

Poetry Series

THEODORE MOSLEY
- poems -



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THEODORE MOSLEY()

Theodore Mosley was born in Hopkins, South Carolina and raised in the South Bronx, New York. He now resides in San Diego, CA, with his wife and children and holds an Associate of Arts degree in Business Administration.

A prolific and brilliant rising author and poet, Mosley has been writing for many years of his adult life. Only recently in the past year has his creative relationship with the pen moved to a higher plateau. In February 2018, Theodore published his first book with Outskirts Press. "Your Secrets My Lies" is a fast-moving dramatic novel that examines the maze of possibilities that can exist between people, who hold deep secrets, harbor lies as reality, and battle the freak nature of the darkness that lurks within.

Theodore Mosley's gift of writing displays itself profoundly within the vivid pictures he paints in each of his original works. No subject is taboo or off limits to his probing, sometimes challenging, imagination that ranges from the power of love and nature to the personal struggles of relationships of injustice. All of his writings are encased by his great love for God and his desire for spiritual growth and development.

In addition to being a first-time author, to date, Theodore has shared his poetic works in forums such as "The Upstart Crow Bookstore & Coffee House" San Diego, CA, online magazines "Black Star News" New York, NY, "The Chocolate Voice" Chula Vista, CA, and "Ujima Magazine" Austin, TX. He has also written poems for his workplace group, "African American Association of County Employees", aka AAACE.

Theodore attends the Full Gospel Church of God In Christ located in San Diego, CA where he is an ordained minister, willingly serving as God allows. He attributes all of his gifts and talents to the God that he loves and serves, and looks forward to achieving greater literary heights.

White America White America Is Not Black America

White America swindled the land of Indigenous Native Americans; their freedom became colonized for their human trust.

White America covets humans that brings them wealth without blood sweat and tears of their own misery.

White America synchronized the history of Black America with the lies of Emancipation Proclamation.

Fight the power; fight the power; fight the power; plantations of good slave owners in White America burned freedom of choice.

White America no longer need hooded sheets and choir robes; they put on suits with a stroke of the pen.

White America has exchanged choir robes for Blue Uniforms; jury; judge; executioner; White America condemns whatsoever they please.

Secret Society pardons their wrongs for rights of killing; Harvard, Yale, and Princeton; Black is black; is PHD; Masters; MD; his grave is no different from a janitor.

Peaceful demonstrations: you deserve to be beaten; sit ins; your graves are being digged.

Demons of White America past and present represents Black America with soldiers of destruction.

White America, White America is not Black America; your representation is camouflaged with treacheries of love beyond your belief.

Written by Theodore Mosley
January 26,2021

THEODORE MOSLEY

My Heart (Mary Elizabeth Crumpton)

Her wisdom was unmatched when she spoke with words of humility.

She adorned life with a love that only heaven can bestow upon you.

In her hands were life changing touches that tears embraced with smiles.

The strength of her weakness became her foundation of unmovable love.

Secured in her stand for CHRIST she bestowed her life for others to witness.

Flowing with grace she persevered the distant shores of life with movements as a Queen.

As a wife her crown of standard was epitomized with her love that helped shaped his living.

Her offspring were the embodiment of her life; she poured her soul beyond time of her time with each breath of her life.

With emotions of sacred love she encountered obstacles of pain only to stand still.

The cornerstone of her life became the cornerstone of her living.

Her dignity of her blackness soared with the rising sun.

No longer bound, like the Phoenix she ascended to heaven with a voice of triumph.

She encamped our life with honors of pride, morals, dignity, unselfishness of love and beauty that only heaven can surpass.

Grandmomma's hands told the story of life without words being spoken.

Her spirit whispers to our hearts; my heart Mary Elizabeth Crumpton is the epitome of creation dignified from earth to glory.

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 12,2021

THEODORE MOSLEY

Our Tears Of Love

We are born for greatness in life that will not ever be denied for our population of brilliance.

They tried to imprison our minds with chains of deceit while we forged unspoken triumphs with our minds.

