

Poetry Series

**P.R. Prosper**  
**- poems -**

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## P.R. Prosper(25 Sep 1981)

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

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

# \$\$\$\$ And Some Change

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## 24/7 Paradox

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# A Love Poem

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Across The Universe

This was inspired by the Beatles song of the same name

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

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

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

\*

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

P.R. Prosper

# Adult

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Animal Planet Pt1

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper



## Animal Planet Pt2

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Bleeding Hearts

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Money and power can only rule when  
Empathy cashes all its dues in  
And caring takes a backseat in stretch limos  
Just to wave back at the world thru tint windows

Don't throw a cynical gaze down at the dirt  
Kicking it, saying, "What is it worth? "  
It will be difficult and hurt to cope  
And only impossible if there's no hope

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

P.R. Prosper

# Braggadocio

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

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

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

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

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

It isn't all just fun and games  
I have more problems and more troubles  
Than people and streets have names  
I've been through more drama than daytime soaps  
Washed away my hopes and  
Flushed them with a hand of poker and dope

But the way I flow, most say ice cold  
Never fails to put lava to shame  
I'm more than a warning about global warming  
I'm what the world would be in flames

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Branded

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Break

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## Cameo Pt.1

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper



## Cameo Pt.2

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## Cameo Pt.3

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Changing Of The Guard

It's hard

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Copy Written Copy Cats

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## Coulda Shoulda (Going, Going, Gone)

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Death Becomes Us

You know what's funny?

When your dead on your feet, but you work 'til you're dead tired

Wait, that's not a joke

Because your paycheck's left for dead and you still end up dead broke

Umm, Whatever

Let's get dead drunk!

You know what's funny?

I once knew this girl who was a dead ringer

For a sultry supermodel or celebrity singer

I told her "You're drop-dead gorgeous when you're dressed to kill

Your kiss must be a thrill; you're a sexy starlet with an arrow

And every heart must be your target."

"I want to love you to death," she said. "Ha! I'm just kidding."

It was cruel of course, and I don't mean to beat a dead horse

But I was dead certain I would still do her bidding

She wouldn't be caught dead wearing clothes out of fashion

Strictly haute couture, none of that Abercrombie

But I must have bored her to death because she turned into a zombie

And I had a bad case of fatal attraction

She remained on my mind more than locks-dread

So I asked her out for dinner at a special place

But she tried to eat my face and then grumbled "dropp dead."

You know what's funny?

An author who writes a story that's been done to death

And you're dying to read it, dying to see it because it's selling best

A story about a down and out artist living in the big city

In the dead of winter her inspiration is cold and extra gritty

But then one day our artist gets a dead serious phone call

From a man who says that she's dead meat, and he will be the bone saw

She hangs up, grabs a cup of paint and jumps straight to her feet

Her growing fear and questions compete in a dead heat

She runs out of her loft, down the stairs to the snowy street

And tries to solicit any help from the icy crowd she meets

That's when she spots him, dead ahead

Knife in hand, he was ready to cut her up like a loaf of bread

She was frozen stiff, but trembling; her legs were like dead weight

He made his way closer, and she was stopped dead in her tracks  
Her beating heart would wake the dead and raise them to the sky  
If she could turn that line to a painting, her agent would just die  
As he raised his deadly hand, she knew he had her dead to rights  
Suddenly, she remembered the cup and threw the liquid in his eyes  
She quit playing dead, and with one swift move kicked his boys dead on  
Killing two birds with one stone  
He crumpled to his knees, wailing a very painful song  
She stepped back from him, cautiously, and staggered to the curb  
If she was a dead duck, then she was one that still had a lot of nerve  
He swung wildly at passersby, trying to knock `em dead  
Through squinted eyes he saw his prey, and blindly followed where she led  
Right into traffic, as a bus was passing, well  
There's no need to be more graphic  
I won't spoil the ending even if it's a dead giveaway  
So let's just say  
Our artist's brush with death didn't leave her dead as a doornail  
And that's good because we all know dead men tell no tales

