

Anthology of rpgiii



Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

The Struggle

Recipe for the End

Until She Graces My Mirror Again

The decision

Local Area Business Man

A Story in Silence

From Joy to Pain and the End

Taken From Reality

Lortnoc

Go Lead Everyone Nearer

Dead Four, Julie

Scared Into Heaven

Recipe for the End

Youngster With A Dream

Lortnoc

The Big Book of Choices

Lorna

Told in Silence

The Struggle

**Awake, yet inside feeling numb,
Trying hard not to succumb,
Resistance taking all my might,
Until these urges I cannot fight.
Perplexed with the crazy irony,
Twisted logic only I can see,
Depending on it to feel well again,
The reason this sickness began.
A world revolved around using,
Blinding me to all I'm losing,
Wanting only the next fix,
Waiting impatiently for a hit.
A viscous cycle some never break,
Sometimes in silence I lay awake,
While I contemplate my life,
Feeling shameful and contrite.
As my thoughts transform to pain,
Moments I promise to abstain,
Instantly my struggle from within,
Stronger than my will and i give in.
One day, a breaking point or such,
Do I get free, or will it be too much,
Out of addiction will I be led,
Or will it be I finally wind up dead.**

Recipe for the End

Katie's parents like most across America,
Clueless her daughter was a target,
The one's who protect and look after her,
Now cursed with an image they'll never forget.

You see, Katie ended her life this day,
In the backseat of the family sedan,
Two sheets of paper with all she had to say,
On her lap as the car engine still ran.

Found by her mother while checking the noise,
That was coming from their two car garage,
Then screams so loud she lost her voice,
"Keep her alive", she shouted to God.

But Katie was already gone,
Prayers became curses to the Lord,
She grabbed her daughter and held on,
In the backseat of the family ford.

As she took the note and began to read,
The humiliation she had endured,
Pressured to participate in shameful deeds,
Popularity would definitely be the lure.

A pretty girl who developed at a young age,
14, smart, and a very bright future ahead,
Until what she described on her 2nd page,
The scenario and reason Katie is dead.

It happened a couple of weekends ago,
At a party thrown by a senior at school,
She along with 3 friends decided to go,

Thinking it would make them cool.

The girls started drinking before the party,
Katie the least experienced with alcohol,
Mixing coke with dark Bacardi,
The 1st of three very bad calls.

At the party they continued to drink,
While teens made out and stripped,
Lost, now the ability to clearly think,
Bad call #2, a skinny dip.

Katie was getting nauseously ill,
"If she will lay down she'll feel alright",
Suggested a senior by the name Will,
Then he led her away and out of sight.

To allow this was bad call #3,
He got her to a room and locked the door,
Him, her, a phone to record his evil deed,
Beginning his molestation and rape on the floor.

Finished, he dressed and left her alone,
She lay there until the next morning,
Woken by her ringing cell phone, Naked,
without an explanation for it.

The next two weeks at school,
her last, From the pretty, popular, and smart girl,
Suddenly treated like a social outcast,
Bringing an end to her perfect world.

A video passed around for all to see,
Now labeled a slut, tramp, or whore,
Harassed and groped by boys constantly,
She couldn't take this abuse any more.

3 bad call and a disgusting pervert,
Abandoned and shunned by her friends,
Scared nobody would believe her words,
The recipe for this tragic end.

Until She Graces My Mirror Again

*Sitting still in the background,
Sitting quietly while observing,
A reflection of stunning beauty,
The image of my total adoration.*

*An aura of seduction surrounds her,
A welcomed sight in any mirror,
As I sit here lost in a euphoric trance,
Watching her, I can't help but stare.*

*She is the object of my desire,
Who undoubtedly stands above,
No one can touch or reach,
The level she has with my heart.*

*I sit and I happily enjoy the view,
My eyes drunk with the beauty of you,
from any angle or side I'm amazed,
From any position still a dream to me.*

*Until she disappears from my mirror,
I take in as much as I can get,
When she's away my world is grey,
Until she graces my mirror again.*

The decision

His home a warm and cozy space,
Owed by an immediate relative,
Alone in this comfortable place,
Where he truly started to live.

He travels close with the home owner,
Connected as if they are but one,
Then suddenly he felt like a loner,
Feeling something terrible had begun.

