking on through to the other side of twilight  
Awake choose the day my beauty child  
is everybody in...Is everybody in?  
the ceremony is about to begin wake up  
with Pamela at his side she lived on love street lingered long on love street  
Warhol met Jim had offered him to use the phone with God on the other line  
he made trips to the desert there to escape through acid lunches  
soon he would discover ancient Indian carrying him through a barricade of  
tunnels in a cave

Jim taught us to be real in the moment  
took a stroll to the end my faithful friend and beyond in song  
took exist as Jim one would have a deviant aura intact to their very nature  
eyes that could read your very soul in the brilliance rock & roll

with a love stroke toward lust he would embark on a journey of mystery  
darkened rituals would ensue in Jim's life of searching for meaning  
the battle with the bottle would engulf his inhabitants  
leaving behind the slightest hint of musical intellectualism  
in his brilliant poetic form he would rise through the riders on the storm  
take in his most handsome eyes, body & face  
with soft lips to capture the epitaph of the given moment  
there will never be another like Mr. Mojo Rising  
Whiskey A Go Go painting beautiful pictures of what was to come  
Father was an Admiral in the Navy with high honors  
Jim we love you my friend onto the end

John Ackerman

# My First Love Of My Life

My love for you grew every day that passed by  
You told me you felt the same way  
First you captured my heart with letters of inspiration  
And then, you showed me how much you cared

Remembering beautiful moments is all I can do  
Standing in front of us was true love, but  
Time erased all that we had built together  
Love like the one we shared will probably never happen again

Or, didn't you always say, 'It will last forever'?  
Visions of our past still roam in my mind,  
Eternal love, I thought would last forever!  
'Open your heart to me', you always said,

Frequent words of our daily conversation...  
Moments of joy and happiness: you grew in my heart,  
Yet it didn't last as long as we planned  
Long lasting, that feeling I had for you

In my heart, you will always be my first one  
Finally, I can put all these thoughts and feelings behind and move on  
Even though, in my heart, you will always be my first love of my life!

John Ackerman

# My Pad

Just chilling in my zone and I'm home alone  
got me in the zone  
man it used to be a blast from my past when peeps did rap  
now a days they given me a heart attach  
got these freaks in my sheets on the edge of my peak  
the bounce of the ounce & I take this sucker higher  
blown up in full desire  
when I look in the mirror my face is getting clearer  
sound the alarm cause my smoke got no filter  
it used to mean something when you pray  
today you insist it ought not be that way  
can't even dismiss this earthly bliss with a time well spent in thought  
one of Grandmaster Flash's own gets busted for murder  
is it ain't no wonder we got to much time on our hands  
now I can stand on my own two feet  
while the earth crumbles this is no place no meet & greet  
In my crib you can really rest  
While the crazy world outside is in some kind of test  
I write my raps on a crystal sleeve  
knocking you to your knees as busy as a bee  
on the flip side squeeze  
chewing the tobacco so sound the alarm  
got bones full grown as in a fat blunt  
the chunks a little runt & it smells like a skunk  
in the business of rap you got to go in for the kill  
many sit back and take a chill pill  
let us no for sure what's the deal  
Yeah my crib is a second heaven  
not a one stop shopping event at your local seven eleven  
hit me with fat beats that jump  
got junk in my trunk smoking fat blunts  
take a walk with me through the passage of time  
heros can be so fake & blind  
now i'm done with this rhyme & that's fine

John Ackerman

# My Philosophy

## My Philosophy

let me loose in this here caboose  
Sucka's going to see me before I go pee pee  
Buggy down to the sock's just as the famed Scott Lerock  
I'm the man with the plan with this mic in my hand

Ain't it a pity when you hate the city  
Gotta a combover homeboy for president  
so, a long time ago let the truth be told  
you will do as you are told until the rights to you are sold

Listen to my dream no people scream eating some ice cream  
I visual eyes with my own two eyes  
the lost will be found a sound  
of laughter filling the air not a care

it's easy don't you see the love feast of reality  
yet it seems where falling apart at the seams  
We got heads in the street spitting out lies  
Does this all come at a big surprise

No it's foretold from the good book of love  
nestled with humble brevity from up above  
so six feet under on a dead man's chest  
the social injustice is in quite a mess

it's the blind leading the blind and soon will fall into a ditch  
wait till I get a hold of my brand new pitch  
many rappers today just want to diss  
this I clearly dismiss cause a winner in life is but another loser

But gets up and gives it one last try  
for this I cannot lie...  
Remember Death Row still looking up to the sky  
got gangster rappers just free stylin

Night club days are all over  
two many thugs that want to punch you on the shoulder

still I'm here undercover as I turn the system on like Stevie Wonder

John Ackerman

# My Valentine

My Valentine

A special touch from heaven's door  
Reached out and drew me near,  
He told me of the painful cross  
And hurts along to sear

Yet as I lie here in my slumber,  
My heart and mind begin to wonder  
I think of all our glorious nights  
That our love has reached its greatest heights

Now the nights are growing so cold  
I long so desperately for you to hold  
We have made our living fun  
Since our love affair has begun

The snow was falling on the ground  
Our arms reach out without a sound  
For at last we're face to face,  
Eagerly awaiting our first embrace

The world around us we could not see,  
For now there is only you and me  
So hold me in your arms tonight  
Love me tenderly and we'll know its right

As our hearts begin to glow,  
Through our bodies our love will flow  
So even as we know this night must end,  
We eagerly await our love to flow again

We have filled our world with such wild desire  
With such a love as this we will never tire.

John Ackerman

# Mystical Moon Beams

who do we seek when the bottom falls out  
when you can't even think to dismiss this earthly bliss with a time well spent in  
thought  
such as the razor's edge we release the stern warning toward one another  
look out on a crisp Autumn day until the night to the moon  
if we be still the peace will resonate through our very being  
my soul permeates the very fabric of my existence  
out there many miles to stride in our vast universe the earth's moon  
there are beams that spray a scent of vast illumination  
learn from the ancients those who have gone before us  
realize that we may not be the only residents in the vast scheme of things  
each of us can scent a plausible quest to under go  
to the strong the will increase in the knowledge  
therefore gain wisdom and with all thy getting gain understanding

mankind has reached your destined port in the sky  
many a scientist has grazed your surface in their vessel  
we can learn so much from outer space as we are destined to live and share  
each of us is but a vapor by which we are destined to explore  
mystical moon beams come down from the sky  
give us pause to sing the sweet sound of a lulabye  
we often cry to cover up our coriosity  
it is for freedoms such as these that we are headed

John Ackerman

# Naked And Fat

Naked & Fat

for I long to be thin yet where do I begin  
can't even get to the gym  
wear a heros smile still know all the great while  
having many bounce to the ounce with the cushion for my pushing  
got one foot in heaven while the other is in hell  
but I truly got a good story to tell  
when I was young I used to be skinny & wise  
souped up six pack and learned to relax  
playing my guitar in the cellar  
although those many years have passed  
still I have every bit of reason to grasp  
I'm a fat man who drinks a lot of soda  
watching late night flicks such as Rhoda  
but let me grasp hold of  
a pen and a paper nor stereo to caper  
me and Eric B with a great plate full of fish

sorry that I missed  
to try to burst your bubble  
I'm in the game trying to stay out of trouble  
yet makemy Martini strong like right on the double  
not since Fred with Barney Rubble  
life is filled with twists and turns  
one soul soars while the other soon to be burned  
the thin philosophy killed Karen Carpenter in her Anorexia  
when I was young making love was for fun now those days are done  
need to relax then bask in the vast expanse as the disco ball  
onto the no it all who has perfected his game  
I'm happy to be naked & fat  
although soon it may give me a heart attack  
falling apart at the seams with evil means  
yet everyhting is clean while I live in a land so very mean  
getting loose on my caboose its the hour of power  
may have to take it all in with a cold shower  
over and over like the over the shoulder bolder holder



# Never Do Enough

Never Do Enough

You will never do enough for some people in this world  
cause there being blinded by sin, self & Satan  
just be the best that you could be  
you take out the garbage & fold the clothes  
pick up the phone to hold your own  
people are just set in there ways getting lost in a purple haze  
not to mention being politically correct  
Your best wish is to forget we even met  
you socialize with those who are blind  
in the end they will be left behind  
they can't help you cause they can't even help themselves  
maybe i should put that book right back on the shelf  
but you got to be happ with yourself on the inside  
the god of this world is a thief comes to kill & destroy  
be best to pray like a good girl & boy  
we must stand against the social resistance  
watch the lies & how Satan twists it  
never do enough in a fast paced world in a rush  
these are delicate times  
yet we settle for ill but faded rhymes  
we push ourselves to the extreme  
living in a land so very mean  
you want to get to the top but the top of what  
eternity is such a long time so don't go around blind  
back up your words with scriptures  
you will see in time you will shine if you don't break the faith  
call it what you will some believe in fate  
life is a rollercoaster but it doesn't stop  
many folks want to pretend there a cop  
do this don't do that can you read the signs  
getting caught up in a bind  
if you learn their lies you'll end up being very blind  
life is made up with choices some have settled with their Royal Royce's  
stick with God cause he'll take you far  
this is something they will never teach you at your neighborhood bar...



# Never Give Up

You can do it without your hand out.  
Used my talent to be a stand out.  
Don't just take what they hand out.

Leap of faith,  
During the fall,  
I figured it out.  
Some chase dreams,  
by running their mouth.  
Those are just signs,  
The path, in real life,  
Gotta figure it out.

Follow your passion.  
Do not deny, the one thing,  
You can't life without.

Haters go hate, so what?  
Let them run their mouth.  
A snake go be a snake,  
Don't waste time trying to figure it out.

Doing you is what life is about.  
Its the one person you will always need,  
The one you truly can't live without.  
Your worst enemy, turned best friend  
How do you think villains came about?

Watch the people you keep around you.  
Its the ones closest too you,  
That end up  
Going nuts,  
Turn things around  
And screw with you;  
Like voodoo  
These fools trying to  
Make you one too.

Not matter what you do

Things run their course  
Life is about getting through this Hulu.

Some get high, and fly through.  
Some write poetry, different high-  
This type; you navigate through.  
Some fall in love,  
Others just do what they do.

Just never give up,  
Life is too beautiful.  
Even that pain,  
Deep inside of you.  
You are not alone,  
What you feel, isn't unique just to you.  
I've been their too.  
Just let its past,  
Accept your faith,  
And you will be grateful.  
You get a 'Like'  
And start feeling Great; full.

your purpose  
Was given to you,  
on purpose  
For a purpose;  
Hidden within you.  
What you do,  
Is up to you.  
That choice  
embedded  
Deep in you.

don't let deep emotions  
Ruin what's on your surface  
Trust yourself  
Its worth it  
Everything is on purpose  
Cause its worth it.

John Ackerman

# No Rest For The Wicked

No Rest For The Wicked

It's quiet now on the edge of town  
food is scarce on the land  
There's a turbulence something stirring  
How can you even face it  
no rest for the wicked  
they travel in packs as a wolf  
every corner they will follow  
hearts are filled with bitter sorrow  
they hide behind a squeaky wheel  
others insist as no big deal  
they can't help you cause they can't help themselves  
searching through the garbage for truth  
fall under the hidden garb of compromise  
can't we see through those lies  
they stay up all night with fright  
in search of blood dripping blood off of side  
the evil run away to hide  
when they see the light  
falling on deaf ears  
they falls with bitter tears.

John Ackerman

# Now Your Messing With A Son Of A Bitch

you crossed me  
that did it  
you insulted my intelligence  
Critics  
yet who are they really anyways?  
you live behind four walls that close in  
it's too late you blew it  
my pride is on the floor  
lest I implore more  
but that of what  
a challenge to be free is a quest of time  
you gave me the middle finger  
just remember there's four fingers pointing right back at you  
have I bitten off far more then I could chew?

Now your messing with a son of a bitch  
give you another lousy dish  
you tend to sweep things underneath the rug  
no sense of remorse from me & no love  
you bit & devour with viscous fangs that bite dripping blood of side  
go run away & hide  
standing alone with a noose around my neck  
what the heck is this life for?  
it's not known in a Studio 54  
nor of that a Warhol piece of Campbell soup cans  
hopefully someday you will understand  
that you can't get away from sticking it to the man  
life is to short for losers like you  
sit back with your spaghetti with sauce & Ragu  
you got eyes of blackened hot wired stench  
ears that hear but you straddle the fence  
said you read your books in school but you haven't made a dent  
try to even the score lest I implore  
another place in time hence another door

John Ackerman

# Off The Hook

Off The Hook

blowing it up  
free styling fiend on the mic  
Sucka M.C. seems all right  
who's your sugar daddy

ain't nothing dandy  
gone are the days when Sid met Nancy  
you ought running the streets from the cops  
the tops come undone with the mops

we toss  
grazing in the field as a cow eats its cud  
like a lone stick that's stuck in the mud  
a flood

Boogey down with the socks  
I'm stepping on toes  
it's not who you know but rather who you blow  
Sugar is sweet on the vine

All you sucka's can kiss my fat behind  
getting lost in the grind  
you read Tarot cards getting stuck on Mars  
can't you read through the bars

sweet...sweet...leaf  
sweet...sweet...relief  
who cut the cheese  
break it down for me fellows

stuck like so mellow  
falling asleep on my pillow  
slap me across the face  
your whole family says your a big disgrace

Going to trader Joe's  
up your nose with a rubber hose

beep beep hear me roar  
out back with Uncle Tony kicking it with a two bit whore

she's crying more...more...more

John Ackerman

# Off Track

let me be honest  
i can't help but do my white girl dougie  
and my half assed twerk  
when i hear i tight beat  
because my mind is hooked  
on hip-hop and this culture  
so stereotyped with hood n-words  
from round the corner of a drive by  
with daddies long gone and a limp when they walk  
screaming F the police with the shot off the glock  
growin up thinkin this is their full potential  
finding refuge in the streets where they hear the music echo  
but people are changing  
and music is moving  
you shouldnt need to have a broken life  
broken promises  
or live a life sin  
to be able to share your story  
and for people to listen

its ironic to talk about being so segregated  
when a white boy tries to cypher and gets nothing but hate  
rap music categorized,  
defined by black rebellion  
denying someone  
with the exact same dream  
to have freedom through the microphone  
because they have a whiter skin tone  
setting the bar with ice cube and B.I.G  
separating themselves from revolution in the 21st century  
racism works both ways in a deafening paradox of  
whites who hate blacks who hate whites who hate blacks  
up and runnin off a track  
cuz the producer is white  
turnin off the radio cuz that music is from the devil  
try to shield your children from the influence of the ghetto  
when your kid could learn a thing or two from 2pac or Coolio  
never forgetting who or where you come from  
remembering to love

everyone that hates you  
who segregate you  
who don't appreciate you  
like these messages are only worth hearing from  
rebels born into white society  
racist discretion  
with a life of oppression

yeah, they made it through the struggle  
they survived the hate  
but to spend so much time making sure we don't integrate  
tastes like hypocrisy  
relentless mockery  
disregarding talent because of ancestry  
yeah, rap was founded in the Bronx and the burroughs  
street corners and block parties  
so naughty and grimey  
with dope smokers wife chokers  
street life stereotyped on the daily  
but it was also about freedom and expressing who you are  
music should bring people together not tear them apart  
just because our skins are different contrasts  
doesn't mean we both don't have heart

really, there's no difference.  
hip hop is to poetry  
as music is to art  
rhythms to the rhymes  
to the rhymes to the rhythms  
so spit out a verse for me  
cuz the point is the poetry  
the point is the passion  
the passion are the words  
that flow into the mic through your heart  
through your lips  
like you can't even stop this  
from feeling the beat in your toes and your fingertips  
black or white  
x or y  
your chromosomes dont define what you wanna do with your life  
your skin should never hold you back  
from being comfortable inside of it

so yell it,  
scream it,  
to anyone who will listen  
this is what you were born to do  
so go out and live it.

John Ackerman

# Old Man Sitting

## Old Man Sitting

The bones are brittle  
as are the thoughts  
they crumble  
events of yesterdays that never happened  
things that happened not remembered  
today becomes another time  
faces and events mingle  
become a crazy quilt

He sits and stares  
unaware of a spreading map  
in his crotch that moves down  
his legs and becomes a puddle  
at his feet

His hands dangle at his sides  
veiny gnarled  
twitching  
are they waiting for some message  
from that dead brain  
his pulse is almost an insult

They say he feels no pain

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John Ackerman

# Old School

## Old School

Remember the old boom box boogey down to the socks  
Reggie Jackson chewy bars & Tommy's pop rocks  
Parachutte pants with the hair high fade  
Wake up late in a purple haze saying it's going to be one of those days  
Back it up even further playing cowboys and indians in the sand box  
Waiting at the corner for the ice cream man to come with his stuff  
Boy, hero's fade from the scene such an evil scheme  
Wouldn't care in what I said or did throwing an M80 under a garbage lid  
Back when it was fashionable to be late for your date  
Baking grandmas cookies in the oven for sure  
Sipping on your favorite beverage while the pops watch Dinah Shore  
Those good old days that have gone before yet soon will discover  
The over weight lover from another mother type of brother  
Fast cars and the midnight scene with the freaks coming out  
Flip flops with your stretch blue jeans such a party scene  
In quaint encounters with the local police running in the street  
Falling mailboxes girls wearing their Sunday best putting their lovers in a test  
A time well spent in thought while going to the fair with music everywhere  
Back in school those days listening to teachers stopping later at the mall  
The movies back then made you feel ten feet tall with Stallone time to roam  
Party's at your neighbors having forts put up in the back  
Mommy & Daddy working to hard enough to give them a heart attack  
Learn to relax with my rubix cube later playing hacky sack  
A soft kiss from a lover under cover as she spins the bottle  
I will never forget those tender moments in the sun thank you I got to run

John Ackerman

## On Point

For I see you from a far Twisted Sister and a whammy bar  
Got some junk in my trunk but its the hour of power  
Life is a test I must clearly confess but all liars to rest  
Many are being tossed to and fro from the under tow  
But I'm staying on point this is my dope joint  
Remembering better times with loose leafed rhymes  
Amidst all the tragedy we are led to believe  
Created a gap between heaven and hell  
Heaven's door onto so much more  
Drifting right up into the sky  
Not a fly by nor a ham on rye  
Kept my coat checked back in the coat room  
I was their that day when I made my play

Out on the dance floor seeking to even the score  
Twists and turns one soul soars while the other soon will burn  
Precious and few are the moments we used to share  
Living life large without a will to care  
Cause I'm on point being busy as a bee  
Dropping dope rhymes making sweet history  
The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak  
Now is a good time enough to go take a leak  
Soar as high as the eagle far past the widows peak  
Seeking longevity watching those suckers bleed  
I'm on point always got something up my sleeve  
But these are perilous time on how we settled for ill but faded rhymes  
At times we all go broke and that's no joke  
Got to break the mends cause it all depends  
Upon ambition something I've been wishing  
Someday to reach the top listening to home beats drop

John Ackerman

# Our Mind Is The Control Tower Of Our Life

our mind is the control tower of our life  
what we think about is really what controls us  
we can't control everybody else but we need to learn to respond  
what is it that determines what I think  
programmed to think the way God thinks  
controlling your thoughts cause that's what controls everything  
set your mind on the things above not what's on the earth  
consider the members of your body dead to sin  
when you trusted Jesus you died to your old way of life  
the pathway of controlling our thoughts begins with our relationship with Jesus  
Christ  
it requires to me how to control my thoughts  
that's why people who are very beautiful think their ugly  
those that are skinny really believe they are fat  
people are ruined as the result of what they were taught  
we are to live godly in an ungodly environment  
people go to church but there is a way you have to think that is true  
even if our gospel has failed in whose case has blinded the minds of the  
unbeliever  
he blinds the minds of unbelievers and deceives believers  
Satan works on your mind why its important to get your mind renewed.  
we have the power to recall but they mind is very important & can be deceived  
by the devil  
when you give yourself to a specific sin then you can have a repobate mind

it makes a difference what you think its imprinted on your mind  
the mind is a strange things and powerful part of your body  
you have the Holy Spirit living in you as a believer a helper to inable in your  
thinking right  
you are responsible to what you think & how you think it  
we sew a thought and reap and action  
unseen thoughts produces visible consequences in your life  
it came from your thinking don't think less on yourself as God sees you  
when a thought comes to your mind accept that thought andexpress it  
you have within you the power of the spirit of God to begin to think rightly  
we are the products of our choices in our life  
where will these thoughts lead me?  
will these thoughts get me to where I want to go?  
are these thoughts scripturally acceptable?

you do not have to watch what you do not like.  
will these thoughts build us up or tare us down  
could I share these thoughts with someone else?  
what did these thoughts originate?  
all of those questions you have the power to answer for your life  
do I feel guilty thinking these thoughts?

where we are is the result of how we have been thinking all these years  
we have the mind of Christ Jesus gave us the power to think like him  
do these thoughts fit who I am as a follower of Jesus  
love is from God lust is from the world cause lust is a desire  
love is selfless it is giving  
there is no such thing as free love  
true genuine love has a price tag it cost you something  
love is purity and lust is sin & disobedience  
love develops and lust destroys  
love is peaceful and lust is full of anxiety  
we have to choose to obey Christ's commands in this life

John Ackerman

# Paris

Paris

Paris est grandiose  
Je vois Paris en une fleur d'avril  
d'un jardin bien soigné  
Dans sa couleur rosée je le vois

En la saveur du vin  
le plus délicieux du monde  
je bois la finesse de Paris  
Dans son bouquet je le bois

Avec la dégustation  
de délicats fromages  
je me transporte à Paris  
Avec je me transporte à toi

Je demeure à Paris  
quand je visite un musée d'art  
et quand je lis un poème d'amour  
Dans ces moments je suis à Paris

Cette cité est tous les  
mouvements  
que nous admirons dans l'art  
Elle est la culture dynamique

L'art pour l'art même...c'est Paris.

John Ackerman

# Peace From Within

Peace From Within

a hush upon the immense solitude alone,  
brush off the silence torn in meager illusion

we felt faint upon the setting of the sun  
to keep back the resistance with a sign

I sensed a great stirring inside my soul  
at first a glimmer of light to unfold

spinning circles inside my brain  
no point in comfort lest I refrain

this source comes from heaven above with a touch of love  
hope springs a new as it flourished on the vine

created and crafted by a great design  
there are lines being drawn in the sand

when will we face the day and ever understand  
shadows perched throughout the duration of my thoughts

hands, feet & heart  
this shall light the inner spark to what I needed to know

Come inside and take a deeper look and you will see  
Torn illumination & hearts being set free

while we live each day in the land of make believe  
what are we about to achieve

A sought after excursion from the hand of God  
filter through its extreme with his heavenly rod

John Ackerman

# Penis Head And The Master Of Puppets

## Penis Head & The Master Of Puppets

in the dark hours of the imperial gorge of existence between space and time  
there lived a wanderer who used to live in caves with lucid personifications  
trapped within the surface he was let loose to roam for miles beyond the  
Berkshires in Barkhampstead  
the gentleman had a weird look to him a head shaped as if a penis by which he  
gat his name  
there was a direct correlation between that of laughter and fear so he shed a tear  
to numb the inner pain  
the man in question put a curse on a nearby village with a twisted hex on it  
through the taunt vibrations of sullen brevity through the vortex of the region  
  
in cooperation with a nearby puppeteer master who set forth to dazzle his  
audience  
building an audience to enhance their well being yet he still felt trapped inside  
there was good cause to quit along his surmountable journey but he survived  
eating wild oats and acorns for survival he was on his way  
Penis head managed to put forth a garden with a beautiful arrangement of  
flowers  
in the cold chill of the winter he would live on canned jarred pickles  
the imperial gorge would shine with two faces leaving sorted traces  
then one night there was a fight between Penis head and the master of puppets  
swords were drawn and the both cursed the very day the were actually born  
yet Penis head was the victor slicing off the master of puppets right ear lobe  
never did the pair square off again from then on they became friends.

seeking to both build a kingdom by the sea a simple pleasant place of homily  
seasoned visitors would quart the populace exposed with works of art & poets  
there they would bask in the vast expanse of cheap wine and everything was fine  
a blade of grass was torn from the very fabric of earths existence  
an unusual source that made things sparkle with magic in their sight  
forget the night & the day was far to spent  
a sought after Equestrian horse with a hammerhead nose was brought in  
Penis head threw up inside his mouth but the puppeteer gave him a tissue  
the pair would live long in this place together making sweet history  
although al of life seems to be filled with a clueless mystery



# Personal Christian Testimony By Mario William Vitale

My Personal Testimony As A Christian:

I came to know Jesus Christ in 1979 at the P.T.L Club in Charlotte, N.C.

was baptized by their pool by brother Anthony.

Had the opportunity to meet Jim & Tammy Faye Baker there.

Growth for me as a Christian took time I went to various Pentecostal Churches that were spreading the world of God.

I always read from the King James Version of the bible.

Since 1989 I have written more then 1,000 poems and two short stories featured on line.