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

P.R. Prosper

# Deleon

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper



# Deus Ex Machina

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

P.R. Prosper

# Dirty Fingernails And Smelly Clothes

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Economics

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

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

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

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

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

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

Round and round to the sound of this lesson  
Gold batons in processions can only work  
If the wretched can all part with all their possessions  
And aspire to acquire better lives in the dirt

P.R. Prosper

# Far Beyond The Stars

Am I the dream, or am I the dreamer?  
Is everything as it seems?  
Or is the grass really greener?  
Examining my wounds and invisible scars  
I wonder  
If my real life is lived far beyond the stars

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

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

When I walked through the door  
I noticed the notepad I forgot on the table  
It was by then five, or maybe four  
I tried to read the clock, but was desperately unable  
All at once I was overcome with fatigue  
The room began to spin and I had to sit down  
&quot;You ran too much, &quot; I said  
&quot;You're not in the league.&quot;

I continued,  
&quot;That's funny, you should jot this down.&quot;  
I reached for the pad and felt more drowsy  
I reached for the pen and felt more lousy  
My eyes were so heavy, I couldn't defend

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

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

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

&quot;The irony is, &quot; I said aloud  
&quot;He knows there's more, but he's full of doubt.  
So he'll keep questioning existence  
Over happy drinks behind bars  
Even though  
He wants to escape his bruises and scars  
And live a better life far beyond the stars.&quot;  
While my skill was attempting not to boast

A question burned in me  
Indeed, it began to roast  
I saw a plate beside the pen  
And on it was a slice of toast  
Next to a simile I put down on paper  
My eyes hovered over them like gulls on the coast  
They were the two pieces of a broken wafer...

P.R. Prosper

# Forgotten

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



# From Me To You

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## Game Of Life (At War)

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## Game Of Life (In Love)

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## Game Of Life (Ka-Ching!)

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Global

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

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

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

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

I am global  
I'm concerned about life  
Even though I can't die  
My hard work makes your living better  
I'm pretty sure that I can't lie  
Some falsely think I'm full of scorn  
For rules, property, and people  
But I can't help but smile when a new baby is born

I am global  
I'm everywhere and nowhere  
I'm in your face and unseen  
I'm everyone and no one  
I'm germ-free and unclean  
I'm everything and nothing  
I'm in the lead and on your side  
Keep your seat back, close your eyes  
And let me take you for a ride

P.R. Prosper

## Global Pt. Ii: Global-I-Nation

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

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

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

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

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

As thrilling as a desk clerk

I am global

I bar any invention

I take resources to raze 'free' forces

I'm larger than dissension

I speak in tongues of bourgeois slums

I invade all intentions

I eat small fish like a sushi dish

And starve you for attention

P.R. Prosper



# Global Pt. Iii: In The Spirit Of The One World Man

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

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

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

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

I am power  
I spread greed like a disease  
Everywhere by the hour

I'm in control, yes indeed  
And in speech, I'm a tower  
I overshadow causes in the street  
And overcast lives like a shower  
I'm here to stay, secretly indiscreet  
What's yours is mine, but  
What's mine isn't ours

P.R. Prosper

# Go On This Way

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

More weapons and defense, no health care insurance, people losing common  
cents  
Life can't go on this way

Let bygones be bygones in Tibet and Taiwan, what's the score in Niger or Darfur?

Life can't go on this way

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

P.R. Prosper

# Good Luck

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Green Ranger

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

P.R. Prosper

# Hard Times

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

-

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

P.R. Prosper

# Hollow

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

P.R. Prosper



# I Don'T Know Regrets

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# If I Could...