Voices from people he's able to hear,
Heard but unseen from where he resides,
He listens through his host's ears,
While he waits from the inside.

The moans from the ones before him,
The shouts of those in opposition,
Of a choice that would do him in,
His host must make a difficult decision.

Those who openly opposed her,,
Stemming from beliefs from the right,
Ironically it was him they fought for,
No matter the home owners plight.

Finally a choice and the day had come
, For his existence he couldn't do much,
Today when it's all said and done,
Never to experience his mother's touch.

Local Area Business Man

A local area business man,
Last name Ford, 1st name Dan,
Very successful and well liked,
But hated by his step son Mike.

Dan married his mother Claire,
After they shared a torrid affair,
Leaving Mike's dad in the cold,
Who killed himself at 30 years old.

Mike has 2 siblings from this union,
Dan loves his 2 and hates his step son,
He treats his own children very well,
While Mike endured a life of hell.

The beatings when he did wrong,
The torture he suffered all day long,
The punches given for nothing at all,
The worst, Claire ignoring his call.

At age 10 he addresses her by name,
With his step dad he did the same,
To them it didn't seem to matter,
His bruises stayed black and lip fatter.

Concealing them with blatant lies,
At school, to friends, people going by,
They saw but never dug deeper,
Because Dan was a community keeper.

He abused Claire just as bad,
His 2 were worried and always sad,
Very much did they love their mother,

Loved Mike as their real brother.

Love for their father but recently not,
They knew he had to be stopped,
So they took the task upon themselves,
To send their father straight to hell.

First, get him to the basement door,
The youngest one had this chore,
While the middle child gives a shove,
To kill a man they hate, yet love.

The day came and went real smooth,
The lure, a push, to the ground he flew,
To the bottom of the basement stairs,
The kids went to daddy down there.

The youngest with tears in her eyes,
Kissed her father and said goodbye,
The middle boy held his sister tight,
Not knowing their future after tonight.

A Story in Silence

Though times have certainly changed,
It still carries with it a stigma,
An opinion for many remains the same,
Soon she'll deal with this enigma.

Listen while being told in silence,
By a young girl the age of 14,
Her eyes tell a story of violence,
A tragedy she cannot escape or flee.

Until now a life of ease and comfort,
Not ever did she want for anything,
Setting goals with her family's support,
Enjoying every day her life as a teen.

making friends was never a worry,
Popular with all of the boys,
Going steady she was in no hurry,
Though, she took a liking to Troy.

He was a popular boy in her clique,
Comprised of jocks and cheerleaders,
Noticing her interest real quick,
He instantly set his sights on her.

Troy a few years her elder,
Began to show his interest,
Home from school he'd drive her,
His behavior at it's best.

Finally after asking many times,
She decided to say yes,
unprepared for who she'd find,

With a yes to his request.

That he could take her on a date,
Friday was that fateful night,
That forever she would hate,
And a memory she would fight.

the night started smooth,
Dinner and a movie done,
they parked, he acted lude,
Gone now was the fun.

He forcefully persisted,
With no for an answer,
She fought and resisted,
But relenting was faster.

Not a word spoken since,
A month had now past,
With a period missed,,
This secret hit fast.

These dark days for Mary,
For her were real rough,
Eight months she'd carry,
Keeping it secret was tough.

The decision was here,
The time to deliver,
Reluctant with fear,
She drove to the river.

Waist deep in the water,
Her pain hard to bear,
She gave birth to a daughter,
thinking this so unfair.

She held her for a moment,
A name, she decided on Bree,
Knowing her life she has stolen,
Crying as she let her go free.

Watching with tears in her eyes,
Her daughter float down stream,
Looking up angrily to the sky,
"Why?" over and over she screamed.

The drive home in shock and numb,
From this horrific judgement day,
Sure retribution for she will come,
Ending her daughter's life this way.

From Joy to Pain and the End

Unwillingly forced into this position,
Unwelcome is my current dilemma,
Displeasure voiced still no one listens,
Causing ultimatums to be threatened.

It makes not a bit of sense or difference,
When chances given have no limit,
Or totally disregarding past offenses,
Why stop when it will just be forgiven.

A rekindled flame from years past,
Fooled again, same man, different mask,
Thinking this time it will definitely last,
Ignoring the monster hiding in the flask.