Many years would pass having every reason to grasp the true message of the gospel.

I decided to enter the New England School of The Bible in 1996 studied under very good teaching by Pastor Townsley.

A few years later I drifted away back to alcohol & drugs.

Then I repented in 2007 and joined the Wolcott Christian Life Center.

It was there I discovered the 12 steps of Christianity & prison ministry.

I went to Manson Prison unit in Cheshire Ct to spread the word of Christ there.

That brings me up to today in which I'm a practicing Charismatic Catholic at St. Michaels Church in Waterbury, Ct under the pastoral care of Rev. Labarda.

Jesus Christ to me is the true essence of life. He's my love the reason I get up in the morning.

I share with others daily the true message of the gospel message which is Christ in you the hope of glory.

My life verse is II Corinthians 10 vs 3-6.

Thank you for the opportunity in sharing my personal testimony with you all.

In Christ,

Poet Mario William Vitale

John Ackerman

# Presence

Presence

Do not hesitate to tread where I have walked  
For, where I walked got me there and back again  
My footsteps may not be the path that you would take  
But I ventured down the path

And obstacles I did have to conquer  
The obstacles are still there  
But if you follow in my footsteps  
You will know how to conquer those obstacles

And when I am gone do not cry  
It is true that my flesh will be turned to dust  
And my dust will dissipate into the air  
Small particles of me will eventually be everywhere

My spirit shall travel with the sum of my particles  
So when you are outdoors breathing the earths air  
You will always know that I am there  
And when you walk on the soil or rock beneath your feet

You will know I was there  
Think of me as a person who was  
And think of me as a person who is.

John Ackerman

# Pretty Pictures Pretty Ribbons & You

felt faint inside from the heat of the day  
I fell down on my knees to pray  
thought of those memories from a time ago  
Christmas was spent under the mistletoe  
hugs & kisses with everything new  
Pretty pictures pretty ribbons and you  
deep down in my heart you lit the spark to what I need to know  
once gaze from your lips & the world turned around  
I look to the past but dream of the day with you  
love is the mere essence of my earthly existence  
shattered glass on the pavement floor lest I implore another open door...

feelings can change a sense to rearrange those parts inside  
don't bother running away to hide  
in this life you will have battles  
searching inside to the pathway of truth  
pretty pictures pretty ribbons & you  
soft lace on her lavish décor lest I implore  
time has a way of healing wounds  
time can be a thief way out of reach  
walk with me to the meadow with grass so green  
the world outside can be so very mean  
love needs to make a comeback in a real nice way  
all of your life you were on display but many fall away  
from those simple truths that will make you think right  
once this life is over there's never another chance at which to roll the dice...

be content in the way that you were created to be  
shine your lights from above with a bit of love  
Pretty pictures ribbons and you  
have we bitten off far more then we could ever chew  
let's look above to the heavenly love  
many dismiss this effect & tend to sweep things underneath the rug  
think of happy moments with all of your heart  
like sand box days out digging in the sand  
Hopefully someday all will live to understand?

John Ackerman

# Prince

Prince

Oh lets see if I can remember  
My memory deceives me...the past has been long forgotten  
The present at ends-deadly  
Oh but the future!

Bright as the orange star falling from the silent sky  
Yes, the breath taking, conscious waking midnight blue  
It's the year 1999  
When the impossible dreams come true

The presidents war games have taken the best of all mankind  
And no ruler left to rule-what's left  
of God's creation- only mans destructions  
But what comes from up above as true as the white dove

or ornery as the black moon He or is it He?  
Takes the figure of a mortal, but the soul of a devil  
It's the prince of revelation and his bride  
to be enduring in a celebration of his victory

in the land of red seas and purple rain nothing less  
The lion has lost his crown and thrown to the sterling white horse  
with the magical horn and the Almighty sky ruler has done  
the same to a thundering pitch mammal, the Pegasus-His name.

John Ackerman

# Rage

Rage

This rage grows inside of me  
It will burn for eternity  
I feel as if no other man on Earth  
Can replace to me what was taken at birth

I sit on my throne with wishes of death,  
Death for me and those who have crossed my path  
I could take our lives with the little strength left  
I could take our lives without remorse or regret

People wonder why this rage just grows,  
I try to explain that not even I know  
It can only grow with no boundaries,  
This rage has sought and now has found me

I wake in the morning as if from a dream,  
I shut my eyes and hear the scream  
I warn those who enter to beware  
I can't honestly promise I'll treat you fair

This rage eats and deteriorates my will,  
My will to live and my will to feel  
Just let me live and leave me be  
This rage will burn for eternity

John Ackerman

# Rap From The Heart

you can't make your heart beat something it won't  
it's either heaven or hell now I got a good story to tell  
rap your rap well from the heart  
this will light the inner spark to what I'm waiting for  
someday's it maybe a chore  
don't listen to critics cause most will bring you down  
I mean they mean well if it's in the positive mode  
positive reinforcement is good for the heart  
rap as you dream of better days  
never getting lost in a purple haze  
look to the old school masters of the past  
with hearts an opened door beating fast  
be who you are on the inside  
don't try to hide behind four walls that squeal  
others may address this as being no big deal  
yet there's only one life will soon be passed  
only what's done out of love will last  
people need to be more opened minded but their blinded  
by Satan the god of this world  
they twist your words to fit their fancy

gone are the days when Sid met Nancy  
let the heavenly light be your guide instead we hide  
shattered glass on the basement floor lest I implore  
seek truth with all of your heart  
then you will light the inner spark to what your waiting for  
get in the zone watch a lot of Home Alone  
busy as a bee rapping the rhyme as a blown up mystery  
something up your sleeve people bleed  
does death hurt you the most or is it fear  
I shed a single tear to help numb its inner pain  
still no one question anymore  
no one has a voice were just the blind leading the blind  
soon will fall into a great ditch feverish pitch  
I'm only human after all  
sin has been evident after the fall  
then onto the no it all  
rap to your hearts content & have a ball

John Ackerman

# Rap Is Where It's At

jump in the game no here to complain  
being busy as a bee in a land of make believe  
we shoot for the top but it ends in the flames  
let me be the first to explain  
I'm staying in the game this is my time  
May shoot to the top in my prime or stand in line  
Sugar is sweet like honey but I'm going to be the one who brings home the  
money  
Life is funny in its twists and turn one soul soars while the other one burns  
we can each learn from our teachers it's not a walk in the park late night double  
feature  
we got to learn to stick close together no matter what the weather  
see each of us has a gift we must use or its forgotten  
thank God we got to kill that thug Ben Laden  
search your heart you got great rhymes inside  
don't fall away or try to run away & hide  
go slow at first to take up the pace  
some folks may think your from outer space  
yet what do they know there just jealous you see  
many don't even know there A.B.C's  
stop spreading the disease it will knock you to you knees  
look toward the ocean while you use your magic lotion  
take a shot in the dark & someday you will find  
you will never be left behind  
it all comes down from within deep inside  
look at the junkie in the gutter  
the mother who doesn't have enough to pay her bills  
she turns to cheap thrills to do what she has to do  
have we bitten off far more then we could chew  
kick it in the shower its your hour of power  
in the end you get to make the final decision  
it isn't found in some fake front wishing  
Rap is where its at your going to make me have a heart attack  
the signs are painted all around  
listen as you'll hear it's nasty sound

John Ackerman

# Rap It Up I'll Take It

Rap it Up I'll Take It

It's a new thing, makes you wanna swing  
While us MC's rap, doin' our thing  
It's not singin' like it used to be  
No, it's rappin' to the rhythm of the sure shot beat  
It goes one for the money, two for the show  
You got my beat, now here i go  
I start to think and then I sink  
into the paper like I was ink  
When I'm writing I'm trapped in between the lines  
I escape when I finish the rhyme  
Woke up this mornin  
About half past three  
All the womens in town  
Was gathered round me  
Sweet gals was a moanin  
Sylvester's gonna die  
And a hundred pretty mamas  
bowed there heads to cry  
six in the mornin  
police at my door  
fresh Adidas squeak  
Across my bathroom floor  
Out my back window  
i made my escape  
Don't even get a chance  
To grab my old scool tape  
some call it fate but I arise  
with my head held high in the sky  
a kiss on my cheek to help me get by  
rap it up I'll take it  
in the midnight hour the hour of power  
some may have to take a cold shower  
got my stero blasting but I'm still asking  
for prayers with a lot of layers  
have something to share  
thank God i'm still here

John Ackerman

# Rapture

Rapture

two will be playing in the field  
one will be taken the other left  
no one knows the hour when Jesus will return  
To know this if the good man knew

don't you think he would have his house in order  
many will cry Lord! Lord!  
then he will proclaim I never knew you  
one must have a heart saturated with truth

in order to withstand the true test of time  
In the book of revelations it speaks of his coming  
the book of Daniel has references  
yet are we prepared for what is to become

those who are left will have to receive a mark  
666  
in a twinkling of an eye we shall behold him  
with all the fullness of his glory

the world just wants to change the story  
the time now to get saved my friend  
Jesus is a friend with whom you can depend  
he's not about steeples or a salesman giving you something to hear

no his love was such that he suffered so much  
just to cause some of us to follow  
it maybe tomorrow the hour is still unknown  
people will be in planes then disappeared

there will be the biggest traffic jam known to man  
accidents galore where people will be no more  
safely into the hands of almighty God  
please don't be left behind having your heart in a cloud

John Ackerman

# Reflection

A rarity indeed,  
Certainly a strange expression this day in June  
The sun breathes light upon the opened patio  
A sunset, awe inspiring, halts me in progress

I reflect, stare, gaze in quiet contemplation  
Peace befalls me, calms me, envelops me  
In my mind's eye I see memories,  
Special times shared

Pink flows to purple  
This time, this place slowly fading  
Please don't go. But, alas, I know you must  
it sets

Turning inward,  
Sadness  
Choices, decisions all done and finished have led me here,  
Here to this place of reflection

Old times gone, right and wrong have led me here,  
Here to this place of reflection  
Certainly a strange expression this day in June  
A rarity indeed

John Ackerman

# Rejection

Rejection

A poets dream

One lone blade of grass to sway in the wind,  
Torn in violent degree of remorse.  
Then exposed from its darkened elements from within  
This old world was never intended to be home

~

Torn with emblems of barbed wire fences.

Attached within countless memories;  
Along with remorse with vile taunt attached within fire face down.  
A decorated aura tossed within fatal misery.  
With death pangs given rise to birth pangs.

Within its creativity along with a lasting memory  
To the potter who lost his clay  
Sought after life in light of the radiance of the brilliance of a key  
Although the earthly skeptic would often beg to disagree

To the poet who lost his way in the night

Just as thought would so often think to write  
Can't even think to dismiss an earthly bliss in some time well spent in thought  
Rejection in the third degree  
A fine young lad with the hope that she would marry thee

The twilight sun had tainted my inner vision

With words expressed in deep contempt filled with its remorse of disbelief.  
Perhaps this was the same darkened path where Nero had trod?  
On a painted canvas torn into rhetoric decorum  
With lazy diamonds filled up with orchids in his miserable head

A way of Chesterton's look on the whole concept of family life amidst its strife

A final homily where others lose their hope

Then arise to vainly disagree  
To dream with storms in the night to fright  
Following the wolf pack then to slay its final dragon

All to travel on Sunset Boulevard

A sight filled with fast cars some without wheels

2.

Rejection

The inner flask on one tormented soul left for road kill smashed skulls

Watched overhead as buzzards would ever fly

Which looking overhead twice killed by passing motorist to ride  
Dreams can take one all the way  
To kingdom come yet there is still time to change the road your on  
Fashioned by stringed pearls then at last

Thrown onto the pavement at death's door alone

Yet still marked on a blotted page  
Yet still very much fully intact  
Rejection can make one want to soar to heaven's door.  
Lest I shall simply implore

Mark the man who will rise to explore,

Some other way  
By choice perhaps it would lead one to the exact jewel on the river Nile  
Perhaps a sought given chance to ever roll the dice  
With madness thoughts of filtered suicide

Torn up with barbed wire to hide in torn desolation inside

A society filled with miserable people  
Thinking nothing to ever stop at the church steeple  
A lone atheist haunted by darkened shadows in the night by choice to fright  
Never to question the meaning of his vague existence nor that of plight

A challenge to be set free is all a question in time

Marked on a blotted page with a line  
Along with drawn feathers in the wind  
A given chance to perhaps begin again  
Merciful one this chip off my shoulder;

Rejection

Perhaps it's the poet's best medicine to begin again

3.

Rejection

A critic elusive to twist their words with the utmost strict opinion

Just can't live up to their perfect standard in thought  
A thought by which to ponder perhaps a call up yonder  
A rotten soul to harm & toss  
Rejection

A bitter toss with another role of the dice  
A devil's taunt with Rosemary & spice  
With cloven briars from a torn culture of death  
Having long viscous fangs that bite in the night

On the haunted sorrowful quest with no place to rest

Eyes shattered with tombstone black  
In darkened distortion with no hope to ever turn back  
Attached to the vine of pain & destruction  
Their god of self exalted over the king of kings

Rejection

Perhaps it's some viable Mark Twain theme?  
Never give up even when the fat lady sings  
For a winner in life is just another quitter  
That gets up and gives it one last try

© Mario William Vitale

John Ackerman

# Repent And Turn Back To Your First Love

Sinners! Repent, and turn back to your first love. Jesus Christ speaks about this in the book of revelation. Here I am preaching to the choir. You maybe alone tonight sitting on the sidelines thinking what this life is about? 'Servanthood' to king Jesus he wants us bananas about him. Having no vice or idol in front of him. For he is king of kings and Lord of Lord's. If I never told you the very rocks themselves would speak out on his behalf. No, church doesn't save you friends having a relationship with Jesus Christ is the sure fire way to enter heaven. So tonight take baby steps (John 3 vs 16) & (1 John 1vs 9) . Return to Jesus be washed in his amazing blood for you will all be the richer for it. Then share the gospel to every living creature under heaven. I love you all good night everyone see you tomorrow!

John Ackerman

# Respect

you hit a tender nerve as if you haven't already heard  
there are some forces behind the scenes in evil schemes  
having thought provocative lucid dreams of hay  
you got to earn your respect today so don't daily  
heavy hearts are being torn in the night living by sight  
the soul is closed to every notion of love  
a heavy hand bleeds as it releases its seed  
as the farmer plants his crop floks today want to act like a cop  
they police up and down the scene with their twisted ways.  
some folks like with a silver spoon lost inside their blue lagoon  
we all need to come together to cherish each other  
like a man looks to his lover kind of under cover  
but no matter what the weather you can stand tall as light as a feather

Aretha Franklin sang of its message  
other artists followed suit  
we can claim its great call if we stop pretending we are the know it all  
a good cause to smile cause its contagious  
society today is getting outrageous  
one foot in heaven while the other is in hell  
yet I got a very good story to tell  
such as the farmer waiting for his crop to grow  
we must bust up the beat and increase the tempo  
this is a sure fire way to tell you which way you should go

John Ackerman

# Ride Like The Wind

Ride Like The Wind

breath deep  
look at the sky  
can you see the images passing you by  
we are living on the edge  
its going to my head  
sitting up at night  
all alone in bed  
following the rainbow to the sky  
I see a vision of you pass me by

breath deep & let it out again  
won't you help me my faithful friend  
ride like the wind  
through the breeze  
going to knock you to you knees  
when I was young making love was for fun  
now I'm older now  
no use when your hand is on the plow

shouts of joy maybe some laughing gas  
no one in this life gets by on any free pass  
it used to mean something to fall in love  
now today those thoughts get swept under the rug  
I think I need a big hug  
break it down one last time  
do you remember when you were broke  
down to your last thin dime  
today I'm just doing time  
locked inside no where to hide  
going to ride like the wind and just glide

memories are made with lovers to appease  
strength in the numbers is your noble deed  
go tell it to a tomb stone when you all alone  
like a dog without its bone  
a plate of fish is my favorite dish  
sorry that I missed

the purple passion in the smile of your eyes  
does this waiting quest come at a big surprise

say loddie doddie we like to party  
my girlfriend left me for glossed over ivy  
eye candy get me a sip of your Brandy  
nothing fancy got this party in a fix  
sorry that I missed  
see ya on the flip side cheese  
gonna knock boots and socks down to your knees  
start spreading the disease going live as you please  
these are desolate times  
yet we settle for ill but faded rhymes  
let's look above to the heavenly love  
soon all this will be kicked underneath the rug.

John Ackerman

# Riders On The Storm

Riders On The Storm

at the saloon he blew his top that day a brave soul caught beneath the undertow  
we filed into the road on horse back with our gun in the back  
heads were swearing up in down as he frowned didn't want to be around  
got spurs on my shoes with sweat on my hat the brow permeates an odor  
whiskey woman have take me by the hand it was the time we took our stand  
so we made our way out on a barren path together as riders on the storm  
it was coming quick but we kept treading along singing our song  
we were back in the saddle again with very close knit friends  
a snake suddenly crossed our path was headed side ways  
on our way to inter pass number nine with our steel wheel reserve  
the storm kept on brewing but we knew what we were doing  
folks in these sticks live as hide away hicks getting lost in its fix  
a slip of the hand let me help you understand we were a wolf pack head together

was it a mirage we looked ever closer as our horses investigated the odor  
we were headed south and the interpass was near a friend took a piss in some  
clearing  
there in the distance stood the sign of inter pass nine we were finally there  
one toke over the line sweet Jesus we made it home fine  
we were the riders on the storm like a dog without its bone  
now was a time of celebration for we made it to our destination  
we needed to take a break on a long awaited vacation  
just then an evil man pulled out his gun shot some of our men dead  
what was going on inside his head had a face full of lead  
yet we got revenge and shot him down  
never again will I be so king to a stranger in exchange shot us blind

John Ackerman

# Right From The Beginning

Right From The Beginning

there was a vocation to promote the population  
as a young child I would dream  
about far off places with kings and queens  
a challenge to be free was a quest for time  
living on the edge and it's going to my head  
sitting up at night all alone in bed  
following the rainbow to the sky  
I see a crystal clear vision of you pass me by  
although those many years had passed still have a reason to grasp  
the true rich music that plays on  
solace is the name of the song  
to be a beacon of light to a hurting world in need of love  
right from the beginning I could see  
real life to that of what is fantasy  
what would I be willing in which to achieve  
a decorated vase out on the patio  
points to the places where I need to go  
the closing in on a new Summers day  
pay ample time to bow the knee to pray  
others may insist it ought not be that way  
it starts from deep within  
only to obey the masters plan  
you are the vine and he is the branch  
love to get you through it if you just give him a chance  
hero's come a dime a dozen some falling from the Elm right into the oven  
suffering comes to test your faith  
learn from your mistakes & smile  
cause you knew all the great while  
right from the beginning is the true source that's always winning

John Ackerman

# Run The Good Race

Sometimes we must lose in order to win  
The unending challenge evading sin  
God's in his heaven  
All's well with the world

As long as we keep our flag unfurled  
Charging on pon steed so sleek  
Into battle, to combat the weak flaws in our nature  
The covetous streak

God's on our side, he won't even chide  
As we're thrown from horse and land flat on our face  
The Midas touch gone, have we lost the race?  
Yet, laying there in the mud and slime

The sun shines its brightest  
I look upward and find my mount didn't desert me he's there pawing the  
ground...  
Nostrils flare twitching and with barely a sound trots to my side

in the saddle I'm bound...  
With a leap, a whoop and a feeling of joy  
The race isn't lost if I pay the cost  
Hoofs beneath me scoop and flail the dust

Black coat shines with the sweat and strain  
We rejoin the troop as I muse  
Holding fast to my morals clutching the rein  
Recalling past failures

Recalling the pain  
Man can't go it alone if he hasn't a friend  
And the day waxes dim as we gallop along  
Where the earth and sky merge at the rim

God is my friend, I will trust in him

John Ackerman

# Satan Is A Liar

Satan Is A Liar

one day soon you will see the blown apart reality  
of distant faces with flirting traces having midnight places  
we are on the move so stay in the groove  
he comes only to kill, steal & destroy  
lying is his game with chief aim & ploy  
ever since I was a little boy I saw his fire in the sky  
it was all very much a lie  
we have been straddling fences mending trenches  
getting caught up in a trap  
working so hard can give you are heart attack  
he hates you & wants you in hell  
there forever you will soon discover  
truth was right all along should have believed that gospel song  
so now we got the cheap thrills that pay the bills  
getting caught up in the mix we need a quick fix

damned to eternity in hell  
fires of weeping, wailing & gnashing of teeth  
so far away so very out of reach  
fires that will quench your thirst for murder  
he's a deserted with blackened lace  
blown apart this Peyton place  
such a disgrace  
run to the real truth while you have time  
get over yourself your getting very blind  
all to the reality of heaven  
it isn't a one stop shopping event at your local seven eleven  
there will be no escape when your in the pit  
I know many don't even give a shit  
but the truth is still the truth & a lie a lie  
Satan is a liar  
goodbye

John Ackerman

# Satanic Deliverance

## Satanic Deliverance

He comes to kill, steal & destroy  
seeking vice as his one chief ain & ploy  
the world today has no thought of him  
but the saints need to be on there guard  
by putting on the whole armor of God  
as you may tread this earthly sod  
for thou we walk in the flesh  
we war not after the flesh  
our weapons of warfare are not carnal  
but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds  
Satan has viscous long fangs that bite  
dripping blood off of side of mouth  
draw near to God and we'll draw nearer to you  
we need the inner strength and the power of God  
listen to his every word  
act in faith and put it into practice  
what you have heard

John Ackerman

## See More Joy

for I exist as a vapor  
then I am no more  
tranquility with whispers  
inside the corridor  
instant gratification to some  
wonderful personifications  
we exist as nomadic herdsmen  
drifting away in the desert  
Jesus was a sailor when he  
set forth on the water  
called out to Peter to meet him further  
in every circumstance  
we shall learn  
to take part in the dance  
nothing comes by chance  
walk with me come take with me  
one hand to hold a heart will bleed  
many running to & fro

hearts exposed through the duration of time  
signs on the wall want you to be sure  
not everything is pure  
we bask in the vast expanse  
between that of space & time  
with perilous times ahead  
the thought of the walking dead  
hiding behind the false garb of compromise  
can't we see through those Satanic lies  
see more joy from that of a girl and boy  
everyone got the latest gadget and toy  
news of the street going to start a beat  
Drake is going to sing again then Big Pun  
a new day has just begun as  
Scotty Piipen has long sense been retired  
Eminem doing free style taking it to the extreme  
Fetty Wap burning up the scene  
yet I see more joy in lovers on the beach  
trying to catch that frisbee so far out of reach  
with a blink of an eye time passes you by

some call it fate with a new Rolex in hand  
the factory worker has left unspoken  
Trump has left his ivory tower with just a token  
billboards post of the latest news  
two hundred dollar pair of shoes  
satin sheets and love so devine  
J. Lo looking nice with her new behind  
Beyounce & Jay Z  
life can be a big mystery  
coming apart at the seams  
love is the essence of my existence  
learn to shun the resistance  
out of every circumstance learn to  
take part in the dance  
with fly by shootings out in the street  
try to greet your neighbor that's so out of reach

John Ackerman

## Seek Solace

for I seek solace from the very fibers on her being  
her placid smile that permeates a resolve of sympathy  
love is the very fabric of her existence shun its resistance in every circumstance  
learn to take part in the dance  
shadows may block the vortex of her pearl shaped eyes  
the gloss on her lens is vanquished with a wet texture  
she had treasured a red rose that was plucked a time before  
in broadened columns of hue the taste of a sliced melon  
she sits alone now watching her cat with head held high  
her mind often wanders through Autumn's vain existence  
for I seek solace in a vision tossed to and fro

the promise of a great tommorrow with a big house  
tucked away finances that were invested many years ago  
she often looks through a dull lens or so it does depend  
upon a window or a song but it won't be long  
love for her has gained it also has lost humanities heaviest of cost  
seeking further solace in her dreams of flight  
filled with kings, queens & knight  
forgetting the night and the day is far spent in thought  
she often swweeps things underneath the rig as she cleans her room

the forest for her is as if lavender and pearls  
she often brings along her cat named Samatha  
there she can breath away to a fantasy of sought after make believe  
perched in the corner by a stone wall lies an owl with claws vested intently  
out of the corner of her eye she greets a merchant passing by  
clouds hover overhead as she gasps for air to calm her tight clutched pelvis  
lucid dreams are made in flight forget the night  
in pale humble saddened apparel she falls asleep on the barren path in the forest  
there once again the twilight sun has tainted her inner vision  
she is left with an aura enhanced with rumors of golden exhaltation

John Ackerman

# Seeketh Self To Please

whatever happened to respect  
we have fallen in a horrible pit  
love would rather look through a telescope than a microscope  
in each of our hearts there beats a drum

we have fallen on desolate time  
having accepted ill faded rhymes  
we seek self to please  
this notion of thought should knock you to your knees

stop spreading the disease  
you have put self on the throne of your life  
amidst its bitter pain & strife  
many lie in wait to deceive

there god is self the one that can not save  
they have chosen this path in which to tread  
what is going on inside our heads  
the notion of servant hood has taken a back seat

once this life is done no chance to repeat  
why do we hate one another  
viscous long fangs that bite in the night  
eyes with spots with blackened stench

one must get beyond the self in order to arrive  
distant ships traveling in the sea of turmoil  
we must embark on a new journey to behold  
the time for change is now

John Ackerman

# Sex And Black Velvet Cake

## Sex & Black Velvet Cake

Love under lock and key...

an exquisite sunset, 'O' paints pretty colors, before  
a maiden's heart dances, piroettes beneath the straight,  
moonbeams bointe to her fate as she waits patiently  
a devine key will unlock her heart,  
revelation will reward her patience  
a paired key is waiting on theother side of the moon  
this key courts the perfect lock  
moon shadows waltz serenely under a black velvet shy  
shooting stars are messengers carrying her call for you

such is black velvet cake a bit creamy to taste it permeates your stomach's  
residue

&quot;An eternity, I have waited, oh how long I've dreamed of you,  
Every minute of forever you'll be locked in my heart&quot;.