If I could

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

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

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

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

Back to the blocks like babies and tots  
Wipe my nose of the snot

It's so cold  
But somehow the streets are so hot  
Never stop  
Second hand on a watch tick tock and the plots  
Draw me into this boiling pot  
Stir me round

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

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

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



# Illuminated

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

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

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

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

So hey you, yes you!  
They say you have to possess debt  
The corporate chain gang needs you  
So you can't rest yet  
The media will try to hold you in check  
Like a chess set  
Of TVs that keep asking  
If you've found success yet  
To borrow more and hit the town  
Shining, in some fresh steps

Or give news that gives blues  
Until you can't suppress stress  
On your block and round the world  
'They're' making their press threats  
To your life, but with air strikes  
You'll be sure to sleep at night  
Because freedom rings true and it reigns in excess  
On the backs of camos that melt in the sun  
So when they cross Cs  
They cannot express  
On whose account should they throw the vet net?  
Or which conflict they will have to get next  
They tell you life is in shambles and forever a gamble  
But they tend to leave out that it is your best bet

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Imagine

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper



# Important Illusions

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# It's Only A Lifetime Pts.1&2

Autistic artistics

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Jailbird (Grounded For Life)

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

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

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

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

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



# Jambalaya

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

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Keep Writing

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Laugh

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

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

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

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

I laid down on the federal building steps  
Watching the people watch me and guess  
If I was homeless or a crazed drug addict  
A scourge on society born to afflict  
Their fiber of existence unraveled  
As first time felons hear cells slam like gavels

Stood up and heard the whispers walk by  
"Oh he looks awful"  
"Is he about to die? "  
Raised my coat collar to my ears to avoid the talk  
Hands in my pocket searching for change  
Not enough for the bus so I'd better walk  
My eyes start shooting bullets  
And my face is the range

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

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

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



"By law I don't have to"

"Well then, don't make me laugh"

He sped off down the street

But at least I seemed to have more pep in my feet

The clouds still kept the sun from the day

But I felt better as I continued on my way

My tears had dried and my vision was cleared

Maybe things wouldn't be as bad as I feared

With breakfast in my hand I felt some hope

I wouldn't crumble like cookies and bars of soap

My joy was so much I think I was humming

That's why I didn't hear the footsteps coming

From behind me, he must've ran

It all happened in such a flash

Good thing I had a donut in my hand

He took off with the rest of bag

'Hahahahaha'

I just stood there and laughed

P.R. Prosper

# Lights, Camera, Action!

Welcome!

To the greatest show on Earth

Seldom, do the actors study their words

Or review their lines or cue in on time

For stories undefined

The talent is slim or full of girth

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

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

Tickets are free, come on in and see

No intermissions and fewer distractions

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

Witness special effects that cannot be beat!

The grooves in the tunes will make your heart swoon

And the wardrobe itself is an added treat

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

Original characters; original score!

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Lip Service

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

P.R. Prosper

# Love

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## Love's Convicts

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

P.R. Prosper

# Lsdearly Beloved

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

P.R. Prosper

## Mad House Pt.2

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

P.R. Prosper

# Mannequin

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper



# Marvel

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

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

-

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

Trying to gambit your past into a rogue  
One after another his opinion was unwanted  
But I was being knocked with an infinity gauntlet

-

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

P.R. Prosper

# Meddle

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

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

.....

You know who to trust when you decide not to meddle

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

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

But you put your message on during CSI: Super Bowl  
Thinking the super flow of audience would be your super gold  
You had the planet for a day and you must've felt super bold  
Should've known your real issues were getting super old  
And so it goes the ending of your little show  
What matters most is just to go with what you're told

You've got a fire that will never temper your mettle  
But no one here gives a damn, so why must you meddle?

P.R. Prosper

# Must'Ve Been Love

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

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# My Life On The Eve Of Revolution

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

P.R. Prosper

## Necktie Kind Of Guy

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

P.R. Prosper

# Necromancer

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

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

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

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

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



And their homeless piece of land

P.R. Prosper

# Ninety Percent

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

P.R. Prosper

# On Poemhunter

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

P.R. Prosper

## Other Woman

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Out Of Bounds

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Paper Planes

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

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Pictures

The thoughts in my head are about as certain as the weather  
I always want them witty but they don't come out...

