

Poetry Series

Rowdy Solomon
- poems -

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Rowdy Solomon(11/20/1991)

Hi,

My name is Rowdy Solomon. I am a poet and I also write short stories. Every once and a while I'll post scriptures and try to provide encouragement to others. If you are interested or know anyone who is interested in poetry or short stories of any kind please feel free to my Sol Poetry app today! The links are provided below:

AVAILABLE FOR:

ANDROID:

AMAZON:

If you're not interested in downloading the app you can still read my works via my website at

Thank you for any support and please spread the word!

A Life For A Love

You put me at the bottom of your barrel...
As I stare down this one with the gun cocked back
You would think my life would flash before me, but only images of you
I guess that means you are my life and in a few moments... were
Why did you do this to me?
You could have at least let me down easy or explained
So now I'm going to let me down easy
And let you try to explain my suicide note
This isn't payback
Its pressure release
No more thoughts. No more sleepless nights and wonder
He won... I can deal with that
The images I have now as my grip gets tighter to this trigger is the two of you
Hugging, kissing, laughing...
So I'm taking me out of the equation
You minus me plus him equals love
Time to complete this number sentence
And let this gun exclaim to make my point
My time is up... period.
Love always...
I hope you're happy

(Pulls the trigger)

Rowdy Solomon

Acts Of Love

Unchanging
By the world around you
And is limitless its power

Covering
All multitudes of sin
And making our lives more abundant

Accepting
All races and genders
Regardless of age and our backgrounds

Redeeming
All the hope that was lost
Instilling grace into our lives

Assuring
We are safe and secure
Resting in its tenderness of peace

Suppressing
All negative aspects
Giving motivation to us all
Allowing
Us to be who we are
And not change for anything on earth

Surpassing
Any earthly treasure
Infinite to any currency

And lasting
A lifetime with whom
God chose to be the right one for you...

Rowdy Solomon

Between Your Sheets

Hello sir. How are you? If you are reading this letter
You've reached under your pillow or your wide is a confessor
Anyway, I wanted to tell you, thank you for the thrill
Of allowing me to invade your home and personal space for a spill
Of my passion and sweat and juices all over your house
From your floor to your kitchen to your bathroom to your couch
You see, children aren't the only ones who get punished for being bad
Especially when you hurt the best thing you've ever had
You were rubbing nickels together when at home you had a dime
But now your house, your step-daughter, and your wife is all mine
And then you wonder why lately she's been tripping
Stop living in denial dude! You know she caught you slipping
You would probably say I'm wrong for intervening in your marriage
But it was on the rocks about to die. You're lucky that I spared it!
I could have taken everything and left you with nothing
And I started to because you hurt her but I didn't because she
Loves you... So I kept silent and let out my feelings in private
While everyday you came home to a fake smile and was blinded
By the fact you were in an imaginary land
With a wife and child who try to fake loving you as much as they can
I'm a prime example that it's not what you have. It's how you use it,
But you abused it and thought it was okay and you were left clueless
As she spread her legs for you with fake moans being fictitious
She insisted I hit from the back knowing I would shoot a bird at your picture.
You think I'm kidding you? Trust me what I say is a fact 'g'
How else would about your TV and black sheets?
I hope you're not sleeping on them. She wrapped herself in them
After she took me home she could lay in our passion and reminisce
So what I'm saying is this is a warning never to hurt her again
Because I was being nice the last time. Next time is the end.
I'll gladly take what's mine and leave you out on your feet
So get up and change them because I had fun in between your sheets.

Have a nice day sir. Remember, I'm watching you...

Rowdy Solomon

Bucket Of Blood

I don't deal with most
Because of the hand I was dealt
It's made me guarded, protective
Of everything I own
Everything I have attained
It all started when my feelings were exposed
I pictured a perfect world with just me and her
Yet, she invited others and cracked my heart
No matter...
Because it was still intact
On to the next...
Dark days came
Until beauty shined light on
My ugly situation
She just walked past me and
Changed my world
Turned it upside down
And me inside out
Showing feelings again
Exposed like a crab with no shell

After she was done
Taking everything I had
That's all that was left
MY heart was struck again
And even more brutal attack
As she walked away with
Who was my best friend
Yet, I continued...
MY next eye catcher wanted
For better or for worse
Things got better for me
And two weeks later got worse
She always wanted to argue
Disrupt my smooth cool vibe
I gave off so easily
She was determined to have her way
I begged, I pleaded
To come to a compromise
As I felt the walls of my heart fogging up
With pressure about to shatter
She laughed, kissed me...