Oh, hear her plea, please grant her desire  
End her search for her dream to come true  
Raprure from above..rain, a soothing lulaby,  
Floating..adrift..in dreams your key is hers  
Wishing herself away to sweet, tender oblivion,  
She has waited too long for your key  
Dark depths of hihility, infinite space  
She will await you in the middle of the abyss  
Dance towards the moonbeams, they point to your face  
She prays your key will unlock her dream

&quot;An eternity, I have waited, oh how long I have dreamed of you,  
Every minute of forever you'll be locked in my heart&quot;.

Are you the keeper of the key to her heart?  
Come dance with her...under the moon  
Worship her in the moonlight with a passionate dance  
Whisper your secrets,exchange your trinkets,  
Your key matches her heart and her heart unlocks yours  
Moon shadows waltz serenely under a black velvet cake  
Shooting stars are messengers, telling the rest of the world,

You've finally unlocked her heart  
Dance toward the moonbeams,  
They point to your fate.  
sex and blackvelvet cake

John Ackerman

# Shake It Down

Strange nights, starry eyes  
a little something to keep me going  
no I don't lack in surprise  
or modesty  
and yet if honesty was a commodity  
I'd surely be rich and living it up  
or dead in a ditch for never giving it up  
and you just don't quit  
pry away the drink from my hands  
and take a sip  
never seen anyone  
bite anything  
the way that you bite on your lip  
I don't know what you're looking for  
but you won't find it in me  
a compliment, a shred of decency  
a night of thrills and secrecy  
a shoulder to cry on  
or just something to ride on  
no, you won't find it in me

Got no money, no worries  
don't sell drugs  
never felt the need  
not a pick me up  
or shake you down  
nothing changes when I'm around  
no I don't want you  
and you don't want me

Living life like a grazed knee  
the pain is always there it stings  
something always has to rub up on me  
so if another stained garment  
is what you want to be then, darling  
pick away at my layers  
I can never seem to heal  
but I go on like nothing hurts me  
and it could be worse

you could be just another verse in my poetry  
and the night isn't over yet but  
you've just about heard enough I bet  
I don't know what you're looking for  
but you won't find it in me  
a friend for the night, a happy ending  
a story to tell your girls, a heart for mending  
someone to rely on  
or just something to ride on  
no, you won't find it in me

Got no money, no worries  
don't sell drugs  
never felt the need  
not a pick me up  
or shake you down  
nothing changes when I'm around  
no I don't want you  
and you don't want me

Still relentless in your advances  
but I can't take any chances  
I'm susceptible to heartbreak  
why do you think I'm sat here drinking alone?  
unlike you I haven't looked down at a phone  
I've no one to call, I've nowhere to be  
if you're wanting a simpleton that's not me  
I'm not offering late night comfort calls  
I don't even own a settee  
are you my therapist now?  
too many questions are detrimental to trust  
and I think you've just about heard enough  
I don't know what you're looking for  
but you won't find it in me  
won't pick you up, won't shake you down  
won't show you a good time and stick around  
I'm not your wings to fly on  
or just something to ride on  
no, you won't find it in me

John Ackerman

# She

Lord Jesus Christ, fill each of your childrens hearts with your love. This Tuesday 5/23/17... We ask you Lord for you to create in us a clean heart oh God. Renew a right spirit within us. Fill us fresh with the message of the Holy Spirit. Guard us from the enemy Satan's attacks on our lives. Please help those who suffer from the vial arm of addiction to pain medicine & drugs. Those addicted to alcohol Lord we ask for your healing grace tonight upon our lives. Show us that we are new creatures in you Christ Jesus. We are never too far away from your amazing grace. Lord pray that people everywhere will be happy in relationships God. Guide our steps to the needy homeless ones in our culture. Free us from the enslavement of sin on our lives. in Jesus Christ Precious name, Amen.

John Ackerman

# She Ii

She

so today I tip my hat to the proverbial aristocrat with big suit  
nothing could be finer then to be in her vagina in the morning  
languished inside I'm falling apart at the seams with an evil means  
she sits enthroned as womenliberation is heading out across the nation  
just like Big Pun I'm having a bit of fun & I'm off on the run  
coming to a theatre near you we have bitten off far more then we could ever  
chew

but nothing is new this is true about little boy blew cause he needed the money  
society is blind you see that's why we need poetry to face reality  
strong against the resistance we got an army of forces tripping on horses  
she was there from the very beginning not a one stop shopping event at your  
local seven eleven

learn from her as a lost seagull on the ocean with its magic potion  
drink her wine of enticement she barricades her ambitions as if she was a zombie  
listen closely and you we here a whisper then the shedding of a tear she draws  
ever near

in good times and bad either happy or sad she is there and she cares  
the ellurement of her charm as she breathes in the exhaust of polluted air  
a woman's hair with a baby's eyes does all of this come as a sweet surprise  
drink in her poison shove it in the oven just don't call me a kissing cousin

pleasure is a trip when you think with your dick and you realize nobody gives a  
shit

can't even wink to dismiss this earthly miss with a time well spent in thought  
she likes the city lights as a corporate slut in a heavy world that's in quite a rush  
her sweet melody is in a song can't we all just get along

a reason to believe what will one be willing to achieve  
always has something up her sleeve so mysterious in her red dress  
tears flow through the solace of the evening on her tolerant imagination  
perhaps in need of a break on a long awaited vacation

angelic prowess, lavender dust, ellegance & bitch  
on some days she's actually a witch with a broom stick flyinf around going  
midtown

yet she's alwas a woman to me in what she is willing to achieve  
yet she fights, she fucks & she wars

she basks in the vast expanse between space and time along in her thoughts  
likes to be wined, dined & 69 thinking everything is quite fine  
yet she kicks it to the curb as if you heard not to disturb a single word  
choices, voices & chances  
likes a little Barry White heard on the side at night by her bubble bath  
soft pillows with linen sheets a given chance at which to meet and greet  
needs to be the center of attention as if she created a brand new invention  
she's intellectualized, queen and the bitch of mean  
yet others are not so they are pious and ready to go  
chosen vessels down by the river Nile so you will know all the great while  
she dances on a ring of fire yet throws off a challenge with a shrug  
she loves to be love as she eats her milky way having lucid dreams with hay

warm and tender is her heart she will light the spark to where you need to go  
eternity can't dismiss her cause angels will have to whisper her sweet angelic  
name

man is lost without her as he goes about his day having no one to play  
she may act as a mistress so you will have to dismiss this logical persuasion in  
thought

she like a hen beside her rooster yet not to abuse her  
she exists in each of us as if a haunt with a joint in her hand  
let the reader understand you can't keep sticking it to the man  
both needs each other with hearts that are tender in a full surrender  
she will labor for the legal tender in a busted up fender  
she can be whacked in the head with a face filled with dread

yet she walks tender miles is wise as heights uncharted  
she was once there in my dream as a masterpiece so very clean  
living in a land that's so very mean  
she can control and you will do as you are told until the very rights to you are  
sold  
she

John Ackerman

# She Matters

the way you walk the way you talk  
the way you comb your hair  
beautiful eyes as if a angel in disguise  
the touch of your hand makes me understand  
pitter patter of soft sandle feet  
whispers in the corridor  
telling me which way to go  
when I look into your eyes  
then I could see a future  
filled up without pain nor sorrow  
you walk the walk out of true humility  
you stand to admire your inner dignity  
yet why can't people see  
the great beauty perched as if a white angelic dove  
with baby's hair & a woman's eyes  
does all of this logic come at a big enough surprise  
just to look deep into her eyes  
one hand to hold a heart will mend

we shall grow to depend  
upon the great notion of love intact  
out of every viable circumstance  
weshall learn to take part in the dance  
a sil·hou·ette of cashmere greenlattice hung adjacent to her room  
pillows were placed seperated by one black cats' apparition  
hear she dances in a ring of fire yet throws off each challenge with a shrug  
in her world she is carefree far from the onslaught of turmoil  
love is the sweet fragrance of her existence as she learns to shun the resistance  
sips on her coffee while reading the early morning Sunday news  
after a brisk walk along the path that leads to a forest filled with cloven moss  
covered matter  
there in the sunlight amidst the lavender she decides to meditate  
through her quaint variation of thought she is brought into a brightened light  
a vast orb of personification nestled near a river  
out of the vast expanse between space and time she awakes to the forest again  
this time with a tear drop in her eye out of sorrowful passions she keeps deep  
inside  
she is new to this place she seeks to mediate  
cobblestone lines the forest as an added decor of languished feathered

circumstance

she seeks inner solace as in natures beckoning call asunder

the rush of the wind through her hair she faintly succumbs to her heightened  
reality

John Ackerman

# Shelter Me In

just a little more time is all where asking for  
just a little uncertainty can bring you down  
falling emblems that drape the nomadic tapestry  
in conclaves of dwarfed resolution of pillars of thought  
where do we begin when we fall once again  
a plate of fries with ketchup on the side  
laughter has enhanced the mood as tombstones are fastened in lone pillars  
there is music in my heart now that you are gone from me  
years of vice has thrilled me to an end in sight  
forget the night & the day is far spent  
alone in my room & then I stare at the wall  
in the back of my mind I hear my conscience call  
telling me I need a girl whose as sweet as a dove

John Ackerman

# Shelter Me With Love

today I exist as a vapor then I am no more  
some may equate logic for fear that brings nothing near  
my chest is heavy and my pulse is setting in  
yesterday was such an easy game we used to play  
awe but then let's face it it's quite easier today  
for I am not myself these day for all i know I might by two  
there's room enough in store to view yet I'm in a bind  
I'm likewise in a haze for who I am from scene to scene  
yet luck's provision is preverse it seems to work more in reverse  
if things are better they'll be worse in quite a while  
hey penny, one penny, tri penny, three  
nature seldom ever fails to most surprisingly provide an undisclosing posing side  
at one's dismay one needs to pray

Shelter me in a newer way to begin  
won't you help me my friend  
through mountains of madness amidst all its sadness  
we can dig deeper then ever before  
lest I implore another opened door  
getting caught up in the middle playing a game of second fiddle  
most of life seems to be a riddle  
Shelter me in through the storms of life  
amidst each added spice as if were on a roller coaster  
don't stop me now but I may need a lawyer  
as we get a little older we can grow to succumb to the world's cloister  
like a hen with a rooster gets your pets spayed and nuetered.  
we are only here for a short time so sound the alarm

inside we hide behind four walls that seal  
caught up in a fix in every hope as you hold your crucifix  
there's danger up ahead yet we lie in bed in the walking dead  
a face full of lead falling apart at the seams in the evil schemes  
shelter me in so I can breath always got something up my sleeve  
shadows block the vortex of the sun lit resolution  
we are out searching for the latest solution  
in barbed wire fences always second glances  
we often will scramble as Felix was played by Tony Randall  
its hard to handle living in a society that's blind you see  
but as a poet friend I'm making sweet lasting memories

languished over the onslaught of feelings inside  
your the tool of the government and industry to  
its all a will for power nothing more lest I simply implore  
the fate for so much more yet for what?

shelter me in out in the playing field of delegation as politicians embrace a  
reasonable solution

in the newspaper as shelter lies dormant in its beckoning call  
to the know it all out in his ivory tower its in the hour of power  
bask in the vast expanse between space and time

John Lennon said it best, "Happiness is a lone gun momma bang bang  
shoot shoot";

we got thick headed politicians that can't even reason  
suicide is on the rise people are running away to hide  
abortion on demand when will we ever live to understand  
no one has a voice anymore no one understands  
until today we got every good reason to bow our heads to pray  
a mass hysteria in our land as we text our way through the day  
no one breaks bread anymore no one bothers to pray  
yet it ought not be this way on some sorted time delay  
you still make fun of the gay instead of embracing them as they are our family  
lines being drawn in the sand when will we ever live to understand

Shelter me in my friend with whom I can depend people are making choices  
there maybe something blowing in the wind for Dylan was right on that one  
building bridges that go across party lines in their most unique affiliation  
philosophically filled up with sullen brevity and everything that does the heavy  
deed

we often will hide behind the false hidden garb of compromise taking heed to  
twisted lies

Shelter me in so that I may live it all over once again my dearly beloved friend  
may you understand.

John Ackerman

# Silent Mourning

the bitter quest for a heart that is in unrest through tough times we go  
my flesh has a bitter taste raptured through the aura of vain unrest  
all of life is a test getting behind the squeaky wheel thinking to yourself  
in visions cascading through the very fiber of my existence join in the resistance  
come on and take a chance at which permeates fresh thoughts within  
a soul is reckless if not found it wanders through corridors vast intense  
love has gained it also has lost in humanites heaviest of cost  
when I sleep at night I see your face I can't go on without your love  
in a dream my love you will find my heart to make a fresh start  
all for the inner hope of what you have been living for  
we grasp for straws only to find a reason for believing in the changing of the  
season  
without any reason let's climb toward destiny's ladder without any falter  
to begin to prepare are hearts for the great here after

Silent mourning with tears in my eyes traveling through a vast domain  
not having you in my arms is driving me totally insane  
love is the essence of my inner existence through the duration of time  
take hold of my hand and you will understand to find a peace that passes all  
understanding  
real love is developed over time in needs to be challenged with tests  
without growth the soul will fold amidst the over load  
a challenge to be free is a question of time  
two souls in deep passion you will know what I'm asking for  
you say you really love me and I'm always on your mind  
you have to prove your love is true to me  
let are inner hearts unfold to what we are truly searching for

John Ackerman

# Silent Warning

a perched cat on the basement parchment  
time has allowed silence to ensue  
we seek for justice to stake our claim  
while deep inside we are going insane  
lest I refrain a notion of conquest  
all of life is simply a test may I digress  
we each have a gift but some let it go  
seek a higher power in the way you should go  
yet we move to slow one step at a time  
we climb the barbed wire of success  
but to get to what the world outside make me want to throw up  
but just as you have thought about giving up  
silent warning come through  
have we bitten off more than we could chew  
if we make our beds in hell I got a good story to tell  
a street walker works her beat in hopes to get a treat  
she falls on some hard times no money to pay for any lines  
then one day she wants to give it all up  
a minister comes to her aid  
offering her free salvation cause she has one foot in the grave  
so she says yes to Jesus & breaks the bonds to free us  
gives up her life of sin to begin over again  
silent warning takes you to places with traces that you'll never know  
many today hide behind a shell getting ready for their place in hell  
we must give it all up to gain it all  
don't look back when your hands on the plough

John Ackerman

# Situation Excellent

Sometimes in life's battles we can feel  
As if we are losing on every front  
family discord, business setbacks,  
can put a pessimistic spin on the way we look at life  
God can use our trials to work for are good  
In spite of the pain they bring  
We can turn things around in life  
Let's sing to make melody in are heart  
live each day in a very beautiful way  
fill your heart with song to sing along  
choose to become a beacon of light  
to a hurting world in need of love  
happiness, isn't that something we all want  
searching for it in things like love  
significance, a comfortable home and good food, a good job and faithful friends  
seek for a situation excellenct  
do not join in the social resistance  
close the gap between love and hate  
just call it fate  
at the first battle of the Marne  
during World War I, French Lieutenant General Ferdinand Foch sent out this  
message:  
' My center is giving way, my right is retreating. Situation Excellent I am  
attacking'.  
His willingness to see hope in a tough situation eventually led to victory for his  
troops.

John Ackerman

# Sloppy Seconds

Sloppy Seconds

wine, dine & sixty nine  
she was dressed to impress that night

sporting long vicious hanging fangs that fright  
we came this far not to turn back now

cooling at the bar then chilling in my car  
soup up body kit & a hot bod that wouldn't quit

see back in the day I used to pray  
today in the hood it doesn't come out that way

listening to old school tunes of Heavy D & the Boys  
Now That We Found Love

today the heads are always looking for a fight  
like wrestling to the acid drop

flip flops body drops & getting chased by the cops  
I'm still chrome in the zone flipping channels

tied up with knots when there's a dozen of pots in my sink  
can't even think to dismiss this earthly bliss in a time well spent in thought

I don't know why when you find yourself buried in the lonely ground  
still I play on this one string that I have been dealt

like watching as the ice cream melts  
now sadness fills my eyes does this come at a big surprise

She was once a virgin now many men have had here  
stretched forth her legs with a stench inside

now she makes her living down at Tony's Bar & Grill  
with cheap thrills in the back of the room

still when I'm inside she has no where to hide

taking me on a fast rollercoaster ride

John Ackerman

# Smile

Smile can bring you near to me  
don't let them ever found me gone cause that will bring a tear to me  
right now is no other time and I can show you how my love runs through me  
then I give you all my love I'm here if you should call to me  
but you think that i don't even hear a simple word I say  
we feel broken inside and calmly let things slide  
through tragedy we can dream some dreams  
even falling apart at the seams

we treasured a red rose that was plucked a time before  
each of us gets a glimpse getting caught up in the mix  
a soul's vested union within the concept of love  
some can sweep some things underneath the rug  
yet in our helpless state we must look toward faith  
a reason for being to keep on climbing  
in the onslaught of violence there's an intentional gain of silence

John Ackerman

# Smile Is Contagious

let's love one another brother stop all the hate going around  
be proud of who you are on the inside & choose  
to become a beacon of light to a hurting world in need of love  
love is the mere essence of the fabric of my existence  
don't ever try to join up in its resistance  
we can move mountains of evil in our way  
those that never confide to bow the knee to pray  
but is there another way?  
faceless victims with viscous fangs that bite dripping blood off side  
yet I seek for comfort in a higher power  
my very soul permeates with a reason to share such love  
from a candle light vigil to passing the torch  
we are living in a land so very mean  
Smile is contagious so pass yours on  
sing a lively tune or a love song  
the vibrance of lost exploits from a time ago  
having so much fun with a tender hope that it would last  
the get togethers at the beach  
trying to catch that frisbee way out of reach  
walking hand in hand along the shore  
never felt like this before for you were all I was searching for  
kicking the tin can in the street  
the ice cream man came by with a heavenly treat  
back the it used to mean something to hold open your door for your neighbor  
wearing your finest at the mall with the gell in your hair  
for i shed a single tear cause you were never there  
to bask in the vast expanse of rich tender love  
coupled with a heart filled with gold  
mark the one willing to explore  
so much more with a smile  
cause you knew all the great while  
it was there all the time what I had been searching for  
so today tell somebody there special never forget them  
there is always a great lesson the more you keep on confessing  
like a rainbow in the dark you lit the inner spark to what is is I'm searching for  
when your smiling the whole world smiles with you  
when your dancing truly dancing the sun keeps shining through  
but when your laughing truly laughing the rain won't fall on you  
learn to share with one another the treasure of love

John Ackerman

# Smile Through The Pain

Just not having you in my arms is driving me insane  
The twilight sun has tainted my inner vision  
was there something inside you have been wishing  
We hide behind the false hidden garb of compromise

Can't we see through those twisted lies  
Shadows break upon the morning  
Mental illness effects us all  
Blackened caverns of experience inside

The long duration of the silence within  
we hold are breath then count to the number ten  
Were at the edge of are seats  
have we gone so very deep

Through a variation of a dream evil scheme  
A lone novice would disagree  
What is my one solemn humble plea  
smile through the pain

When the outside world acts totally insane  
lest I refrain...  
Sullen brevity  
faces, traces, shadows & cobwebs

Like faces in the window with storms in the night  
many heads prefer to live by sight  
We can't escape the way we feel  
perhaps a love embrace will seal the deal

Vortex  
Long lines are being drawn in the street  
grand illusion  
we fought back the tears to numb the inner pain

John Ackerman

# Smooth Operator

it was late in the evening & on the street  
had my body kit waxed on my Camry  
fenders had a slasp of silver so did the rims  
stereo was blasting to my favorite song  
Like Michael Jackson & Stevie B  
rolled into my neighborhood bar many looked out at my car  
I was fixing to put one on slamming back drinks until I couldn't even think  
out in the back was the girl of my dreams named Sara  
I smiled in her direction needing some sweet affection  
much to my surprise she had a bun in the oven from her secong cousin  
was it any wonder i had too much time on my hands  
Still I made a play for sweet Sara  
she was so very nervous i could hear it in her voice  
but it was my choice to dance with her in the middle  
perhaps i was playing second fiddle or loosing the ball in a dribble  
that's why they call me the smooth operator today  
I used my many talents that God gave me  
but I was a dear gentleman to Sara and raised her baby as our own  
took a chance in the dark in that i lit the spark to what i was waiting for  
although the many years have passed still having every reason to grasp  
how much a love can grow the strong beat of the tempo  
in the way we should go  
so today I still wax my Camry with every fiber in me  
the times have changed but the love still grows  
been knocked to the ground but my hope still shows  
now every place that I go I'm known as the smooth operator  
would you like another ice cream flavor  
it's just sugar & spice with everything nice  
once this life is through no second chance to roll twice

John Ackerman

# So Shall It Be

So Shall It Be

So many reasons why things are such  
Constant pains, the agony of defeat  
Yet I pick myself up from the waste lands  
Fighting harder and harder still

Each knock I take strengthens me to endure  
At the same time I am weakened  
Through reflection I cast away the nonsense  
Ultimately the inferno is further fueled

Like salt in a wound, the burning never ceases  
The wolves bite at my flesh  
Piece by piece I am torn apart and spit out  
No one feels the given hurt until it is received

I do not participate in such senseless games  
For my soul is divine, I am above these tragedies  
Will is my comfort, the will of greatness  
To spite my critics so the flames expand

Reaching the destined height, eternal fire  
So many reasons why things are such  
So shall it be from dawn till dusk...