Like that

And I gotta go back to the drawing board, sharpen my pencil

Cause I can't buy metaphors

Like I can buy stencils

So the sand keeps falling 'til my mind is all clear

And ideas stop spinning

Like I'm drunken off of beer

Then I stare and I leer in the direction of nothing

Soon ugly comparisons look

Like that little duckling

The swan looks great but must still fly to paper

And stick...

Nah that's too easy, I'll think of something later

An hour has passed and I see the top half of the glass

I've got two good lines now

But I'll save 'em for last

What I need is some inspiration

That'll get the ball rollin'

From still frames to animation

Now the feature's goin'

\*This is a peek, a sneak look around

On how I take my thoughts and process them down

From a thousand different pictures with one thing in common

This is how I translate the world that I'm in

I can hear the sound effects and see the movie playing

Cross out words like an editor

As my lead gets to slaying

Every single word that'll make you think twice

Like an anagram racecar throwin' snake eyes?

Now the sands reverse with the opposite effect

And I see every line

Like it's satellite direct

That's how my thoughts beam down

Didn't mean to barrage ya

But these words are my own  
Kind of like Natasha

P.R. Prosper



# Qrious Beauty

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Red Book

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

P.R. Prosper

# Red Eye

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

P.R. Prosper

# Remember, Remember

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

P.R. Prosper

# Roads Taken

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

P.R. Prosper

## Rotten To The Core Pt.2

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Secrets

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

P.R. Prosper

# She Ran So Fast

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper



# Showtime! !

Who's been there for you when you've felt down! ?

(You have! !)

Who kept you from danger indoors, safe and sound! ?

(You did! !)

Who raised you when your parents were never around! ?

(You did! !)

What do you say folks, should I take a bow! ?

(Yes! ! Yes! ! Yes! !)

Who says watching me gives you a slow mind! ?

(They do! !)

Who says I promise you success with no grind! ?

(They do! !)

Is it true you sit there and let your life blow by! ?

(Boooooooooo! !)

Did I or did they say you'd be told no lie! ?

(They did! ! Liars! !)

Who else can show you every bloody train wreck! ?

(No one! !)

Who won't let you see the huge or plain breasts! ?

(They won't! !)

Who keeps looking good with stainless frame sets! ?

(You do! !)

Who always asks if you've drank a grain yet! ?

(They do! ! Boo! !)

Who saves your spirits more than a tow line! ?

(You do! !)

Who do you love and can never see through! ?

(We love you! ! Woooo! !)

I won't leave but do you think I need you! ?

(Uhh.....)

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! IT'S SHOWTIME! !

(Yeah! ! ! ! ! Alright! ! ! ! Wahoo! ! ! !)

P.R. Prosper

# Sink Or Swim

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

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

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

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

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

If the check they're craving is in some room waiting  
And the pattern repeats itself like a rhyme you miss  
The Poor's demise by pure chance coincides at times

When the rich socialize more than communists

P.R. Prosper

## Sisphyus (Greek Fire)

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

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

"For example, " they would say as a preamble to delay  
the coming attacks on the samples they would play,  
"you said:

'I gotta lyrical skill that gets betta & betta  
and betta & betta until I run out of lettas  
it's how I show felicitation  
please no autographs and no sollicitations  
my humor's so dry I get parched when I laugh  
I need a gallon of water next to me in a glass  
my rhythms can drown u, while my sounds surround you  
and make you get on the floor  
like the ATF, 'boom! boom! boom! open the door! '"

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

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

"I'm a star, baby,  
she mistaken me for Betelgeuse,

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

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

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

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

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

"Well, I would have to say..."

"Sorry folks, that's all the time that we have today."

That's the story of the rapper who gained tons of clout,  
he rhymed, and he rhymed, and he rhymed, and he rhymed

but what did he rhyme so much about?

