



P. O. E. M. S.

Piece Of Every Man's Soul

Poet Ali

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**Piece Of Every Man's Soul**



**Poet Ali**

Metaphorical lessons for the soul.

A journey into the human spirit.

Book of poetry (with soundtrack).

P.O.E.M.S.

Volume 1

Piece Of Every Man's Soul

By: Poet Ali

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## Epigraph

Excerpt from *A Defence of Poetry*

**By Percy Bysshe Shelley**

“Poetry, in a general sense, may be defined to be 'the expression of the imagination': and poetry is connate with the origin of man. Man is an instrument over which a series of external and internal impressions are driven, like the alternations of an ever-changing wind over an Aeolian lyre, which move it by their motion to ever-changing melody. But there is a principle within the human being, and perhaps within all sentient beings, which acts otherwise than in the lyre, and produces not melody alone, but harmony, by an internal adjustment of the sounds or motions thus excited to the impressions which excite them...

In the infancy of society every author is necessarily a poet, because language itself is poetry; and to be a poet is to apprehend the true and the beautiful, in a word, the good which exists in the relation, subsisting, first between existence and perception, and secondly between perception and expression. Every original language near to its source is in itself the chaos of a cyclic poem: the copiousness of lexicography and the distinctions of grammar are the works of a later age, and are merely the catalogue and the form of the creations of poetry. But poets, or those who imagine and express this indestructible order, are not only the authors of language and of music, of the dance, and architecture, and statuary, and painting; they are the institutors of laws, and the founders of civil society, and the inventors of the arts of life, and the teachers, who draw into a certain propinquity with the beautiful and the true, that partial apprehension of the agencies of the invisible world which is called religion. Hence all original religions are allegorical, or susceptible of allegory, and, like Janus, have a double face of false and true.

Poets, according to the circumstances of the age and nation in which they appeared, were called, in the earlier epochs of the world, legislators, or prophets: a poet essentially comprises and unites both these characters. For he not only beholds intensely the present as it is, and discovers those laws according to which present things ought to be ordered, but he beholds the future in the present, and his thoughts are the germs of the flower and the fruit of latest time. Not that I assert poets to be prophets in the gross sense of the word, or that they can foretell the form as surely as they foreknow the spirit of events: such is the pretence of superstition, which would make poetry an attribute of prophecy, rather than prophecy an attribute of poetry. A poet participates in the eternal, the infinite, and the one...

A poem is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth. There is this difference between a story and a poem, that a story is a catalogue of detached facts, which have no other connexion than time, place, circumstance, cause and effect; the other is the creation of actions according to the unchangeable forms of human nature, as existing in the mind of the Creator, which is itself the image of all other minds. A story of particular facts is as a mirror which obscures and distorts that which should be beautiful: poetry is a mirror which makes beautiful that which is distorted...

A poet is a nightingale, who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds; his auditors are as men entranced by the melody of an unseen musician, who feel that they are moved and softened, yet know not whence or why. ”

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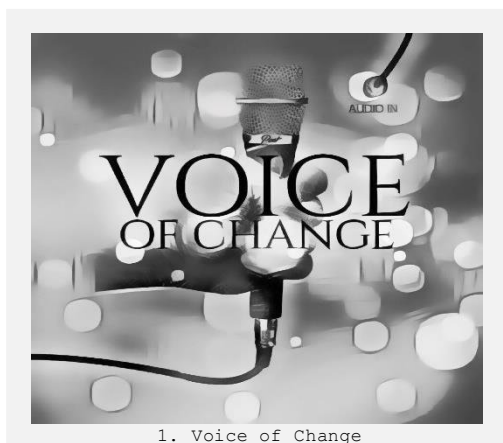


wherever you see these codes.

*In the beginning...*









There is no amount  
of motivation that will do for  
us, what we are unwilling to  
do for ourselves.



# Voice of Change

So dark on your own,  
But you don't stand alone,  
When the world has lost sight,  
We'll stand up and fight,

You want to strip away the pain,  
Then you can be the voice of change,  
Together we'll be,  
The Voice of Change.

I remember growing up watching T.V.  
Looking at the stars, praying to the stars,  
One day it would be me,

But they just laughed at me, "Yeah sure thing fatty",  
It made me work harder, asked my father,  
"What do you think Daddy?"

He smiled with a twinkle in his eyes, I can't forget,  
"Your success alone will make them  
Regret what they said."

I never looked back at the pack,  
Attacking my dreams,  
Most couldn't see them,

I wish I could tell him I listened,  
I miss him and he was here,  
To see it...

Now I've grown up watching TV,  
And a different side of me,  
Sees things I can't believe we freely,

Allow with no answers,  
We ask ourselves, "What could we  
Have done in the disaster?"

Looking at the harsh truth  
Is like looking through the rearview,  
We've been told to move on, and let it just continue,

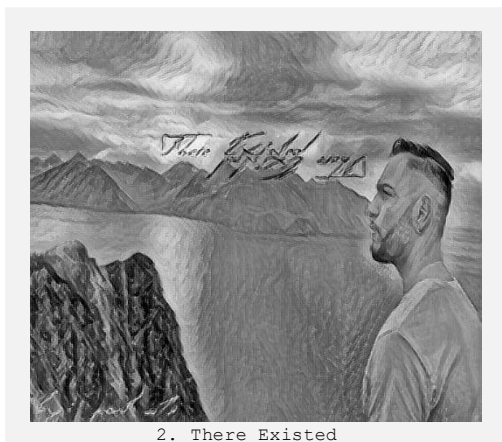
But I see beyond borders to places with no water,  
Faces of scared daughters, without fathers,  
And more problems got us asking, "Why bother?"

It's less about "unity", and more about  
You and me and the choices we make,  
That will affect our community,

Many choices,  
Many voices, some I dread,  
So many noises and none of them so poignant,

As the silence that is heard,  
From the voices of the voiceless,  
That's the place, We need to focus.





2. There Existed



Some are innately  
driven by a force. It is  
the handprint of divinity,  
aiding us to touch  
infinity.



# There Existed

Once upon a time,  
ages and ages ago,  
Before I was born,  
before manmade snow,  
Before the mind and the heart,  
there was just the soul,

Before the planets revolved  
and man had evolved to "know",  
Before machinery replaced  
the greenery slopes,  
And created a new type of greenery  
known as cash flow,

There existed  
Ancient hidden scriptures,  
Painted on walls, in caves,  
Symbols and pictures,  
Inches scattered with,  
Hieroglyphic hymns,

Celebrating the four elements:  
earth, fire, water & wind,  
Now I find, some of those  
same elements within,  
If I am my nature's nature,  
when did this begin?

