

# Anthology of My Struggle

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*I write about my life hoping others can relate. Some things sound troublesome in anxiety, depression, drama, and chaos, but for others to read about my struggle, it also helps me let it out. It's therapeutic for my mind, heart, and soul. Everything is written in the honesty of my belief. To feel is what makes it real.*

## Acknowledgement

Everything happens for a reason. When we cross each other's path, it is fate by no mistake. We teach others by what is learned, and pass it on to the upcoming generation. By following good examples, leaders can be made. The people I've met through my journey including family, authority figures, doctors, everyone that feels like there's no importance in their life (you're wrong), and all of the influences that gave me a reason to live, THANK YOU. GOD BLESS YOU.

## About the author

Born in November 1981 on the 22nd at 7:31am.  
When zodiacs come into play, born on a cusp  
ending of a Scorpio and beginning with Sagittarius.  
Raised on a farm for 16 years when chaos started.  
Ran away from home, dropped out of school, and  
started a life of searching for where I was to belong.  
Trouble followed the coping mechanisms, hiding the  
pain from whoever tried to dig into my past, and  
figure out what was wrong. There are things that  
won't be unseen, or  
unheard. Traveled through South Dakota,  
Minnesota, Iowa, and parts of Nebraska. Some  
people know me by DOZER, a nickname given  
through Denison Job Corps Center, where I spent  
almost a year trying to find myself. I question my  
existence every day, hoping to find a brighter light to  
walk into.

## summary

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## Definition To Feel

I'm curious within my pattern of thinking why words are intended to be deep. The flow is a present wrapped in a bow, close by your heart to keep. Imagination gets creative as I watch expression appear in smiles on a face. Aching for more, is desire burning for what takes place. Love can be the high, making body language twitch ever so smooth. Speechless in hesitated breathing, unleashes striking inside a mood. Unable to read a mind of thoughts that lust for something unknown. Feeling the warmth in my core, is the sanctuary that I call home. Value becomes priceless in the ones that involve themselves next to my soul. Crossing into a path is the force of electric energy grasping gravity's pull. It doesn't need to be physical when I explain the depth of definition to feel. But to hold a powerful influence in their presence, can be overwhelmingly real.

## Clairvoyant Of A Mind

Vibrant is the colors within the wings of a butterfly. Definition outfitted to blend night into the upcoming sunrise. Rare in existence of knowing where to belong in its place. Aware of wanderers to follow, allowing to give chase. Unique of the connection for what's unknown to inspire. Flammable to liquified fumes, feeding influence into the fire. One moment can burn like a candle, the next incinerates. From the core of burning coal, it glows deep without changing shape. Poetic in serenity endlessly flowing throughout it's design. Only to be expressed from the heart is clairvoyant of a mind. Depth is measured inside fathoms beyond underneath. Crushing in temperature are the words I breathe. Descriptive of the details roll like the smoke exhaled from a vape. Sharing experiences from my life within rhymes, the addiction I crave. The vibe displays ecstatically erratic energy that's always filled. Working for a new beginning, is the foundation I want to build. Beautiful in the sounds of what's needed to be heard. Like the mixing of poisons not shaken, but stirred. Everything happens for a reason, the odds of a hand being dealt. Psychotic, crazy, and insane are compliments of mental health. Personality is the entity that possessed me at my birth. Understanding the purpose behind what's real is what makes me priceless in worth. The exquisite version of what's precious is the vision I own inside my eyes. It's remarkable to experience seeing how the fire comes alive. It can be nerve-wracking to the point of what brings out the scare. I'm confident to show that there's love on the horizon to spare. I've always been this way, some consider it to be a threat. I've transformed my hate into love, and it's the deepest you'll get.

## Mental Health

Mental health is an overall look of the mind's stability to perform. Observation in the fields of study, date back to characteristics of a lifeline being born. Focus on not the past, but as through years of knowledge that adapts. Understanding this process can be the trap, creative of wording is confusing to stay on track. In all honesty, it's difficult to address the beginning of where everything starts. Complicated attributes in thought isn't the same as what's felt inside a heart. Both are beautiful in how response shows to take effect. Embracing the potential expansion in properties is valuable, absorbing the input of how they connect. Easier to be written, these feelings that flow endlessly describing where it's coming from. When words spill voice, patterns become erratic in the sharpness of tongue. Silence is the isolation of communication, drowning out noise for all else to be heard. Listening to particular sounds, capturing details is the discovery of how things emerge. There's a lot more in life than what the protocols teach one to see. Combination of mind, heart, and soul, is electric to the body's source of energy. This is all based on opinion, mentality of what is kept locked inside with key. Education came to a halt within tenth grade, but exception continued after achieving GED.