P.R. Prosper

# Slim Riches

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

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

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

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

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

All these measures taken but they're used up like tissues

Tossed away with boots, newspapers, and other old issues  
Or led by a gold carrot carried by a parrot parodying a man  
Told they gotta play ball if they want the fame  
And spend money they don't have to eat that first 100 grand  
But they don't have a car to drive to get to the game

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

P.R. Prosper



# State Of The Union

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

□

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

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

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

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



## Still (Rough Edit)

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

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

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

Ignorance is Still as carefree as a dove

P.R. Prosper

# Supergod

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

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

Here I am, in a desert  
This is now, I guess; or maybe this is later  
Anyway, to be sure, I just met my maker  
There I was walking for what seemed like years  
Dying of thirst but never dying  
When a figure in the sky caught my eye  
It was my SuperGod flying by  
Smile on my face, I waved and shouted for his attention  
He slowed down then descended to me  
Arms stretched out at his sides, as he hovered above my level

The sun's light cast a shadow on his head and I couldn't tell if he was  
A SuperGod or a SuperDevil  
I asked "What was the point? Why didn't you save me? "  
He tilted his head then slowly rose into the air  
I watched him fly away and answered my own questions  
Yep, all this time, my SuperGod didn't care

P.R. Prosper

# Supernatural

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

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

Supernatural, I  
Never lose and never gain  
Any interest in your time  
Spent riddling my name  
When you're down it might seem

I don't hear when mice scream  
But I never play the game  
And there is no right team  
I am never one to blame  
Your horrors and your pipe dreams  
They are of your own design  
So you deserve all the acclaim  
You don't have a prayer to be like me  
Too limited and feisty  
Eternity is what I see  
And I'm watching it on widescreen

P.R. Prosper



## Superstar Pt1 (Super Nova)

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## Superstar Pt2 (North Pole)

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## Superstar Pt3 (Laundromat)

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# The Bad

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

All they can do is glare

P.R. Prosper

# The Good

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

Everyone's fired  
With 10 minutes to leave

P.R. Prosper

# The Looking Glass Through

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper



# The Manageable Nightmares Of Everyday Life

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# The Rambler

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

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

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



# The Ugly

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# These Dreams

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Time

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# Trapped

I'm trapped

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

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

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper



# Vapors Of Yesterday

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

P.R. Prosper

# V-Day

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

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

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

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

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

Because the hottest love has the coldest end

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## Visions Pt1-Omega (Visions Lasting)

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## Visions Pt2-Torment (Visions Inferno)

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## Visions Pt3-Marooned (Visions Forsaken)

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## Visons Pt4-Alpha (Visions Eternal)

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## What You Leave Behind Pt.Iii

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

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

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

The bright future they wanted to secure for their heirs  
Is draped by a fog that's smothered in smog  
And no one alive can breathe the air  
Without a filter to keep out the toxins  
The heat is so bad, people must stay boxed in  
Their humble abodes which are riddled with holes  
Or they head underground and live with the moles



Checks written before the debts of today  
Killed the king and the queen, no cards left to play  
Only bombs that make the Earth flat once more  
As nations gun down one another's front doors  
And desperation fuels the Resource Un-Wars

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

P.R. Prosper

# When U Drink Ur Booze

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper

# White Collar

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

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

P.R. Prosper

## Why We Fight Pt 1 (Lock And Load)

You've walked out the garden and watched your hands go

From picking up berries to picking up ammo

The same sticks and twigs that build up your village

Fight off the conquerors and plunderers and pillage

-Stones and sticks and sticks and stones

Gather them up to protect your home

And when needed use them on some bones

Lay them all down to outline your zone

Raise them and burn them on your throne

Monsters can't outrun the sticks and stones-

Sharpen your spears to take down your dinner

You and the beast can't both be the winner

It's about time you got out of this slump

Load up your brains to outsmart the hunt

P.R. Prosper

## Why We Fight Pt 2 (Reload!)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Listen to the battle you can hear the nerves rattle  
Get a taste for the ammo even if it's just a dabble

Fire nukes! Fire two! And one more for the road!  
Incoming! ! !  
No more to reload

P.R. Prosper

## Why We Fight Pt 3 (Sticks And Stones)

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

P.R. Prosper

## Wishlist Pt.3

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

P.R. Prosper



# You Are What You See If You Want To Be

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

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

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

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

P.R. Prosper