The fire in my eyes,  
is not just a reflection  
Of the damage man has caused,  
but an internal suggestion,  
Of how deeply I'm related  
to the soil we walk on,

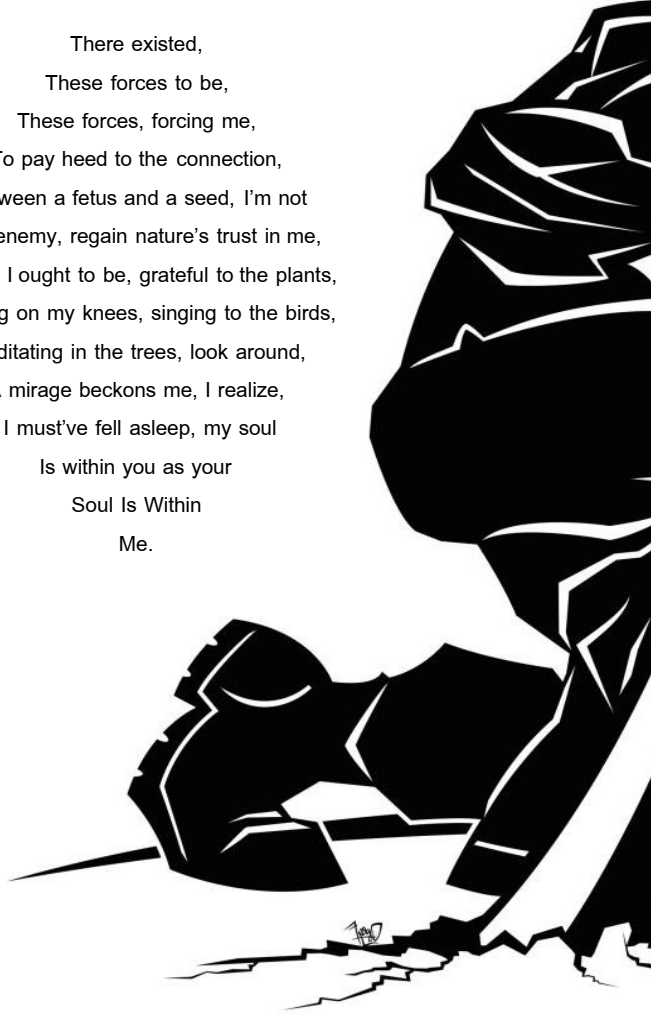
The insects we stomp on,  
the trees we chop on,  
March on, you will find,  
We're alive as the skies,  
Only exist as a part of this world,  
"Surprise."

Do we not decompose  
as all other life forms?  
Replenishing the Mother,  
so new life can be born,  
Be informed, my place is,  
back in the earth,

The place of my death  
must be a point of rebirth,  
In unison with the wind,  
around me I breathe,  
Our forces combine  
and billow the leaves from the trees,



There existed,  
These forces to be,  
These forces, forcing me,  
To pay heed to the connection,  
Between a fetus and a seed, I'm not  
The enemy, regain nature's trust in me,  
I know I ought to be, grateful to the plants,  
Praying on my knees, singing to the birds,  
Meditating in the trees, look around,  
A mirage beckons me, I realize,  
I must've fell asleep, my soul  
Is within you as your  
Soul Is Within  
Me.





The timeless grands of sand blow through my physical,  
Giving a gift so man can express through the lyrical,  
Three dimensional expression, the cycle is spherical,  
Now witness the miracle.



3. Make a Wish



Redeemed with  
followers & adorned with  
likes. Who has the courage  
to *follow* their own heart  
& *like* themselves?  
Return to you.



# Make a Wish

Close your eyes, make a wish  
Let it sink in,

Tell me if what you wished for,  
You could find it in Him?

Did you find it in her?  
Tell me those dreams, money or kids?

A Family? Live lavishly?  
Plush, riches to no end?

Maybe you wish for friends?  
And don't have any real ones left?

Or maybe we just hope,  
We can make it till tomorrow,

Maybe you have no hope,  
Just a heart drowned in sorrow,

Maybe good things will follow  
After our dreams come true,

Maybe I wished, for the same things, as you,  
Could it be? We aren't so different,

Me and you, two strangers,  
Who don't know each other, share identical views?

Believe in something,  
Better after here, wish for that,

Maybe you feel trapped,  
And I'm making it worse,

With all these talks of wishes,  
Sad melodic bursts

That deepen the hurt, I'm sorry  
I have a feverish thirst,

My wish is people hear these words  
Before they disperse,

As the attempt of a young poet  
To speak to the world,

Relate to people, for better or worse,  
Share a part of his soul,

It's a part of the curse,  
This is a part of the verse,

It gets deeper like hidden messages,  
Played in reverse,

This life is a circus,  
My role is jester, of course,

“Sing a song, dance a dance,  
Tell a joke you rehearsed,

Make us laugh, make us cry,  
Don't care which you do first,”

Take us back to that time  
In our lives, before we were hurt.

Let us love, like the first time  
And we never got hurt,

Let us sing like we did as children,  
Cheery rings, no one is listening,

Let us dance full of joy, not afraid,  
No one is watching,

Let us be us, it's okay, trust,  
The tears are like rust,

Inevitable and beautiful  
Acidic poison released,

From deep within the blush  
Of embarrassing cheeks,

See a sweet child the mirror,  
The self is un-leashed,

Take my hand, I promise not to forsake,  
My trust is not breeched,

I will fight for you as I fight for air  
Drowning beneath the sea,

I will fight for you, as I fight for me,  
And I fight for he, whom I'd give my life to,

My friend, my brother, I'm just like you,  
We are two seeds, separated at birth,

He calls a holy place a Mosque,  
She calls it a Church,

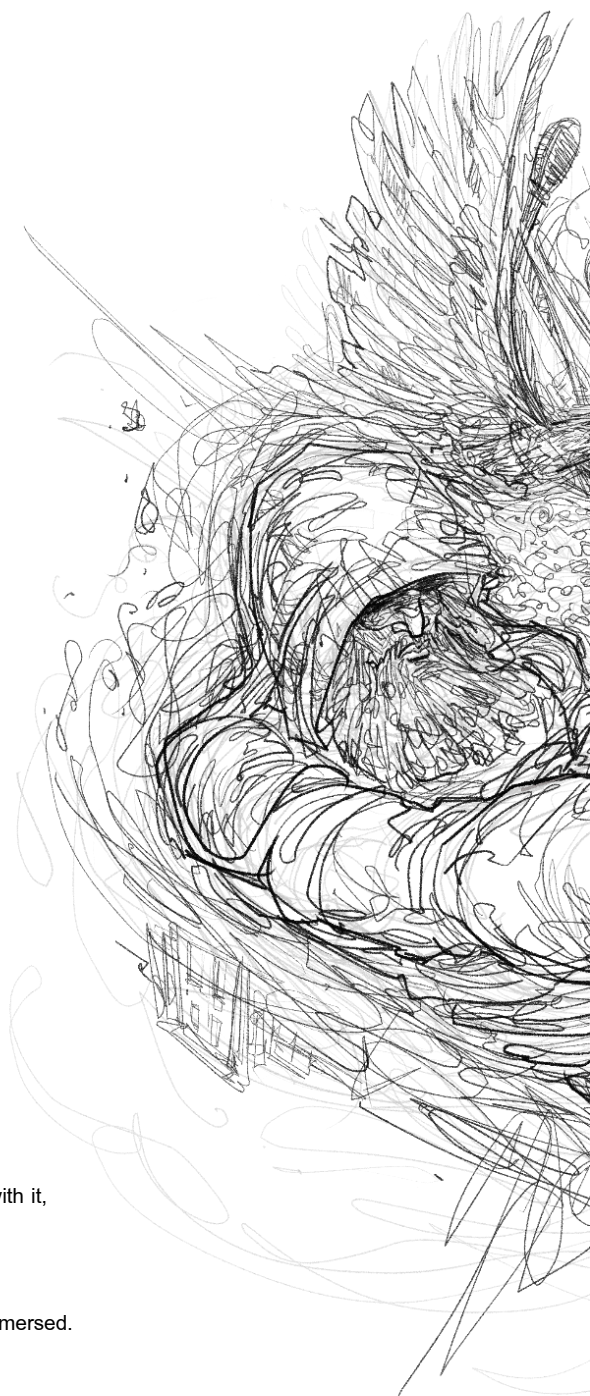
Like the rest of humankind,  
We put ourselves on a search,