What began with loving blissful days,
Have become stressful long weeks,
Now wishing every second it will go away,
Minding what you say and how you speak.

Joy instantly replaced with nervous fear,
Even though the sign were always there,
Ignoring warnings you would not hear,
His wrath for which you must beware.

Slowly starting with a push or shove,
Next a slap that will lead to a punch,
Finally, strangling you with all his love,
As your larynx is unmercifully crushed.

In the midst of all the frenzied chaos,
Others present forced to bear witness,

For the moment friends will be lost,
While she stays, thinking she can fix it.

One day there will be no one around,
To stop what will surely be the end,
Her battered lifeless body found,
For reason we'll never comprehend.

Taken From Reality

What if it only make believe,
A lifetime as real as it seems,
Will it be that I feel relieved,
If I wake from this epic dream.

Where in a place unknown to me,
And with a language I can't speak,
Can I discover my true identity,
Providing the answers I do seek.

Who,whether mortal or deity,
Has requested my presence,
Taken from my own reality,
Easily and with no resistance.

When the picture starts to clear,
My abduction has been so leisurely,
Not once did I have the need to fear,
As I nod then fall asleep pleasantly.

How my world has transformed,
Awake and back from my journey,
Needing to fix to escape the norm,
I visit that place every single morning.

Lortnoc

A story her vacant eyes tell so easily,
Tales of violence spawned from jealousy,
Fueled by alcohol and drugs use daily,
A union built on fear and co-dependency.
Desperate for answers that she may find,
Racking her brain searching her mind,
For any reference and or point in time,
Their relationship began its rapid decline.
Slowly he started his plan for full control,
Her choice of friends, where she could go,
How she acted with her roommates at home,
Invading her privacy tracking her phone.
Seeing his insecurities and temper worsen,
She began to witness a whole other person,
Now the monster no longer behind a curtain,
What was to come next, she knew for certain.
Now almost anything done he didn't like,
Without warning her he would cruelly strike,
Never remorseful because he felt it right,
Breaking her confidence and will to fight.
Presently he still makes all the rules,
She blindly follows and continues to lose,
Respect, friends, and the strength to choose,
Brainwashed, battered and mentally abused.
A travesty her blank stare screams silently,
Her life a disturbing account ended tragically,
Survived by alcohol and drug use faithfully,
A union that control killed almost instantly.

Go Lead Everyone Nearer

*Listen as I tell a man's tragic story,
But where shall this sad tale begin,
About Glen, who stands before me,
I think I'll begin his story at the end.*

*Shoeless with clothes torn are tattered,
Dreadlocked with a long matted beard,
So filthy, ten showers wouldn't matter,
His stench would bring you to tears.*

*Standing on street corners everyday,
Choosing the busiest thoroughfare,
Asking with the sign he holds each day,
He begs for change anyone can spare.*

*This humble man hardly will speak,
Except to thank you for your kindness,
His voice so strong and truly unique,
Spoken with the sounds of divineness.*

*For some it triggers subliminally,
Why the Lord I have forsaken,
A repentive feeling additionally,
Their belief in God reawakened.*

*Glen's road to what he has become,
Is poholed with reckless behavior,
The reasons he now lives as a bum,
And from the goodness of our Savior.*

*From here I'll flip to the beginning,
To explain where he came from,
And how he wound up winning,*

Even with all the tragedy to come.

*Glen was raised to love and obey God,
To respect and follow his rules,
But to him it always seemed odd,
To worship him he felt like a fool.*

*For his parents he played the part,
He studied hard and excelled in school,
College is where the distance did start,
His relationship with God was through.*

*Climbing the ladder with his career,
Until he deservedly reached the top,
Each day he smiled back at the mirror,
Thinking no way can he be stopped.*

*A successful man he kept all the praise,
Credit another, of it, he'd never think,
Toast after toast a glass he'd raise,
Celebrating himself, drink after drink.*

*After hours spent at the Red Coach,
Leaving, Glen deciding he could drive,
Intoxicated way beyond reproach,
The last place he'd be seen alive.*

*As he drove onto the interstate road,
He was passed out at the wheel,
Swerving into a semi with a load,
Causing a pileup and 14 to be killed.*