John Ackerman

# Society Evolution

## Society Evolution

evil minds that plug destruction  
having long viscous fangs that fright  
we stand on the sideline without a voice  
choices that we make through the expanse of time

At first it starts with a seed of thought  
in time roots spring up out of the fresh fertile soil  
it will take a long time for the water to boil  
Each of us is responsible for our actions

actions in which humans rebel against God  
miss there true purpose for there lives  
surrender o the prince of the air more then God cause there deeds were evil  
Inside we hide behind four walls

like a cold clap in the dark you lit the spark  
to what it is I have been waiting for  
eyes, shoes, wallet & pen  
shaped through the very fabric from within

we have heads in the street that stand for hate in the name of love  
become instead a beacon of light to a hurting world in need of hope  
bloodshed in are street  
merciful one come take this chip off my shoulder

stop the senseless fighting before are nation grows colder  
let's look above to the heavenly love  
with what we do with are time today will become evident throughout eternity  
still no one hurts no one has a voice

We need new hero's with a role to reach are nation's youth  
take the reins brothers and sisters  
never relent to ever give up on the fight  
smile cause it's contagious so pass yours on



# Solace In A Rose

feeling sharp as steel  
just to let you know the deal  
life is in the spinning wheel  
outside in the yard  
a new day is coming  
people get ready  
the sun is a rising on every nation  
now is a good time to take a break on a long vacation  
I treasured a red rose  
that was plucked a time before

my very soul permeates sweet lasting love  
speaking words of kindness  
losing a soul that binds us  
there's something about the color red  
calming a soul when your feeling bad  
searching for the latest trend or fad  
It's a whole new world  
gazing stars in full bloom  
settling your nerves with a tender mood  
sought solace in a rose  
where as some sweep things  
underneath the rug  
with love that is inside of me  
taking the call onward in society  
a reason to be

John Ackerman

# Solitude

Solitude

whispers  
a rain drop  
quietness  
seclusion  
look inside we have nothing to hide  
a premonition  
seclusion

the woods  
through the forest we see a glimmer of light  
the absence of the good brings on the bad  
Surrender to the force  
quick conclusions will often lead the best of us astray,  
the wisest move in life is but to wait  
otherwise are galloping emotions run away  
like horses at the gate  
spirituality  
alone

John Ackerman

# Some Say Love

the pitter patter of soft rain  
falling, falling, falling to the shore  
I held your hand tight next to me  
inside your eyes I could see a distant future  
filled with both hope & warmth for a brighter tomorrow  
amidst the bitter silence  
love is a heart that's been blown apart  
love is in the moment when one shows it  
if we each do are part to make are life brighter  
want to take you much higher

a call to all of us who have drifted away  
from are first love that wants you to stay  
inside many hide behind four walls that seal  
some insist that it's no big deal  
a whisper in the sunlight on the pool of rivers edge  
heaven has a delight to come & see  
many settle for the make believe  
while others watch as you bleed  
but I want the best to all that this world can give  
for its heart ache and misery  
I told you when you left me there was nothing to forgive  
It's hard for me to say your happy without me

Some say love in how they feel  
Some insist it to be no big deal  
Some will lie behind it's squeaky wheel  
but we must all do are part to what it is we need to go  
Until thy kingdom come & thy will is done  
my arms will unfold your heart in the sun  
we will make it if we try  
with that said I can not lie  
we all are in for a great surprise

John Ackerman

# Sometimes I Cry

Got to keep it real but sometimes I stare at the four walls that steal  
I like to keep it all in until it starts to get heavy  
No toke of a smoke on a blunt to implode  
I suffer inside having no good reason to run away & hide  
Still I seek for a higher power relax & take a hot shower  
We each go through things in life amidst the given strife  
Sparks fly through the duration inside my brain lest I refrain  
I cry for the lonely hustler on the street trying to get something to eat  
I cry for the widow in her deep affliction  
I cry for the humble in every situation  
So I take my time to write down a list  
To show what I thankful for  
A reason by which to explore  
A pause to reflect on a sparkling array of blissful care  
I thank God everyday as I bow my knee to pray  
Others may claim it ought not be that way  
Yet who are they any way  
One needs a heart saturated with love  
love is the essence of one's inner existence  
Never join in the resistance  
Some times I cry in my dreams  
evil screams things that come from a world so very mean  
I cry for the poor in their affliction  
Life was never intended to be easy  
How you fought so hard and fierce  
My one truest love is gone from here  
A challenge to be free is a question of time  
My one solution is using my mind  
Living on the edge and it's going to my head  
Sitting up at night all alone in bed  
Following the rainbow to the sky  
I see a vision of you pass me by  
Our war were in is almost over  
it's so hard to believe I lost a lover

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John Ackerman

# Song Bird Delight

Song Bird Delight

Sweet fragrant melodic tones

Through the trees they go

Searching for tiny food to fill their beaks

Singing beautiful songs of delight

As a beacon of hope in love's fruition

The vast domain of nature's beckoning call

Soaring through the air for all to see

Amidst love's duration an opened door

Traveling through a magical interlude

We search for joy out of self to please

Yet look at how beautiful a song bird receives the sweet message of love

Shaped through lavender decorum a will to survive

We each must never relent to ever give up on the fight

Silence etched through a doorway of promise

Beautiful birds with colors of illumination

Spreading their wings as a unique promise of delight

A pulse resonates out on the patio

To reach love's full duration

A promise that was made in the dark has come to light

Lines formed in their vast duration

The heart is an open door by which to explore

A challenge to be free is a question to shine

Nature can remove the scales to all that is sad

A look at a twilight sun that has tainted my inner vision

John Ackerman

# Spin Master

Check one on the mic i'm about to bite  
a victim of race spread out your Peyton place  
let me take you down to the hood  
this is where you get the real lessons in life  
Hustlers pimping their rides  
bitches screaming cause their fix is dreaming  
the place where you get the good blow  
I should have come here years ago  
out of its silence its a game of violence  
guns being drawn out in your face  
for some its a social disgrace  
still you can learn about how true rap pops  
boogy down to your socks just like Scott Lerock  
its their you will sift through the latest trends  
such as Fetty Wap blowing up the scene  
then their are those people who are very mean  
the streets can either make you or break you  
For me I'm a spin master in my social disaster  
Breaking down rhymes in my frying pan  
Sticking up for the one's who say, ' Yes We Can'  
Instead of keep sticking it to the man with the plan  
You need a heart that's filled with gold  
So you will do what you are told until the very rights to you are sold  
It's like a jungle sometimes but it makes me wonder  
blasting out tracks like Stevie Wonder  
your a bundle of joy out holding your own  
paying the bills cheap thrills in the back of the car  
Learn from your mistakes son & it will make you go far  
Only one life is soon to be done only what's done out of love will last  
Nobody get a free pass we all have free will  
Rap is for winners turning sinners to saints  
turning hate to love from the warm hand up above  
so keep your dope joint clean if you know what I mean  
a winner is just another loser that falls down but gets up & gives it one last try...

John Ackerman

# Starlight

A cosmic collision came charging through  
the perimeter in space  
lines, form & energy  
The solace of the solar system

We live in the land of make believe  
fallen emblems with no leaves on trees  
Can't escape the way we feel  
perhaps a love embrace will seal the deal

Look at the swan upon the lake  
call it beauty in it's lasting state  
Shadows beckoning call filters through the scene  
we make mistakes cause we fall short

Laughter  
a solemn pause to Gideon  
Orion in orbit tranquil and electric  
through the duration of time we created a rhyme

A pulse of the human heart  
will light the spark of what I was waiting for  
Lest I implore another open door  
we will light a match to celebrate are innocence

Forget the night the day is far spent  
I have become cumbersome to this world  
A solace to unfurl  
the gravitational pull may bring some down

A planet that dwells beyond the great divide  
some may insist to run away and hide  
Look to the sun to help you get by  
very often it's a substance that makes you get high

John Ackerman

# Stay Close To Me

breathless  
pant into the leaves  
through the somber tender moment my heart permeates an escape  
we have come to far not to turn around now  
whispers  
through the corridor  
a hopeful memory of a time well spent in thought  
my lips quiver through the notion of a mere solace intact  
sullen brevity

stay close to me  
feel the breeze nestled through the trees  
my hands clasp with amazing fortitude  
alone in my silence  
thoughts of beautiful cadence  
the exploits of a promise made so long ago  
feelings of rapture now lifting my gait  
pause to reflect

another moment to another memory  
wandering in the silence  
embark on Summer's end  
the shadows block my inner frame  
not having you in my arms is driving me insane  
alone again this time I stare at the wall  
in the back of my mind i here my concious call  
the pull the tease of a romance gone wild  
feeling as carefree as a little child  
snap shot moments of my past  
having so much fun with a hope that it would last

the twilight sun had tainted my inner vision  
stay close to me with a touch so devine  
draw ever nearer to the fire my my inflicted frame  
love is the mere essence of quaint elegance  
yet inside we hide behing four walls that block  
we tend to always think a lot  
tender moments between a father and a son  
love works in many hearts

stay close to me & i won't leave  
for I beg you on my knees  
to enter the final climax with a smile  
cause you knew all the great while  
eyes, hands & feet  
with a sincere faith in your heart  
you will light the inner spark to what it is I have been waiting for

John Ackerman

# Step Off

gravity  
homeboy got capped in the knee  
out in the streets  
let the truth be told  
where as years ago  
with Grandmaster P  
he was born in the gutter  
his momma was a whore  
selling her junk in the trunk  
in back of the liquor store  
screaming more more more  
raised my his aunt named Mable  
feeding her dog Rex underneath the table  
as time went by so very fast  
having every reason to ask  
the spin off the hook was the great climax

in time he learned to relax  
to bask in the vast expanse  
cause he got the hook up  
two turn tables with a mic  
sold a lot of weed to get that sweet  
getting he ass kicked in a neighborhood bar  
still spinning records the best he can  
'Step off' with his reply whenever he was tested  
his life reflected a reason to believe in rap  
a willingness to achieve  
that was until a gang banger put a bullet through his head  
shot him dead so they thought  
now he was in a hospital bed face full of lead  
there he suffered in complete silence  
amidst all the pain & violence  
tubes in his veins lying there dead  
then came a pulse  
next a heart beat  
his eyes suddenly opened  
folks thought he was only joking  
came fully to his senses  
with eyes twitching

spoke his first words, 'Step Off'  
then we all knew he was alive and kicking  
then he gazed at the streets looking for the one that did this  
instead of violence he sought forgiveness even to the thug that struck him down  
Master B was right back in the studio  
rapping & capping  
he found love as a sure fire way to go  
that was years ago so today he still preaches to the masses  
always teaching on love and his free passes  
'Step Off' is still his slogan but he's got a new boss now  
can't turn back when your hands on the plow

John Ackerman

# Stevie B

Although those many years have passed  
Having every bit of reason to grasp  
The true message in his songs  
Seen him twice in Hartford, Ct  
That brother made a dent in my true memory as a young Gee  
Spring love made me fall in love  
Then it was in your eyes what a surprise  
Onto Diamond Girl that's when I smoked a lot of weed  
There was no one quite like the likes of Stevie B  
Many young girls had lost their virginity to his soft melody  
Mr. Post Man because I love you to name a few  
Back then the tunes to late night high school dances  
Caught up in trances with his smooth romances  
Man they don't make music like that anymore  
everything is vinyl now & tapes are out the door  
going to the beach with the roof top down on my car  
love was never so good when Stevie B was in the hood  
faces, spaces & traces  
beats blowing your mind  
I once could see but today's youth are blind  
to get your eighties groove on just leave it to the man  
In My Eyes did it come at any big surprise  
The music industry today is not the same everyone it seems is insane  
We need a blast from the past as Stevie B  
Let's see him make a good come back  
cause folks today are giving me a heart attack  
from the heart let us never depart until the end its just me & Stevie B

John Ackerman

# Stick In The Mud

Stick In The Mud

you hear voices through the veins of unearthed societal rampage  
a whole host of angels driving us forward filtered through the solace of my mind  
the tempter deals in the fade to black notion of reality  
we swerve to release are final testament  
eyes today with spots having holes living by sight  
viscous long hanging fangs that bite dripping blood off side  
we embrace the arts only as a filter for are own selfish agenda  
lines are being dram in the sand when will we ever live to understand  
the grass withers and the clouds will fade  
still I feel I'm a stick in the mud with no love  
although it may appear that way on the outside I choose to run away hide  
in my vast dreams with kings & queens  
block the silence from my fragile egg shelled mind  
the crucifix is for those who are willing to tast faith's reality  
as they live in a land of make believe  
through the vast correlation of a dream where people scream  
drawn out the silence with a bit of violence  
only to bask in the vast expanse between space & time  
why does one equate logic for free for I shed a tear to numb the pain  
not having love in my heart is driving me insane like life in the fast lane  
we have come this close not to turn back now  
can't ever let go when your hands on the plow  
still I feel I'm a stick in the mud  
sweeping things under the rug  
life gives you a shove  
inside we hide behind four walls that bind  
its the bling leaders of the blind  
although at times I feel as a social outcast but that soon will pass  
through a variation in a dream you can draw people in  
wearing decorated masked a face filled with laughing gas  
you may think your having a blast by not fearing the reaper  
but your day will certainly come the books will be opened  
the verdict will be read for the walking dead  
a challenge to be free is a question of time my one solution is using my mind  
living on the edge and its going to my head sitting up at night all alone in bed  
following the rainbow to the sky I see a vision of you pass me by  
Our war were in is almost over its hard to believe I lost my lover

but soon you will discover the notion of madness ensues  
what hurts you the most is it in pain

John Ackerman

# Stones

Stones

on a slippery slope I will skip  
flattened in bitter turmoil  
with both twists and turns  
one soul will soar & the other will burn...  
in time you shall shine out of the madness  
with crystal clear gladness  
sorrow must keep us at a parting stance  
to lose your way in given circumstance  
let us embrace each other with love  
out of the hand of God  
to lead is to never fall down  
don't wear your head down in a frown  
everyday is a different story  
live in the moment to God be the glory

John Ackerman

# Stop The Hate

## Stop The Hate

Bruh, I know your up but it's getting late  
I got to make peace with you  
Hommie I have bitten off more then I could chew  
I'm sweating from the new day's sun  
now I know your in for a bit of fun  
you got your trash barrels over by a raccoon  
now go clean up your room  
but I need to return to the basics & keep it real  
many dismiss this thought as no big deal  
we got hustlers on the street selling crack  
working so hard today can give you a heart attack  
yet my chief aim is to hold my head up high to the sky  
got many thoughts & a dozen of pots in my sink  
can't even dismiss this earthly bliss in a time well spent in thought  
the shadows outside block my inner pain  
not having love in my heart is driving me insane  
who said that life was fair when your driving in the fast lane  
not sense Lois Lane & Clark Kent made a dent  
Stop all this hate that going around  
so we got Trump comb over in his ivory tower  
blind eyes of bats and wheels that squeal  
got junk in your trunk saying no big deal  
I'm going to keep it real start honoring your mother and father  
I know what your saying why even bother  
It's good to stay in school & obey the golden rule  
many hustlers are in jail cause they all seem to fail  
by pool sticking & kicking it where their nose don't belong  
like Rodney King said can't we all just get along  
got reverend Al & Jessie Jackson always looking for some action  
return to your first love before its to late call this fate  
merciful one come take this chip off my shoulder  
stop this senseless fighting as are nation grows a bit colder  
just be happy for who you are in the inside  
instead we choose to hide behind a plate of glass  
smoking your grass no one in this life gets by on a free pass  
systems blasting & the radio's on  
it's never too late to hear the end of this song

got beggars crying & I'm not lying  
get fish to eat but I'm not frying  
Stop listening to hells lies cause you know Satan is lying

John Ackerman

# Studio Gangster

Studio Gangster

you think your a one of a kind but your naked and blind  
you exposed your groin to the nation's populace  
death row in comes the dope show  
you be shooting up the tracks hold in your own in the act  
blasting the Ajax boogy down to your socks  
kicking it with your hommies but you know they don't respect you  
Suckas like you all want to rap but you got to give them a mop  
you think it takes a man to make a baby well maybe

got a flash from your past going to make it blast  
stand up on your feet and beat the beats  
I'm true in what I do where as others haven't a single clue  
we have to ckeck it in gear don't you fear  
rap is where its at all the homeboys are giving me a heart attack  
your a studio gangster the image of a prodigy being set free  
flash from my past and my fame is getting bigger  
getting the news you sing the blues while watching Hill Street Blues

shooting hoops in the back of the yard  
playing spades getting to far  
open a bottle the sip on my forty  
cause in effect have you forgotten that we met  
loose lips sinks ships take some time to move those hips  
shattered dreams flirting through the means onto the extreme  
holding my own at the back yard pool as mister cool

John Ackerman

# Suavecito

when I look deep into your eyes I can see a distant future  
filled up with the hope of a much better tommorow  
amidst the inner pain & sorrow  
love true love is the essemce of my existence  
learn to shun the resistance at every given chance  
love has gain it also has lost humanities heaviest of cost  
your lips permeate my taste of rich pleasure  
to quench the thirst of your love  
never never met a girl like you in my life  
your walk & your talk in contagious  
the way that you hold me in your arms  
care for me dear child cause I love you

she dances in a ring of fire  
yet throws off its challenge with a shrug  
they feeling I have inside for you  
going to make you mine in every way  
eyes, hands & feet  
the pitter patter of my heart beat  
starting from my head down to my feet  
bring my your pleasure my precious one  
I love you for my very soul permeates with your tender care

John Ackerman

## Sucka M.C.

Suck a M.C. in the place to be mixing dope rhymes living out my fantasy.

Going down breaking you need someone to take your hand

Snake pit lions den you need someone to be your friend,

Rolling down the street in my Benz

Flirt with the honey's looking like Playboy bunnies,

See you on the flip side I got nothing to hide

You hitch hike now cause you don't have a ride.

So you dance with the devil with your three piece suit,

What's good my friend no need to pretend,

I'm your biggest fan...

Shout out to the ladies nothing shady

Inside we hide behind walls of steel

Isn't no big deal you third wheel

Many today have tombstones in there head

There the walking dead face full of lead

Going to the dance hall freaks in all

So you threw up inside your mouth

Use some scope now and get a towel

While your at it I need my fix eating a big fish

Twist the bottle cap off of my forty smoking blunts

One Hell of a runt you smell like a skunk

A big mac attack you tend to over react

I'm still in a fix make me another wish

Coaster for egg shells running inside my mind

Once I could see but today I'm blind

Suck a M.C. come to me breaking it down making history

You formed a lined hidden in the sand

Hoping someday all will understand

Break it down one last time

feelings of the blues

put on a new pair of shoes

Watching old videos of Huey Lewis & The News

These streets are tight that is are right

We came here to fight for a cause of freedom

Stretch forth our arms extend to the heart

Cause you touch the inner part to what it was I have been waiting for

Another slam on the door

Tony no neck Curtis was getting busy with a whore

this is my chore

break it down one last time

in time we will shine to see the fool moon grind

stuck in the middle as a fiddle and so is this rhyme no more.

John Ackerman

# Summer Breeze

a calmness of peaceful attributes  
time has evolved into a wave of fun  
discover the unique fundamental values that bring us together  
one has become lax toward romance  
never taking part in the dance  
they lie in wait near the ocean sound  
a beacon of light to a hurting world in need  
cold hearts have become together with its very look  
the spray of fine mist is its best attributes  
personifications of bright extremities unleashed  
Waves have a nice way to relax you  
breathe deep the air with a vibrant care  
cold callused hearts permeate the order  
let us be patient to its calming effect  
Waves will tumble then they bound  
coming in and going out in its elusive existence

John Ackerman

# Summer Love

## Summer Love

We both met at a party so long ago  
A breath of fresh air was in sight  
A moon glow at the edge of the end of the night  
As I looked deep within her eyes

It was then I saw a future  
Filled up with hope for a brighter tomorrow  
We then took a walk through a barren pass  
Holding hands as we entered an enchanted forest

To hear the sounds of a nearby flowing stream  
Rocks, sticks & stones  
It was both of us there left all alone  
Just couldn't resist for I had to kiss

Her soft lips with beautiful brown tan  
Soon are very soul's intertwined and we were on the ground  
Yet didn't want to take it further onto the next level  
So we settled for necking and soft caressing

For back then I had chosen the proper words to say,  
'She dances in a ring of fire, yet throws off it's challenge with a shrug'.  
It was at that very moment I knew she was the one

For I had fallen madly in love  
Summer love was the mere essence of my existence  
A true real love that would last  
Amidst the frolic of everyday brevity

A love to impart to last throughout eternity  
The smell of her perfume when she walked into a room  
A décor of a sparkling array of illumination  
For a man, the feeling inside should have never been hidden

One must first seek a higher source to be forgiven  
For true love is patient & so very kind  
Created & crafted in by a great designer

My summer love was so very rich

Filled with sweet sentiments of humble kindness  
To reflect on the mere beauty of her unique smile  
As to know all the great while  
Polished dresses with earrings that sparkle

Eyes with blue & a hint of green  
I will treasure the red rose I plucked for her  
A time before the ocean sun set in  
A sparkling array of sweet blissful care

None the worse to wear  
A heart of gold saturated with a soft kiss  
For I will ever miss your very touch  
When your not there

Block parties with the fresh barbeque  
Listening to classic music as Huey Lewis & The News  
What can end my summer blues?  
The soft touch of her present beauty...

For there will never be another lover  
Who would never wander  
But I'm often left to ponder?  
Love that was so tender and never blind

Yet you can't make your heart beat something it won't  
so she let go of my hand in search of the world  
Yet she was the fullness of love sent down by God from above  
Hope we can meet up yet once again?

John Ackerman

# Supernatural

inside my brain lest I refrain  
lies a deep impulse to explode  
the notion of love that comes from heaven above  
I was given this gift as a child  
with pad and pen & a need to pretend

hands, heart, face & smile  
cause I knew all the while that in time I would shine  
to feel the warmth on my face by the sun  
the conquest at hand to have a bit of fun  
although those many years would pass  
I had every viable reason to grasp

therefore gain wisdom & with all thy getting gain understanding  
a challenge to be set free was a question of time  
I had to sit down & learn how to rhyme  
of far off places with kings and queens  
just another flavor of my favorite ice cream  
I searched high in low to be found

inside I used to hide behind four walls in my mind  
solitude...  
why does one negate logic for fear?  
for I shed a single tear to help numb the inner pain  
not having a good book in hand was driving me insane  
Suddenly I found myself in the fast lane getting lost again

until the supernatural came in  
now I could hold my breath & count to number ten  
a beacon of hope to a hurting world in search of love  
fallen from the heaven's from God above,  
I fell in love with a unique craft of poetry  
lost in sullen brevity amidst its extremities  
finally came full circle to who I really am  
just to know deep inside that God alone had a plan

John Ackerman

# Supersonic

now its my turn to rock the mic  
going break through the tape of darkness in the night  
like freaks in the sheets I'm going to take you higher  
blowing up in a fuss of its fullest desire  
many moons ago let the truth be told  
rap was taking to different heights  
now all those years have passed still having every reason to grasp  
we are still holding our own on the phone  
still I got two turn tables spinning in my head  
walking dead face full with lead  
Young G your to young to think back now  
can't turn around when your hands on the plow  
but that how we do some say we're through  
yet it ain't nothing new  
life is filled with kings and queens  
some women are true ladies then you got those bitches that scream  
out there tripping in their limosine  
cruising down the alley in their sunset dream  
but today is a new day got to break things down  
can't get ahead when your face is in a frown  
you all want me around  
got hustlers that want to shake me  
Dons that want to make me  
Just me & Eric B and a nice full plate of fish sorry that I missed  
a new opportunity just stuck inside watching Jeopardy  
all of life is a party you see my name is king on the new marquee

John Ackerman

# Swan Song

When I am gone, I leave to you  
the sunlight that sparkles on the lake  
the fresh green grass and the scent of lilacs.  
You may have all birdsong and a billion stars  
and a soft warm breeze to touch you in my stead.  
I leave you the seasons and their unending procession  
deep roots and swallows swooping in summer blue sky.  
White fluffy clouds and sunsets, you may have those too.  
Fresh green leaves, ancient woodlands and gnarled bark,  
the first crocus as it peeps through springs dark damp earth  
and every russet coloured leaf that swirls in autumn is yours.  
Ocean waves and soft sand, shells and driftwood, as much as you can carry.  
Every friendly dog you pass in the street, the wag of their tails is just for you.  
And when snow falls as it invariably will, its deep silence belong to you, just you.  
The sound of every bell, the tinkle of every windchime, all yours.  
Dappled sunlight dancing through deep shade is yours.  
Clifftop walks and soaring gulls, they too are yours.  
Filtered light and darkest night, all yours.  
Rustling leaves, humming bees, yours.  
Galloping horses and sleeping cats,  
pale pink roses, and all my love,  
are yours... all yours.