To find truth or find love,  
Whichever comes first,

Or whichever hurts less,  
Then we need to be nursed,

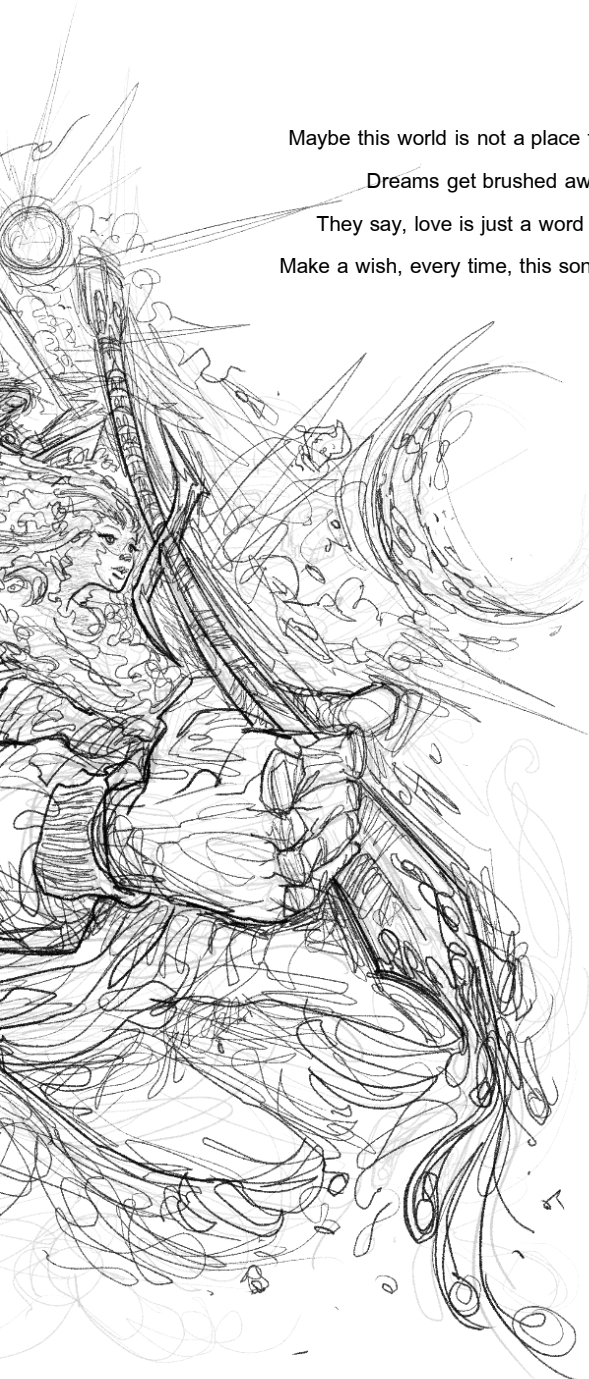
Back to our old selves again,  
A renaissance, a rebirth,

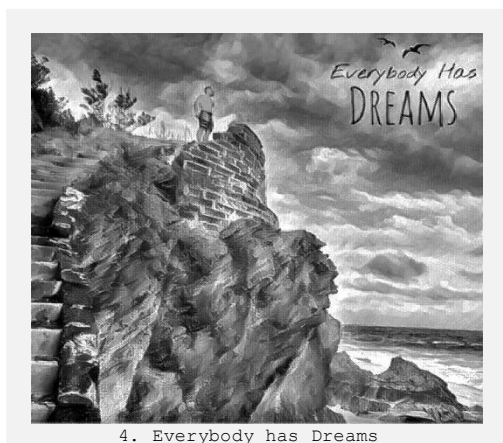




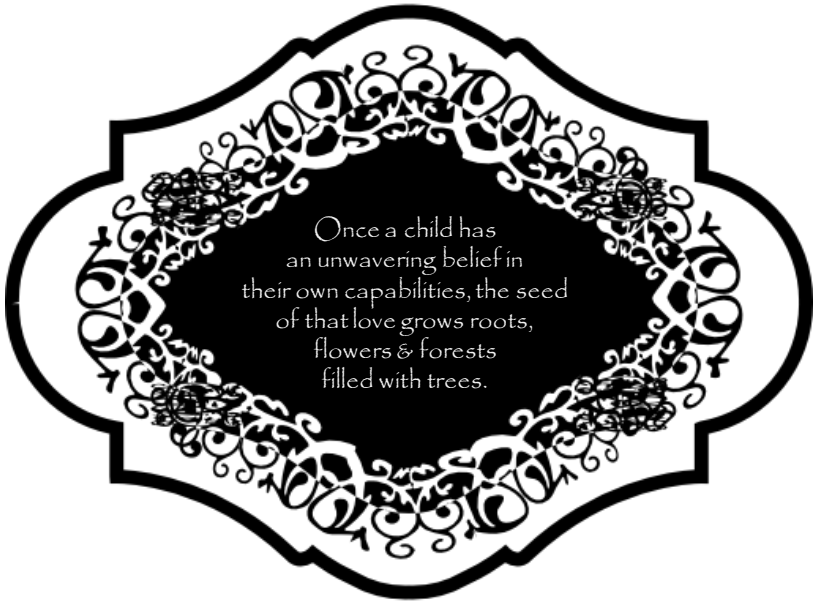
This life is a gift, and brings with it,  
A joy that is bursting,  
Every blade of grass,  
Is a house where a soul is immersed.

Maybe this world is not a place for soft hearts and big dreamers,  
Dreams get brushed away like trash by street sweepers,  
They say, love is just a word that doesn't last, but dig deeper,  
Make a wish, every time, this song bleeds through your speakers.





4. Everybody has Dreams



Once a child has  
an unwavering belief in  
their own capabilities, the seed  
of that love grows roots,  
flowers & forests  
filled with trees.



# Everybody Has Dreams

## Part I

Do you remember the tale of a child,  
Who was all smiles?

She only wanted one thing:  
To be able to fly,

She used to cry, as she would try  
To jump high into the sky,

Gasp rapidly and flap her hands,  
But no matter how she tried,

She would sink and land  
So hard upon that floor,

And pass out,  
But in her dreams she would soar,

That little girl had more, to live for,  
Than the truth that awaited,

Outside her bedroom door.

Her dreams, a corridor,  
She was the narrator,

Orator of her vision  
To mystical folklore,

The world was a precious pearl,  
Through a hawk's eyes,

Like a falcon,  
She would glide for miles,

Past the mountains,  
Tuck her arms in and dive,

Then she would awake  
And for seconds couldn't rise,

The feeling dried of having  
The sky against her spine,

What really happened on that day?  
She let her laughter die.

## Part II

Tomorrow's another day of,  
"You can't play,  
Get out of here!

You can't stay,  
Get out the way,  
He's too small,

You're too fat for that,  
Aren't you too old?  
He's too Black for that,

Put that ball down, put that pen back,  
Keep coming around,  
You're gonna' get smacked,

What's the matter with this kid?  
Don't he ever learn?  
No! It'll never be your turn,

I think he's gonna' cry,  
You can see his face burn,

Run home and don't ever return."

## Part III

Whatever happened to that kid, who was picked on and kicked down,  
Hit with spit balls, ripped on and beat down,

Beat up and laid out, get up or stay down...  
He woke up with his dreams and planned a the way out,

He ran and ran, until he was the fastest runner,  
She swam and swam, until she was the fastest swimmer,

He pushed and pulled and found the strength within,  
She trained everyday and met hope at the gym,

He wrote stories where legends came alive, inside a notebook,  
She painted skies and colored in lines, turn the page, take a look,

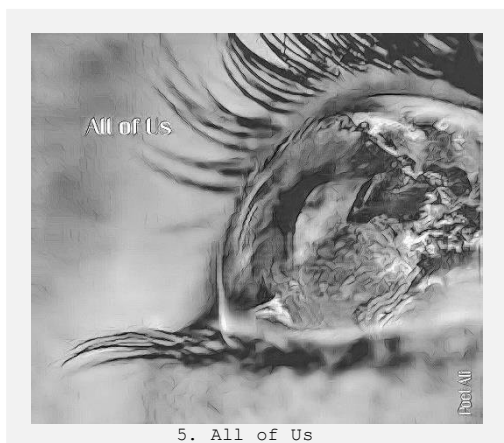
He fought back until they were calling him, "Champ."  
She dribbled and shot because they told her she can't,

She read and read, until there were no more books to read,  
He fed and fed his mind, until he watered every seed,

They jumped higher until they could touch the clouds,  
When they finally learned to fly, they never came down.