## Trauma

Everytime I write about the inflicted pain throughout my history, it reminds me of trauma felt inside life. Memories stored are fresh in emotion, burning from the open wounds I slit with a knife. Twelve years old without a father figure to call me his own, substituted by a demon wanting me dead. My mom was blinded by the fake display of affection, his plan to get her in bed. She's divorced eleven months now, but twenty eight years of secrets about him I let her know. Holding back from the truth, my reasoning was escape violence in whatever direction I go. A problem needed to be solved, it was either him, or me. I disappeared to fix the moment, wanting her to be happy. Being destroyed by the ways of treatment, had me aching for death. Inhumane of an incident, planted in my brain, never to forget. I had an accident, leaving my waste on the floor. The demon had a sinister smile on his face, not knowing what he had in store. I placed it into an empty bucket, and he directed me to the bathroom. I knew something bad was about to happen, feeling a sense of doom. Stopping in front of the mirror, a threat to consume had my eyes flushed with tears. I begged for reconsideration, but I had nowhere to run, or disappear. After it happened, disgusted with my existence, crushed up chips and chlorine tablets that I'd eat for days. I'm haunted in my dreams of the control he has from his ways. A bully that I won't ever confront, karma will catch him when he's off guard. There's no chance of forgiveness in the depth of a big heart. I'm not afraid of anything, or anyone that rules in the favor of hate. Always room for more hope and love in a cycle that needs to break.

## Dear Grandma

Dear Grandma, I want to thank you for all your help. Showing me compassion during hard times I had felt. This letter is overdue, but the emotions are fresh. It took 9 whole days for a rapid mood cycle to manifest. Knowing your suffering is gone, as you stay in a better place. I stopped holding back the tears as they flow down my face. Memories flash through my mind of how we grew. Moments I cherish like treasure including with Papa too. There was times you were mad, scolding me by my full name. When it came to the bean bag, a signal of playing your favorite game. Remembering it didn't take much to sneak a scare. Irritated for a min, but faded away when there was hugs to spare. Something I did at a young age, me, you, and Mom shopping at a store. I was into football cards, accumulation of quantity was the score. Three to four packs was the limit you allowed for me to get.. Heading to the vehicle, confrontation of a store manager was met. Denied accusations of theft, embarrassed on the spot. You both asked me if I did it as we left the stores parking lot. The situation was over, but I feel that it's something I should share. You and Mom were both out of sight, I pulled 12 packs of cards from the depths of my underwear. You used to tell me stories of my diaper days, dirtying up the pants. I would always run to you for a change without a second glance. Enjoying spent nights at your house, teaching Yahtzee. Explaining thunderstorms were angels bowling is what you told me. Watching monster movies, getting my attention of Star Wars. The selection was two or three drawers full of recordings made for VCR. Already missing the aroma of your constant baking, a refreshing love. I hope you saw the suit I wore, making you smile from above. You and Papa will forever live inside of my heart. Giving me the strength not to give up, or fall apart. Now and in time, I still want to make you proud. I'll see you again someday, and be united among the clouds.

## Magnitude

The energy provided is lightning surging in my veins. Electrifying limbs, conducting through the frame. With this power, responsibility becomes within great. Influencing the unsuspected, rules are meant to break. Comprehension of exact nature is addictive in what you read. Loud of the rhymes is deafening to making ears bleed. You know what love can do, an urge to want it more. Fulfillment of achievement heightens the highest score. Chiropractic in the eyes, is a blur within what's seen. Breathless to depth, caving inside the heart beat. The sweet nectar blooming, daring one to get a taste. Absorb it's properties, feel the elegance inside the embrace. Amazing how horizons are beyond character in mind. Crossing paths by fate, is no mistake by far to find. The breaking loose of chains confined by all the hearsay. Challenging the protocols, taunting you to come out and play. There's nothing to hide when confidence is in control. The magnitude of a magnet is scientific to gravity's pull. Like attraction towards another, thoughts manifest. Into a lustful blender of wanting, becoming obsessed. Fantasies of affection intertwine chemicals into the fire. Indestructible until the tension can wither and expire. I'm not sorry for the jesting I describe that defines a tease. Knowing what I'm capable of is excruciating in words, smooth to please. Usually I'm oblivious to the concept of how these take effect. Short term lived, but long in memory is an official wreck. Experience the attributes pertaining the mindset of life. Vicious of a write is my poetic bark smiling as I bite.