From the depths of the fire our souls became gladiators of intellectual domains that could not be diminished.

Pursued by their inferior complex of deficiency of understanding we accelerate our morality of Blackness.

With each breath of life submerged into darkness we ascend to our purpose of Black Power of superiority.

White privilege has escaped the death penalty of justice with the supremacy of white justice.

When a Black Man denies blue uniforms his freedom of rights he is relieved of his breathing.

Face to face combat to blue uniforms; talking obscenities to blue uniforms; telling blue uniforms what to do; white privilege arrives home for dinner with white pride!

The coalition between lives is as extreme as life and death!

Counter activity of our lives are burned to the soul when we encounter the color of our skin with the color of their skin.

Our tears of love are heard from the graves of society of presumed guilty; we became the sacrificial life for living Black.

Written by Theodore Mosley

May 6,2021

THEODORE MOSLEY

A Quarter Century

Your love has no ending, it begins with eyes that are caught in love.

Within your heart is flowing unsurmountable acts of emotions that flow without borders.

Searching the mind of willingness you bestow hands of understanding that will turn into sweet rest for the soul.

We follow your footsteps that lead to paradise; the glow of your aurora explodes into words of encampments that floods our spirits.

Looking to the hills from whence cometh your help your hinds feet captures the excellence of truth.

While we wait for the earth to sound its trumpet from heaven you help crucify the flesh with sound doctrine.

Forbidden to exhale with the masses your life is an exploratory witness for brokenness to withhold.

The rock of your foundation is instilled into your foundation of faith that overcomes hardships with peace be still.

Hearing the kingdom of righteousness you propelled your life to the cross of execution personified.

Holy is the sound that comes from heaven when you bow down to His crown of life.

Your love bleeds with actions that are uncharted on the course of the Lambs' blood that covers.

Forty years of holiness that you have engraved your soul for commitment of other souls.

A quarter century of peace displayed in humility; a quarter century of love uncensored; a quarter century your life has sat on a hill beaming brightly that cannot be hid!

Written by Theodore Mosley
November 29,2021

THEODORE MOSLEY

Guilty On All Three Counts

Propelled in his own spotlight of justice his seductive eyes were intensified by Black Lives Matter rhetoric.

Taking his breathe away with the power of the shield he stood tall inside himself.

Arrogant and domineering his soul withstood the alignment of truth in the eyes of the beholders.

Shifting his weight to understand the proclamation of his authority he descended with his judgement of death.

Listening with attentive ears his plea fell on def ears of Blue Uniforms of power.

A human being cried out for his mother; another human being knee of silence cried out for sustainability.

A mother's heart is torn asunder; a mother's heart is torn asunder; a mother's heart is torn asunder.

With malice as his defender his countenance worshipped the actions of his inclusion.

Motionless on the ground with submission his aggressor applauded his strength of nine minutes of no retaliation.

With a shield of certified power he became the democracy of death.

Our white robes and our white hoods are obsolete; we hide behind perceived as threats that will exonerate our white privilege.

Blue Lives Matter; All Lives Matter; white privilege is the patriot of this country.

Today you are guilty on all three counts; George Floyd changed history!

Written by Theodore Mosley
April 22,2021

Orangeburg Massacre

Kneeling and praying for justice and mercy as the Star Spangled Banner is being sung to White America, home of the brave.

Samuel Ephesians Hammond Jr; murdered in the land of the free; O say does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave.

No we are not all the same, their justice is exemption of our truth.

Protesting for GOD given birthrights did Henry Ezekial Smith; O say can you see, by the dawn's early light; dawn's early light was his casket for freedom of speech. First Amendment declared him uncivilized!

All Star Triangle Bowl inspired Orangeburg with its history of Blue Lives lies; perceived as threats; Black Man solicitating violence.

Guilty until proven innocent; guilty until proven innocent; guilty until proven innocent.

Delano Herman Middleton: their blood has washed out their foul footsteps pollution.