John Ackerman

# Sweat The Technique

There's a battle for your mind but you say it's just fine  
pulling a 9 to your head it's the walking dead  
Not since the day of creation did we stand with ovation  
A seed was drop from a farmers bag that was bad  
Satan the god of this world is blinding good people  
Peeps stay at home when they can be at the church steeple  
Sex on the beach maybe your favorite drink  
But I can't dismiss this earthly bliss in thought  
Once a soul is sold it can't ever be bought  
Drop some smooth lyrics out on the sunset scene  
Living in a land that is so very mean  
when I roll of you captures you better be ready  
Girl you got a bun in the oven by your kissing cousin  
Sweat the technique from your head to your feet  
Bare with me son cause you can't do me none  
Poetics to poetry we must see reality  
search the hood just like Robin Hood  
then there's the Maiden Mary Ann who has a plan  
yet the battle ensues as you sing the blues  
a lot of suckers like to forget me but they can't  
start this cause I'm the artist  
walk with your head up when I hear whacked rhymes it's a set up  
All the brothers don't eat chicken & watermelon  
so now what are you selling  
let's get back to hip hop in what it meant to Scott Larock  
keep your head up & look to the sky  
Sweat the technique as you sit in your seat  
Right from your head right down to your feet  
Got to get in the zone busting out rhymes like Home Alone  
we came this far not to turn back now  
can't turn around when your hands on the plow  
yet in the end I choose to be a soldier in the army of God  
got to stay in school & obey the golden rule  
only one life is soon to be passed only what's done for him will last  
we got followers with no good leaders  
blood in the streets & there needs to be better education  
many take a break on a long awaited vacation  
the crowd is ready & me feet is steady  
until my last breath I must confess a rhyme that shines

sex, drugs & rap for some is where its at  
so you slip & fall giving you a heart attack  
rap & roll is noise pollution  
take my magic wand as a sure fire solution

John Ackerman

# Take It Easy

How long will it take for you to see  
Life is just an illusion, it's gonna pass eventually  
The flesh is just a lie  
Eventually you're gonna die  
But your soul will live on  
Rejoice in this don't mourn  
God made you to die  
It's why you were born  
Last night GOD spoke to me  
Your pain will end soon, so brother don't worry  
This world will soon pass  
None of this is gonna last  
But the word of GOD will live on  
From the dusk till the dawn, on, on and on  
He said pity the living, not the dead  
I replied back to him  
I meant no disrespect and this is what I said  
Imma hold my head high and do my part until the end

So make this life easy  
This life is just a lie  
Soon you're gonna die  
So why you killin him for  
He's just another brother, another lost soul  
Just make this life easy  
Just make this life easy  
Just make this life easy  
Just make this life easy

Sister and brothers on streets  
Instead of helping them get on their feats  
We're worrying about ourselves  
It's an endless cycle  
man's just looking out for himself  
It seems clear to me  
That nobody is free  
Rich, white, black or poor you're all the same to me  
Trapped in a prison ruled by money  
Don't you think it's funny

Endless numbers and papers rules us  
We'll never be happy  
It's not a mystery  
The world is falling apart  
I want it to end already, when will it start  
Until then I guess I'm going to do my part  
So while you're here just make this life easy

So make this life easy  
This life is just a lie  
Soon you're gonna die  
So why you killin him for  
He's just another brother, another lost soul  
Just make this life easy  
Just make this life easy  
Just make this life easy  
Just make this life easy

John Ackerman

# Tame The Heart

A call is going out into all the nation  
purity, morality & values  
We have closed our eyes from reality  
Instead have chosen gross decency

hands, heart, eyes & feet  
Shelter lies dormant amidst its beckoning call  
a challenge to be free is a question of time  
Sublime

Sullen hearts with a great gulf fix  
we are suddenly getting lost in the mix  
A loser is just another quitter but gets up and gives it one last try  
we have fallen short of the glory that is expected

Getting lost in the sauce with a whole host of duration  
we may need a break on a long awaited vacation  
Become a beacon of light to a hurting world in need  
they just want to see you bleed

One hand to hold a heart will mend  
who are you to put your trust in & depend  
There are lines being drawn in the sand  
Give us a heart saturated with truth

Love should be the true essence of our existence  
faces, traces & mistakes made  
A hollow box yet tempered in the fire  
Love should be our full proof blown in desire

They proclaim love yet it's only hate in disguise  
Don't try to fall for any of these twisted lies  
we are all in for a rude awakening & surprise  
the human heart is an opened door just ready to be explored

John Ackerman

# Tear Down That God Forsaken Wall

Capitalism  
North Korea  
Tear Down The Wall  
Trump is on the mountain

Lines are being drawn in the sand  
When to understand  
we can't keep sticking it to the man  
Burning bridges

faces, space & burning the midnight oil  
taking to long to watch the water boil  
Have we forgotten our true freedom,  
lies dormant stretched the imagination

A hero's welcome has been long forgotten  
Try to forget about Ben Laden  
there's a fork in the road along life's journey  
A challenge to be free is a question of time

Learn to gather the hands together  
Black & White  
search with all your hearts  
To ignite the flame to light the torch to what we are waiting for

No more clowns, fake news & Marie Tyler Moore  
lest I implore another open door  
tear down the wall already  
Seek truth with everything you got!

John Ackerman

# Tears In Heaven

Falling emblems  
A fresh scent of dew  
Something borrowed onto something new  
Many will make it  
Others try to fake it  
By the skin of their teeth  
Saddened with their position in heaven  
Shedding tears loosened fears  
Some tears will be that of joy  
We each will have to face the trial  
Cause you knew all the great while  
Sadness will soon to gladness  
This much I confess  
To just be with Jesus  
I know it seems a far away place  
But if you stay humble  
by getting down on your knees to pray  
love like never before  
Tears in heaven will flow  
Alone I will cry  
I will wait my turn  
As time goes passing by  
One soul will soar while the other one burns

John Ackerman

# Tell The World

Your words sit there upon your desk  
Yet you love your books & magazines the best  
You prefer the light of your t.v.  
You love the world & your avoiding me!

There is signs across the blaze of the sky  
A lone tear of the beggar of a passerby's  
Shadows prone in mere desolation  
We all need a break on some long vacation

God is calling each and every one of us  
To live a life that's gathered onto service to the king  
A blade of grass in the green lush pasture  
The sadness dulls the light on God's full comprehension

They lurk as lazy diamonds in an orchard of gold infested meadows  
Watch out for all those clowns!

John Ackerman

# The Artist

breathless  
light of illumination  
with blank canvas  
he begins to create  
a myraids of fixed visions  
angelic fervor of exploration  
a brush stroke with colors  
red, yellow & green  
at the top of the canvas  
a yellow stream  
vast radiant emotions expressed  
mark the time he is willing to create  
lines being formed in groups  
a beacon of light to a hurting world in need of love  
again with a brush stroke  
the canvas explodes with energy  
beautiful interludes within  
color permeates visually gathered  
the artist in deep humiliation  
rests then looks upon his masterpiece  
Adoration jubilation throughout his vast domain

John Ackerman

# The Beast Unseen

## The Beast Unseen

Lying in wait, patiently silently following every move,  
Unseen by most, till a moment before a strike, then silence you lose,  
Claws like a razor, teeth like a knife  
As they are digging, you cling to life,  
Your oxygen cut off, the breathing is thin,  
Nothing left now, no you won't win,

Another life claimed, by the wit and the skill  
The appetite curbed, the beast claims the kill,  
The beast, the victor, opponent, has none  
before it was started the battle was done  
Unseen, came the battle, victory unclear,  
A death, escape, a way out was near

Unseen it came left just the same  
A pile of bones, unrecognized no name,  
Disappeared like a shadow, gone out of sight  
Another day finished, now stalking the night  
Keep your eyes open, use silence to hear  
If it's unseen, the beast could be near

John Ackerman

# The Beauty Of A Dove

The Beauty Of A Dove

It's sad. So sad I want to cry  
A little girl grows up-  
Then waves good-bye

She finds within her heart, a love  
So deep, so true-  
The beauty of a dove

She laughs with joy abound,  
But it's not there-  
For is it love she's found?

She's scared the love she's found  
is not real,  
But it is no dream-

Her wound will someday heal  
But suddenly she's not afraid of love,  
For it has come-

The beauty of a dove  
I want to cry, I want so much to cry,  
She's found her love-  
Though someday she will die

But I won't cry for her,  
She's found it, she really has-  
The beauty of a dove.

John Ackerman

# The Book Of Love

The Book Of Love

angels among us  
soft delicious chocolate cookies  
books, diary, pen & paper  
the morning news just sings the blues

through a variation of a dream people scream  
a new foundation of faith  
to apply the message of grace to your heart  
then you will light the spark to what were waiting for

A chance to soar  
although for now it's the blind leading the blind  
soon they will both fall into a ditch  
a whole host of angelic foot steps

the signs of the time  
revelation  
it has been spoken by the prophets  
love is the essence of one's existence

love has gained it also has lost  
humanities heaviest of cost  
a smile is contagious so pass yours on  
we are given one chance to make a first impression

fly as his as the eagle soar's  
lest I implore another destination  
may need a break on a long awaited vacation  
there are lines being driven in the sand

When will we ever understand?

John Ackerman

# The Cemetery

Like monasteries of old, you,  
lie perched on a hillside near the village  
You are mysterious, somber & silent  
yet there are no huge carved  
Wooden doors flung open wide  
to welcome weary travelers,  
And you offer no bowl of soup  
made from scraps garnered by begging friars  
Your guests have no need of nourishment, only rest  
I walk among your grey marble stones  
to find names of neighbors, friends and family  
I long to talk with them, see them, touch them  
To share precious memories  
You give me only cold statistics  
born, died, father, child & wife  
I cry in agony  
You saints in this holy hospice  
Can you not join me in a prayer,  
a hymn or a final plea  
One day I shall accept your hospitality  
For I too will be in need of rest  
I shall enter the open grave  
like your soundless monks  
Understand the mystery perpetrate the somberness maintains the silence

John Ackerman

# The Children Of Never Light

The Children of Never Light

the more I see through open eyes,  
fools come my way with alibis  
playing the game of chance with mankind;  
I touch a shattered sky with a broken heart,

confusion and darkness in my mind  
I run away from truth, blood on my hands, as other look through blind eyes...  
promises of true blue, touch a tender heart before it's ripped and scorned,

Give me a reason to believe, give me hope of a new day of being born...

Give a child a chance to be filled with wonder, time for laughter  
sunshine stars, colorful wishes  
Sweeten the years with honey, touch a child with honest hugs  
Grant the Children of ever Light deep slumber,

as my heart whips apart, bitter, old, worn  
The stars themselves shine, but dim next to her beauty  
Lest a flower wilt, it may come to bloom again by  
the tenderness of her smile

I have seen this wonder of wonders, of magical stardust dancing in  
moon shadows of the night sky,  
touched by the whispering beat of her heart,  
For within her eyes, I am the Star child.

John Ackerman

# The Coming To Get You Barbara

There Coming To Get you Barbara

out for a ride to drop off flowers for their mother  
just for Barbara & her brother  
pulled up to the cemetery & looked around  
a chill in the air got there late for day light savings time

Suddenly a figure crawls out at the scene  
shadows block the image in their mind  
demonic creatures had lurched through the portals of space  
next came a tug from her brother shirt then a fight ensued

a myriad chase was underway cracking one zombie in the head  
next the brother gets knocked over the head  
Barbara frantic now runs to the nearby car  
going too fast she puts on the gas

slamming into a tree  
next she gets out of the car & runs to a nearby vacant house  
it was the invasion of the zombie people  
no stained glass moment or church steeple

She vaguely remembers her brother saying, 'There coming to get you Barbara...  
the creatures fight to get inside her dwelling she is surrounded  
it's the night of the living dead

Some crazy things going on inside her head  
closer they come yet she stands guarded by a humble man  
sullen creatures of the night with viscous fangs that bite  
blood dripping off the side all need to run away & hide

There is no escape now...

John Ackerman

# The Dark Forest

out near the dew on the ground frozen cud  
deep darkened worms with maggot infested insides  
the forest was hidden from the actual view from the stream  
one step we took until we reached the entrance to this vast domain  
green cloven briars on the sidelines permeates the brevity inside  
rocks of structured hallow cloven parchment  
one step at a time we would climb in its dwelling  
perhaps this is the place where Indians tread  
dark elusive columns of grand vestibules to discover  
was it any wonder the sun radiated on its sphere  
at last a wooden structure could it be a sign  
the place where little fairy's & hobbits used to frequent  
as I came closer to the dwelling there was an opening  
but only scratched the surface of what lieth beneath  
smoke had started to come forth from below  
perhaps this was a doorway to Hell  
there it was a lively dragon with scorching flames through its habitation  
a dark figure approached me I wanted to run  
but the voice insisted that I stay & pray  
so I neglected to turn around and leave  
with immense sadness there was new gladness  
for the figure was an angel sent down from heaven  
I glanced at the dragon who was now sneering in my direction  
in a flash it was all gone & left me inside with a song  
within my heart there beats a hidden melody  
living in the forest of the land of make believe

John Ackerman

# The Dead Were Not Actually

many moons ago  
let the real truth be told  
the undertaker would attach a bell on the toe of the dead  
right before they were actually embalmed  
if the bell would ring  
the dead were actually alive  
many times before those alive were buried dead  
until that glorious bell on the toe  
There was a tale of a tramp that visited my grandma  
it was thought that he was dead  
until the bell rung on his toe to let them know  
although those many years have passed  
still having a great reason to grasp  
my grandma would share he story  
although today there is no longer a bell  
I have such a great story to tell

John Ackerman

# The Diary

open...open...open your doors & swing

doing your thing

wrote some things down in my locket don't you forget it

shooting dope in the hallway

things are going your way

drifting ever closer to the New York mile

open...open magic potion

got music to beats inside my head

it's the walking dead

hip hop...hip hop...make ginger pop

the surface of the moon move to soon

got a pen in my pocket

write some things down in my diary

all of life believe me is a great mystery

Surfing the web what's going on inside my head

come back come back...come back,

working so hard can give you a heart attack

submit to the man up above

nestled in the frail ambiance of his love

it's the click clock

don't stop.. don't stop...keep on with the flow

it's not what you know but who you blow

don't you know skipping rocks at the edge of a beach

try to catch that Frisbee so way out of reach

hands, eyes & teeth

open the diary and take a sneak peak

writing down story's of yesterday past

having so much fun with a hope that it would last

sugar is sweet like nectar on the bone

sweet success in my timeless plight

on fire, on fire, I'm coming home

write down those precious moments we had together

that night at the fair when you shed a tear

precious memories in time so that's the end of this rhyme

John Ackerman

# The Embodiment Of Private Tony Slovich

as a seed in his mothers belly  
in time would grow to give birth  
on his arrival he was greeted with a slap on his ass  
as a young child he would dream  
of far off places with a king  
in time he would have a paper route where he would shout the names  
Tony had grown into a fine young man let the reader understand  
this time he wanted to become a Marine  
so he was drafted off to Vietnam  
getting caught in the ditch smoking marijauna to calm  
the tender nerves of brandly new made private  
was running from the Viet Cong on Hoochi Ming City  
was was anything but pretty  
seeing dead bodies next to his tent  
he hadn't made a single dent in what he was shortly to become  
in time Tony would shine being chosen firts class in line  
yet one day he was in a bind cause in a dream  
surrounded by aliens creatures from outer space  
this perhaps met his fate  
they took Tony onboard to check his brain with devices  
stripped from his duties for the moment he felt abandoned  
gasping for air the aliens felt he really did care  
he awaoke to fight once again  
this time with new thoughts inside his brain  
for many thought the dream was totally insane  
yet in a while he would tell stories of when he was a child  
for now he was left out in the wild of a different land  
yet God had a different plan

at the end of his mission he was surrounded by family and friends  
let everybody know the places and dreams that he experienced  
a rush of cold air came through the auditorium  
left alone in his silence of the moment  
with tears in his eyes it came as no surprise  
that the alien creatures made him very wise  
at the very end of the speech he would stand and repeat  
a letter from his dearly departed mother  
&quot;For he was never a drifter left to shame  
yet was my fine son a private with honors,

I so love him with a love beyond comprehension  
soon I will see him even though I'm going off to heaven&quot;  
not a pin drop in the auditorium for the people knew he was a special man

John Ackerman

# The Face Of Christ

The Face Of Christ

as a young boy I was out in my lawn  
I looked intently up at the sky

to my amazement I saw the face of Christ  
having a vast domain of saints behind him

Suddenly I was paralyzed inside  
for I had no where to run away & hide

there was lines being formed in the sky  
this adage of thought is no lie

tears began to flow from my eyes  
I wasn't ready for the return of my Lord

for I had too much sin in my life  
amidst the barrage of thoughts and strife

There he was in the sky I couldn't believe my eyes  
a beacon of hope to a hurting world in search of love

all from the amazing hand from up above  
he looked very primitive almost on edge

with many thoughts swirling around inside my head  
maybe he wanted to wake the dead

I will always remember that dear scene in my mind  
For now I could see with no more to be blind

John Ackerman

# The Falen Angels

The prince of the power of the air  
Doesn't even really seem to care  
Lucifer was in heaven once  
A shining light to his domain  
The he let his pride get in the way  
Was thrown out of heaven  
Taking one third of the angels with him  
Spreading there disease of evil & hate  
Not a cause for faith only evil  
Many today are being caught in the middle playing second fiddle  
There eyes are being blinded by Satan  
Eyes with tombstones in there head  
It's the walking dead face full of lead  
They come to kill, steal & destroy  
This is their chief aim & ploy  
They disguise themselves as angels of light  
Blackened stench of caged fury in the night  
There is no escape for them my friend  
A miserable lot of sin with long viscous fangs  
That bite dripping blood off side  
They long to run away & hide  
From the true light cause they love the darkness  
Many follow after their plan  
Instead of ever trusting in the master plan

John Ackerman

# The Haunting

## The Haunting

one night in the end of October drifting through the woods  
there rose up a demonic creature that would haunt the neighborhood  
one such occasion it bit this little girl in the neck  
blood soaked her dress & she was frantic  
howls would be heard in the dead of the night sending a fright  
after a duration of time a medium was sent out to look around  
what they found was very frightening cause  
in the center of town could be found a star pentagram  
the only wise decision was to get a priest  
along came Father Pryor with flamed desire to catch this creature  
it was a mad double feature when an exorcist was ready for the little girl who  
was bitten  
for it was forbidden to venture in her quaint little dwelling  
over many hours of prayers with many tears the spell was broken  
then things were back to normal or so they thought  
then a jogger was running across the cemetery to get to there house for it was a  
short cut  
the creature that they thought vanished attacked again  
this time cutting off the man's head & left for road kill  
the haunting ensued with now a killer loose  
police couldn't seem to trace where the creature was hiding  
then at last under an over pass came the sound of bats  
the authorities dug deep inside a barren house where old man Jester had died  
to there surprise was a skull with blood dripping off side of its mouth  
there was a hole in the ground under Jester's home off the side of his porch  
& this is there final report  
this was the place where the demon creature was hiding  
eyes with holes having spots  
dripping blood off side  
the howls of immense pain  
shots were fired and aimed at the creatures head  
after seven bullets the creator dropped dead  
people in town kept this a secret for years all those tears  
the haunting is now forbidden not a word to be said

John Ackerman

# The Heat Of The Moment

a soul betwixt the moral outlet plunges to the depths of the sea in sin  
after careful examination cadence erupts to taunt the young man's soul  
like an ox going in for a kill his stems for passion to indulge in love  
soft music with the lighting of a candle too hard to handle now

his heart permeates a state of being inside her as hands are clutched tightly  
forget the night & the day is far spent out of circumstance to take part in the  
dance

a beacon of love to a hurting soul in need of pleasure yet will the glue hold  
torrents of rain outside shudder the quaint existence of the house's frame

love is the very fabric of his existence learn to shun each resistance in every  
circumstance

breath deep my love for tonight we will take part in pleasure to the early dawn  
the smell of sweet body odor as we plunge into extacy onto the climax  
took a drag of a cigarette to vent things through my head

left in the daze of a cordeal impulse that ensued  
still I was in the mood for more  
we enjoyed each others fill in surprisingly triumphant courage  
to muster the resilience of our exquisite taste of brevity

my heart sunk in orgasmic fervor onto the duration of the moment  
thoughts of birds flying over my head in exquisite fashion for the moment  
the taste of her lips sweet caress of her tongue  
furtherance of sex plunge into a harvest of twilight

on the edge of my seat I see a ball in the corner of my room  
silently I whisper a tender phrase of sweet harmony  
tonight we revisit the love's destiny to what we were waiting for  
lest I implore another opened door willing to explore so much more

we finally yawn and start a fire in the fire place  
a lasting glo that we shared with the memory of our love  
sealed with the ornament of its timeless clarity  
pressed between the world i know and the one I wish to go

John Ackerman

# The Hermits Request

## The Hermits' Request

in a far off place  
gone from all known accepted civilization  
lived a man caught in his own world  
had a hut with green moss  
In the evening he prepared a table with a goose & port  
was a hunter and gatherer to the outdoors  
captured his imaginative thoughts on a scroll  
day and night he would often pray to God  
alone in his silence he had a quaint encounter with a visitation  
an angel appeared at the edge of his bed  
thoughts were swirling inside his head  
the angel said, 'God has heard your prayers'.  
one word from his lips and his world turned around  
left to his own devices he would fail  
yet with the help of God he would set sail  
the hermit decided to go into town  
to see if there were others like him around  
there is a barren hill lived a nice lady named lily  
she was nice but awfully silly  
for it was there he had made his match  
was this too much to ask  
the pair fell deeply in love together  
the hermits' request was answered  
They lived happily ever after

John Ackerman

# The Hollow Leaves

The Hollow Leaves

Spread out upon the ground  
Out of mere sadness there's a tug at the heart  
To light the spark of what were looking for  
The twilight sun has tainted our vision  
Through the trees a nature's release  
In spreading the disease  
We spent a lifetime in harmony  
Out of mere sadness and tragedy  
A beautiful union to believe  
To have faith a willing to achieve  
The hollow leaves were blowing in the breeze  
Illumination in its timeless radiance  
A sprinkling array of blissful care  
None the worse for wear  
We each can listen to the inner sound of our soul  
A grand sparkling array of vast filled radiance abounds

John Ackerman

# The Hustler

yesterday we used to pray  
today you say it ought not be that way  
I was born in the gutter my mother was a whore  
she sold her junk in the trunk in back of the liquor store  
I was raised by my grandma Mable  
feeding her dog underneath the table  
back then as a young G living came most naturally  
as the years would pass having every reason to grasp  
those silly days of my youth with the loose tooth  
shopping trips at the nearby mall  
playing bat and ball at the end of my street  
Pop Rocks those fancy socks eating candy with the dots  
loose lips sinks ships took some time to move those hips  
Went to high school thought I was way to cool  
smoking weed listening to boom box with Scot Lerock  
block parties that where it began the day I became a man  
working on my tan selling dope down at the 8th Street Station  
getting busted by the cops doing time  
made a name for myself on the streets  
The hustler was soon released had the best of suits but a noose around my neck  
What the heck had to put things in check  
Had my mind on my money but my money was gone  
Until that day I went to church payed a visit with the savior  
Now I get high with the Lord up in the sky  
No fly by or getting shot in the eye  
God is good to those who love & put him first  
Most of my friends were in the back seat of a hearst  
The moral of this dope joint is have faith in God  
Forget about your good for nothing friends yet who are they anyway  
Let us learn to stay humble everyday and bow the knee to pray  
Couldn't share my story any other way

John Ackerman

# The Illusion

I was once out in the desert with a friend  
A sandy place with whom one can depend  
One lone green cactus in the center  
We have been walking for miles  
Looking for a rich source of water  
We both often would falter  
The sun beat down on my baseball cap  
It was then I thought I seen a source to tap  
An incredible pool of fresh water  
But my mind played tricks on me  
For it was all an illusion  
The hill of sand seared my face  
I was then blinded for a moment  
Then at last we made it through a pass  
This then lead to a road and there it stood  
The Heavy Hitters Saloon  
Me & my buddy were so very happy  
For we finally made it to civilization  
Which wanted me to take a break on a long awaited vacation  
I was down to my last thin dime  
Had to do dishes to pay for our dinners  
Managed to make a collect call with my dime to a guy named Paul  
Who sent us on a first class ticket in a Uhaul to Buffalo  
Was this all an illusion?  
In fact you have every right to know.

John Ackerman

# The Last Great American Bad Ass

from a young child they were groomed  
a silver spoon they new not of  
they were born in the gutter  
there mother was a whore  
selling her junk from a trunk in back of the liquor store  
many moons ago let the truth be told  
the child grew up wild  
got a taste of the streets  
viscous fangs that bite dripping blood off side  
would be a drifter in the grand scheme of things  
blind from the notion of what is there destiny  
a life of crime they knew all to well  
now I got a good story to tell  
in time they would shine through working dead end jobs to keep them alive  
others were born of good stock but somehow they forgot the true meaning of the  
streets  
let the blind lead the blind then soon they would fall into a ditch

the bastard child was full grown now  
not looking back at the plough  
serving sin, self & Satan  
always drinking yet never thinking  
were they would end up in the end  
a need to pretend  
searching for the latest trends in there stolen Benz  
at this time making lots of friends  
sad heart with tombstones for eyes  
does this come at any big enough surprise  
then they made it to the big time at last  
life was going way to fast in which to grasp  
the last great American bad ass  
no one gets out on any free pass  
money was no object while they were on top  
one drop in the bucket & they call a cop  
now it's cell block number twelve  
feeling like a Keebler elf  
suffering deep inside they want to run away & hide  
until the day the preacher came inside  
shared with them a lesson

now was the time to do some confessing & trusting  
then the got born again & new that God had a plan  
so much for the bad ass ways  
getting caught up in a haze  
they became a new creature ready for life's double feature.

John Ackerman

# The Leatherman

The Leatherman

many years ago let the truth unfold  
one man who lived as a hermit  
wearing nothing but leather all around him  
had walked many miles in New England  
he had thoughts of wild excursion in the sun  
but what kept him alive was his deep quest for knowledge...

he survived many years ago  
had a stone cave in Watertown, Ct  
when rarely seen out in public he would often grunt something with French  
dialact  
looking for every sort of food he could find

his only means of transportation was to walk to his destination...  
he was sometimes miles in the woods far from public roads,  
Way out in the middle of no where

he created a human obstacle course that was his very own...  
many miles he would then roam  
on his various stops people would often leave food,

Always seemed to be in a very good mood  
walked his trail until the very day he died  
the tale of the leaterman has arrived.