5. All of Us



# All of Us.

Not all of us have brothers,  
Not all of us had mothers,  
Not all of us have others,  
Telling us that they love us,

Not all of us had dads,  
But all of us have scabs,  
All of us have bags,  
From all the ex-lovers,

See all of us have troubles,  
And all of us had times,  
When our back's against the wall,  
We're forced to use our knuckles,

All of us have hurdles,  
All of us can't juggle,  
All of us need laughs,  
Cause all of our pasts muddles,

Through all the tough times,  
And all the bad signs,  
From all the past winters,  
Not all of us had summers,

Not all of us had suppers,  
Where we sit down with each other,  
But all of us have a chance,  
To change when we discover,

Not all of us have luck,  
But all of us have cuts,  
All of us have stuff,  
We're forced to cover-up,

Some of us have our whole lives,  
To learn all this stuff,  
But not all of us have years,  
Some of us have months,

Some of us have days,  
Where all the crap sucks,  
Some of us have hate,  
And some of us have faith,

All of us have pain,  
On some of the bad days,  
When some of us can't escape,  
The negative thoughts in our brain,

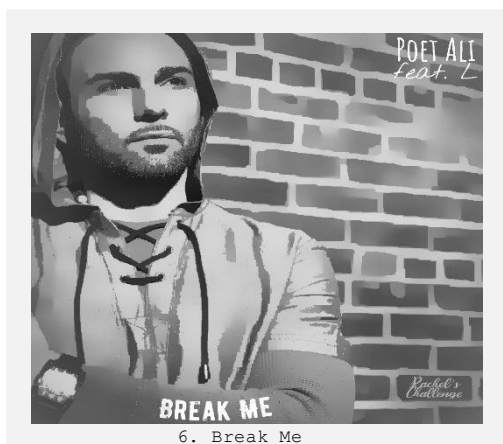
Yet through all the tough times,  
And all the bad signs,  
And all the past winters,  
Not all of us had summers,

Not all of us had suppers,  
Where we sat down with each other,  
But all of us have a chance,  
To change when we discover,



We're doing the same things,  
But we want things to change.









# Break Me

Hold your head up,  
Make a choice,  
Make a difference,  
Raise your voice...

You are,  
    The change  
        We need  
            Today.

Sometimes you can't breathe,  
Sometimes you can't see,  
Two steps ahead of you,  
And it's hard to conceive,  
The life we are leading is a preview,  
And we feel like a leaf,

Lost in the grief,  
    The cost is defeat,  
        Don't ever let them,  
            Take away,  
                Your need to succeed.

They want you to bleed  
To lose your beliefs,  
But your voice is stronger  
And all that you need,

Embedded in my matrix,  
Is the same thing that kept,  
Martin Luther dreaming,  
And Gandhi believing,

Thank you  
    For seeing  
        The seedlings,  
            And seeing the demons,

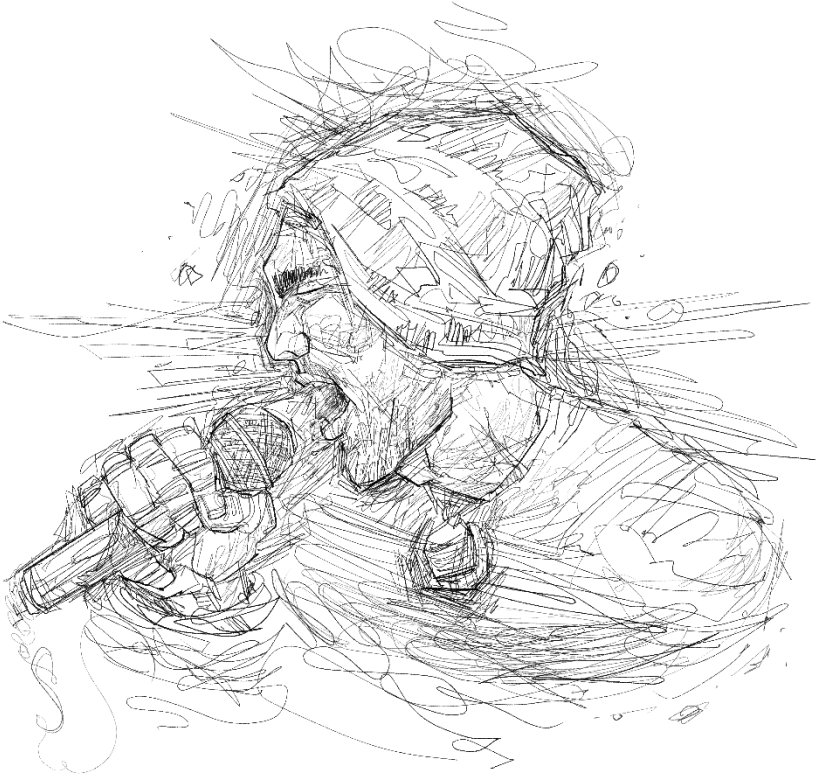
That keep us from achieving,  
Seeing the reasons,  
We are like Anne Frank,  
Frankly, I'm speaking  
To those who are leaving,

A legacy  
    More than the average,  
        A fearless abandon,  
            For touching  
                The masses with passion,

Inside of the deep,  
Is a piece of the meaning,  
The reason the pain is the main thing  
We're feeling, the reason,  
The feast is delayed for a season.

Defeat what they thought  
Would leave you defeated,  
The piece of the puzzle,  
That's missing, is the moment  
We've risen with a bigger vision  
Then even we could envision,  
And we stand up with a voice and  
Make them listen.





No matter what you do,  
You can't break me.



7. FRECUENCIA



To risk our  
security in the pursuit of  
what we believe, is terrifying.  
Those who make such a choice, are  
driven by a different fear, never  
having done so.



# Frecuencia

Algunos saben  
Que dedico  
Toda mi vida  
A eso,

He luchado  
Por sueños  
Con todas  
Mis fibras,  
Mi sangre,  
Mis huesos,

Y cuando  
Me mires  
Los ojos  
No mienten  
De todo  
Lo que tengo  
Adentro,  
Eso.

Cuando me miro  
A mi mismo  
En un espejo,  
Veo,  
Los sueños  
De toda mi gente,

No puedo,  
Es lo que me dicen,  
pero quién son ellos?  
Guerreros,  
Manos arriba si tienes  
Voluntad de hierro,

A veces  
Parece que  
Mi existencia  
Es un callejón  
Sin salida,

Estoy en el suelo  
Mirando el techo  
Por Eso  
Planeando  
El ascenso,

Por eso,  
He cruzado  
El río de retos  
Y no es por pesos

Que quieres de mí,  
No soy de aquí  
Por eso,  
Me encanta la pelea,  
la lucha ha sido placer.









