

Eye See You: The Anthology of A Waking Soul

th3rdeye

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

I want to dedicate this to the have and have nots, the truth seekers and the oblivious of the world.

*This is for the ones without a voice, may these words alter your life in a way where you find your
peace and perspective.*

Acknowledgement

To my mom who even if she is not here physically, she has been a catapult in my journey of life.

To my late grandma Mary Jones, who said \"whatever you do in life be great at it\", I love you my sweet lady

To my brothers who have kept my sense of humor transitioning through adversity and triumph.

To my support system, you will never know what you mean to me, but just know you are forever appreciated and always in my orbit, love y'all.

To myself, who decided to keep going with life and ignore the thoughts of pessimism and doubt.

To my 3rd eye, you have not failed me, and you keep reading between the lines of life.

To the jellyfish in the ocean I admire your of going with the flow of ocean life, and seem to try to mirror your movements, keep flowing my aquatic friends.

About the author

Born and raised in Atlanta Georgia.

Youngest of 3 and biggest of 3.

Once on the sidelines, but put in the game to make an impact.

People will feel the aura, the weak ones will crumble upon our feet. Never censored, kings forever

summary

VIVID ART

LIFE IN 3RD PERSON

SCRAMBLED

YOUR WELCOME

WHO ARE YOU?

OVERLAP

DO YOU EVER LOOK AROUND

A State of Transition

VIVID ART

stuck in my ways tryna turn the page of life
tryna get it right whilst the reason i always write
people dyin round me i been on the sidelines watching
third eye wide open the results outside r shocking
tryna pray hopefully i make it out stuck in a realm
life like the truman show my pain is aired on film
helping hands help me out i need love too much hate involved
tryna evolve from my current self this current hell is evil
find light at the end of tunnel seems meaningful
need wholesome need joy positivity and optimism
thought i could see whats in front but my optics is missing
blinded by the so called realities of constantly livin
keep my head up as a king and control my path
livin life is a science but i keep getting halted with math
ask myself is this the life i wanna live with constant drama
promised myself id make it even with no pop or mama
tryna stay out the way but negativity wants me n the game
my thoughts is vivid art with the pictures i paint
rain hits the glass as i look yonder pass the trees
future self lookin pass as my past keeps passin me
tryna stay hopeful and keep love all in my soul
jesus take the wheel ima passenger on this road
keep a smile on even when lifes just takes a toll
folow the rules n do exactly what im told i just feel its getting old
and im getting older as well cant keep knocking myself whenever i tend to fail
promise to never fall to trap of life that we live
knowing i got so much more in store to give
this world wanna take me out break me down to pieces
social media is tryna stray us away from jesus
i feel i grew up with a chip on my shoulder
im tryna shoulder the load but its getting to heavy to lift over
i guess this the feeling when u think u high but feel sober
lord god i need closure , lord god i need closure

LIFE IN 3RD PERSON

push pass i gotta make it back before the morning
outlast the last one to be truthful my heart is torching
paint my life a portrait a simple man i portray
poetry in motion rich thoughts with my poor face
siding with myself always by myself shit gets tiring
built different by nature I guess its in my wiring
stoned face crying praying i dont hit rock bottom
tryna not to lose faith sub conscience saying god got em
life in third person worries of shit worsening
been thru hell before but practice dont make you perfect
the waves are rocky on this current currently
i guess this tide could be wiped away with a bit of currency
or maybe im wrong as i tend to tear listening to the same song
my tendency to tear was there all along
im only human yall im just tryna evolve from the dirt i came from
running in place its starting to seem like lifes a conundrum
my happiness is all drums fries and some blue cheese
but trying to drum to this beat of life is kinda hard to say cheese
seats of life rearranging your peers and family aging it cant be
trying to hold the melody but all it seems is melancholy
they want my melanated skin on copy and im just tryna stay godly
i hope these words reach to the highest peak
on every corner block apartment house on every street
it seems u cant get the song unless you hear the chorus
im tryna stand tall like trees but cant see beyond the forest
im willing but jaded in the same sense
im tryna change my life and try to make it make sense (cents)
do you see the picture im painting can you feel the souls that im saving...

SCRAMBLED

riding the wave i hope i don't drown in it
mass body of water my soul is surrounded
i ask the sea is this my purpose do i deserve it
from all the dancing with pain and steady flirting
i need sanity sad we live in the world with vanity
never. ask to play this game its getting challenging
im not well balancing my mental on a bigger scale
i lost track of my path to success im searching for a trail
never had the financial guidance lost my folks at a early age
the story gets even deeper whenever u turn the page
i guess im tryna get to the point of transition that
puts me in a mindset to get my optimism back
cuz shit i lose it most of the time im trying harder though
this will be the story they read of how the author spoke
i used to be assertive i use to be worth it
bruce killed mom i honestly feel like he cursed us
but ima pray about it i look in my past n see pass it
from being a bastard to laying down in green pastures
cant b a burden or a hazard i cant have it
struggling these days usually turn people into addicts

YOUR WELCOME

change my cadence survin lifes waves while im wavin
distant stranger different mindstate different angles
i lay dormant my life coded past oaths have been broken
no snowboarding for these slippery slopes
but people dont notice they just slide with no direction
constantly moving through life until their evanescence
im the first to always be second guessing i need a prayer and a blessin
success tryna go foward in the process get my heart torn
enjoy my flesh cause when i come back its gone b in ghost form
i feel the thunderstorms i can feel my rain pourin
you can see my soul mournin wakin up to reality like every morning
hopin something changes tryna be the rose that grew from pavement
what am i thinking rather just be appreciated for growing anyway
lately i been stuck in a daze i been somewhat afraid
that i wont live to see the foundation that i made
i aint the only one but in my head i guess i am a lonely one
need somebody to hold me some
shit gets wicked i can see myself in the distance
im tripping