*Glen was part of the death toll,
Drawn into a bright white light,
"For you there will be a funeral",
"Your death is marked by this night".*

*"Who is speaking to me", he said aloud,
"It is I, God, the one you betrayed",
With the sound of a thunderous cloud,
"But a chance I will give you this day".*

*"A chance that you may repent",
"And give that chance to the others",
"Back to earth you'll be sent",
"To tell your sisters and brothers".*

*"As a vagrant my Gospel be said",
"Make the ones like you see clearer",
"Let the message I give be spread",
"Go Lead Everyone Nearer"*

*Thankful for a second chance,
Glen passes along his holy word,
So, in heaven he may someday dance,
When once he thought it to be absurd.*

Dead Four, Julie

While on her daily morning jog,
Julie felt an eerie presense near,
Densely covered by the fog,
Heart now pumping fast with fear.

As she hurriedly picked up the pace,
To outrun whoever's in pursuit,
Quickly her pulse began to race,
Abandoning her normal route.

Chased for what seemed an eternity,
Now, running almost at a full sprint,
Feeling safety was an uncertainty,
Her pursuers would not relent.

You see, Julie preyed on the lonely,
Elderly single men with wealth,
No matter handsome or homely,
With illness or in good health.

She lured them in with kindness,
Or the lurid method of sex,
Leaving them dizzy and mindless,
To the horror of what's to come next.

4 so far, soon to be wed again,
The methods used that did them in,
Were different and randomly chosen,
A shove, a pillow, arson and poison.

Lost now, being chased toward a pier,
Waves continually crashing down,

From the ocean she couldn't hear,
Julie's horror deafening the sound.

Noticing the noise her feet now made,
Closer to the edge of certain doom,
The hollow thud with each foot laid,
Her path was running out of room.

Suddenly a trip and forward lunge,
Her pursuers no longer disguised,
Just before she took that fatal plunge,
Into a bitter cold and watery demise.

Seeing them all so perfectly clear,
The ones to usher her to the grave,
The reasons she ended up here,
Her victims, Stan, Bob, Al, and Dave.

Scared Into Heaven

Lately, about the meaning of life, I often wonder,

Pondering the servitude of my given purpose,

Kept above, and conversely, from buried under,

This earth alive still six feet above the surface.

The answers I seek I'll have to dig much deeper,

Twice I found myself staring right at death's door,

On the other side standing tall the Grim Reaper,

Wanting desperately the soul he lost once before,

Again forced away furious and empty handed,

Not to be denied a third chance he gave his word,

Eventually he'll get exactly what he demanded,

To consider anything less would be absurd.

Patiently waiting, when finally a time we'll speak,

Trying hard to keep myself from being consumed,

By dangerous rhetoric used to control the weak,

So they may fear life and its impending doom.

Now the reason God saw fit that I should stay,

As I ascend into heaven I hear him loud and clear,

It was death, from me you've been kept away,

The thought of dying crippled you with fear.

Enough fear helped you escape the Reaper,

Unbelievable, I watched you easily do it twice,

In turn, accepting me as your Lord & Holy Savior,

Devoting your love in the name of Jesus Christ.

Recipe for the End

*Katie's parents like most across America,
Clueless her daughter was a target,
The one's who protect and look after her,
Now cursed with an image they'll never forget.*

*You see, Katie ended her life this day,
In the backseat of the family sedan,
Two sheets of paper with all she had to say,
On her lap as the car engine still ran.*

*Found by her mother while checking the noise,
That was coming from their two car garage,
Then screams so loud she lost her voice,
"Keep her alive", she shouted to God.*

*But Katie was already gone,
Prayers became curses to the Lord,
She grabbed her daughter and held on,
In the backseat of the family ford.*

*As she took the note and began to read,
The humiliation she had endured,
Pressured to participate in shameful deeds,
Popularity would definitely be the lure.*

*A pretty girl who developed at a young age,
14, smart, and a very bright future ahead,
Until what she described on her 2nd page,
The scenario and reason Katie is dead.*

*It happened a couple of weekends ago,
At a party thrown by a senior at school,
She along with 3 friends decided to go,*

Thinking it would make them cool.