And said it's over
I felt the internal bleeding instantly
No tourniquet necessary
It was too late....
I hovered over the sink
In my bathroom as the
Blood and tears dripped
From my mouth
A flowing river of despair and anger
Shards of my heart ripping
My esophagus as I regurgitated them
I thought I was dead for sure
When my eyes closed after
Collapsing on my bathroom floor
Then they were opened once more
Now, I see black and white
I can't smile even if I try
I try to feel but I cannot
Silence is my solace
Pain I feel no more
It's as if I am a zombie

Waiting to commit suicide

To be alive again by

Killing myself and awakening

Somewhere else

Many ask...

What happened to you?

Why are you like this?

The only thing I can tell them is...

Go check the bucket of blood

Most will never understand

Rowdy Solomon

Deferential

Days go by where I only think about
Easing back and letting my mind wander
For as many days as I have lived
Every one of them has good and bad
Reminiscing helps me cope and motivates me
Even though I still get depressed at times
Never will I give up completely
There are too many people rooting for me
I cannot fail
Along the way, I hope to learn much and gain lifelong friends and
Leave a humble legacy for others not to follow, but emulate

Rowdy Solomon

Down The Barrell

...^...^...^ (Heartbeat)

How did I get to this point?

As I stare down this barrel

As life flashes before me like a story

Or one of Jesus' parables.

They say life is a gamble; I bet for more than I had though

I bit off more than I can chew, and saddled more than I can handle.

So I ride this bull of life

Holding onto its reins as it rains tonight,

Not thinking twice in the fast lane of the one who reigns and gave me life,

How did I end up on this route?

Selling drugs and making enemies,

Not just everyone around me

But the biggest one is the 'inner me'

My flesh is happy, but my spirit is quincing deep,

Thirsting for a positive life, so even my spirit isn't even friends with me!

As tears run from my face, I think about the disgrace,

That I have become from what I've done,

And now there's nowhere to run.

Is it too late to applogize?

To the people who prophesized,

That if I don't fix my life, and make it right

I will surely die?

Early from earthy dirt cheap fantasies

I am sad to see that I did not listen

To the visions that Pastor sees

So I continued to run the streets,

Instead of making good money, I wanted hood money,

Because this money was quick money,

dumb me...

How could I put 'cents' before 'sense'

So 'since' I put 'cents' before 'sense'

A hitman was 'sent'

To take the one thing

That I never really thought about,

Living it in the fast lane, and never once even talked about,
my life...

But now that it is playing before me like a movie

I see all of the scenes in which the devil used me,

excuse me...

I should have listened to grandma & mama
Before I started in this drama and caused all of this trauma
They are the ones that really hurt,
When I do not come home,
Staying out all night, which they did not condone,
so I was kicked out of the house,
Since I thought I was grown,
Boy was I wrong...

My nights are short, and the days are long,
Now I'm standing here in this alley, gasping for air
Watching this 44 Magnum as down the barrel I stare,
I have reached wit's end now,
As I say this prayer,
In the confines of my mind,
As I listen to my slayer...

'Get on your knees' 'Look at me'
As he cocks the gun back
I watched the revolver spin around
Then I watched it as it spun back
The hour had come,
I was about to get annihilated
I zoned in on the barrel,
As my pupils dilated,
He pulled on the trigger,
And as I thought I was hit
And that was it....

I found out either he can't shoot or he missed!
Immediately I hear sirens,
And the blue lights revived me,
As I gave the Lord the Lord a dance
Thanking Him for another chance...