John Ackerman

# The Lie

Relax sit back & unwind  
we got too much times on our hands  
when will we ever understand  
People believe you are what you do  
have we bitten off far more then we could chew  
these are desolate times  
but we settle for ill but fade rhymes  
love has taken a back seat for lust  
we got the cart ahead of the horse  
of course you got to stay in school for all things cool  
but we need to take a chill pill  
not some cheap thrill in the back of the car  
Satan makes everything appear good when its tainted bad  
sad eyes pulsating in the Sunday news you'll sing the blues  
those who are in their ivory tower our headed for a fall  
the know it all who doesn't hear no matter what you say  
there claim to fame is to look the other way  
spaces, traces & faces  
fat laces with the cigar in hand  
when will we ever live to understand  
you can't keep sticking it to the man with the plan  
Jesus said Satan comes to kill, steal & destroy  
that's his demonic ploy to get your eyes off the cross  
the chief end in a tragic loss

the lie that says I'm the master of my fate  
someday every knee will have to bow to the one we have to do  
many have eyes but they can't see & ears but they cannot hear  
the full message of his saving grace instead they live in Peyton Place  
it's not a mistake someday you will see him in the sky  
so why you being dumb & settling for the lie

John Ackerman

# The Merchant Handbook

When in Spring with leaves turned to green  
Eyes, hands & face  
There lived one man with a thirst  
To live in the moment between space & time  
Selling his pots and pans to get by  
Although the years would pass he had every reason to grasp  
The true message of his heart was found in a book

Inside was filled with a deep look on dreams  
Dark conclaves of dungeons with kings & queens  
Deep demonic screams  
Cray's from out of the belly of Hell  
What a strange way of a story to tell  
Howls in the village square piercing shrieks  
All found in this merchant's handbook

It will make you think perhaps take another look  
One day the merchant was working  
He lost his book when he wasn't looking  
Inside he kept a hundred dollar bill for keep sake maybe for a cheap thrill  
Now the book was gone and so went his mind  
He once could see but now he's blind  
The merchant was a very timid man very kind  
But now the madness ensued he was in a heavy bind

A reward was posted at the local post office  
Over the course of time he would find a knock on his front door  
It was none other but a local minister  
inviting the merchant to his home for dinner  
The merchant agreed to go and at the end of their great feast  
The minister confessed and admitted  
For he was the one who had stolen his handbook  
Was very tempted to draw insight for his sermons

For the merchants case instead of outrage he was left in a haze  
When he came to his senses he forgave him  
Taking the book back, to his surprise  
there was thosand dollars inside  
The seed he had planted a time ago grew

He didn't really know what to do  
Had bitten far more than he could ever chew  
Next thing you know the merchant made a personal donation  
To take a break on a long awaited vacation  
Then he wrote in his book to finish his story  
His book finally of dreams was bound for glory

John Ackerman

# The Monk

The Monk

Alone in isolation  
Away from all known civilization  
There lived a monk  
Personal reflections with the sacraments  
Devotion to Jesus Christ  
He hides in humble seclusion  
Works in the garden  
Strawberries with nectar of honey  
He never had a greed or a thirt for money  
Lover of life and love for the arts  
Wearing long robes with a cross  
The monk had a secret place he used to go  
Under his bed there was a secret passage way  
inside was filled with beautiful paintings and writings  
He was a secret artist and poet  
The monk would paint until his hearts content  
Alone by himself in his own hermitage  
He would rise only for dinner  
To visit the other monks go figure  
No one knew of his fantasy world excursion  
One day a petition was made  
The holy monk order would allow people to visit  
They would also be allowed inside the monks room  
A young lad crawled under the monks bed  
He took out a scroll with very ancient writings on it  
The elder monk was then questioned by his superiors  
The scroll was based upon a forbidden city  
Near the gate of hell  
Inside were demonic beings let loose  
Creatures to invade your very reason  
The monk in question was deeply ashamed  
but instead of leaving he was very brave and stayed  
Said he would be on his best behavior & behave  
The secret scroll would leave a chill down your spine  
For now the monk wallows in his locked in memories in his mind.



# The Mountain Top

The Mountain Top

something inside of me  
will often disagree  
maybe its our society  
yet it maybe plain to see

the mountain top alone  
haunting the vortex of my mind  
once I could see but today I'm blind  
fast thrills in the back of my car

a notion of laughter to help your prepare for the great here after  
in certain circles we are known to deliver  
getting caught in the middle playing second fiddle  
true hearts are met on the floor

watch as the Albatross soaring to new heights  
the following of love announcing its rights  
never relent to ever give up on the fight  
being home alone by the pool

radio blasting everything so very cool  
got sweet honeys in bikinis making me drool  
sugar is sweet as sweet as honey  
I'm going to be the one who takes home the money

everything is going so fast  
how long will all the good times last?

John Ackerman

# The Nightmare

Night time comes, the sandman calls, suddenly reality fades  
fantasy begins, the lights are dim  
The scene sets, time it has nothing on you  
no beginning, no end, no middle

Gently at first, slow and focused, you see it you cry out,  
no one hears but you  
You scream, you beg, you plead with it to stop, but, it doesn't,  
it goes on forever, Suddenly as by stroke of fate, daylight

Then it begins, the reality of the night before  
It plays over and over again, every time you blink  
Now there's no sound, just images  
The day goes forward, precious energy

You yearn to forget, you pray it leaves you  
But, it doesn't, it stays, calling you by your name  
So you change your face, but it recognizes you always  
You put on a façade, you smile always  
But its there, and you know, when the evening comes  
It will be back, over and over and over  
Just repeating itself till you die from it

John Ackerman

# The Old Oak Tree

The Old Oak Tree

I stood beneath an old oak tree;  
how tall it did seem  
Its branches would shelter me as on its bark I would lean;  
as I lay beneath its cooling  
branches I would tell it my  
troubles and my dreams

It was summer in my life, and oh so busy I was;  
to notice its weathering branches;  
to notice the tree I loved  
Soon the leaves began to change  
and bake upon the ground;  
red, yellow, orange and shades of golden brown

The old oak tree was dying from its branches the birds did not sing  
for snow was now drifting and to its branches did cling  
As death comes and takes us away,  
so it did with the tree that day.  
When spring began to visit the earth once again,  
and flowers were blooming everywhere

I decided to take a walk  
and visit the tree I knew wasn't there  
The hillsides were blanketed  
with shades of mellow greens  
and I stood alone; just God, the flowers and me in my blue jeans  
As I stood in the midst of dancing colored flowers  
my eyes began to swell with tears

was a twig that would be grown in a few more years  
The sun began to warm the sky  
and by that twig I did lie,  
telling it my troubles and my dreams;  
just God, the twig and I in my blue jeans



# The Planet Of Hate

creatures with zombie type features in are underground  
long hanging viscous fangs dripping blood off side of mouth  
there flesh is of overt vexation of pivotal excess seeking self to please  
they can't help you cause they can't even help themselves  
evil mind that plunge into sore vexation dauntless & spineless  
heartless minds darkened stench of manure as there carcasses rot  
vulture plunge with maggot infested feces in the extremities  
darkened spots having holes with narrow minded thinking  
blind leaders of the blinded who will soon fall into a ditch  
can't help you cause they can't help even themselves  
come to kill, steal & destroy as there chief dead end aim & ploy  
the smell of menure in piles of sewage through there deranged portals  
vanity of vanities all is vanity for this is the one you worshipped.  
the false god of sin, self & Satan  
ready for the eternal over of affliction  
spots with eyes having holes bridge the gap in Hell  
falling creatures in a desire for blood masked in superficial pain  
the mentally insane filled with elusive torment of money whore mongers wasted  
blood stained ceiling with an audience of deep habitation of darkened caverns  
with dungeons...  
alone you will be silence with the forever memory of vain oblations  
the cavity of neglect frozen in your feeble minded mutant brain  
lest I refrain another door then the one the leads to hate...  
bitch, pout & complain  
idol fantasy of chosen damaged convenience that leads to your death  
the gloom of frozen embodiment of pulsating screams throughout duration  
come up for air only to be silenced once more lest I implore  
running to & fro in circles marked on a blotted page yet not clearly intact  
working to hard can give you a heart attack  
onto the climax of 666 with a twist of haunted vile memories of helter skelter  
yet this is the path you have chosen welcome to Hell's door!

John Ackerman

# The Poet In Me

The Poet In Me

at a glance one can vaguely see  
the true art of creativity  
through sullen wall of complexity  
I have fondly come to agree

poetry is an art form within me  
I can't get away from it you see  
pen, book & paper  
in solemn moments of solace

we tend to sweep things under the rug  
yet I have fallen in love  
with words that capture the imagination  
in some free verse style to know all the great while

Everyday there's a habitual display flowing through my veins  
just not having a pen in hand is driving me insane  
I see through portals with high lifted mast  
Columns of resolution in compact

Words can express the deep hidden aura of my imagination  
I may need a break on some long awaited vacation  
just can't seem to get away from it's powerful display  
it acts as therapy when dealing with my mental illness

we have traveled to far not to turn back now  
there's no looking back when your hand's on the plow  
It's a real volcanic compulsion inside  
sullen brevity

John Ackerman

# The Quaint Cottage

Off from the beaten path  
Near a roaring sea  
Stood a quaint cottage quite a mystery  
Green moss lined its border  
Lived a sophisticated woman who demanded order  
Sweeping always cleaning  
The soon she would discover  
No one dared to pay her a visit but one reporter  
He felt she was a mystery of sorts  
Blinded by her hidden desire for cleanliness  
She had confessed to him a story  
Of two lovers who got lost on there prom night  
Wandering far away to a barren road all alone  
A figure appeared with an ax  
Cutting the pair into tiny pieces  
Left was the fragmentation as that of road kill  
The police were summoned for a hunt  
Yet the couldn't seem to find the killer  
This sent shivers down the woman's spine a real thriller  
So onto this very day the lady sits in her quaint cottage  
All to her own left from the memories of a real killer

John Ackerman

# The Rise Of The Throne

solemn peaks in their traverse sport  
the sway of a cool breeze coupled with a stench  
an odor of aroma coming from a nearby warehouse  
we all have traveled this road before  
a timely given chance at which to explore  
perhaps this was the path where Nero once tread  
many lines of thought running through my head  
as in society today its the walking dead  
wheels of steel just to walk the New York mile  
just to know all the while with a smile  
the rise of the throne when your all alone  
a polished hand with greet you & begin to teach you  
we all must learn from each pathway we go  
places with faces that we need to know  
snap shot memories in your past  
having so much fun with a hope that it would last  
we must look above to the heavenly love  
in time you will shine like never before  
lest I implore another opened door  
The rise of the throne when i'm home all alone  
searching for bread like a dog without its bone  
we can each learn from our mistakes call it fate  
every new day is a discovery to take you to places where you want to be  
what is my last and final plea  
never give up on your dreams

John Ackerman

# The Rock

In the avenues of thought you stirred up ripples  
And waves, and raised all the dust that had settled  
On everything that sat within the circumference  
Of a space between two meanings  
A tale of two cities

And stared down the twin barrel of ill fate  
While the large jawed kings of your time  
And the plain faced queens of circumstance  
Searched for deeper meaning in their alleged souls

Upon a time, standing upon a place of memories  
Which time had mugged and murdered  
And killed half the things you had treasured  
Questions led to answers  
And the answers to more questions  
If it was a match you would have known  
You were no match  
So you threw in the towel and quit trying

And mumbled an unrepeatable obscenity  
And offered your toil tortured middle finger  
And cussed out an irrevocable infinity

A man with two legs and a crutch, clasping  
A pair of blistered hands, clutching  
A collection of mirrors containing the images  
Of a man who fit that exact description  
Whose eyes stared into far spaces  
A man crippled and crumbling  
Whose feet stomped in lanky paces  
Upon a path at half past forgotten  
And all the large jawed kings of time  
And all the plain faced queens of circumstance

In the wake of all the drama that began to unfold  
You caught yourself fumbling in half steps  
Afraid and cold, feeling suddenly old  
To the rhythm of a heart that beat in half measures

And the sign said - Closed because of weather  
From which you derived no pleasure

In the shadow of memory, upon a time of plenty  
You lingered upon feasts once partaken  
Where the sun had shone bright on many  
In a sea of plenty you had nothing, life dilapidated  
It was there, you would have sworn to it  
It was there, this fact, as you had known it  
Handled by those hands, of own eyes obligated

Incandescence shines through this dullness  
Lights up the passages of time and allows us  
To pass through and to pass up opportunities  
To lose our ways in the vast perpetuity

Where silence raged with the raw tonnage  
Of a boundless herd of oceanic waves

And speech and noise went unheard and unheeded  
The matters which mattered were sealed and hidden  
Clusters of mutterings staggered and settled  
And in settling, died and gathered dust  
Much as they do now. Much as they did now

In the end we clung to the branches of abstracts  
Something hidden to the eyes but open to the mind  
Let the reader understand, the rock on which I stand

John Ackerman

# The Rolling Hills

The Rolling Air

Thy voice is on the rolling air;  
I hear thee where the waters run;  
Thou stand out in the rising sun,  
And in the setting thou art fair

What art thou then? I cannot guess;  
But though I seem in star and flower  
To feel thee some diffusive power,  
I do not therefore love thee less;

My love involves the love before;  
My love is vast in passion now  
Through mixed with God and nature thou,  
I seem to love thee more and more

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;  
I have thee still, and I rejoice;  
I prosper, circled with thy voice;  
I shall not lose thee although I die

John Ackerman

# The Royal Crown

## The Royal Crown

In the days of nobel breed  
A king sought out a nobel deed  
Through his briars of ivory tower  
Seeking a claim of further desire  
Yet through the green moss brigade  
A solemn vow to raise the dead  
What was going on inside his head  
The king then formed a committee  
For the right to display the royal crown  
Many who lived in the village square  
Suddenly drew near out of fear  
To bask in the vast expanse of the crown  
It was placed in a case at the theatre of the round  
The court jester amused the crowd  
A crowd that loved to see the crown  
That very day the king made a speech  
For everyone to come together  
Then at last he wore the crown  
There was silence then without a sound  
The crown royal on on display  
Everyone began to pray  
What a turning point for a brand new day

John Ackerman

# The Secret Passage Way

## The Secret Passage Way

In the closet of my down stair's room lies a secret  
There is a hidden wall behind boxes  
On the other side open to a whole another world  
In one such dream I had there was an old lady who lived in an apartment  
who would often get mad she didn't like the fact that I would throw wild party's  
always banging her fist on the wall  
Another time I dreamed there was an actual mall beyond the wall with a subway  
there  
A secret passage that would unlock to a vast world of fantasy in my dreams  
I always wanted to knock the wall down  
Many memories and moments filter through my mind  
The secret passage way  
A place where dreams were made  
I firmly believe its a message from God  
To clean up my act but I may tend to over react  
Pretty weird in a sense  
Right in my home of residence  
Yet i will give my dreams more time a chance to manifest

John Ackerman

# The Secret Place

alone  
in the silence of my thoughts  
pitter patter of soft sandal feet  
a candle lit in the corner of my room  
thinking  
time well spent in thought  
sullen brevity  
my soul permeates sweet humble affection  
adoration

whispers  
through the vortex  
the peace that passes understanding  
beauty in sullen brevity  
all of life seems to be a mystery  
the knocking of the door  
think back  
to a time well spent in thought  
captivated by love  
love is the vibrant essence of my inner existence  
shun the resistance in every circumstance

we shall meet here daily  
to ponder are togetherness  
nestled in the very fabric of our existence  
the secret place  
away from the hustle and bustle  
shadows block the space  
a beacon of light to a hurting world in need of love  
those memories  
the moments lived out in twilight  
aura

a challenge to be set free is a question of time  
still dig much deeper than ever before  
the touch of the hand that captivated a smile  
the vast light of illumination  
to bask in the vast expanse between space & time

a real reason to believe  
a face to shine  
smile  
the days end  
or has it just begun  
we are in search of something  
but in heaven's name what?

John Ackerman

# The Smile

there is a smile below  
there is a smile above  
betwixt the heart of praise  
a lonely heart found love

a soul divides then parts  
on every circumstance we can learn  
to take part in the dance  
in quiteness I must confess

the cause of togetherness  
my soul permeates a reason for being  
in the changing of the season  
there is the smile that holds

it also offends  
let the reader understand  
a beacon of light onto  
a hurting world in need of love

nestled from the tender hand from up above  
through common cadence we both can agree  
the soft pitter patter of the amazing melody  
in sullen brevity we can fondly agree

John Ackerman

# The Stone

walking through a barren path  
this led to a pathway through the woods  
searching through the grass  
I suddenly came across a stone  
Black with gold around the edge  
Glowing from every side  
Below there lead to an inhabited world  
filled with green moss and ivy  
it was there that what was believed  
trolls and hobbits would live  
a tiny village was there  
what happened was a violent storm appeared  
killing every single one except the stone  
The only thing that was left was the stone  
It stands as a monument  
a barren stone  
a loving stone  
Others view the stone  
as a protective barrier  
guarding the entrance of Hell,  
many folks have heard screams & demonic sounds out of the stone  
either way the stone still stands  
as a vivid testament to all of nature in which to behold

John Ackerman

# The Sword Fell Pierced Your Heart

arise  
there is a stirring in the wind  
the wings of an angelic dove  
with love  
solace by a early morning spring  
hearts will implode to a reasonable episode  
whispers  
down the cobblestone walkway  
waiting  
there cometh a man with a wooden cross  
a lone helper took it for a while  
he would climb on step at a time  
sought through love  
from the hands of time  
alone for a while in his stead  
crys heard from Golgotha's sight  
Mother Mary crying by the side  
along with that of brother James  
the flames of agony were put out once for all  
putting all our sin on that cross  
this was no tragic loss  
for in three days he would rise  
Herod once tried to snuff him out  
philosophers chose to see him as a blemish nor a spot  
they spit in his face  
they pulled his beard  
made him wear a crown of thorns  
sound the alarm

the prongs of whom stripes i am healed  
we all should yield to his humble spirit  
at last was fulfilled spoken by the prophet Jeremiah  
there is none but higher  
mock him  
put him to scorn  
some try to curse the very day he was every born  
but he has forgiven in spite of the sin that was put on him  
yet the yoke of tyranny will not be taken from us  
his dominion is the everlasting dominion that shall not pass away

a dominion that shall not be destroyed  
for he yoke is easy & burden is light  
never relent to ever give up on the fight  
Jesus

John Ackerman

# The Tempter

The Tempter

at first glance it appears harmless to look upon  
so you take your first sip  
a numbing sensation comes from within  
then gradually you build up the tolerance  
then the second one comes & the third  
next you know your starring at the ceiling  
having a hell bent conversation with yourself  
how did it get this bad how did I get here

then the tears as you intoxicate yourself with drink  
onto the shots the sport a high appeal  
the numbness sets in your belly  
you fall over on the stool not to cool  
no one helps you in this state no one seems to care  
you feel sorry for yourself & then  
go in for the kill again it's called addiction

the liar Satan makes awful things look very nice  
but you never know if you get another chance to roll the dice  
it's a crap shoot you know so its where you take it  
hard to fake it when you throw up all over yourself  
the vomit comes out on the door and even more  
you end of peeing in your pants  
not a real good way of starting a romance

but a first glance the cup looked quite appealing  
now you don't know how to deal in  
taking bits of your heart that's how the devil was dealing  
but today I found the savior don't need the vice to think twice  
I have lived another day for a chance to roll the dice  
so don't ever fall for the great lie of alcohol  
there's always a way of escape though so stand ten feet tall

John Ackerman

# The Touch

The Touch

whispers...  
in the corridor alone  
pillars of thought brace my gait  
the thought of illumination permeates my very being  
how you had fought so hard and fierce  
the touch awakes my senses  
in columns of darkened ambers  
there is silence in the room  
coffee  
we talked about better days gone by  
on how things used to be  
in the midnight hour you were there  
without a care  
to delve into the inner plight of the soul  
let behind an Autumn embrace of thought

hands, face & feet  
a challenge to be free is a quest of time  
sublime  
romantic interlude as we pass in the hall  
lips flutter through the intense fashion  
we each must create our own reality  
the door opens and I'm no more

John Ackerman

# The Undertaker

The Undertaker

he lives in his own world  
through choice of demonic desire for power  
inside he hides through reason of his own  
with a dark desire for fresh bodies  
alone he hides through the silence  
amidst the violence  
there is a great hold on his soul let the truth be told  
cadavers he will hold in his crypt doen below  
many are taken away to him  
on a dimly lit candle the undertaker works non stop  
eager to labor for the legal tender  
within his dungeon of gloom  
at night he hears voices with foot steps  
a long duration of masked zombie creatures vacate his premises  
yet he continue his work on his prized possession  
Satanic laughter in the window with a shutter  
feeble minded mutants running wild in the street  
a whole host of circus like frenzy invades his domain  
he keeps a jar next to his crypt with blood  
the fangs of each zombie drip blood from each side  
maggot infested embalming fluid permeates throughout  
many skulls of discarded cadavers are left in his closet  
still many do not know what he realy does only that he's the undertaker  
one dreary evening while sleeping the undertaker arose  
only to find his skull collection of gone missing  
a narrow passage way was leading to his room  
voices were once again to kill the undertaker  
shaken yet still he returned to his work  
a loud clapping noise was heard and the undertaker fell over  
there on the ground were the skulls all clasped together dripping blood  
a hand kept his from escaping only to encounter a blow to his head  
the creatures sucked his vile extremties through & through  
the undertaker was then no more

John Ackerman

# The Union

The Union

I was lying on my back look up at the ceiling  
Trying to come up with a wheel or dealing  
See I kept a diary sense I was young  
I captured my dreams filled up with kings & queens  
far off places with knights and lances  
In one such dream I can make things move with my thoughts  
Flying guitars through the house  
Snap shot moments of the past

Having so much fun with a hope it would last  
Trading places with flirting traces  
Deep inside we have no reason to hide  
Some dreams filter through the manic extreme  
Faces with tombstone eyes in their head  
It's the walking dead face full with lead  
The demonic and deranged  
A chance at which to rearrange  
Laying back once again  
Now I'm being paid a visit of a beloved friend  
From the savior I have grown to depend  
Yet beneath my window there lies faces, traces and spaces  
I got goo on my shoes so at times I sing the blues  
Still I dig much deeper then ever before lest I implore  
Dreams can teach of many lessons of life  
A dash to splash in the ocean of oblivion  
The union is when God came to me in his son Jesus  
I must confess through all of the madness  
There was a chosen way of escape  
Through the only key that will open heaven's door

John Ackerman

# The Village Queer

in the sunlit morning I awoke to enter the village  
a vast amount of seagulls flocked overhead  
yet my soul permeates through the duration of the walk  
an officer was assigned to watch the Lone Blue Lagoon a gay club  
as I entered i melted in my seat there were men around me swarming me like a  
bee  
a sip of wine and everything was so very fine  
a whole host of finger foods were on a table  
it was many years ago let the truth be told

all the way in P Town that a fare lad named Luigi had come out of the closet  
although those many years would pass I still had every reason to grasp  
the notion of a whisper while passing gas  
Luigi today is known as the village queer  
a Liberace of sorts with sweaters and torts  
has a coffee shop down by the beach his bagels and locks are to die for  
yes in 1975 he went to Studio 54  
a hippie of sorts always dressed up in his shorts

very giving man let the reader understand  
until the day he got busted for heroin it was all in the news  
needles were found even in the coffee house's sofa  
now the village queer is doing time but everything is fine  
people still come by and shine

John Ackerman

# The World Turns

## The World Turns

filter through the sun we sought a variation in a dream  
people scream,  
eyes, face & hand  
when will we ever live to understand  
life is in the twists and turns  
one soul soars as the other will burn  
everyday a child a born a star is one  
there is lines being driven in the sand  
last nights kiss was a twist  
the ringing in my ears piercing tears  
I shed a tear to help numb the inner pain  
not having you in my arms is driving me insane  
the world turns on it's orbit toward the sun  
we tend to run and hide away from the fun  
every tears drop that falls from your eyes he is there  
every time you reach out to care he is there  
through mountains of madness we see through it's painted silence  
sometimes he will listen outside your door to here your prayer  
for he is not far he's always there  
I know that i'm praying for much in are world torn in a rush  
keep me by your side with no place to hide  
with a serious look down deep inside  
I dream I have angels wings  
this world used to bring me down until now  
I fly high & dream that I sleep on a cloud  
so warm that i drop a cotton blanket down  
you have made my life & you will never make me die  
This world doesn't bring me down anymore cause i fly  
He has made my life there is so much he has in store  
Blessed beyond all measure not to seek for earthy pleasure  
this world is not my home I'm just passing through  
have i bitten off far more then i could chew  
the world turns & your still there even through the fire  
to quench my hidden burning desire  
Only a prayer a way that's just the way it worked out that way

John Ackerman

# There Is A God And Your Not Him

There Is A God And Your Not Him

You seem to think your the man with the plan  
But without God you have nothing to stand  
Seem to be in control but your really out of it  
But that's a vice in hom Satan rolls  
inside we hide behind four wheels that bind  
Many today are the walking dead with eyes very blind  
You play the roll on the stage of life  
A scent of Rosemary and a hint of spice  
Your train is running late  
Got one foot in heaven while the other is in hell  
So I got a good story to tell  
A young man lived just like a king  
Was given some inheritance  
At once he left & went out  
Squandered the money with wild living  
After a matter of time  
He was left destitute, broke & alone  
Was living in a pigs farm  
Then when he was without went back home to see his family  
Was given the best coat & nicest shoes for his feet  
instead of wrath the king gave him love  
This came out of heaven from the hands of love  
Yes! There is a God & your not him  
Best to hold your breath and count to the number ten  
God alone is good enough  
Yet he still wants to be your friend  
His special love will endure until the very end  
Love is a special bond that doesn't need glue to hold  
Now you will do as you are told until the rights to you are sold  
Some are a tool of the government and industry to.  
God loves you the way you are  
Keep the golden rule & you will go far

John Ackerman

# These Are The Days

Women Empowerment

Trans Gender Rights

Abortion On Demand

A rise of hate in are great nation

we are the tool of the government & industry to

the slime coming out of your television sets

Don't you believe in what T.V.

or radio has to say about you

its always somebody else's fantasy

you heard it from me

cause I seek a quiet sanctuary

a place to get away from it all

a challenge to be free is a question of time

these are the days when anything goes

let's seek a solace

to be a beacon of light to a hurting world in need of love

life is busy when we are making other plans

hopefully someday you will all understand?