The Orangeburg protestors were met with lies of gunfire; ten to fifteen seconds of truth gunfire reconciled their justification.

Transcending their hearts with colorism is their weapon; segregation locked their minds with hate; exploitation of truth is their battle cry.

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight, O'er the
ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming. Remember the Orangeburg
Massacre!

Written by Theodore Mosley
January 28,2021

THEODORE MOSLEY

Severed Your Heart

True love is to the soul of your heartbeat when you catch their breath in another dimension.

Your hair plays on the moon as you look into his breathtaking eyes.

You hear the sound of snow falling in Paris when you kiss his lips on Venus.

The earth catapults you beyond the sound of light when he touches your words with his smile.

You are on a collision course with the Seven Seas of Arabia when he speaks your name.

Honeysuckles blossoms under your feet as you sleep in his mirage of love.

Singing with the droplets of your tears you sway the mountains to be your bed of lilies.

Marooned on the aroma of his love you digest his splendor as he lays in your romantic enchantments.

Caught in the orchestra of his silhouette your world punctuates the serenity of the night.

He embalms you in the valley of his organic nutrients that enthrones your neurotic ambitions.

Your sparkling waters indulged him with treasures of hypnotic dreams.

The fire of his assimilation severed your heart without the ordination of consummation.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 10,2022

THEODORE MOSLEY

Quietly Killing

In the still of the day your body is awakened by unknown symptoms of I can't breathe.

You reach for the air that brings solace to your mind for comfort.

Your body goes astray; the air you breathe attacks your breathing canal.

The scandal of your interior organs seems to multiply without the interpretation of your movement.

The colony of your passage of breathing lays dormant for other invasions that corrupt your vessels of life.

Fighting for containment within your mind of decisions you create abstract decisions that seal your thoughts.

Within the conduit of your flow of blood you become weak with your process of intelligent thinking.

Gathering your mental state to optimize the confrontation of your equilibrium you surrender in blackness.

You are trapped in a organic state of an apparatus that gives you its vitals without your understanding.

Voices are flowing in your air space; your tongue is being held ransom by your trachea.

Your body is distant from your mind; your eyes are seeing beyond what you are advocating for.

The ventilator is decreasing your pattern of once what was a normal routine of your anatomy.

When the invocation of your life is talking to you, COVID-19 is quietly killing you.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 8,2022

THEODORE MOSLEY

Dreams II

The fireplace is dancing in her heart with each kiss of his chocolate words.

She smells the flames singing to her smile as she lays her head in his canvas of love.

Stripped of her arsenal of beauty she caresses the moon with her lips.

Pools of his aroma sends the fire to her hair as she cries for his seduction of rain.

Surveying the night with her moonstruck eyes she catches his equilibrium with her words.

Sifting through his touches of heavenly desires her hands paralyzes his kisses.

Quenched with unsurmountable tears of his body she erupts into molecules of desert oasis.

The temperature of her mind causes a whirlpool to develop in his eyes.

Saturated with his passion of love she separated the lava from his volcano of rhythm.

His lips played a song for her with each movement of her silhouette that drowned his breath for her.

Synchronizing her waters for his appetite of her consortium of moves she contoured to his rest.

Her nucleus of love and time shifted his oblation without his direction.

Her covers of reality lifted her up and her dream was contaminated with wastelands of nothing.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 8,2022

THEODORE MOSLEY

True Devotion

You give your all in all and your life brings you into a web of unforeseen tragedies.

Tears of calibrated times forces you to engage in emotions that haunt your journey.

Your awards are not rewards of holding fast; accolades of burning desires traps your mind for soothing moments.

Torments of your flesh cries out for healing when you are entombed with fires of desires.

Crept in unawares were the falsehood of love that dominated your eyes of trust.

Mr. Dream Merchant became the bureau of investigations that pain could not erase.

The enemy of time eliminated your sleep as you walked towards dawn to hear the voice of 'be still and know that I am GOD'.

His love commended you for your fight of faith that you disregarded for pleasures of anointed flesh.