Rowdy Solomon

Everything I Had

Nobody said living this life would be easy

There's a cost of living and it

Grows as you grow with time

I grew up broke and

I realized I'm one in a million

But a broke home doesn't mean

I'm far gone

Those are my roots

From which I have grown

I don't use that as grievance

Still in life I'm achieving

And I'm fighting with

Everything I have

And when I'm covered with cement

And my family's grieving

They'll say I gave

Everything I had

My hands are calloused from working so hard on a daily

A bath is in order this evening

Then I'll feel fine

I wish my wife was here with her

Hands of healing

But she's gone on to glory oh Lord

She left me here all alone

I don't use that as grievance

Still in life I'm achieving

And I'm fighting with

Everything I have

And when I'm covered with cement

And my family's grieving

They'll say I gave

Everything I had

I wake up early to do the best I can for my children

I may not give them all they want

But their needs I provide

Clothes, shelter, time and I make sure

I always feed them

Above all I give them my love

But to me that's still not enough

I don't use that as grievance

Still in life I'm achieving

And I'm fighting with

Everything I have

And when I'm covered with cement

And my family's grieving

They'll say I gave

Everything I had

Old age has caught me and I feel myself slowly fading

I look back at my life now

And I am so satisfied

I take a glance at the light

Mounted on the ceiling

I'm going home

Keep a smile and stay strong

I'll see you all when you get home

But don't use this as grievance

Still in life you're achieving

Just keep fighting with

Everything you have

And when you're covered with cement

And your family's grieving

They'll say you gave

Everything you had

Rowdy Solomon

Face Down

t was cold, but not as cold as you. Rain blanketed my jacket as layered as my son in the same room. I saw the wine bottle empty giving me the indication he definitely had a shot. You laughed, eyes glazed as doughnuts as he undressed you and licked you like ice cream. My son rolled over, away from the nightmare taking place north of him as you went south.

I saw how you bit his ear and scratched him deep. You told me he was just a thirsty guy, but apparently you were just as hungry. The screams... the loud moans... the rolling into different positions cringing on and on... I'm gone.

Finally he flips you and I slide in the window. He's pounding deep but not as fast as my heart. My tears overtake me but I manage to keep quiet. I grab my son and I leave. I hope you enjoy.

I played the hand you gave me. You can't say I cheated because I caught my diamond in the rough red handed with someone she went to the club with. My heart is heavier than my burdens but at least it's not a spade like yours. He's your king now. Have fun with that joker. Game over...

You may wonder what we could have been but that is one card I will leave just like I left you... face down.

Rowdy Solomon

From The Bottom Of My Glass

Intoxication is by the only means I do so
I honestly cannot tolerate you sober
Alcohol awakens me from your horror
You are the complete opposite of what I dream of
I guess that makes you my nightmare that lays
Next to me every night...
Yet with each sip you look better and better
I need not worry about emotions with the numb feeling
And slurred speech I possess in this state of being
I stagger around and put on a crooked smile
To symbolize my tornado inside me I'm hiding
I know it sounds selfish... I know...
It sounds worse than you make it seem
In actuality this fallacy of analogies
Is for you I don't want to hurt you
I don't want to break your hear
(But I do want to leave you) (You won't give me a reason to)
Take my passion full of Patron
Immerse yourself in me while I talk through Jack Daniels
Fill my sex meter full of Tequila
Yes... there you have it because that's
The only way you'll have it
Apparently some part of me has to truly love you
In order for me to do bad to do good
Until I figure it out.... Just know....I love you... from the bottom of my glass.

Rowdy Solomon

Get Through It

I wanted success but not pain
Sunshine but not rain
But I realized I need to be wise
Otherwise this is a losing game

No controversy but fame
Prestige but no shame
We all want recognition
But it's insane to do the same

That's when I said my mission
Was to do something completely different
To leave a legacy ahead of me
So when I'm gone there will be a vision

For then because now I am ahead of the time
Nevertheless, though misunderstood
I'm staying true to this. I'll keep pushing and
Get through it

Rowdy Solomon

Hungry

There is an empty space within me..

A black hole it feels like

A never-ending abyss that is filled with darkness

The darkness' components is simply the things that hurt me

My past pains in a nutshell or in this case a petrifying pit

I need subsistence just as Thor did

I am weak... so weak that I cannot

Fathom survival of another day

Without proper nutrition

My insides have began to feed on themselves

And soon there will be nothing left of me

Yes, I am eating away at me

Because I cannot retrieve what I need to live

I am wasting away every day

Everything is growing dark, just as my inward abyss

Food, I need none...

Fill me with compassion

Fill me with understanding

Fill me with joy

Fill me with... love

I promise to only take what I need

I also promise to repay you when

I get back on my feet

But for right now... please help me

I'm not sad. I'm not mad. I'm not depressed.

I'm just hungry.

Rowdy Solomon

I Am Poetry! ! !