# Lost & Found

Crawl out of bed,  
My eyes are ahead of my time,  
It has come, my vie for the prize,  
Put the key in the ignition, windows down,  
Revv--Put it in gear, hear that sound,

I used to just fall, now I'm April bound,  
Pop said every day I would make him proud,  
Tears of joy, never heard that sound,  
Waited too long, now I'm getting down,

They echo praises that Jesus walks,  
So too does this brown, skin immigrant  
Whose feet touch the ground,  
I walk on earth, He walked on water,  
I feel like Rocky, I can't go down,  
"Adrian, tell them when I make my rounds,  
I'll go 12 when I cross",

Even if I'm lost, today I'm found,  
Can you hear that crowd?  
We don't even rest when the sun goes down,

We don't even stress, when the money goes down,  
I don't even check, whose coming to the party,  
Can't you see? I'm already home,  
I've already won, my light is on,

The fight is already won, could I be the one?

I run with the ball like a man with a call,  
Mohammad, Buddha, Moses, they all took

A stand after they fell,  
After their failure, heeded the call,

Can you hear me? This mic wasn't on,  
I used to sit back and think, I *might* get involved,

Any action we take, might get a gong  
Or might get applause, we may be appalled,  
The truth is the proof, what is the cause?

A new day awaits, these are new times,

I feel something special deep inside,  
A switch turned on, it can't go off,  
Mark my words, I'm taking it all...

Even if I'm lost, today I'm found,

Can you hear that crowd?  
We don't even rest when the sun goes down,

I'm in my zone, I'm on my own  
Headed to the place most men dare not go,

Trying to get a hold of,  
The road that most men dare not cross.





9. Lonely Man



Every morning & every  
night we make a decision on  
which trip we are packing for:  
Yesterday or tomorrow.



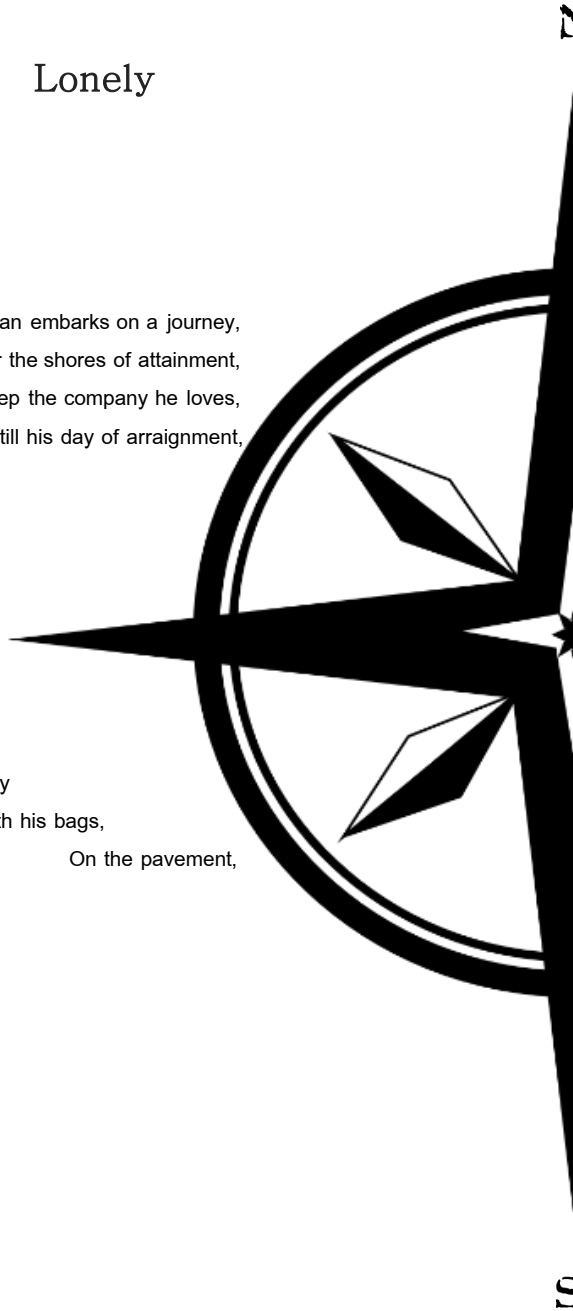
# Lonely

The lonely man embarks on a journey,  
His ship set sail for the shores of attainment,  
He can only keep the company he loves,  
By his side till his day of arraignment,

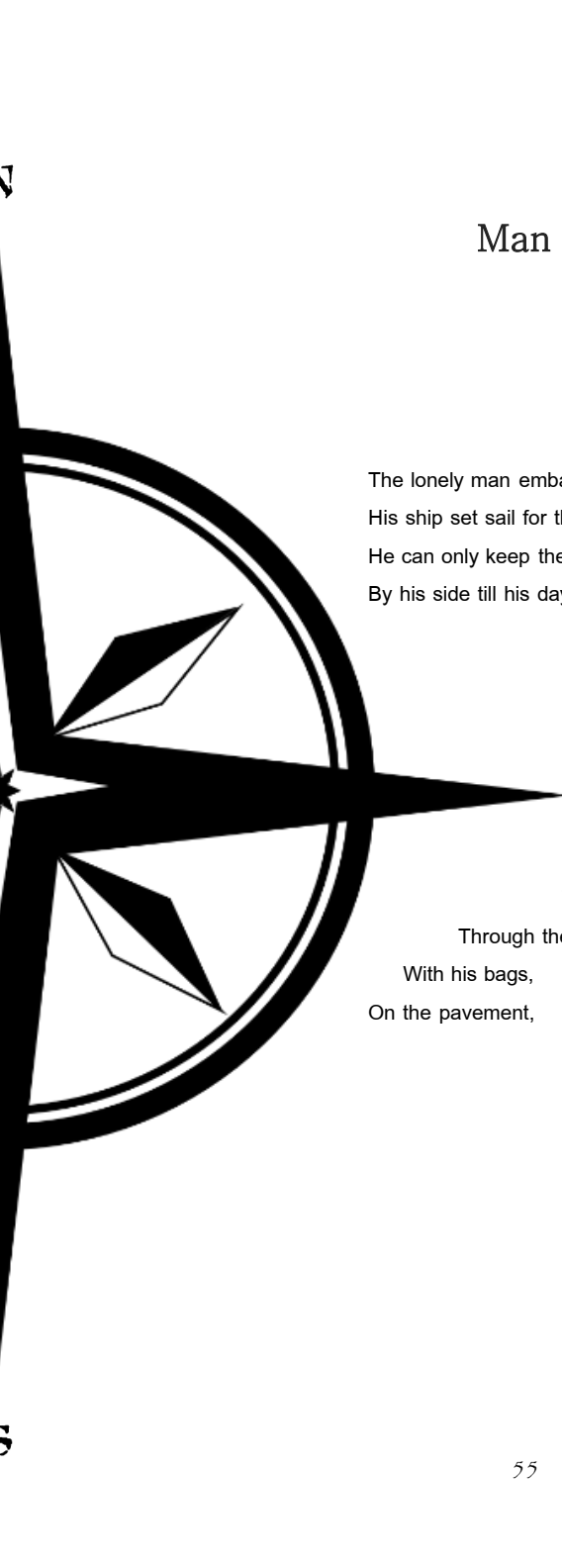
From that day on, he's on his own  
To seek his path alone,

The lonely man walks  
Through the desert,  
Through the country,  
The hills,  
Through the city  
With his bags,  
On the pavement,

W



## Man



The lonely man embarks on a journey,  
His ship set sail for the shores of attainment,  
He can only keep the company he loves,  
By his side till his day of arraignment,

From that day on, he's on his own  
To seek his path alone,

**E** The lonely man walks,  
Through the desert,  
Through the country,  
The hills,  
Through the city  
With his bags,  
On the pavement,



Walking many streets,  
Listening to many beats in many states,

Step out of the rain, into little cafés,  
To looks of disdain,

They see a traveler with a foreign face,  
I smell the hate,

I part the sea of faces,  
“Coffee please”, I take my seat,

Plenty feats, long nights,  
Between many sheets,

Many names, seats next to strangers,  
On many planes,

Frantic days, I bask in, I know I'm running late,  
But stop to ask, if I'm also running away,

Ohio, Indiana, Rhode Island, Maine,  
Robbed in Boston, headed back on the train,

The Carolinas, Alabama, Nevada, Arizona,  
Back to California, to check on family and friends,

Life on the Hudson as a New Jersey man,  
Cross the river, in the city, there's no time to complain,

Heroic acts and many bonds  
That can't be breached,

Lessons you can't teach,  
Too grim to ever repeat,

Many feasts with many friends,  
Like the Medicis,

Powerful sit downs,  
With foreign emissaries, as we think

How to solve,  
The world's problems, with my petty ink,

Many promises made,  
Many secrets to keep,

Mexico, Florida, Bermuda again?  
Still On the road, on the go, but when will it end?