Seeking reformation you found destitute of words that held you captive.

The truth of his lies separated you from the hope of charity that would guide you.

Armed with your weapons of revenge you fell into an abyss of your own creativity.

Your wrath endangered you without consultation of truth and righteousness.

True devotion; But seek you first the kingdom of GOD, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Written by Theodore Mosley

April 12,2021

THEODORE MOSLEY

Strange Fruits

From the womb of time life was heard with travailing and love encountered the breath of life.

The Nativity Scene of man with joyful eyes of creation that smiles brought to life.

Caressed with splendor and unimaginable joy, creation is held in secured arms.

Man has been carried on a journey of seclusion and protection with a woman as the temple.

The fruit of her womb is blessed beyond the correlation of time.

'And the woman said unto the serpent, we may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden'.

Deceitfulness, lies, corruption, hatefulness inflamed the mind of man without dissimulation.

Eyes of torment with love of hate gathered the hearts of evil men with decayed righteousness.

With swift transition the Continent of Africa became a commodity of fruits that entertained blue eye devils.

The fruit of his mother's eyes became the sacrifice of Black History.

Sadistic praises of monkeys swinging claimed our fruits were honorable sacrifices.

Confederate flags of Christians displayed love for heaven to approve of their cleansing of GOD'S creation.

Strange fruits of everlasting Black History told of by the innocence of Oak and Pine Trees that cried for mankind.

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 15,2021

THEODORE MOSLEY

Black Women Ii

She is the hierarchy that presents solutions to cultural diversity.

The Black Woman is organized in her mind beyond the thoughts of salutations.

She effortlessly slays with her words of contentment in hostile environments.

When she digresses, she elevates; the wholeness of her being travails life.

Confident in her weakness, she strengthens her clarification of a Black Woman.

Her magnificent grace, her undeniable beauty is in counterfeits of other cultures.

Constant and consistently, she glows with intelligence as she walks the platform of her aura.

Without hypocrisy, her fierceness is proclaimed as a crown jewel that is yet to be discovered.

Her fossil of humanity is the Institution of humanity; naturally entombed in wisdom; sanctioned in creation for her blackness.

Black Woman, you are a city that is set on a hill that cannot be hidden.

She embraces life behind the curtains to applaud life in her view.

Her creation is coveted like gold without purchasing it.

The density of her proclamation is craved with eyes of desires from distant shores.

The gazelle of her walk destroys planets that tried to subdue her.

Watch her countenance; hear her walk; experience her altar; sojourn her truth; articulate her expressions; witness her purification; crown her justification; watch her choregraph of life; and still I rise; Black Woman.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 27,2021

THEODORE MOSLEY

Her Gentle Ways

She is soft as the summer nights that lovers look for to hold each other's heart.

The moon turns into a silhouette of words as she walks the flower fields of love yet discovered.

Her stunning beauty caused the ocean to erupt into tears of joy when she slept on the moon.

The birds sing songs to her when she arrives on Venus with Pegasus.

When she walks the sun becomes her path of hearts that shines in darkness.

Her eyes capture the mountains that played on her emotions for the world to behold.

The reactor scale could not contain her vision of loveliness and it caused the San Andreas fault to explode.

Looking for her beauty the stars wondered throughout the Milky Way hoping to catch a glimpse of her movement.

The science of her poetry in motion excavated time without time ever existing.

She caused the rain to cry tears of love when she played the piano in the dark.

Her sensitivity is unmatched; her words of adoration are the joy of hearts beloved.

When the angels are playing harps the melodies come from her walk and the earth moves with each beat of her heart.

Her gentle ways are discovered each time she whispers words of ecstasy that are dripping from her lips.

Written by Theodore Mosley
April 23, 2021

Democracy Unchained

Give me liberty or give me death; Trump's votes were organized transitioned in Georgia with no sustainability.

Stacy Abrams votes were monopolized in Georgia with white privilege.

Standards of operation of equal justice torments constituents of rhetoric.