My mind is an incubator. It hatches embryos divinely planted into it over a period of time. These embryos are ideas, topics, and experiences that were fed, nurtured and given life through my thoughts. These thoughts become words, carefully constructed and crafted with each syllable having a heartbeat of its own. I speak these words, and they grow arms and legs to position themselves in a precise formation on the piece of paper I stare at with each breath I take forming a new word... forming a new life... a new beginning.... My eyes project these words across horizons too far for the 'human eye' to take notice of. Genres and styles flow through my veins and filter through my heart for approval and editing. For these reasons I have to keep an open mind... an open heart.... Moods for these compositions are set and can be changed instantly by a simple word or phrase, so I must watch what I think, say, and write. These words lives could be someone's death if I use them the wrong way. This gift... this power.... is not one taken lightly. It must be mastered and remastered with every 'new beginning'...

I's' are dotted with my saliva. 't's' are cross my heart and I hope to die with a sense of perfection in mind being perfectly imperfect. With each step I take, as my foot hits the ground on an evening stroll, it syncs with the exhale of my breath for the forming of a new word or phrase. My organs are a factory containing conveyer belts where countless messages are formed. I ingest these messages through my nostrils, eyes, and ears. They are moved through my digestive tract and are regurgitated onto a page and then later ingested by someone else through their eyes or ears. I must be careful to watch my intake, for I need to be healthy and a living example for those around me. I walk around and people look at me and my contents They look at me and take me out of context. They often read me with the adverse perception for what I really am intended to show. However, there are a few with the same like spirit who actually can read between my lines that life has given me and see me for who I really am. However, my goal and my true purpose is to give you something to think about... Since I am full, I cannot leave others hungry...

Every texture my hand touch becomes an easel on which words are pasted, painting a picture of a poem I perceive. I have diction at my fingertips, and style on my side. It is as if I am King Midas. The only difference is everything I touch turns to poetry. Furthermore, I have not just touched things physically. I touch lives. I touch spirits. I touch situations. Ways out have been given my hand, endowed with the divine power from above. I am a vessel and my hands are the release valve from the mere stroke of my pen. I can grab hold of anything and

open it wide and write what is inside. My hands are analytical; to my eyes there is never a surprise. My insides are where ideas are supplied and my mind are where they reside. My feet are my vehicle for my eyes and ears to look and see around. My God is the one who created me to make this crooked mind of mine divine. I am what I write. I write what I am. I live it daily and sleep on it nightly. This is my life, which is why I can bring life to it. I can even revive other dead ones when I see them laying on their sides motionless and hopeless. I simply am the pen I stroke. I am the words I say. I am the periods I put at the end of a line... and until the end of my line and even after... I will always say. I AM POETRY! ! !

Rowdy Solomon

I Take Pride In

I have been called ugly many a day
I thought that was my new name until the day
Paul bearers would carry me away
The negative comments were slowly
Killing me on the inside, though
My outer shell was as tough as nails
My peers hammered at it daily
Waiting for it to break and my floodgate
Of tears to slowly start to escape
Their imprisonment behind my eyes
What they never knew was...
I let them run free every night
Almost drowning me in their leisure
Until one day
My anchored chin was hoisted above
Measure by my darling angel
She kissed my chapped dry lips
That no one would even dream of coming near
She intertwined her fingers with my rough working hands
And placed them on her perfect face
I didn't get it...
How could something so beautiful want something so ugly?
How could someone who could have whatever they want
Be so fascinated with my hideous beastly figure and demeanor?
She looked into my eyes as I became lost in hers and said...
'Your flaws are what make you who you are, but I am not
Looking at your outside appearance. Behind this beast, I
See a handsome prince who can hold me and make me feel safe
At all times. I see a passionate man who is understanding and patient.
I see a spiritual Godly man, who will always be there when I need him.
I am focused on who I see, not what I see.'
I was finally able to cry and smile at the same time.
Now, when I look at me, I am proud
And my flaws are the things
I take pride in.

Rowdy Solomon

I'M A Murderer

Man, my body hurt... long day at work
When I got home it was worse
I unlocked the door, looking for my girl
She was crying on the floor
I asked what was wrong, leave me alone
Is what she told me to do
She pulled out a note, and I almost choked
Then she told me to choose

I can't believe that she found the note that this
Girl wrote to me
So what do I do now that she's taken
Off her ring?
And laid it on the coffee table...

I didn't mean to hurt her so bad
I didn't mean to change both of our lives
She's the best thing I've ever had
It's something that took me time to realize
Forget all of the women and the cash
She's more valuable to me than life
Baby, please don't leave...
I don't want her

In her eyes I see... her anger towards me
Her bags are packed next to the door
I begged and pleaded, she didn't believe
Me even though I swore
I would never lie... I put it on my life
All we did was talk one night
Then she said fine, then she said goodbye
And jumped in the car with her ride

And left me in the house with her scent lingering
In my nose
I can't believe that I did this I feel lower
Than low
Reaching up to touch the bottom....