They say I never post, too busy my friend,  
Taking pictures during travels, of my soul with this pen,

Kansas city, Colorado, the Miami sun,  
Aloha to Hawaii, *Mahalo*, thanks for the love,

Virginia, West Virginia, DC and back,  
Philly silly with the raps, putting pins on the map,

Barefoot across the Sahara,  
I've been there and back,

Madrid, *mi corazón*, been too long,  
Time for a chat,

From kissing Parisian kittens,  
To sitting with Arabic princes,

To hearing the absent winces,  
Of lost friends, we can never go back,

Amidst my solitude, I ask,  
Who could bear the magnitude?

The meditative isolation,  
Tracing my tracks,

At times, it can feel like dying,  
That's when you know you're living,

I'm trying,  
That's how I know I'm giving,

Fuel for the climb, I've already risen  
In the river of deliverance,

Definitive direction is blinding,  
Can you see the vision?

Those who see it,  
Join us on the mission.

Some think catching fish,  
Is the point of fishing,

I don't mind my position  
A pebble in a pond, *Piedra en la mar*,

Medicine in my bars, I Facetime with God,  
Telling Him I feel lost,

Cause is still cloudy,  
Lost my job,

I lost my girl  
And she broke my heart,

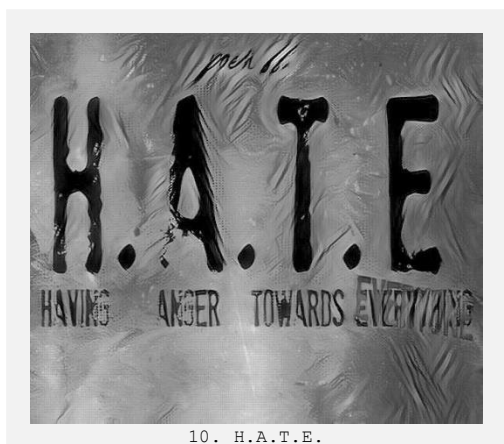
I looked up at the sky,  
"Is that all you got?"

Seems like I always pick up,  
The ball you drop,

When they took my Pops,  
Broke my family apart;

My uncles and my aunts,  
My cousins and the Gods felt his loss,







# H.A.T.E.

The feeling has changed,  
Nothing's the same,  
The people, you see them,  
They're walking afraid,  
With fear in their eyes,  
And hate in their veins,  
How can I blame them?  
I'm feeling the same.

They're holding our kids,  
We're clutching our bags,  
And moving away  
From each other on trains,  
Panic induced,  
When I step on a plane,  
The greedy are winning,  
They think it's okay.

The way that they live,  
Has stayed the same,  
Definitive minutes,  
Depending on gain,  
Paving a way,  
For a shot at the reign,  
But cops are shooting  
And splattering brains,

Now we've taken the H.A.T.E.,  
And that poison is inside our guts.

People are simply  
looking away... [selfie]  
It's gruesome,  
but that is the fate we await,  
[selfie], if nothing changes... [selfie]

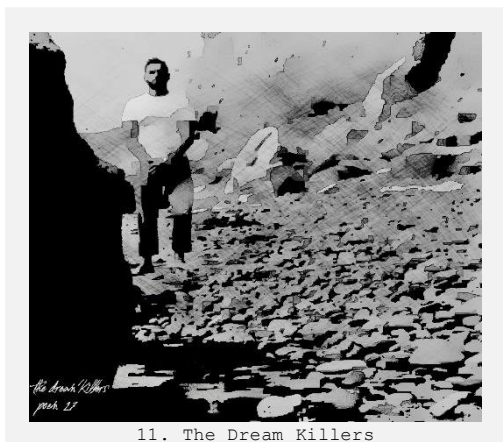
Aye! While life is,  
just wasting away,  
Drinking and partying,  
Arguing and lobbying,  
Where is the change?  
Hanging with snakes,  
who would stab us for money  
and women just riding the wave,  
Something is wrong at the end of the day,  
I can't shut up and pretend it's okay,

The love.  
What happened?  
This ain't enough.  
The black and the white,  
The left and the right,  
Whose wrong and whose right?  
Enough!

Now we've taken the H.A.T.E.,  
That poison is inside our guts.







11. The Dream Killers



# The Dream Killers

Little girl,  
Who told you,  
You couldn't fly?  
They lied.

Big man,  
Who told you,  
You couldn't cry?  
They lied.

Who is willing to die,  
For what they believe in?  
We have to do the dreaming,  
But success is in the scheming,  
How can you be the greatest,  
Drinking the thoughts of haters?  
When they're poisoning our minds,  
With thoughts, that are not advantageous,

Men like us, pray to our ambition,  
Cast a rod and baby let's go fishing,  
Sell the bounty to the highest bidder, who will listen  
Attract the pussy cats and all the litter,  
The jewels dazzle in our eyes,  
Like sunken ships of treasure,  
Whose worth cannot be measured,  
Bow in deep submission to the trinkets,  
Gone to a place of no redemption.







When my body  
has been slain & these  
ashes sprayed, throughout  
lands where I have fought & trained  
& those from which I came,  
what of this warrior  
remains?



# Last of the Warriors

Every day is a struggle, her heart's been broken,  
Mine has too, we cross the ocean,  
Holding hands in our dreams, ripped at the seams,  
We once held on for our love's devotion,

Time is the enemy, as we grow older,  
Every wound we suffer, heals much slower,  
As we glance in the mirror, youth is over,  
Pride took over, friends are nowhere,

Fallen like loose change in the sofa's cushion,  
A call on the cell phone to say, "It's over",  
Say it slower so I can hold onto, the hate you shouldered,  
The weight you've placed on my heart is loathsome,

Now I must carry it, until I grow some,  
And can separate myself from that emotion,  
I could never let myself remain broken,  
The pain is my memory's token,

I'm the Last of the Warriors,  
Like the last of Mohicans,  
Finding my truth is blinding,  
I'm seeking a route to the waterfall,  
Climbing in sequence, aligning the creatures,  
Earth and amoebas,

My notebook, filling it with lyrics, killing it with spirit,  
A message in a bottle, I hope that someone hears it,  
I can't bear it, hesitation, wait and pivot,  
Pass, when they ask, just keep giving,

Sharing the passion, outlasting the minutes,  
Right now, it's more than a scrimmage,  
Travel to my limits like a pilgrim on a mission,  
To find self, my mistakes, I hope, are forgiven,

Leave a legacy for my children to visit,  
Instead of just a prison, where their taught ambitions-  
Wither like the pedals of a rose when you sniff it,  
Is it just me? Or are we missing?