## Insight

What can I tell you that hasn't already been said. It's like a heartbeat pulsing inside my head. An ongoing war between creative thoughts and emotional feel. Honesty in my words, rhyming proof that the struggle is real. Rollercoaster is the ride pulling me up before I fall. As time flashes before my eyes, I am nothing, but a fly on the wall. Anxiety becomes depression when there's no fire to ignite. There's beauty in the darkest days, priceless of my insight. It may seem sad for a soul that describes life in depth of pain. As if I was an entity from the other side, seeking out energy to drain. It's interesting of the prospective in perception, pertaining to a spectre, or ghost. It's familiar to be lost, but adds up strength in spiritual growth. Rising from beneath gravity's pull, I collectively ascend above matters grave. Displaying the stubborn mind of indestructible confidence, calm in the attitude I set ablaze. I am an inferno in the heart and ecstatically electric within the mind. This is the signature of my purpose, a gift inside design.

## Underneath

It's crazy how life takes you to different measures, consider it a ride. Scenery changes through the years, no matter to whose rules you abide. Testing the water is exactly the same as playing with fire. All having our own limits, exquisite genuine in how everyone is wired. It would be easy for me to explain how the cycle of cause and effect takes its place. Buried in the back of my mind, no need for steps to be retraced. Scars and tattoos are the stories made to be seen by curiosity of the eyes. The impressions behind them is something to love, but also can leave a taint to despise. It is possible that I'm trying to let out what disturbs me from underneath. Under lock, key, and a forcefield is the cage containing my inner demons favorite beast. The randomness seems inevitable, but I'm fighting depression with anxieties twitch. Everything is all right one minute, the next it's the ghost in the game making a glitch. Scheduled for goals planned on an every day basis, physically I can do it for what it's worth. But when the time comes for a settled down sleep, it's a head rush of hurt. I know what's lacking in a chemical imbalance, driving me to tell you nothing's wrong. Aware that people are smarter than that, and have heard a similar kind of song. I don't want to lash out to those who believe there's a cure for a built up snap. It's coming down the road, and it'll hit me hard enough for a laugh. Whatever happens after that, I'll do what I can to not fall apart. Only by thought I will reassure myself, but I won't say the same when it comes to my heart.

## Mirror

I've heard voices of the living say, "Let go of your past." Procrastination of these words ensures a future without grasp. As I look into a mirror, picturing the age of once was me. Eye contact disturbs my emotion of sadness to break free. Raising up my chin to level confrontation, face to face. Furious of infliction displayed, a reminder in salty tears I taste. Lacked empathy from humiliation, whispering, "I understand." To my youth, he nodded in agreement saying, "Healing is the plan."

## Balance

Nothing breaks the ice harder than dropping a bomb. Confidence is artillery when shots are fired high and strong. Ammunition brings the attitude into a barrel of fire. Hot in shell casings, a discharged scent tends to expire. It's the small things that aren't noticed until thought. Looking for a bigger picture, influence has it's perks. Dissection is the unmasking of details, making it work. Heavy like the metal screaming in song and noise. Solos squeal into ears, speaking tongues of it's voice. Rhythm has advantages to grip words deep and sweet. The variety in music is extraordinary to a list made for repeat. Honesty of all, it's better to hear the truth than a lie. Too many can bury one six feet under, won't get out alive. It's an opinion, choice is ownership of what's real. Interesting of the aftermath, being comfortable to feel. Every day is difficult to wake up wondering if I'll live. Whether I want to disappear, or have something to give. It's not all bad, there's good on levels when it lines up right. It could be mental, between mind and heart, hell of a fight. Welcome to my darkness, hiding behind a glance and smile. No demons allowed in my space, only I make it worthwhile. There's gotta be a balance in the body, open up the cage. Let the beast roam, to filter out the emotional rage. Admittance to the rollercoaster, paid with my life. Is chaotic in speed, photographic to memories still inside. Nightmares hold the PTSD within a childhood of hell. The ugliness destroyed me, suicidal thoughts I felt. I've tried what I could to rid myself of all the pain. Poisons, falling, cutting scars on my frame. No more point of escape when all starts to intervene. Turning of the tables is a future worth to be seen.