John Ackerman

# These Eyes

within my chase of drifting in the wind  
have a good way to begin  
through night skies drift in all directions  
there must be time for confessing  
shadows block the tortured sky  
a smile from a lonesome child  
drifting ever further to worlds unknown  
these eyes can see the light of the sky  
the ocean setting  
seagulls flock overhead of a passerby  
light is torn in its vested sphere

the sound of togetherness  
I must clearly confess  
out of adoration in exhaltation  
solitude  
alone again  
feelings of love  
illumination  
barren sand doons  
the pier is here  
beauty in twilight

John Ackerman

# Tick Tock You Don't Stop

stop what you doing

beep beep you don't stop

I got pop rocks in the bottom of my socks

one eight hundred on the dial

buddy buddy what's your call

smoking fat blunts in my garage

sugar is sweet like sweet like the honey

homeboy is broke cause he ain't got no money

I'm in a hurry so why do you worry

working too hard can give you a heart attack

out swinging his bets cruising in his Cadillac

the big mac attack

it's the blind of the blind soon will fall into a ditch

the snitch very cool meat on the bone

like Home alone

got music in my veins not insane

Crazy is a lazy boy in the crib

Sitting back with those magic ribs

Summertime & the honey's are sweet

hear the music from my head down to my feet

it give one pause to think

Can't even think to dismiss this Earthly bliss in a time well spent in thought

there's a dozen of pots in my sink

you think break to the rhyme the rhymes filled with reason

it's the changing of the season without a reason

cruising down the neighborhood look for some props

getting caught being chased by the cops

took my forty & my nine they can go kiss my behind

bruh, bruh, bruh, don't you know

it's not what you know rather who you blow

time is a killer doesn't stop for any G-unit hood

doing no good as Thug life would be

Rocking these rhymes busting out making sweet history,

I say hop, hop you don't stop rocking till they day is done  
run, run, run getting capped in my knee cap having no fun  
sugar can sweeten my smile with glee

Living in a land of make believe

what is one willing to achieve

banging on the hard cement floor

like homeboy Tony kicking it with a two bit whore

more, more, more

in the plausible quest

we can pass every test

John Ackerman

# Time

Feelings

sweet,

nice,

illogical

unknown

My heart beats

faster than a locomotive

with no stop

She doesn't need a token

to get on this ride

It doesn't matter though

I can go slower

I can go faster

I can shine myself up

to look all nice and pretty

but she won't get on this ride

No matter how loud my engine howls,

No matter how loud my horn screams,

she won't get on this ride in time.

John Ackerman

# Time Stands Still

There is coming a day  
Where many people do pray  
A calling to all saints to come home  
Many will be standing and waiting  
Others will be all alone  
Like a dog is without its bone  
It is written in the scriptures  
The dead in Christ will rise first  
Then we will be called together to meet the Lord in the air  
Doesn't anyone really care  
Still no one knows the hour except the son of man  
Best to be in service now doing all you can  
Only one life is soon to be passed  
Only what's done for love will last  
Many have to get off of their high horse  
To feel a real sense of remorse  
We must give an account toward the reason we believe  
The outside watching world longs to see you bleed  
So live each day for the Lord  
A willingness to achieve

John Ackerman

# Together Forever

When I looked into your eyes I knew you were the one  
Love was the essence of my mere existence  
Those walks in the park all alone  
We were both holding our own  
Sweet kisses and the poems would flow  
Yet in a vision you take me away to a beautiful place  
Where kings and queens hold their own in the scene  
I used to dream of far off places certain traces  
You were always there in my arms  
Your eyes would twinkle in the sun having fun  
Now all the years have passed having every reason to grasp  
The truest love that I ever knew  
Perhaps I have bitten off far more than I could chew  
Together forever no matter what the weather  
When I go to a show or a club you will be by my side  
Friends that want to run away to hide  
Many as of late watch as things slide  
No you are the woman that I adore  
Love in the purest taste not some Peyton Place  
We have come this far not to turn back now  
Can't turn around when my hands are on the plow  
Sugar is sweet so sweet like honey  
I'm going to be the man that takes home the money  
Nothing phoney just you & I  
Listening to music that sets us free from the likes of Stevie Nicks  
Lavert & Kenny G taking our love to places that see  
Not to mention Al Green man all those people would scream  
Luther Vandross & Barry White taking us through the night  
Man they don't make music like they used to  
At last the latest trend was a Rooster  
Girl I'm going to take you higher than ever before  
Lest I implore another open door  
You will see in time we shall shine  
She dances on a ring of fire yet throws off its challenge with a shrug  
Folks today sweep old school underneath the rug  
But I got to keep it real where others insist being no big deal  
You're the one for me the woman I adore  
I dedicate my life to you always until the end my baby & love

John Ackerman

# Tomorrow People

I planted a single seed left long ago  
In time roots sprung up out of the fertile soil  
In the game of life your time is very brief  
try turning over a brand new leaf

many people today seem so very out of reach  
these are desolate times yet we settle for ill faded rhymes  
casualties are enormous for a stated cause that's atrocious  
a mothers cry as the door bell rings

vanishing salute to freedom as the church choir sings  
let's look above to the heavenly love  
merciful one come take this chip off my shoulder  
stop the senseless fighting as our nation grows a bit colder

Tomorrow let's pray for better days  
instead of people getting caught in a purple haze  
eyes, face & hands  
when will we ever live to understand

you can't stand in line while kicking it to the man  
how you have fought so hard & fierce  
my truest love is gone from here  
a challenge to be free is a question of time

Tomorrow people will achieve if one can perceive  
it's more than a philosophical rant  
one must succumb to the business at hand  
hopefully someday all will understand

for love is the true essence of one's inner existence  
a beacon of light to a hurting world in need of hope  
hope that can evoke feelings of positivity  
in a land so full of their negativity

John Ackerman

# Tranquility

Tranquility

in reluctance to the search from within  
the vase jar still hangs by the window sill  
there are voices in my head no whispering  
a very faint sound of selfish fervor

inside we hide behind four walls  
alone again in the vanquished torment  
Tranquility  
a house by an ocean sound with quaint colors

the vested remnants of a porch swing hung outside in patio  
traffic outside the hallway with squeals of children laughing  
memories of salt in the air from the brisk breeze  
a tree would often loom basking in the sway

the inner pendulum of silence etched inside  
to gaze on the outside with inner tranquility  
to bask in the vast breeze would quench my thirst  
I'll record these moments on pen with paper

whispers...  
a very faint cry of sadness  
one may evoke fear from its madness  
Illumination

angelic fervor with a residue of sweet honey  
the fervent cry of birds in sequence  
a diseased tree just making it past Autumn  
life is made up with moments alone in time

Sublime  
a call to tranquility,  
to light the inner spark of what we need to know  
Calling from the realm of passion released to intertwine

A challenge to be free is a question of time



# Trump's Comb Over

well it's a one for the money  
two for the show  
the answer my friend is blowing in the wind  
so is Trump's comb over

who tucks Mr. president into bed  
do the not realize he has a big head  
who takes care of his hair  
caged fury

in such a hurry  
the magic is in the pudding  
does he know what hell he his doing  
he jumps through loop holes looking through peep holes

TMZ catches his rug by disguise  
one word to the wise  
get a transplant my friend  
we can see your head with the magical wave

oh act your age  
Mr. Trump what hump  
you have taken us by surprise  
doesn't anybody realize

John Ackerman

# Trump's Ivory Tower

Trump's Ivory Tower

While he sits there alone  
in the silence of his room  
does he have compassion  
excuse me for asking  
I know he wrote a book in all  
The Art Of The Deal  
got is at his seminar  
but that didn't go far  
now he's the man on the throne  
yet he appears so alone  
like a dog without its bone  
still he'll push one roller  
as he works on his comb over

still we have many questions that aren't answered  
stay off the pedal of the gas cause he's moving to fast  
we got a no it all for a president but is it any wonder  
he's got to much time on his hands  
the world is turning and beds are burning  
going to build us a great wall  
for that you claim many will stand ten feet tall  
still were being stuck in the fiddle playing second fiddle  
when will he deliver or am I to late for dinner  
only Trump knows what he's really doing  
inside he might be fighting those hidden demons  
the lust for greed for power  
time to take a cold shower  
in Trump's ivory tower

John Ackerman

# Truth In A Garbage Can

mark my word as if you haven't heard  
these are the signs of the times  
sound the alarm  
video, radio & stereo

many hearts are bleeding desperately tonight  
women's liberation heading out across the nation  
the get a small dose of truth from the garbage can  
don't try to blame it on the man who said yes we can

struggling to make a difference in this land  
there are lines being formed in the sand  
man just want to stick it to the man  
we have been captivated by a smile

yet we know all the great while  
a woman needs to be with her child  
people surf the want ads for work  
yet to no avail the end up collecting

no use in forgetting  
there are signs written on the wall  
laughter  
splendor in the grass

smile, faces, traces & movement  
which way are we going  
it's not in what you know it in the showing  
a great gift sent from heaven above

nestled in an ovation of it's tenderness of love

John Ackerman

# Two Feet

Two Feet

She can remember, the days they walked down the beach  
Two boys, one girl, six little feet  
The girl showing her, all one had found  
one boy, enjoying, just running around

The smallest, just walking, not making a sound  
Suddenly, it caught her eye, the sic were four  
Silence, world stopped, a mother's heart tore  
Some asked, young and old, anyone one could see

Her desperate search for two little feet, felt like eternity  
With despair in her heart, she looked to heaven to pray  
her world begun turning, he was walking her way  
Yes, there he was, walking hand in hand

with what had to be, an angel of a man  
Each and everyone, could see the joy, sorrow was gone  
For she walked with two little feet, once lost, grew  
becoming a handsome man, marrying a beautiful wife, too

When during the first month of the year, their love complete  
They held, loved, their own two precious little feet

John Ackerman

# Unity

Come take out your bible  
Let us start a revival  
Unification is the plan  
Grab your bothers hand  
We shall all live to understand  
The drunkard in the gutter is still are brother  
This nation is drifting further apart  
Blown away by Satan's fiery darts  
Look to uphold one another and pray  
Others may claim it ought not be that way  
We all need unity you see  
Let us break through all the hate & negativity  
The black, brown, yellow & red  
What is going on inside our heads  
Stand tall with the gay, trans & straight  
Stop all this violence with deep hate  
While Trump is in his ivory tower  
We all need to relax & take a hot shower  
This is the time the moment the hour of power  
Flirting faces in certain traces  
Got folks out running the bases  
Stand up for who you are on the inside  
Many just want to play games & run away to hide  
but these are desolate times yet we settle  
for ill but faded rhymes  
Both Jessie Jackson & Reverend Al wants you to join hands to be a pal  
Please stop the racism my man  
Seek for unification as a plan  
Not a break on a long vacation  
Plant seeds of kindness  
Close up wounds that bind us  
Learn to take baby steps in the sand  
Like Obama once said, 'Yes We Can'.  
Stop sticking it to the man  
May have to reach through party lines  
Lift your head up high with a face that shines  
Pray with all of your might  
Stop living each day by sight  
With time your faith will grow

May have to knock the wind out of your sail to inflate your ego  
Love will keep us together and the way we should go  
Let's look above for the heavenly love  
Merciful one come take this chip off my shoulder  
Stop the senseless fighting as our nation grows colder  
In time we shall shine  
Don't turn around when your hands on the plough  
Unity is where we should all be  
Living in America the home of both the brave & free

John Ackerman

# Until My Final Breath

shattered glass out on the kitchen floor  
picking up the pieces of my past  
move away from the silence to a lingering laugh  
each of us where's a mask in a disguise in life  
careless hearts plunge into the rudimentary plausible negativity  
others cherish the existence of things  
an impulse to be in the moment  
against the wind of strong diversity  
we may want to cry on the shoulder of our lover  
but why even bother, search for truth in all things

as such from a new born baby how they smile  
the strong remembrance of a song from your past  
having so much fun with a hope that it would last  
until my final breath I will set to use things on my bucket list  
places to go by which my heart will pant  
the tenderness of a wishful kiss  
an unexpected knock on my door lest I implore  
a masquerade of a golden head dress  
the sparkling array of blissful care through poetry  
salt air in your lungs as you plunge to depths in the ocean sound  
grab that cookie that me seem far a bit out of reach  
little things will mean a lot such as loving your neighbor  
another dip of the cone of your favorite ice cream flavor  
search for truth in love with all your heart  
for you have every right to know

John Ackerman

# Van Halen

Van Halen

a young kid running the streets of California  
Brother Alex playing on the pots & pans  
In time young Eddie bought a guitar  
hoping in his heart he'll go far

Although from that scene many years had passed  
still having every reason to grasp,  
A deep aura of musical talent intact  
Soon a band was formed with Diamond Dave, Alex, Michael & Ed

what was going on inside his head  
flirting with drugs along his path  
Working so hard anyone else would have a heart attack  
Eruption on stage with the wailing of his guitar 1984

Still time had passed and the parting of the ways with Diamond Dave  
Out of sadness there was new gladness with Sammy singing lead  
A break up with Valerie Bertenelli yet out came son Wolfie  
Hitting the streets again a brief excursion

A band with a talent unmatched still another parting of ways  
Then it was Mr. Cherona that fell apart at the seems to extreme  
Looking back today the band went all the way  
Shooting to the stars a reunited band with Diamond Dave again

Perhaps it's best to hold our breath and count to the number ten?  
Eddie was and still is my biggest inspiration  
Now is a good time for the band to take a break on a long vacation.

John Ackerman

# Vegas Bitch

she was born in a gutter her mother was a whore  
selling junk in her trunk in back of the store  
she grew up on the street  
no shoes for her feet  
over time although many years had passed she had every reason to grasp  
the true nature of why she was born  
she was being bread as a Vegas bitch to work the strip  
taking in whiskey drinkers with fast thinkers  
playing the slots with the wild cherries  
some folk even wondered if she would ever marry  
getting punched in the face more times to ever mention  
but giving up her lifestyle was way far out of question  
had her pimp named Tommy the same as her mommy  
he would often work the numbers at their local bar  
getting high and then 69 that fast paced world sure did shine  
still there was something lingering an emptiness inside  
often she wanted to get away to run & hide  
she wanted to build a solid foundation with a white picket fence & home  
for years she fought the emptiness all alone  
then one day she met a stranger on the street  
who spoke to her the true wisdom of God  
invited her to attend church but she still wanted to flirt  
next thing you know her said a little prayer for her and went on his way  
inside somehow that made her day  
for once she had a purpose to live  
a chance at which to forgive  
then she spread eagle on the floor to bow her head to pray  
inviting king Jesus to come into her heart to give her a brand new start  
then next day she told Tommy the pimp she wasn't doing tricks no more  
that's when he hit the Vegas bitch & knocked her to the floor  
onto her surprise the beating would subside  
then a light came into her room in the late month of June  
a voice from heaven to seal her fate to come to him before its too late  
a full surrender was on her way & she got born again  
now the moral of the story is my friend  
never give up on God cause he never gave up hope on you  
now I'm through with the Vegas bitch renewed  
telling her story down at the shelter for everyone to hear  
a beacon of light to a hurting world in need of love from God up above

John Ackerman

# Velvet Underground

there's salt in the air by the ocean without a care  
fell beneath the tears of the scale of obscurity  
in the Spring the leaves felt through with cadence of illumination  
one vibration permeates the fragile structure in my egg shelled mind  
but I found a place unlike no other away from the honest decorum  
its in the velvet underground with dungeons filled with dragons  
the peril of its swift exploits resonate their without a single care  
an abrupt front having kings and queens and a court jester to  
perhaps I have bitten off far more then I could ever chew  
built on a city of gold as time unfolds through the duration of the underground  
out of the fever pitch silence there is brought about resilience

painted picture by the kings quarters in solvent resolution  
down the corridor the villagers are entertained by the pious court jester with  
juggling  
feathers are swept beneath the palace gate in a swirl of emotions.  
out of the wood work came a polished fair maiden strong in her delivery  
wanting to see the dragon blown up in its fullest extacy  
after a quick look she was hooked drawn upon the nature of the beast  
Both the king and queen had a magic wand with a heavenly song

through the velvet underground there is praise for song in heightened fancy  
the dragon was soon defeated by a noble man with a sword  
cutting off its head he fell head long dead  
this is the place where dreams are made a way of escape  
from the hustle and bustle of our everyday existence learn to shun the resistance  
out of every circumstance you can take part in the dance as you explore the  
Velvet Underground.

John Ackerman

# Verses From The Heart Part I

look deep inside and you will find  
that you have been created by a great design  
through Autumn's peak & Spring's vast domain  
we should never complain  
life is a gift sent down from up above  
Nestled from the very hand of God out of his love  
many are falling apart at the seams people scream  
yet deep inside there is a push to all come together  
no matter what the weather we can soar to new heights  
live each day with love as your theme  
proclaiming peace as beauty being the king  
we can proclaim peace to the wandering outsider  
to the drug addict on the street  
to the cop that's out walking the beat  
do all you can while you still have the time  
search much deeper then ever before lest I implore  
we can all figure it out in our time  
but for today we shall shine  
inside we often hide behind four walls of steel  
others insist it being no big deal  
life is funny at times like a spinning wheel  
try to gather your thoughts down on paper  
easier said then done when your out on the run  
take your time and have some fun  
don't live like a stoic so don't you know it  
life is busy when your making other plans  
my hope is someday all will live to understand  
it's never to late to be kind  
love your neighbor and watch as there face will shine

John Ackerman

# Viscous Fangs That Bite

Viscous Fangs That Bite

Satan has demonic forces doing his bidding  
as I drift to sleep I'm not kidding  
I go to a world with caverns filled  
straight from the river of erotic death in Hell

there is creatures sporting viscous fangs that bite  
dripping blood off side with eyes filled with holes  
sulfur of deep erotic premonition taunts my soul  
Dark embedded structures with remnants of flames

this place is for the mentally insane in the membrane  
no drink of water to ever quench my thirst  
fire breathing dragons with evil intentions  
as I roam this wretched place of desolation

I pant for a serious question like is this my fate?  
Do some soul searching & this is what I come up with  
There are two paths you can go by but in the long run  
There's still time to change the road your on

That's why I pray everyday so I won't go to this place of the dead  
Silence of a memory that taunts my intentions  
Vast darkened caverns with demons I must flee  
It's a reason to believe in a real savior to save me from danger

Satan laughing spreads his wings in this world of sin  
Now I have a true purpose now I know where to begin  
I have come to close not to turn back now  
No use looking back when your hand is on the plow

Caged barbaric remnants I will see no more  
As I gaze in the vast display of heaven's shore  
For faith is the substance of things unseen  
There can be no use for me living in a land of mean

John Ackerman

# Vitale

vital, yeah that recital, not  
at all idle covering alotta ground  
all relative, selective  
advocating  
safe and sound,  
pound for pound,  
word for word,  
sums, if not all  
I'm glad eye heard or  
read all over,  
brought to the forefront  
keeps a mind sober  
grasp of your perspective, a  
message protective, food  
for thought, a  
crisp directive  
wasn't school  
but a course elective  
something to ponder  
before the yonder  
or that other stop  
that one without  
honor

John Ackerman

# Voices In My Head

Voices In My Head

flirting faces, evil traces, midnight places...  
storms outside your window storms in the night  
why is everyone today looking for a fight  
there is voices inside my head the walking dead  
evil has a name & it runs throughout  
we blame, bitch & pout  
to know what life is all about  
we each have a gift down deep inside  
many try to run away & hide  
but I'm caught between a bind so stand in line  
I was created by the masters design  
we are here today then gone tommorow  
a face full of sorrow  
we must labor for the near road we should tread  
outside is the walking dead  
yet we came to far not to turn back now  
can't turn around when your hands on the plough  
out of mere sadness there is watchful gladness  
making the best of what you have  
some may complain it's all up for grabs  
voices in my head telling me when to go to bed  
the times they are changing  
one darkened voice tells me to end it all  
another heavenly voice says to give up it all  
i'm being caught in a fix with a mystery in the mix  
twisted lies of Satan trying to go home and fry up the bacon  
I'll listen to the voice of reason even if it's in the changing of the seasons  
the lover in life is not the sinner the less that you give your a taker  
voices, voices go away come back no way  
but I'm afraid there here to stay  
I'm listen to the soft still voice with the peace that passes all understanding  
that is a sure fire way to what I have been waiting for lest I implore another open  
door

John Ackerman

# We Are Forever His Child

inside we so often wander aimlessly through the vortex of spirituality  
we dig still deep then ever before to reach the pinnacle of are being  
soft sandal feet with a pitter patter noise of a peace that passes understanding  
gravity takes a hold of me yet again I wander aimlessly onto another place  
the cadence of columns with pillars nestled in the tiny fragments of my skull  
love has a name I am that I am may you all understand  
love came to the woman at the well with a great faith to tell  
love was drawing with his finger in the sand in front of the prostitute accused  
love was there from the very beginning & continues freely  
to bask in the vast expanse of all known duration of inner sanctity  
love needs to get apart from societal mainstream cause  
living in todays mindset can be very mean  
people are wandering as if nomadic herdsmen in desolation  
falling apart at the seams in a pool of seeking self to please  
shadows block the tug of the heart to light the inner spark of what I need to  
know  
vast numbers are coming to an ultimate decision for there lives  
does it come at any big enough surprise that Jesus is living in us  
let us not enter into the forces that beckon a resistance  
out of ever circumstance learn to take part in the dance  
most of the world is living in a trance locked away in their own little tomb  
we are forever his child in twilight through the turmoil & pain  
join hands to start spreading the true meaning of why we are here  
let me make this quite clear not everyone is free  
they will call him Lord in the final day but he will not hear you  
come to the small still voice who beckons your heart to draw near  
let love be the anchor that holds the soul don't lose your control  
people generally live for sin, self & Satan  
wearing your Sunday best while frying the bacon  
come to a greater knowledge then self  
maybe you want to put that book right back on the shelf  
only one life will soon be passed only what's done out of love will last  
yet no one gets by on any free pass  
We are forever his child gripped by the masters hand  
hopefully someday you will all live to understand?

John Ackerman

# We Make Or Break Our Reality

We Make Or Break Our Reality

you have lit the spark that ignited the inner flame to what I was waiting for  
a thought is just that a thought if not put to use  
one must perceive it in their minds first in order to achieve it  
we all seek for truth in this life just some of us search in a garbage can  
the mind is filled as in a lost mouse in a maze

if we put our heads together we can achieve much  
in a society today in such a rush  
one can't find themselves unless they have a personal relationship with their  
creator

We can wear a face as in a facade

We can front our bodies to be thrown at Satan's will

Each of us is responsible for the decisions we make in this life

Therefore gain wisdom & with all thy getting gain understanding  
pray with all of your might through the power of the spirit  
look above to the heavenly love  
merciful one come take this chip off my shoulder  
Stop the hate & fighting as our society grows a bit colder  
only one life will soon be passed only what's done out of love will last

No one in this life gets by on any free pass  
we must make a great decision to believe in a power greater than self  
perhaps you want to put that book right back on the shelf  
but faith without works is dead  
what is going on inside our heads  
it's the blind leading the blind and soon going to fall into the ditch

Cheer up my brother for God alone is enough  
don't need a sports car or a night at your local bar  
Keep your head up & smile  
Cause you know all the great while  
Love will soon make a comeback  
It's quite all right to believe in that

John Ackerman

# Welcome To The Grand Illusion

Welcome To The Grand Illusion

where are we have we gotten lost?  
hands, eyes & face

deep inside were all the same  
a chance to rearrange in the membrane

no one holds the door open for you anymore  
it's the invisible lie of 1964

don't you believe in videos or a salesman giving something to sell  
we are all just dust in the wind now where do I even begin

eyes with spots darkened moustache  
people with tombstones in their heads

in the confusion of the day give solace to pray  
carry your head held high

they will put you in a padded room soon you goon  
living helpless in your cocoon

a breath of fresh air doesn't anyone really care  
you'll be gone in a New York minute

love not the world neither anything in the world  
the world, the lust of the flesh & the pride of life disappears

wisdom is the principle thing therefore gain wisdom  
in all thy getting gain understanding

it's the changing of the times  
there are lines being drawn in the sand

hopefully all will live to understand  
there's really everything inside we have nothing to hide

you built these walls upon social media no surprise

with what we do today will be evident to all eternity

people on the streets turning heads as we speak  
with what you perceive as truth may not be a reality

John Ackerman

# What Are We Protesting For?

a call to the west  
we must clearly confess  
all of life is a big test  
through pillars of sought after dignity  
others will just do what they please  
some getting knocked to their knees  
what are we protesting for?  
with billboards of promise offering so much more  
yet we move to soon in our gloom  
troubled hearts are so many  
why do we even disagree  
social media making history  
where is our dignity  
Trump has got something up his sleeve  
a moral chance at one willing to achieve  
we want a blast from the past  
to tell us of our future

barbed wire fences  
one hand to hold a heart will mend  
when will we ever understand  
seeking pillars of truth  
fighting in the street with a busted tooth  
we are all getting caught up in the mix  
everyone is looking for their next quick fix  
what are we protesting for?  
many having claim it being so very 1964

John Ackerman

# What Hump Trump?

you sit in your ivory tower  
why should I even bother  
your the man who said your fire  
had a book art of the deal  
your spinning wheel is getting to fast  
lay up on the gas many in North Korea will be wearing a face mask  
what hump Trump knocking at your door  
are you in the theatre of the insane  
lest I refrain another opened door  
check this as a young child you were already loaded  
your inner soul imploded  
through the duration of time you learned how to rhyme  
kind of a Robin Hood but you wouldn't share with the poor  
you got hooked on Twitter & your hommie's none better  
but always a gentleman never given the middle finger  
still many of us hate your guts  
still got lots to prove  
others refrain just not in a good mood  
you may have to do a make over  
with your hair as in a comb over  
yet you try to stand tall while working on this great wall  
we maybe in store of a shot gun wedding  
what are you kidding  
what hump Trump maybe coming to a theatre near you  
has he bitten off far more then he could chew  
Ivanka still has a voice with a choice  
try to pull things together if you try  
we we're out busy living the lie  
the lie that says I am what I do  
still got to mend your ways  
instead of getting lost in some purple haze  
you & Pence look like the Blues Brother Reunion  
are you sure you know what the hell your doing?  
perhaps you got junk in your trunk what hump Trump?