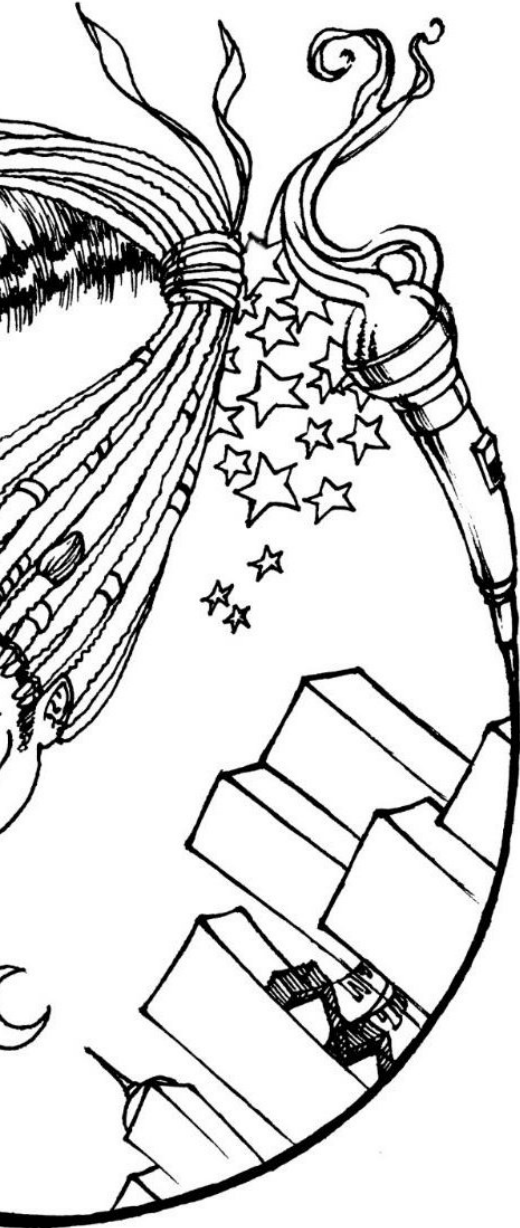
All that really matters? Just a question,  
Investing my time in these minutes, revisit the past,  
And I listen, see what I can learn,  
In the trenches, every moment is precious,

Fighting the demons, mighty are heathens,  
Blinding are reasons not to succeed,  
Hiding in seasons, our time is to rise,  
Now and forever, like the Ancients.





I'm the Last of the Warriors,  
Like the last of Mohicans,  
Finding my truth is blinding,  
I'm seeking, a route to the waterfall,  
Climbing in sequence, aligning the creatures,  
Earth and amoebas,



The cells, the atoms,  
The airing of grievances,  
Is not why we're meeting,  
But to fight our own demons,  
Slay them, get even, between them  
We find there is freedom.





13. Light up the Darkness



Holding on,  
is believing there is  
only a past. Letting go,  
is knowing there's  
a future.

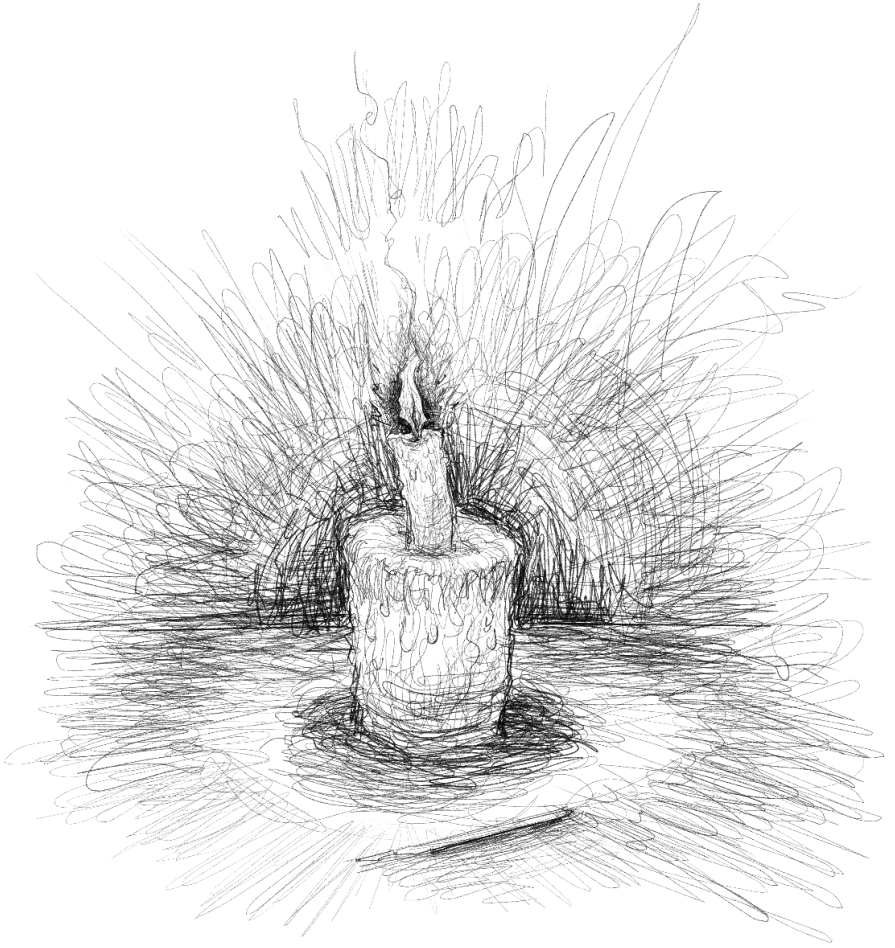


# Light Up the Darkness

Look into my eyes,  
Catch a glimpse of my soul,  
In case nobody told you,  
"You're not alone."  
I've had ups and my downs  
My highs and my lows,  
But I never gave up  
When the doubt raised up,  
"How many of us know?  
What we really want and go?  
I will create my own dream",  
The fears got to go,  
No one can do that for me,  
I'm in control, so no more  
Standing in the middle of the road,  
Frozen, on which way I need to go,  
No yellow bricks to follow,  
Just a boy with a goal,  
To start a *chain reaction*  
That will ripple around the globe,  
Just tomorrow, my sorrow,  
I let it go with the past,  
We don't curse the darkness,  
We shine the light and last,

Like that rose in the concrete,  
That woman in the cold,  
Or that boy in the corner,  
That nobody knows,  
One defining moment,  
“One day the world will see,  
What I know burns inside  
You and me, who do you want to be?”  
Need to escape?  
There's a place we can go,  
Everything we're against,  
Doesn't exist, anymore,  
It all gets ignored, because of  
Everything we're for,  
No more standing,  
In the middle of the road,  
Frozen, on which way we really need to go,  
No yellow bricks to follow,  
Just a girl with a goal,  
To start a *chain reaction*,  
That will ripple around the globe,  
Just tomorrow, my sorrow?  
I let it go with the past,  
We don't curse the darkness,  
We shine the light and last...