So she went out to the club
While dancing she met this guy
She wasn't interested in him though
But he followed her outside
Now I'll never see her anymore
Because he stabbed her in her side
The person that stabbed her was me....
I'm a murderer

Rowdy Solomon

Living A Lie

Smiles...

A pleased, kind, or amused facial expression

A symbol of countenance.

A gesture made by the upward curving of the lips to present happiness and joy

To whomever sees it

But...

It is also used as a mask.

A mask in which we hide pain,

Anguish, Lonliness, Low Self Esteem,

Doubt, Demonic Powers, Worries,

And Even Depression.

Therefore we fall...

We fall into a hole that we dig deeper by hiding behind this mask.

We create an abyss for ourselves,

And we fall sometimes forever...

Never grasping onto any latch of hope that we can vent in some fashion.

Maybe to a friend, maybe to a family member, maybe to a teacher.

Or maybe through a hobby or prayer

We yearn for a release valve, but are afraid to exhibit our true selves,

Contemplating on how we will be ridiculed for being who we really are.

But who are you if you are not you?

Are you the brand of clothes you wear?

Are you the name of the shoes you have on?

Are you named after the money in your pocket?

Regardless of what you have or what you do not have,

You were created with feelings...

Feelings that were not made to be disguised behind the outward expression

You can project.

Feelings that were not made to be tossed aside because you act 'hard'

Feelings that were not made to be forgotten and bottled up and exploded

When you have held them in for too long.

But yet they should flow like a river, reciprocating the very essence

of its mission for being, and lingering from heart to heart...

They are made to be revealed for you to be understood.

They are made for you to speak of your troubles and joyous times.

They are made for you and you only, because no one else knows what you are feeling.

So why not express them? Why not open up?

Why keep your heart closed to where it will be cold and desolate?

Open it, to release the stuffiness that clogs your arteries

Open it, to shed some light in those dark places.

Open it, because you never know how much of a blessing you can be

And the blessings you can receive.

If you do not, then how can you express your true feelings?

Those that you express are therefore false, like hypocrites in church

That preach Heaven on Sunday and raise hell on Monday.

Do not be false. Do not be fake.

Be yourself which is who God made you to be.

If you do not know who or what that is, ask Him.

If you are not you; if you are not real with yourself,

You are essentially, virtually in substance...

Living A Lie.

Rowdy Solomon

Our Good Night

Soft Jazz bands played on the radio
While I played with strings of her hair
The tunes matched our voices so good that
Our conversation should have been the lyrics laid to it
Her leg overlapped mine and my other leg
Overlapped hers, intertwining them like braids
Her breath kept hitting my neck just right
To keep me aroused and attentive
Her hands were healing to my pain
As she rubbed me to and fro
The vibration from my voice
Tickled her ears and makes her laugh
My reward was her smile
I felt complete with our bodies touching
Pulling us together is love...
A tangible but not seen magnetic attraction
I would not have it any other way
Her lips touched mine and I tasted the
Strawberry lip gloss she was wearing
It made me bite her lip gently and
Suck on her bottom lip for while
Before she turned over and asked me to
Hold her tight
The music ended, and the last sounding note by the
Saxophone was so on point that it also made us
Drift off to sleep, ending....
Our good night.

Rowdy Solomon

Rainbows (For Our Children)

Positivity was always one of those things that came slow

Just like poets and rappers collaborating trying to be on one accord with the same flow

But in the future that we have, most have no choice but to aim low

Because of the stipulations upon us by the statistical status quo

Diversity is something foreign to us now from different angles

Because we are not judged by color but by description and slain though

Our futures could be bright if someone gave us a 'Hey! Woa! '

To get us back on track when we slip off life's railroad

Our children always mimic what we do. If not everything, close

To everything we do become part of them. So let's change those

Habits that we have from segregation to lame gross

Disgusting discrimination and also how we dress in these tight and baggy clothes

Our children are the future, but the past is so bad though

We're caught up in traditions and forget the mission needs to be handled

Our country is in a storm in many ways and it's factual

That most of us are selfish and only value our own opinions. That's sad to disclose

Financially, spiritually, mentally, we're mad low

And emotionally we've bitten off more than we can handle

We've fallen off the horse, jump back on the saddles

And let's become one again to save our children from this battle

Swallow your pride. Change your inside. Give this world a drastic glow

And let us reign long and hard for our children to have something to aim for

At the end of these rainbows...