John Ackerman

# What If Transparency?

What if Transparency

we make love we give love  
yet sadness almost always fills our hearts  
there is a great void that block that imagination  
a peer of a sullen mast explosion

still we are not mere robots in our circle of friends  
socialites with chatter boxes for voices  
we run circles around the exterior base  
paint pictures in the sky of an alabaster box in disguise

the maddening hedges that fumigate the montage display  
perhaps this was the exact place where nomads went  
torn lashes in their visible spent brevity  
yet we arrange music in our heads

as if for a brief moment we are reluctant to its sound  
the sun dial points to north but we persist going south  
a beautiful arrangement of flower beds out on the lattice ledge  
colors forming of a sparkling array of brilliance with blue & red

Yet to become transparent in the madness of the day  
through a setting sun we run as naked predators out to pasture  
never to prepare for the great here after  
through its rudimentary laws of logic we lie helpless

A tug at the heart will light the spark to where we need to go  
The promise that was made in the dark has now come to light  
A bitter sweet ending from all its strife  
left to ourselves we can do nothing lest we are attached to the vine

Crafted in great elegance for all the world to see  
What is my last but parting plea  
Transparency

John Ackerman

# What Matters Most

what matters most is a thought that is pure  
through the duration of time we have created a rhyme  
deep inside we got pains that hide  
throughout our life we can undergo a notion of exploration  
in time we shall shine for the furtherance of love  
coming down from a higher power from up above  
each of us will go through things in life  
blueberry & added spice  
with faces that leave traces to our midnight places  
my heart is an opened door waiting to be explored  
listen quietly to the Nightingale alone in the distance  
beauty for ashes amidst second chances  
relationships were meant to be together  
Caviar, cheese & wine  
created and crafted from a great design  
love has taught us a vibrant lesson  
to never to surrender to the decay in nature

the Hummingbird outside your door what a fashionable decor  
what matters most is a heart filled with compassion  
writing a good epitaph for those to humbly react  
love is best when your busy making other plans you understand  
the ocean has a way to sooth the inner longing of the soul  
each time the tide comes in we can surrender again  
vibrations throughout each temptations filled with temples of fire  
what is are strong enough desire  
to visit widows and orphans in their afflictions  
to honor your mother and father regarding any decisions  
to love your neighbor more than your own self  
we can make a great difference if we each try

John Ackerman

# What You Talking About Willis?

Whacha You Talking About Willis?

we got to get things in check  
watch what you say & do  
others have no idea  
getting lost in the sauce of high ideals  
inside we hide behind four walls that squel  
these are desolate times  
yet we settle for ill but faded rhymes  
the casualties are enormous  
for a stated cause that's atrocious  
let's look above to the heavenly love  
many sweep things underneath the rug  
been getting caught up in the mix  
take some time to fix  
you got dreams sense you were a child  
running outside getting a bit wild  
to bad he had to die  
Different strokes for different folks  
he taught us to think outside the box  
that homeboy sure did think a lot  
today we get caught up in the land of mean with evil schemes  
folks coming apart at the seams  
got caped in the back of the head by a stray bullet  
people need to turn back to there first love before it's to late  
some call it destiny others ponder with fate  
get out of your beds we are turning into the walking dead  
need a heart full of love to break the mends  
heads in the street need a lesson  
start confessing...

John Ackerman

# When Words Are Not Enough

When Words Are Not Enough

come with me to a tranquil place  
alone in the vast silence of your heart  
there you pray for a full surrender  
to the one we have to do  
love has gained it also has lost  
humanities heaviest of cost  
when words are not enough  
faith without works is dead  
we need a pull in the heart to light the inner spark  
we tend to bury things deep inside  
many want to run away & hide  
society may not be ready  
for a shift in the sand  
where lives are steady  
there's lines being driven in the sand  
when will we ever live to understand  
life is filled up with tender moments  
is this an illusion  
one can learn to resist  
all of the negativity  
in a total realm of sullen brevity  
what are we willing to achieve

John Ackerman

# Where Love Nudges

Where Love Nudges

Thumping beats of yesterday's feats  
Drift like mist on morning skies  
Slowly descend, rousing magic  
Whispers of remembrance, once again

I hear footsteps splattering in the rain  
Dimples like stars light up your face  
Beauty now unseen to all  
My heart reserves for I alone

Do I regret the days of bliss  
Of idle dreams by peaceful streams  
Or scorn the haste of rescuing arms  
The arms of a child

When threatening waves of angry seas  
Roaring in mid morning storm  
Dared your love, your sibling love  
You gave your kin to save your kin

The curtain fell  
The blow was dealt  
But eye of faith beholds you still  
And angel's kiss shall rouse you still

John Ackerman

# White Lies

White Lies

Written by: Mario Vitale

Dreams of passion filled within my mind

Screams of Satanic laughter in my soul

We lost touch long ago

You lost weight I did not know

You could look so fine after all this time

Remember those days hanging out at the village pier

I shed a single tear to help numb the inner pain

Not having you in my arms was driving me insane

Days with fun with Pop rocks & bottle tops

Sneakers in the high school gym

It used to mean something to hold open the car door for your lover

A great sense of respect has taken a back seat for temporal lust

In a fast paced world in quite a bit of rush

The white lies that you told have taken root & grown

We used to make out in the back seat of my car

Danced until our hearts content down at our neighborhood bar

White lies of crazy money coming in  
Now its best to hold our breath & take it all in  
Yet we have come this close not to turn back now  
Why turn back when your hands on the plow  
Cause sugar is sweet so sweet like honey  
Now its up to me to take home the money  
Just holding our own after all these years  
Cheap beers & the tears flowing down from our faces  
Have to settle for a pair of Goodwill sneakers with those funny laces  
Life is a trip so try to take it all in  
Learn from your mistakes a good way to begin  
Gave my heart to Jesus had to forfeit my sin  
We are but mice stuck in a cage  
looking for escape thinking we got it made  
Be brave & hold your head up to the sky  
Follow the golden rule so read your books & stay in school  
But you say that's not to cool  
White lies come & then they go  
White lies come & then they go  
Get the beats straight & increase the tempo

John Ackerman

# Who Farted

Who Farted

it was starting to rain on the night that we first decided  
the chance to roll the dice  
my birthday cake was ready  
so was the famous spaghetti

when all of a sudden someone let out a fart  
an embarrassing moment in time  
we all looked around yet no one admitted it  
once again intoxicated by the fumes

couldn't they have waited and do it in the bathroom  
squeeze your cheeks in  
a good place to begin  
but instead they cut wind

I couldn't even hold my breath to count to the number ten  
thoughtfully we all sang happy birthday to me  
amidst the tragic event that somebody cut the cheese  
I just couldn't help myself it knocked me to my knees

my uncle opened a window  
even the birds themselves flew away  
what a pause to relieve  
on such a calm & peaceful day

John Ackerman

# Who Is This Trump You Speak Of?

Heads Are Coming Together  
All for a great cause  
To love one another  
This comes from the hand of God  
Strength comes to those willing to explore  
Took look deeper in the bible like ever before  
Grab a hold of a hand when to understand  
Sad faces will be no more  
Lest I implore an opened door  
Freaks in the street  
They have riots there cause is hate

Can there be a difference in the mind  
Viscous long hanging fangs that bite  
Evil minds that plug destruction  
Having tombstones for eyes  
We must practice what we preach  
Dig a bit deeper than ever before  
Reach inside we have nothing to hide  
Heads are coming together  
Whatever the weather they gather  
A beacon of light to a hurting world in need

To stay silent is not a choice  
We must have a sense to rejoice  
God in his sovereignty has brought us in  
Illumination  
Time well spent in thought  
Blackened hearts unleashed to violence  
The blind lead the blind falling into a ditch  
Paradox  
A challenge to be free is a question of time  
Stand up for your rights

John Ackerman

# Who Loves You

Who Loves You i

Inspired by dom hunt  
There was never a hour when my thoughts didn't drift  
because you were always there  
And fill my mind with the immensity of you  
There was never a time of regret  
Only times filled with endearment  
There was never a dream that wasn't fulfilled  
Or a new dream that many say will never happen  
There was never a breath that didn't feel the essence of your beauty  
Filling me with life  
Your touch lit my soul  
Till it burned with desire  
Your smile captured joy  
And spread to all you see  
Your eyes shone of exuberance  
Promising things, that you would help me reach  
Your body screamed papi touch me  
In a way that made me tremble  
Your voice entered my core  
Echoing sweetness through my veins  
All you are, like a harmonous song that spreads my wings Rises and falls within  
My heart beats with yours  
My blood can feel you  
As it flows to all of me  
Filled with you I have become that man who loves you

John Ackerman

# Who Put The Junk In Funk

out in the street where people meet  
byways, highways & walking sideways  
got me in a haze to wake to one of those days  
flirting the the scene eating my favorite ice cream  
but what noise is out brewing  
do you all know what you are doing  
who put the junk in funk  
going to knock you to your socks with blue rocks  
tossing and turning  
another page is turning  
getting beyond the means  
seem to be a fiend  
walking that New York mile  
still you knew all the great while  
with flirting faces lost in spaces leaving no traces  
at the backyard barbecque your like a dog in heat where people meet  
flirting as a buzzard is to a be peeple flee  
a good cause to boast as a rib flys out like the holy ghost  
party people in the house its the bounce to the ounce  
with an hour of power got to take a cold shower  
stil I'm on fire being blown up in the fullest desire  
we make plans we break plans yet do we give up it all depends  
friends put away your funny faces

going to wish you never knew me  
even she the one that blew me  
what is my destiny the one thing I'm willing to achieve  
some of my friends are in cell block nine doing fine  
got to know you are special created from a great design  
life is a circus filled with clowns  
being short changed a chance to rearrange out playing the game  
critics want to criticize me while they are off living as they please  
search for gold let it unfold got one bun in the oven and the other exposed  
walk with me talk with me through duration of time  
do you all remember when you were broke down to your last thin dime  
in time you would climb as heros soar exposed  
yet you say its a waste of time and everything is fine  
going to make you into a man when will you ever understand  
who put the junk in funk out on the midnight hour the hour of power

hearts will explode out on a different episode

got rhymes that are quick alone with my bitch sipping on my forty near the grill  
a shoot to thrill rap has to tell a story of two lovers in love  
pushing some things underneath the rug yu need a big hug  
many suffer in silence to the extreme another choiced evil scream  
the liberals soars to some beckoning heaights yet never thinks twice  
all of life to him is but a mystery but he suffers within his dignity  
in the light of what we may do today will become evident in all of historys sway  
good night said the blind man as he suffers in silence amidst all the violence  
powerful perfectionist has now run rampant & is evident  
feeling will come but this much I know bust up the beat & increase the tempo  
who put the junk in funk or do you want to change the story to wake up morning  
glory  
its a hard thing to adress when the whole of your life is in quite a bit of mess  
yet this I must confess stay true to yourself  
perhaps you want to put that book right on the shelf

yet who are we to blame when all of society is going insane  
everything one day will go up in flames  
like a cow that chews on its caddle  
like a baby with a new found rattle  
just look at the snake and see how it travels  
yet I'm feeling loose in my caboose got suckers to please  
wine, dine & 69  
you behave like everything is fine  
still silence is golden just remember you've beed chosen  
there's a hero within us all so stand on your feet ten inches to tall  
still everyone wants to seek the fame game while playing the blame game to  
their shame

John Ackerman

# Who Put The Junk In Funk?

out in the street where people meet  
byways, highways & walking sideways  
got me in a haze to wake to one of those days  
flirting the the scene eating my favorite ice cream  
but what noise is out brewing  
do you all know what you are doing  
who put the junk in funk  
going to knock you to your socks with blue rocks  
tossing and turning  
another page is turning  
getting beyond the means  
seem to be a fiend  
walking that New York mile  
still you knew all the great while  
with flirting faces lost in spaces leaving no traces  
at the backyard barbecque your like a dog in heat where people meet  
flirting as a buzzard is to a be peeple flee  
a good cause to boast as a rib flys out like the holy ghost  
party people in the house its the bounce to the ounce  
with an hour of power got to take a cold shower  
stil I'm on fire being blown up in the fullest desire  
we make plans we break plans yet do we give up it all depends  
friends put away your funny faces

going to wish you never knew me  
even she the one that blew me  
what is my destiny the one thing I'm willing to achieve  
some of my friends are in cell block nine doing fine  
got to know you are special created from a great design  
life is a circus filled with clowns  
being short changed a chance to rearrange out playing the game  
critics want to criticize me while they are off living as they please  
search for gold let it unfold got one bun in the oven and the other exposed  
walk with me talk with me through duration of time  
do you all remember when you were broke down to your last thin dime  
in time you would climb as heros soar exposed  
yet you say its a waste of time and everything is fine  
going to make you into a man when will you ever understand  
who put the junk in funk out on the midnight hour the hour of power

hearts will explode out on a different episode

got rhymes that are quick alone with my bitch sipping on my forty near the grill  
a shoot to thrill rap has to tell a story of two lovers in love  
pushing some things underneath the rug yu need a big hug  
many suffer in silence to the extreme another choiced evil scream  
the liberals soars to some beckoning heaights yet never thinks twice  
all of life to him is but a mystery but he suffers within his dignity  
in the light of what we may do today will become evident in all of historys sway  
good night said the blind man as he suffers in silence amidst all the violence  
powerful perfectionist has now run rampant & is evident  
feeling will come but this much I know bust up the beat & increase the tempo  
who put the junk in funk or do you want to change the story to wake up morning  
glory  
its a hard thing to adress when the whole of your life is in quite a bit of mess  
yet this I must confess stay true to yourself  
perhaps you want to put that book right on the shelf

yet who are we to blame when all of society is going insane  
everything one day will go up in flames  
like a cow that chews on its caddle  
like a baby with a new found rattle  
just look at the snake and see how it travels  
yet I'm feeling loose in my caboose got suckers to please  
wine, dine & 69  
you behave like everything is fine  
still silence is golden just remember you've beed chosen  
there's a hero within us all so stand on your feet ten inches to tall  
still everyone wants to seek the fame game while playing the blame game to  
their shame

John Ackerman

# Who The Hell Cares?

Who The Hell Cares?

you bitch...  
you pout,  
you scream  
so what?

inside you hide behind four walls  
you don't have to say you love me  
viscous long hanging fangs with blood dripping off side  
today you want to support a cause but you don't know

eyes, face & hands  
when will you ever live to understand  
your god is sin, self & Satan  
you need a long rest on a long awaited vacation

you surf the web a doorway to Hell  
now I have a very good story in which to tell  
an old man took out his teeth to eat a bowl of Maypo  
his folly was sadness in the grips of his climatic suffering

Suffering in silence...  
it's in in tuned harmony to its hidden beasts menagerie  
so who the Hell cares?  
of how you really feel inside

just want to take your stuff and run away and hide  
growing up in the tribal schools preparing you for college  
the choices you make today will become evident in eternity's sway  
some lie in wait in order to tease

What are you all really trying to achieve?

John Ackerman

# Why Do We Even Bother?

Why Do We Even Bother?

we so often will quiver  
underneath the covers  
why do we even bother  
in a world in so much trouble  
perhaps you'll make my Martini strong like on the double  
To grasp at straws  
in obeying all those laws  
some may claim we are a lost cause

a clearing near a forest  
it is their a path we need to tread  
walking by tall Willow trees  
in the distance squirrels look for acorns  
a road turns dark  
we shiver in the cold  
cobblestone walkway along its path  
grasping each others hand  
let me be the first to help you understand

the just moments after the walk  
a sound of silence permeates a flow  
there are some things you ought to know  
life is filled up with moments such as these  
shadows break to the fullness of love  
coming from a hand from up above  
a mere notion of a mystery soon to discover  
again under the covers  
Why do we even bother?

John Ackerman

# Will You Open?

All these years later  
I still dream of you  
A day in the park  
Late spring  
Under that tree  
Hiding from the sun  
Half asleep  
You  
Tracing secrets  
In the palm of my hand  
Whispering a love's tradition  
Of desire  
In my ear

we may never pass this way again  
through the duration of love permeates the very fabric of my existence  
in solitude hearts melt back the fervor of resistance  
join with others to humbly frolic in this love  
You  
holding hands together  
kisses of sweet molten lava love escalates through my hearts door  
will you open?

John Ackerman

# Woman

Woman

eyes, hair & smile  
laughter  
she ensues the ambiance of the moment  
radiant shape

captivated by her aura and presence  
her touch exquisite to behold  
fragrance of a scent of love  
always there to help you when you fall

shelter lies dormant unto it's beckoning flow  
a beacon of light to a hurting world in need  
can't help but come up with an explanation  
ravished from her complexion on her skin

the tight sequence of her lips  
wisdom to behold  
when I look deep into her eyes  
it is then I see a future

filled up with hope for a better tomorrow  
she's all that I long for  
all that I need  
angelic foot steps to her door

the sweet caress oh her warm smile  
to know all the great while  
a sweet vision of a sparkling array of blissful care  
flip flops, roses, chocolates & poetry

John Ackerman

# Woods And Trees

In late Spring when heros scream  
A source of sophistication from faint misery  
Inside the thwart hidden silence of the pivotal solace of my mind  
With mind blowing excursion toward the legally blind inside  
Woods in growing habitation & silence  
Woods in distant pathways derived from a slight bite in solace  
After a warm fire woods will then stand tall amidst uncertainty  
Is is where one could often sport for game  
Hunters in woods will drive you totally insane in brain  
In extreme situations the wood can be an untimely climatic disaster to fathom  
Woods  
In significant direct correlation through storms in danger arms wide opened  
Woods can create a swift barrier of thoughtful change,  
A romantic encounter by which the lover shall stray  
Is there any other mental nor mere philisophical way  
Nature lies dormant amidst its beckoning call  
With a swift viable pulse derived after the fall  
Transformed by silence of thought provoked listening elm & pine  
Created in enriched diplomacy from God by his great design  
God again speaks through me from the sound of a wolf intact  
He completes his journey through stregnth by which to resist  
Woods  
We scenic scope in vast briars taunt  
In vegetation swine with sunken asps which haunt  
Vanquished moss covered up in grey filtered steam  
An approaching visible light to follow a dream  
A captivated look into the woods  
Engulfed in moss green briars torn asunder  
Trees fallen in decorated colors  
In the dead of Winter leaves tumble to the ground  
With mice and men walking alone  
On a crooked path filled with rocks & twigs  
Such as a bushel filled with acorns & figs  
Within desolation there crys a fever pitch  
Trees in silence  
Trees in a ditch  
Silence in thought provoking beckoning call  
A combersome message that negates a stall  
With a figure of speech twisted in a dream turned nightmare

Why should we even bother or for that matter really care  
Trees in a Bob Ross brightened country portrait sway feel  
Trees can define sullen wounds that sometime bind  
Make good use of your time within sullen aspens which chime  
Throughout its darkened portal without having restraint  
Trees can exhibit a dire need to express  
With just a little love and a whole lot of tenderness  
Meditation through barbed wire fences filled up in tears  
Absorbed in concrete fenders filled in elaborate decorum cheers  
Switching full gears from sullen tears to that of darkened fears.

John Ackerman

# Write With Every Fiber Of Your Being

On the express basis of the unique premise of the creative write. One should implement their core genre; As an attribution toward success. We can't sit back idle & expect help. The resistance is too strong. We must become ever more vigilant to this worthy cause. To family & friends. As time is allotted let us thank those who have contributed to the arts. Essentially, as a writer one must negate criticism. When it appeals to the whole populace at large. Poemhunter demonstrates a given genre that illuminates this essential happiness to all! Take baby steps each day live one day at a time as you strive to reach for success. Mistakes are what make you in the game of life but dream big. Write from the inner heart then you will light the spark to where you need to go. Try to inflate your ego by putting on the mindset of gratitude toward everyone. Lastly smile cause it's contagious so put yours on for everyone to see.

John Ackerman

# Young G

Young G

as a young G in the hood running rampant like he should  
he started off with a seed in his mommas belly in time he grow into jelly  
with a bright crooked smile he knew all the while the stage was set for him to be  
born  
out came young G making sweet history & that's not the end of the story  
he took up gambling in his younger days getting trapped in a purple haze  
yet he knew in the great while he would shine  
heightened by that of fantasy he was built on sweet brevity  
falling apart at the seams he gets caught selling dope now he can't even cope  
doing time yet he would one day shine filter through the scene  
when he can't even cope having a fight with the soap on the rope  
he was used to cell block nine thought that everything was fine  
until he heard the message from the preacher noting it wasn't a late night double  
feature  
he knew he had to relax and bask in the vast expanse of having hope with God  
after doing time everything was quite fine everthing was thought out and in line  
noted that he was created in God's image crafted by his great design  
then young G got a little older this time he was busted for murder  
back in cell block number nine again only this time he had a new friend  
he knew that Jesus was on hisside and he was going along for the ride  
he knew that the enemy was was very sneaky and God was but a mystery  
this time his destiny was harder to achieve cause he was on death row  
a hard pill to swallow as he would wallow in the mire of depression  
leaving him second guessing but this time he knew he was clean inside  
his destny had been open like a lost seagull flying on the ocean

Young G now was a full grown man with a definite plan to make things better  
no matter what the weather he kept things together  
yet the heat was on & someday soon he'd be gone  
as he wrote his final epitaph he could but grasp  
all those people that he touched even though he spent his life in a rush  
then came the time the last day of his life they fed him just bread with a bit of  
rice  
he knew this was his last time of the roll of the dice  
he prayed up to heaven knowing it wasn't a one stop shopping event at a local  
seven eleven  
as they led him down the hall now he could stand but ten feet tall

they injected him with the juice in the needle in time young G would pass  
yet we all have every reason to grasp the moral of the story  
as young G sits in heavenly glory looking down with a smile  
cause he knew all the great while his destiny was sealed as he once yield to the  
heavenly call  
no my brother man let the reader understand that all in all God had made Young  
G as his ultimate plan

John Ackerman

# Young G Part Two

## Young G II

my daddy was a son of a bitch married to an evil witch  
long time ago let the truth be told my family was my dynasty  
as a young G painting the town in my new Mustang with my girl  
crossing the street and a blast a freek hit my ass  
broken down falling apart at the seams such an evil scheme  
my mother was a whore selling her junk in the trunk behind the liquor store  
you know I had it rough this is so true but what was i to do  
a loaded plate of fries down at Denny's i was broke living on pennys  
still its the bounce of the ounce to the tower of power have to take a cold shower  
although those many years have passed still have a god reason to grasp  
poetry with music is my thing gets to start that new style swing  
got vibrations in anticipation as I break it all down hanging my head as a clown  
masturbation, apathy & solace

time has a way to deal with the pain leaving some suckers insane  
say you want to be me in a society that never lets things be see you on the flip  
side squeeze  
bury me in the sea of tranquility cause in tine you'll see a good enough reason to  
be  
a big explosion inside yet we want to run away in hide from the frenzy  
today we got politicians that no it all they need to talk to the wall  
Now the Young G is full grown in his prime created by a higher powers great  
design  
he made it through it all some high yet deep inside he got pain he cannot hide  
come along for the ride

John Ackerman