## Not Afraid

Not afraid of the truth in what I have all said. Brutally honest with a sharp tongue is the road, chosen to tread. Learning from anything that pushes its way into the direction of my path. Calculation is equivalent to the equation in its aftermath. In my life, there's absolutely no room for violence. But standing up to bullies, is where I find peace in the silence. Being in the era of younger days, I allowed demons to unleash their hate. Now that I've grown into a beast, it's the cycle I intend to break. This energy is electric to the currents, circulating my system of blood. I want the world to be a better place with more hope and love. What does it take to pursue a chance in how one can be heard through voice? Without an excuse of sugar coated reasons that it won't be done by blocking out the noise. Change is a fear factor, it creates stress like litter. I only want to help like how water separates the bad from a filter. I commented on a review from the gym I've used of my highest grade. Saying "By setting good examples, leaders can be made." I do realize these words can produce fumes, flammable to the fire. Invitation to accept confrontation would be a pleasure of desire. I know the difference between what's right and wrong. I am a survivor of this life, and my heart knows where I belong.



## Marijuana

Let's take a trip back through time of greener days. My true love was an incomparable relationship with Mari J. She was that one of a kind influence, leaving traces of what I couldn't deny. Putting a neverending smile on my face, making me laugh til I cry. There is paradise floating in the air when she releases a scent. Wanting to hold her aroma inside as I inhale, with no chance to vent. Like a dream, the power of essence is a spell lost in the trance. Affectionate in her effects, I give her the fire of what becomes romance. Time slows down in the lust as we enter what intertwines. Chills spread like goosebumps, but ignite into sweat running up the spine. She has the special capabilities of increasing hunger, instigating an appetite. When I get exhausted, she'll be by my side, cuddling throughout the night. I miss her sometimes, but we are toxic together by fate. I won't commit, even if it's her heart that ends in a break. I'll always remember how she took me to the clouds, up high. Constantly testing my ability to think outside the box, limit is the sky.

## Intensified

Intensified is the color red, feeling love inside the heart. Melting within a core, before ignition of the spark. I don't even know you, for eyes are sore from sight. Something has grown wings in my stomach, fluttering to take flight. Thundering beats of a drum, pounding ever so strong. As if I'm under your spell in the beauty of a sirens song. I can feel the inner light reaching out to you, for it is my soul. What has come over me, to lose this control? I'm not sure of the difference between lust and love. It's chemical to chemistry in ecstasy as it is a drug. For there are varieties among desire in however to choose. All it takes is fire to light the fuse. The energy is erratic in warmth, feeling the deepest flowing through. I walk away smiling, knowing something's better out there for you. Every person that shines a light in my life, bright enough to glow. You are important to me, more than you'll ever know.

## Redneck

Last Fridays session with my therapist, dropped a bomb on me to a full effect. Talking about the dissection of daily life, the word came out of nowhere, redneck. I became dumbfounded like I didn't understand the term. Certain tactics, they use to get the reaction, reading body movement in a squirm. My eyes drift to the ceiling, knowing country is in a line of blood. Raised on a farm, working day and night, within heat, or mud. Plenty to do whether it's feeding livestock, or taking a tractor apart. Drinking beer when a job is done, watching stars appear after dark. Waking up early before the sun can rise, already dressed as boots are laced. Tightening up the belt to carry pliers and a knife, applied at my waist. Grab some leathers, heading out to unplug the truck. Diesels back then, needed extra love for an easy start when driving clutch. Hook up hog trailer for selling swine, difficult can be the loading task. But after a good thirty with fifty head on board, sunlight breaks shadows into what is cast. Driver takes off to get ahead of a game inside the sale. As dust flees from tires, only lights seen is the ass end of a tail. It could be true what she said, but I'm a blended mix of all sorts. I do enjoy music while drinking, sitting on the porch. Wearing jeans with holes is free air-conditioning, no inflation there. Tons of stories coming, endless times to share.

## Matter of Opinion

I may not be an exquisite writer, or a genuine poet. When feelings smack me in the face, I'll describe better than show it. This is one of those days when my tank runs empty, but still burning on fumes. No need for a bandaid when sweat releases salt into the wound. Sophistication comes in a voice of goofiness, as if making the joke. I'm not going to squirm like the Pillsbury Doughboy does when receiving a poke. I understand antisocial when there's an image in need to protect. Sounds like society has most by the reproductive glands, with a leash around the neck. Matter of opinion, fact, what's real inside of the depth of how fake. My beliefs are strong in the points I'm trying to make. Difficult it is to stand up, when threatened to be knocked down from underneath. Every day news of something going wrong, and how much more the world tends to bleed. Random thoughts are the chaos factor in what produces stress. The problem will always be there, if nobody is willing to clean up a mess. Some ask where my spirituality is, as I say with God and beyond. He gave me another chance after an overdose within death, strange as dream phenomenon.