Rowdy Solomon

The Hymns Of The Hurricane

My orb was peaceful... All serene and tranquil
The cool breeze gave me peaceful chills as I tasted the salt air
The sand between my toes massaged my feet with each motion
Perfect was my scenery as I looked at all of my possessions
Nothing could go wrong... Nothing could mess up my perfect world..
At least I thought so...
Suddenly, in an instant... In the blink of an eye...
My world was darkened by storm clouds
The sound of the cool breeze was replaced by thunder
Lightening was my only light to see what was coming.
It was huge... It was powerful... It was... a hurricane.
What do I do now! ? ! I cannot run from it, nor can I escape it.
I can't go around it or go over it. My only option...
My only choice... The only decision I can make...
Is to go through it.
Will I survive! ? ! What precautions do I take! ? !
My possessions! What will happen to them! ? !
No! I must protect what is mine!
I'm not afraid! I will beat this storm!
So now I run... with no forecast of foreshadow of what will happen
Into this raging whirlwind of debris and devastation
The power of this storm... this... this... monstrosity of nature
Is too great for man alone to battle
I lost before I began...
So now, as I am taken captive by this whirling wonder...
My life is in its hands... My life is not my own anymore.
I see my possessions... my life... spinning out of control.
All that I had attained was being ripped to shreds in an instant
I was slowly lowered to the ground by this superfluous storm
I stood in the middle of all of this mess...
It was like watching my life spin out of control...
I saw my house. I saw... my cars and furniture.
But then... I saw a bridge that looked like
It had chips and erosion from being over troubled water
I saw my barn untouched but only spinning in the wind
As if it were shelter in these times.
I saw the shape of the top of this phenomenon
It's as if it were a crown symbolizing king of kings
I was in a twisted water tornado of tranquility

The winds were like a melody and a serenade was played
By the items spinning in its substance from its absorption
It reminded me of old familiar hymns I used to hear
My grandmother sing and hymns I no longer cared for
Now I saw... the real 'eye' of the hurricane.
I began to sing along with the hymns I heard from the wondrous weather
Amazing grace... how sweet the sound.... and What a friend.. We have in Jesus
I finally realized the reason for this once superfluous but now...
Significant storm but suddenly... the storm stopped.
All came crashing down, directed right towards me.
So, I fell to my knees and I could only say 'I understand'
Before everything I lifted up came crashing down on me.
Good thing this was only a dream...
So in times my life is not up to par as I want it or...
In times I become lifted in things... I can always remember...
The Hymns of the hurricane.

Rowdy Solomon

The Joy Of Pain Part One (Barely Survived)

I should have read the fine print on the brochure...
Maybe I wouldn't be here
It started out as...

Dinner with the most delicious meals
And finest of wines
Moonlight to magnify our
Specific features of distinct beauty
Volumes of laughter and conversation
Add to an already eccentric mood

Both of us are new to this
Though it seems so familiar
Like a long lost experience
Found in each other
Finally... a chance to be free
A chance to be me

Gifts are exchanged as well as
Hearts to cherish. The most
Precious gift of all
One was cherished. One...
Was broken

We just couldn't weather the storm
After having our worlds flipped upside down
She was rescued from me
And I drifted away uncontrollably

Regrets are void
And faults are not substantial
There was harm but no foul
I just wish I saw it coming.
Maybe I did but ignored it

No longer will I
Be overboard, diving in denial
I have emerged to see.
It's over...

So now I sit here and deeply breathe
On life's shoreline
Shivering.

Rowdy Solomon

The Love-Romancer Part 1 (Sight)

All around me was dark....
I had no vision for my life so
I figured I was dead in a sense
Figuring this was my fate or destiny so it seemed
It made things a lot less intricate when it came to
A love life of any sort
I was buried deep beneath my
Past relationships which could mostly be defined as
A hazing ordeal or a baptism of fire to my soul
One can only infer that from this
My outlook on love was
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
But...
I felt a shock one day...
My heart skipped a beat upon site of this
This... this... astounding beauty
It was nothing like I had ever laid eyes on
Our visions fused and I began to see again
I perceived a bright future and tranquility
I shed a tear and it was clear...
To me that all I needed was reviving...
Reviving from a light that would be willing....
Willing to shine down on an obscurity such as me
Thank you Lord for
The amazing grace of her presence
Yes, twas once was I lost, but now I am found
I wasn't blind.... I just couldn't see
Me for who I really was...
But now I can