WHO ARE YOU?

i asked myself where i wanna be in five years
he said idk but just make sure that you top tier
i have shed tears that could fill up waterfalls and piers
and on the road to success im taking the wheel to steer
lost myself back there i guess i was just done with trying
unfamiliar in the mirror where i stood but finally recognizing
the question of who i am more so than who am i
a question of am i wanting to live or am i living to die
i guess its about perspective we perceive change different
and the lesson that i get is that i received change different
in the end i can at least say i transitioned willingly
more appreciative of my past as my present continues gifting me
i know lifes a journey and certain things can become a mountain
but let these words sync as you desync from your surroundings
who are you?

OVERLAP

stir of my echoes in my head saying keep goin black man
through all the trials you been through its inevitable to advance
I guess you gotta take a chance i guess you gotta strive for wins
even with no legs I still would have went out on a limb
im makin it make sense since then i been paving ways
you ever wondered why the caged bird sings but still confined to the cage
in the midst tryna cope with rage in a daze tryna see my signs
people might not read books but u learn to read between the lines
i always pray to the most divine waiting to exhale like loretta devine
i put my feelings on the back burners it burned me up to keep from crying
self motivation to hold me up i really think i found the formula
tangled up in a web of lies at one time i was once a tarantula
then i flipped like spatula there's no way i could be mad at them
just cause you grown dont mean that you grown up
in life you gotta take ownership even when you don't own much
seats rearranged when i changed up i took the highs and lows evenly
i just wanna live heavenly its the light that they see in me
i just had to believe in me, i just had to...

DO YOU EVER LOOK AROUND

while i journey through my path i feel blind
as i walk with my shadow through life it seems fine
the joy of knowing who u are is worth more than a buzz
the ups in life seem more important than they ever was
downs are the usual schedule for most folks where im from
i continue to fall down more and more but i always run
trying to slow down my pace with this bewildered look on my face
in a place with no real finish line but we all race
we all wanna win somethin feels good when you can spend somethin
but at what cost when the cost of item to make took much of nothin
i ask myself everyday am i the right one to fight this
then i scuffle for the tobacco and weed to light it
my psyche is becoming more than what i see in current situations
and with the currents of the waves i see the ocean of life changin
people don't understand u they just assume with their own perception
lookin for a plan b in my life but not contraception
i conjured up my other self this is astral projection
im flying above who i am at the moment
im gaining momentum but im losing traction on this road
im building myself up physically but more focus on the physics of my soul
i see what i think i am but bothered from the outside world
i hide myself from myself but slowly my secrets unfurl
falling from myself constantly but trying to hang on
i open the door for opportunity but they dont stay long
is this anybody or am i alone with these words written
i said goodbye to today, man how the morning seems distant
what does tomorrow have in store for a indecisive soul
will there be sorrow, wishing i could borrow some joy i could hold
maybe for a little bit what is joy anyway can yall answer that
what if we only have joy temporarily forever could yall handle that
i guess its what were use to the unusual is now usual
we are all dancing together in life but there is no musical

no music is playing at all but we still get involved
we just go in circles to make the world revolve
lost souls and lost causes just because
or maybe a definitive "it is what it is"
is it really what it is or do we just up and give in
i wrote this longer to guide me and you to become stronger
my thoughts linger on this page to strengthen me to be more humble
Discovering myself more realizing my inner me
oblivious in my remote location but channeling my energy
not doubting the inevitable but more so to not stress and let it go
completing my seasons not fast forwarding my episodes
i love you momma and i miss you wishing you was here i would kiss you
needing words of encouragement and some uplifting
i know you hear me my physical is to much to stand at times but i know you stand with me
i could of wrote this on a plane i could of manifested this on a train
could of wrote this in a park with moonlight or jotted it down in the rain
i just wanna stay sane i ask the higher power for higher power
for my mental to get through anything and not let let downs devour
im losing time as im lost in these 24 hours
i never needed you to understand i never beg for a helping hand
i just wanted the knowledge of if i fall i would have somewhere to land
i guess i will land on my own accord is this perception once again
high in the clouds with these vowels but can i be blunt again
reluctant to absorb energy from others who are unconscious
but somehow fortified with instructions from my subconscious
how will my book end god i wish it was fair to ask
i know my life was already written for me im just trying to fill in the paragraphs
and the chapters that repeat themselves constantly
and try to live my life with rapture dominantly
continuously searching for the pattern in this merry go
wrapped up in such and such while doing so and so
while exerting my beliefs in a climate thats unbelievable
did you feel that one are you introverted with a voice to be heard
are we part of this melting pot just waiting to be stirred

A State of Transition

only gone take a little time i knew i was ready for the shine
no shade in the world can block my light theres no watch that can tell my time
no person can kill my vibe nobody cant tell me i aint tried
sometimes liquor and pain just coincides
i avoided suicide i smiled outside but inside you couldn't tell it
you gotta push the envelope in life just dont forget to mail it
my road to success im dodging the potholes
my auras on point now i feel the energy comin from the cosmos
no more why me's no talks of could of beens
no shame of being me not mad at the lack of helping hands
i dusted off and tried again i prayed god for another win, i did
i transition virtues and im starting to see life in full circle
got damaged from not knowing but they say what u dont know wont hurt you
i beg to differ tho im starting to alleviate the miniscule
when you pass how will they mention you