*The girls started drinking before the party,
Katie the least experienced with alcohol,
Mixing coke with dark Bacardi,
The 1st of three very bad calls.*

*At the party they continued to drink,
While teens made out and stripped,
Lost, now the ability to clearly think,
Bad call #2, a skinny dip.*

*Katie was getting nauseously ill,
"If she will lay down she'll feel alright",
Suggested a senior by the name Will,
Then he led her away and out of sight.*

*To allow this was bad call #3,
He got her to a room and locked the door,
Him, her, a phone to record his evil deed,
Beginning his molestation and rape on the floor.*

*Finished, he dressed and left her alone,
She lay there until the next morning,
Woken by her ringing cell phone,
Naked, without an explanation for it.*

*The next two weeks at school, her last,
From the pretty, popular, and smart girl,
Suddenly treated like a social outcast,
Bringing an end to her perfect world.*

*A video passed around for all to see,
Now labeled a slut, tramp, or whore,
Harassed and groped by boys constantly,
She couldn't take this abuse any more.*

*3 bad call and a disgusting pervert,
Abandoned and shunned by her friends,
Scared nobody would believe her words,
The recipe for this tragic end.*

Youngster With A Dream

*I knew this youngster with a reachable dream,
But the harder he tried the harder it seemed,
To keep from being just another statistic,
Escaping the ghetto, his goal with a quickness.*

*This kid I speak of goes by the name of Johnny,
The third of four boys from their mother Connie,
Living in a two bedroom apartment with a view,
Of the dangerous neighborhood he was born to.*

*Four boys but only three still hanging.
The older two, one dead, the other banging,
The youngest is a high school star athlete,
But Johnny has the brains to get out and compete.*

*Honor student, and a 3.0 GPA that never dipped,
Good enough to earn an academic scholarship,
College bound, his ticket out of the projects,
First one to give his family name some respect.*

*Finally, the day came when Johnny graduated,
Preaching to kids the value of being educated,
Was how he spent his last summer in the hood,
Off to college soon and life was looking good.*

*Summer has past as Johnny settles in at school,
In a suburban area where every house has a pool,
Housed on campus living in a student dorm,
Still acclimating while friendships are being formed.*

*Alone at first, wondering if he'll like his room mate,
Arriving after classes started, arriving three days late,
A mismatched pairing as opposite as day and night,*

A black man from the hood, a rich boy who is white.

*Their interactions spoken with great acrimony,
Insults and racial slurs thrown around freely,
Johnny requested to be roomed with another.
On a his request he wrote, "Presumably a brother".*

*His request denied until the semesters end,
While the animosity kept growing between them,
Then one night before Johnny went to bed,
This hatred for one another came to a head.*

*His room mate drunk came barreling through the door,
Johnny swung and missed wrestling him to the floor,
Unaware his room mate was carrying a gun,
Two shots later and Johnny's life is quickly done.*

*Dead after only three months in suburban Pinewood,
After surviving eighteen years in a dangerous hood,
A life ended ironically, such a sad, twisted, tragedy,
His last thought, " I beat the ghetto but hatred beat me".*

Lortnoc

*A story her vacant eyes tell so easily,
Tales of violence spawned from jealousy,
Fueled by alcohol and drugs use daily,
A union built on fear and co-dependency.*

*Desperate for answers that she may find,
Racking her brain searching her mind,
For any reference and or point in time,
Their relationship began its rapid decline.*

*Slowly he started his plan for full control,
Her choice of friends, where she could go,
How she acted with her roommates at home,
Invading her privacy tracking her phone.*

*Seeing his insecurities and temper worsen,
She began to witness a whole other person,
Now the monster no longer behind a curtain,
What was to come next, she knew for certain.*

*Now almost anything done he didn't like,
Without warning her he would cruelly strike,
Never remorseful because he felt it right,
Breaking her confidence and will to fight.*

*Presently he still makes all the rules,
She blindly follows and continues to lose,
Respect, friends, and the strength to choose,
Brainwashed, battered and mentally abused.*

*A travesty her blank stare screams silently,
Her life a disturbing account ended tragically,
Survived by alcohol and drug use faithfully,*

A union that control killed almost instantly.

The Big Book of Choices

Awakened suddenly one Saturday night,
Drenched in sweat in such a fright,
The reasons for this rude awakening,
As hard as he tried, kept escaping him.