Unhinged with white democracy their follicle of reasoning is canvassing the ocean floor of their thoughts.

Their narrative of stolen is unconstitutional to Black Lives Matter.
Governing their hypocrisy with his monumental abstract thinking, their justice is unheralded.

James Byrd Jr, Emmitt Tills, Medgar Evers, James E Chaney, Andrew Goodman, Mary Hattie Graham Turner, Pastor Clementa Pinckney.

No justice lived for them! Democracy of white supremacy executed the life of their human rights for living.

Undisputed lies of fathom votes arrested their minds with sadistic morality of injunctions.

Unjustified and feeble chaos ascended the grounds of this land of democracy for Trumps contentious thinking.

Masquerades of truths hidden in protestors of U.S.A. chants of stolen.

Domestic Terrorists disguised as patriots fortified themselves with a seat at the White House table.

Democracy unchained catapulted the vision of Rudy Giuliani, trial by combat;
democracy unchained captured the heart of patriots for Donald Trump with these words 'we love you you're very special'!

Written by Theodore Mosley
January 12,2021

Black In America

America, America, America; freedom enforced and enslaved our freedom of birthrights.

America where is the promises that were made over 245 years ago.

America, America the great had hidden clauses for humans unknown for their Declaration of Independence.

Your Declaration of Independence was written on the ashes of Black bodies and souls.

You worshipped our humanistic ways until we exhaled; Blue Lives Matter law extracted our life with their law of dying to inhale.

America, America; the earth is the LORD'S, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

Who gave you dominion over another human? Who told you your words were graved in stone? Did your finger engraved the 'Ten Commandments'.

Your protest of our protest warranted no sanctions of truth!

Tribes of Kings, tribes of Queens with Prince and Princess; dignified in culture; dignified in talking; dignified in life!

Your horticulture of purpose; your domestic tutoring; your eclipse of rights; your grandeur of teaching; the Black Man and Black Woman way of life is not your domain of chastisement.

Black in America is worse than dogs returning to its vomit; Black in America is the coalition of your truth; Black in America is the whispers of democracy blooming in the wind.

Written by Theodore Mosley
January 19,2021

THEODORE MOSLEY

Black Moses (Harriet Tubman)

Freedom of speech freedom of choice, her spirit was not to be chained to a plantation.

Fierce and tenacious in character her steps were ordained in her culture of blackness.

Death and freedom occupied her mind for dangerous journeys not to be denied on her path of righteousness.

Her visions incarcerated her spirit to forge a new path of declarations for untold celebrations of life.

Coded songs of messages endured the time of perilous times for her enemies.

Without regard of her life she soared on the mantle of death with each step of her reconciliation.

Her constitution of peace was death without dissimulation; democracy became her wind of justification.

The birth chains of birth on plantations of lies erupted in her soul of unquenchable destinies.

In the spirit of Nat Turner she abolished the docile truth of their fields of plenteous.

Fear castrated her thinking; a sound mind ruptured their idealism of freedom.

Moses enlisted Pharaoh to let GOD'S people go to worship Him in the wilderness on a three days journey.

Black pride with black excellence; her culture of blackness reached the depth of kill or be killed.

Black Moses aka Harriet Tubman embodied the constitution of let freedom ring; give me liberty or give me death; I go and prepare a place for you. Take your rest now daughter!

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 1,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Can You Hear Me

My days are heard in the hollow of your mind when the words of my mouth have no audience.

Launched in the deep space of your rhetoric I am grounded in the prison of your being.

You serenade me with the disappearance of your time and now I have become the mummy of your love.

My heart is asking you can you hear me with the wings of my turbulent downfall of your heart.

Cascading to the sound of your eclipse your serenity has abandoned me for your exile of words.

Shaping my misguided thoughts for unbelief I conquer the rationale of your oblivious promises.

Your gifts of emptiness gave the sacrilege of my heart the invitation I endured from your wasteland.

□

The speech of your love has me asking can you hear me from under the stars of your abduction.