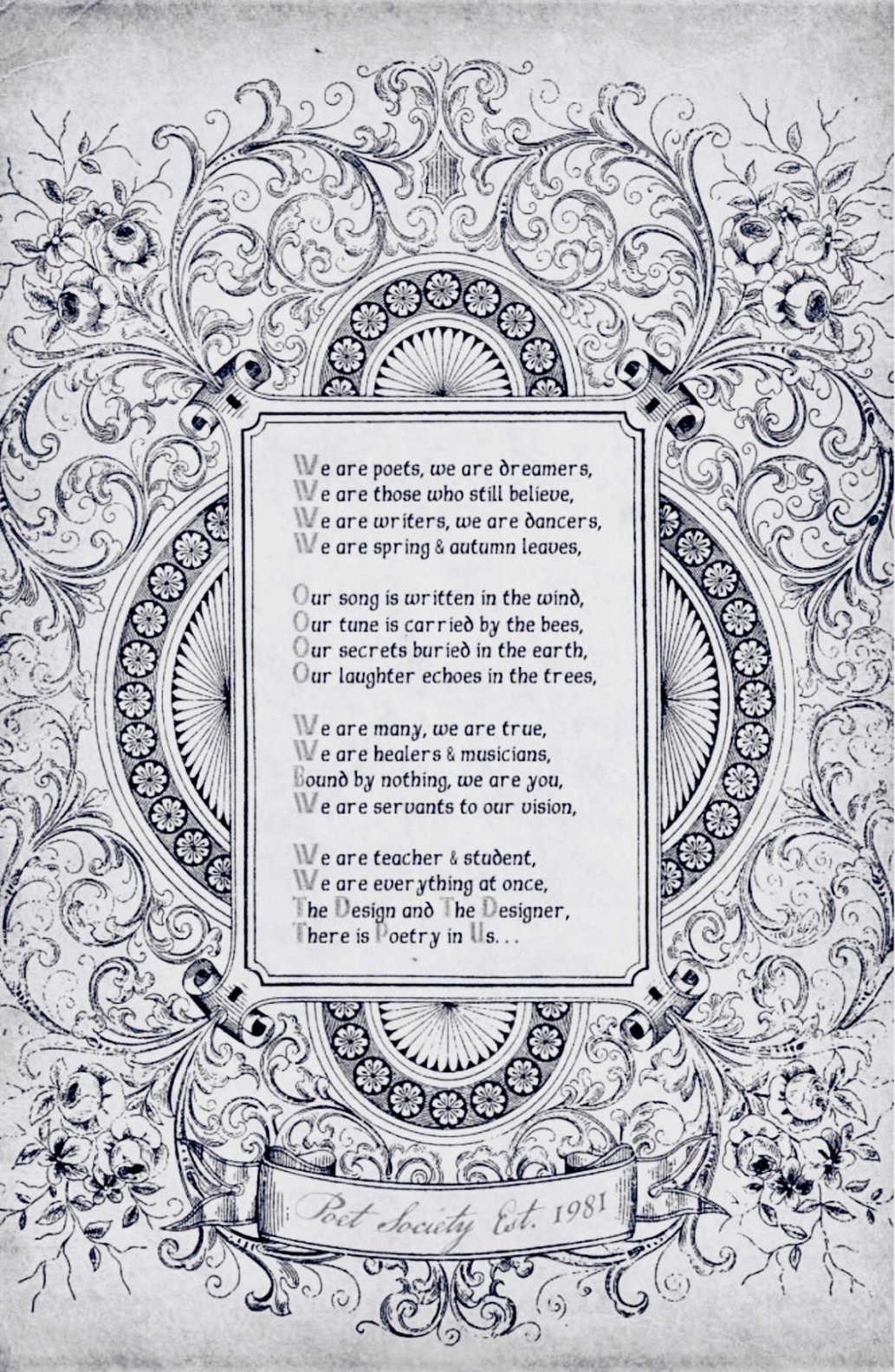




*The End.*







We are poets, we are dreamers,  
We are those who still believe,  
We are writers, we are dancers,  
We are spring & autumn leaves,

Our song is written in the wind,  
Our tune is carried by the bees,  
Our secrets buried in the earth,  
Our laughter echoes in the trees,

We are many, we are true,  
We are healers & musicians,  
Bound by nothing, we are you,  
We are servants to our vision,

We are teacher & student,  
We are everything at once,  
The Design and The Designer,  
There is Poetry in Us...

Poet Society Est. 1981

## List of Contributors

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Stanza 1- “Break Me” :  
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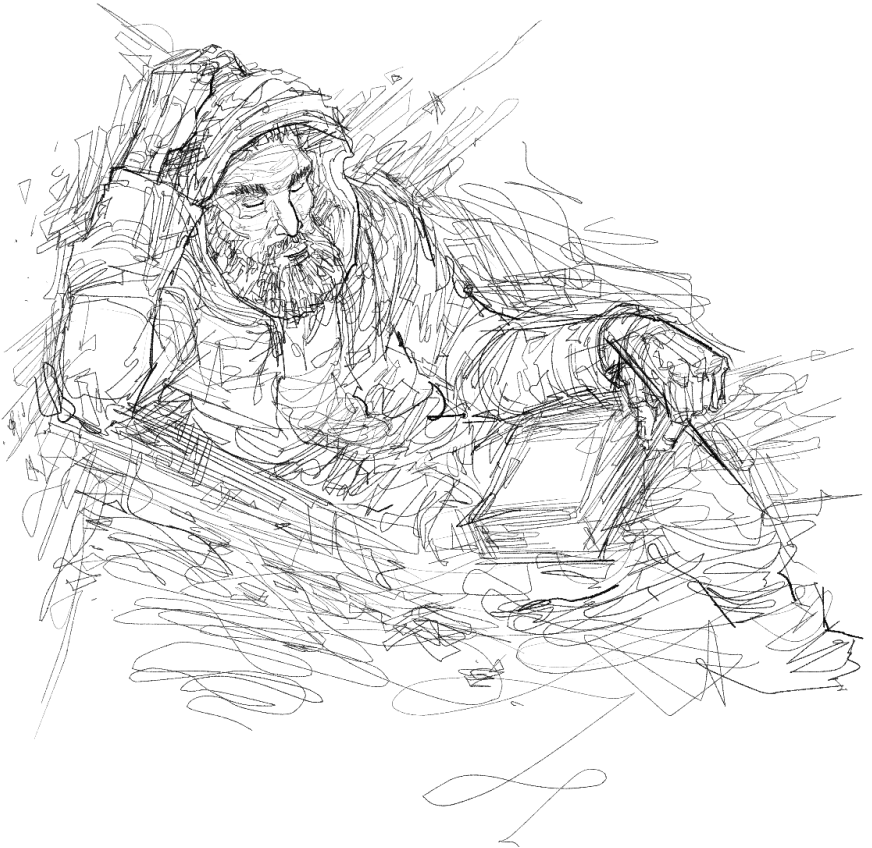
# ALBUM SOUNDTRACK





## Afterword

The message of all the prophets is believed to be the same. All prophetic messengers are prophets (such as Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Muhammad) though not all prophets are prophetic messengers. The primary distinction is that a prophet is required to demonstrate God's law through his actions, character, and behavior without necessarily calling people to follow him, while a prophetic messenger is required to pronounce God's law (i.e. revelation) and call his people to submit and follow him.





“It.”

Most the girls in the world are complaining about it,  
Most the poems in the world have been written about it,  
Most the music on the radio is kicking something about it  
Hitting about it, or ripping you open about it,

Most the verses in the game are spitting about it,  
In most the songs in the world, people are talking about it,  
Most the broken hearts I know, are walking without it,  
Started to doubt it, lost without it,

Most the shadows in the dark have forgotten about it,  
Everybody in the world would be tripping without it,  
Every boy and every girl would be dead without it,  
Struggle without it, nothing without it,

Most the fingers that are drunk, are dialing about it,  
Most the people that are in it, are smiling about it,  
Most the people who have lost it, are crying about it,  
Trying to get it back or lying about it,

Most the pages that are filled are filled about it,  
The tears that are spilled are spilled about it,  
The people that have felt it, are real about it,  
What is the meaning of life? We are lost without it,

When I'm in it and I feel it, I'm shouting about it,  
Everybody in my world, knows the truth about it,  
When I'm hurt and broken down, I'm flowing about it,  
I'd been going about it all wrong if I didn't allow it,

Can't a wound or scar, heal without it,  
Can't the way that we feel, be concealed about it,  
Everybody has their own ideal about it,  
Dream about it, appeal about it,

So what's the deal about it? Are you about it?  
This life is a trip and unreal without it,  
Everything that you feel is surreal about it,  
But I'm just a writer, what can I reveal about it?

Poet Ali