Neither a crash, bang or a scream,
Nor was he startled by a terrible dream,
His life slowly flashing year after year,
In his mind, he instantly realized his fears.

His situation he knew was enormous in size,
Staring down at himself as he started to rise,
Transfixed on the body his soul occupied,
Until it disappeared before his very eyes.

He looked around to see nothing there,
Of his new surroundings he was unaware,
Floating naked shrouded in billowy fog,
A book appeared where his name is logged.

In the distance an odd mixture of sound,
From a beautiful harp to a wailing hound,
Wings flapping in rhythm, cries of the damned,
Yet no one was present, woman, child or man.

His attention turned back to the book,
Curious but frightened at having a look,
Still undecided, when only but a voice,
Spoke to him, "This is your big book of choice."

"My son the book that was put before you,"
"Is an account of your life, every word true,"
"Your pass into heaven or your ticket to hell,"

"The answer will come from the story it tells."

Just as he figured neither dreaming nor woken,
Standing in judgment, on his fate he's now choking,
Listening to the book read by the Lord, in all of his glory,
To a lifelong atheist, presently in purgatory.

Lorna

The life and times of a young girl, Lorna,
Born in the Midwest, raised in California,
Moved west with her family at age eight,
From simple and plain, to the beautiful state.

Her old town where life was laid back and easy,
To a city of vanity that made her feel queasy,
Even girls at her tender young age,
Watched their weight, dressed for the stage.

Lorna had a cute face and a battle with weight,
The source of her ridicule and self hate,
Teased as a kid she became an introvert,
it was her teen years that really hurt.

From fatso, to Porky, and every large animal,
The harassment and name calling was criminal,
So much brutality for a girl to endure,
A devastating pain that has no cure.

At 16 never a party attended or a date,
She met someone special believing it fate,
Each suffering from the same plight,
Each ready to give in, no longer willing to fight.

They decided together to face what they fear,
And wait until after their senior year,
To execute their plan on graduation day,
Wondering, with excitement, what they will say.

Inseparable, doing everything together,
Joined as one they were able to weather,
The abuse they had to take as seniors,

They couldn't been more cruel or meaner.

Finaaly this day has come to fruition,
On stage they both get into position,
After they each received their diplomas,
Bang, bang, one dead, one in a coma.,

This day plotted and carefully schemed,
This was their only actual dream,
To shoot each other to relieve this curse,
And leave this evil and hateful earth.

Told in Silence

Though times have changed,
It's still a horrible situation,
A date she'll arrange,
To rectify her disposition.
Her story she tells in silence,
By a young girl the age of 14,
Her eyes tell a story of violence,
Though her lips won't voice a thing.
'Til now a life of ease and comfort,
Not ever wanting for anything,
Setting goals to strive for,
And enjoying life as a teen.

Making friends wasn't a worry,
Popular with all of the boys,
Dating she was in no hurry,
Until she a boy named Troy.
He was part of her clique,
The jocks and cheerleaders,
He picked up her interest quick,
Focusing his sights on her.
Troy a well known senior,
Began to show his interest,
Home from school he'd drive her,
Keeping his behavior at it's best.
Finally, after asking many times,
She decided to say yes,
unprepared for who she'd find,
With a yes to his request.
That he could take her on a date,
Friday was that fateful night,
That forever she would hate,

And a memory filled with fright.
The first half went smooth,
Dinner and a movie done,
they parked, he acted lude,
Gone now was the fun.
He forcefully persisted,
With no for an answer,
She fought and resisted,
But relenting was faster.
Not a word spoken since,
A month had now past,
With a period missed,
This secret hit fast.
These dark days for Mary,
For her was really rough,
Eight months she'd carry,
Keeping it secret was tough.
The decision was here,
The time to deliver,
Reluctant with fear,
She drove to the river.
Waist deep in the water,
Her pain hard to bear,
She gave birth to a daughter,
thinking this was so unfair.
She held her for a moment,
Kneeling on both knees,
A decision made with torment,
As she cuts her baby free.
Watching with tears in her eyes,
Her daughter floating down stream,
Her hands raised up to the sky,
"Why", over and over she screamed.
Driving home completely numb,
Exhausted from a tragic day,
Sure retribution will come,

For ending it this way.