## Places

There are places I have stayed, that holds the deadliest among all sin. Crossed between a daycare center and retirement home, survival is essential to begin. Once in the system, a number is the body taking up space. Under watchful eyes of towers, cameras, and correctional officers, unable to leave without a trace. Diamonded fences surround the perimeter with razor sharp wire, cursive in circular design. Uncomfortable setting it can be when there's no room to hide. Buildings constructed with concrete, cold in their natural state. It's architecture was built to keep the animals secured from escape. Once entering confinement in the chains from transport, routine to follow without dispute. Severe consequences was the discipline, in case of ones who refuse. There would be an escort of three to four authority, covering each side as they guided to what's known as "the hole." Darkened area with barely any light, living without the use of clothes, naked like a mole. Segregating was an excuse, distancing influence not to inflict. Pretending to be suicidal, a few words it took to do the trick. Satisfied with the results, stripped, and issued a smock. That's what a turtle suit is, velcro strapped while being miserably hot. Places like this, the mind is more useful when playing smart. No room for emotions, let alone involving feelings from inside the heart. Difficult it is to deal with procedures when paying off what's due in time. A reminder of the past this is, as I leave it all behind.

## Beautiful Is A Creature

Beautiful is a creature, angel without wings. Walking this earth, truth inside dreams. Aura glows bright, erasing all else around. Lost in the moment, waiting to be found. Awakening from a trance, body tingles numb. Beauty is the weapon, set to a stun. Loss for words, heart is a subwoofer to the beat. Playing its best song, stuck on repeat. Eyes are universal, a galaxy of stars. Different constellations as they glisten from afar. Treasure twinkles in the light like rare types of gems. Priceless of their worth, better to keep than spend. Warmth comes from the smile, like ecstasy in a kiss. Treating elegance to a presence, chemistry into bliss. Fantasize the affection, embrace a taste. The connection is precious, don't let it go to waste. Exquisite in the mind, a paradise infatuated with love. Like security felt when held inside the arms of a hug. Pursue what is wanted, follow your heart through. Beautiful is a creature, for this is you.

## Heart And Mind

I'm not much for Christmas, memories have gone dark. My core feels like a pin cushion, waiting for the piercings to be sharp. When people get together in a circle of laughing joy, I'll walk away. Fade into the background, make a silent exit display. I'm used to being the outcast, nobody wants around. Such an assumption for me to believe, I'm lost in my own mind, not wanting to be found. At first, I would consume the poisons that spun my attitude out of control. Hiding pain with coping mechanisms, but afterwards my heart and mind would take a toll. By then, an interest was to only stare deep into the crackling of a blazing fire. Not bothered from the excruciating heat, watching it til what's left to expire. When my heart feels like it's bleeding, eyes release the floodgates. I drown in sorrows, and torment myself with past mistakes. Somewhere in the mist, mood changes from sadness to rage. Contemplating that a book won't be saved after burning every page. In reality, there's no changing what's already happened, leave it behind. Hard to trust the future when scars remind. I don't understand why I've made it this far, being alive. I wish the soul could eject with it's keys to take a drive. I'm not going to do anything that puts me in danger of hitting the dirt. I'm used to the damage inflicted, causing my mind and heart to hurt. I don't think I've ever told anyone about the way Xmas affects me. Now you know the truth in what I see. Have a good one, and happy new year. Thank you for reading my spilling of thoughts, from me, sincere.

## Become

My mind searches for the definition of who I have become. Remembering a past full of pain, losing everything I had won. Even then, belief was unflinching of not caring about life, or death. Under the influence of many, pathway sails were set. I think about the darkest days when sitting on my bed. Solid as concrete, is the vault holding what I've learned, unable to forget. I am affected by anything that comes in contact, or seen with eyes. Energy consumes the atmosphere, saturating into my heart, pulsing plus its size. I try very hard not to absorb what can only be deeply felt. Exposing myself in the open of an endless game, honesty is being dealt. As I type these words, tears roll with the rhymes. It's not depression, or sadness, I was made in a unique design. Difficult to push hope into the ears of unwanted love. Wishing I could share the invisible entity that possesses life within my blood. A smile appears on my face slowly as if it feels like home. I want to help others get through life without feeling alone.