Rowdy Solomon

The Love-Romancer Part 2 (Hearing)

Her voice... Oh Her voice...
In choosing God made an excellent choice
Our conversation was like a song
The lyrics were written and recorded
In my heart for future release anytime
I needed a stress reliever
There were no 'complicated melodies'
Here, as everything was on 'key'
And we stayed on one accord
Her tone touched my innermost
Deeper than I ever imagined
Or could fathom
I could listen to her all day
And dream about it too
I hear you sweetie...
Keep talking.

Rowdy Solomon

The Love-Romancer Part 3 (Touch)

Our fingers intertwined like the hairs upon her head
All tangled and confusing yet so simple
I could sleep on her hands, as they were
Like pillows to my face
The way she caressed my forearm
Sent a tingle down my spine and
A chill up my legs
I felt like a snake shedding skin
Every part of me she grazed or massaged or rubbed
Or even breathed upon....
Became new to me though it looked the same
Her fingers acted as her lips
Kissing my skin and replenishing tone
And volume to it with the evident
Cocoa Butter she covered herself in this morning
At her fingertips
Any contact with her stimulates my thought process
And consumes my conscious
Tickle my fancy sweetheart
I need to smile...

Rowdy Solomon

The Love-Romancer Part 4 (Taste)

She is just the right flavor for me... sweet
Her lips have a tendency to
Tease my taste buds and
Vice versa
Because of her, I have my savor back
I lost it long ago when my feelings
Went numb
Now my hunger for love is back
After she gave me a sample of
What it was again
My appetite is like a bottomless pit
I can't seem to get enough of her
And she continues to offer herself
Though I feel undeserving
After others let me starve
I guess I was so used to being hungry
That the burning desire...
Like the burning in my stomach
Was a norm
It's ironic though
What gives me strength
Seems to also be my weakness
But I don't mind
As long as I can have it
With her predispositioned permission
May I have more baby?
I promise I will be good

Rowdy Solomon

The Love-Romancer Part 5 (Smell)

I inhaled a breath of a new air
An aroma that reeked tranquility
It wrapped itself in my wind pipe
And made me follow wherever
The source was
It was her...
Was it a bouquet of flowers?
No...
Was it the after rain smell?
No..
Was it a perfume I couldn't pronounce nor spell?
Maybe, but I doubt it.
This spice... this... fragrance...
It's name I couldn't put my finger on
Then again...
I didn't need to
It lingers in the air
When she is near
And continues to linger when she is far
Nothing smells like it but her
Nothing can substitute the emanation of her
So I call her smell...
My compass
Because it always leads me to her
Waiting with open arms.

Rowdy Solomon

The Palmy Puppet

Creeping within the crevices and cracks of existence lie
An abstract of abundant absense of a particular party of people.
Their objectives are omitted from their operation of thoughts into oblivion
Because they were never bestowed with their reason for being.
Their lives are sorrowful sattires unspoken and sketched on their souls.
They are 'stitched' together with troublesome turmoil and thrown away 'rags',
Symbolized by the thrown away dreams they valued that are now vanished from
their vision.
The insides of these individuals are gutted to give a gaping glory to the keeper of
the dagger.
They are swiftly sold to anything because though they are stiff, they cannot
stand on their own
They are... perishing people. They are... in a bad position. They are... puppets.

This was me, and in many marvelous manners, it still is.
I believed I had no heavenly purpose, and I was hastily on my way to hell.
Working hard was my winning spirit, but when I rested, I whined.
I had a vernacular vision and no victory was visible.
My tears tangled my thoughts and fell to a tucked chin.
I had no morals, the wrong mentality, and no meaning to my movements.
My voice was not heard, and my presence was perceived wrongly.
I felt thrown away and taken to a place of temptation and trial.
Until...

My sides were sown up.
My eyes were dilated so I could die later.
My corpse was crucified and my cells were made cutting edge.
My vocals were volumed and my smile started to shine.
But wait...

My strings were never cut. I still have a Superior.
I am still captive and a character is still controlling me...
Because of Salvation, I am safe and a survivor yet...
I am freely not free...
I realized in order to become a man again I had to be made God's spiritual
mirrored 'man-i-kin'
So, that is why my strings were never snipped.
They are His love, catching the creature I am when I create chaos and confusion.
I am... Prominent. I am... Perfectly Imperfect. I am... The Palmy Puppet.

Rowdy Solomon

Too Much

I need you to be in these
Emotions with me
Instead of going through
The motions with me
I'd rather us change together
Than be on different pages
In this chapter of our lives
Love's potion is potent
One that lasts forever
With a happily ever after
But before this happens...
Sacrifices must be made
No more dates and
Dancing with others
Having sex with best friends
That you call sister or brother
No more flirting
Because there should only
Be one that is worthy
I just want to be all yours
And you be all mine
No monopoly
No games
Maybe I'm asking too much...

Rowdy Solomon

Undying Hope

I walk by many a day of which who will

Never know my name

Many of which who will never know my pain

Many of which who will never know my strain

Or my origin as we are orbiting around each other

24 hour period after 24 hour period

Never will they know

This is how I give my blood

50 dollars not needed

Crying my life into pages

Sweating stanzas from my brow

I figure many just see a figure

A man appearing to be a man

Never knowing the power...

The healing... The truth...

He holds

Eminem is eminent

T.I. is king of the South

What will Sol be remembered as?

Do you even know who Sol is?

He's not know to many anyway

A figure begging to be heard

Chasing behind many in the light

I hope one day he will be deemed

The best to ever do it and not

Die in the process because then...

He will only be a shodow

Rowdy Solomon

Who Was I Kidding

A plague of pain suddenly spread

Throughout my body, mind and soul

It made me strain to the point of vessels

Busting in my eyes, so I cried red

It came upon me last night when

I thought nothing of some words said to me

And....

Words that weren't said to me

Now, I have realized words are just words

And actions are what I need to listen for

And that is why I am hurt...

I could end here and it could be enough

But allow me to widen this gaping hole

In my heart for all to see

It's punctured anyway, so I might

As well tell the story as I fade away

Her life is set in 'stone' and she

Threw the ones she didn't need directly at my head

I was shackled by passion, bound by admiration

Seduced by her smell and held captive

By her caring so much for me

Yet, that is all over now, but

I was never let free, though she unchained me

Why did I stay? Why did I imprison myself again?

Why did I put myself through this?

Questions, I have many... answers

I have none along with love, joy and peace

I guess I'm ugly, underserving,

Repulsive, gross, but also...

Easy... easy to maintain...

Easy to satisfy and put to the side

Easy to hide and manipulate

I will never have someone to call my own

I am not favored in the category of a significant other

It's over now. She left me alone because she was never alone

I was an augment, extra, an attachment that just looked good

But could only last for a period of time

I knew it was too good to be true....

Hmph, who was I kidding?

Me.

You Pushed Me Away

I woke up on the wrong
Side of the bed this morning
Because it was your side
Or...
At least it used to be
Some of the pillows were
Cold as ice just like the
Shoulder you gave me when
You turned your back and said goodbye
I did everything in my power
To keep us together, but it
Only drew us apart
We were like continents drifting
Away from each other slowly
I guess I have to blame myself for
Crying an ocean over you then watching
You float away on my tears
Flowers, candy, chocolates,
Jewelry, cuddling, songs and poems
Just for you and me crying on my knees
Was just not enough...
What was? What could have been?
I guess he just had something I didn't
I wish you the best I guess
But you could have just told me
Instead of making me work so hard
In a no-win situation
Still, I love you enough to let
You keep your reputation
And not tell anyone what you
Did to me
So when people ask me what happened
Between us... all I can say is...
You pushed me away

Rowdy Solomon

Your Tender Touch

My darling angel

Oh, how I long for the

Gentleness of your soft-textured

Grip encamping different extremities of me

I love the way it gives my body

Instruction to rest and be tranquil

Oh, how I awe for the warmness of your

Fingers to tickle my emotions

And surgically remove my physical pains

It feels like each carpal

Creates a tunnel to different parts of me

To clear any negativity

And help me lighten my loads

Each appendage is appointed

A designated area so none

Of me is ignored

You know all of the right

Places to touch and magnify

I love how you apprehend me

And make me your own

Not to control me...

But to connect with me

It's a mystery of how I tremble at your

Slightest interaction with me

I instantly slip into a joy-filled

Coma where my world becomes a

Land of no more

No more stress No more

drama no more arguments

No more low self esteem no

More doubts or demonic powers

Coming against me no more

Worries....

Just me...

And your tender touch.

Rowdy Solomon