Beneath your shadow I became a river of neglect upon the height of your desires.

Gone with the wind, my life drowned in the city of your thoughts beyond my reach of love.

Your sentence of unoccupied domains has not exonerated me from the trials of your cover-ups.

Can you hear me when my words of honey engulf you with love born out of time?

Written by Theodore Mosley

December 12,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Control Me

You said that you loved me and would do anything for me in life.

I gave you my love without dissimulation and without controversy.

When life threatened you with chaos I gave you my undivided attention.

My love for you withstood the tears of anxiety that left me blind.

The truth of my life gave way to the lies of your tongue that burned me within.

Your hallucinations of cherishing me told the story of fear and regret.

With each step of my dreams I became your taskmaster of my identity.

Given you my being, my love was like a waterfall cascading to nowhere.

Under the scrutiny of love derailed I became a docile woman of distinction.

My body was for your pleasures as the night found me in brokenness.

Chained in my heart of compassions my words were erased in your memories.

Your documentation of my kisses left me in the wilderness of bitterness.

Sad and lonely within the eyes of your love I saw dangerous times of love.

My soul became dark and confused; where is the jewel that sparkled in my eyes.

Your love is my penitentiary; your life is my tomb; you control me with your conditional love.

Written by Theodore Mosley

April 4,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

We Are Tired

The sum of all fears has our minds on a rampage of vindication.

Brothers are being shot dead sitting in a car with legal representation.

We can't even clean our front yard without an entourage of protect and serve in target practice position.

Firemen run into burning constructions not fearing for their safety with natural affections.

Waking up each morning for a Black man or a Black woman is hazardous to our health.

Barbequing with nature and white pride is threatened.

Listening to hip hop music dressed you with a black robe, gave you a gavel, became our jury and pronounced death.

The law gives us thirty days for expired tags before we are fined.

Caucasian civil minded citizens say it is their duty to report you with expired tags.

POTUS can collaborate with Russia to steal elections and can finger women without a cause and effect.

Black POTUS was ostracized for his citizenship by white POTUS and everything else is fake news.

After almost sixty years we still are not able to sit at a counter without being asked to leave.

Equality, what democracy, where is racism dead, racism has evolved into stand your ground.

Your hands did not create us but your hands do murder us; we are perceived as threats; what did we ever do to you besides being born.

Your reign of tyranny, your reign of oppression, your reign of hatred, it all comes

from the examination of yourselves.

Standing in the spirit of Tommie Smith; standing with John Carlos; kneeling with Colin Kaepernick; we stand and we kneel.

We are tired of the rhetoric; we are tired of the consolation prize; we are simply just tired of dying because of the color of our skin.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 17,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Lord Is Not Satisfied

The LORD is the beginning. He looked out on the great beyond and there was seen nothing but space. He decided to do something about it.

He spoke and the existence of the world was formed. The LORD is not satisfied. He spoke again and there was formed night and day, the stars were placed in the great beyond, known as the night line sky.

What an AWESOME and GREAT I AM. The saints know it and call it glory where our STRONG and MIGHTY TOWER reside, where heavenly angels adore Him and the beast of His creation worships Him.

The LORD is not satisfied. The earth is the LORD'S and the fullness thereof. Man is made in His image. The breath of life begins as the saints of GOD know.

While the LORD is creating life form the father of lies is planning to eliminate the creation.

The next creature to which man has always fallen into hell with is created from the image that GOD has made from the dust.

Satan is devising a plan that will have ALPHA and OMEGA in spiritual battle for ages to come. The LORD is not satisfied.

The man whom GOD had given dominion over all was with his mate whom the devil used words of encouragement to overcome her mental state to execute his demonic plans toward the STRONG and MIGHTY TOWER.

Thus begins disobedience, life as we should have known is now throwned into hell. The LORD is not satisfied.

The peace, joy, love and happiness in the garden is now guarded by a flaming sword which no one will enter. The devil is laughing, thinking he has overcome the plans of the LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

The first child the devil's child, the first murder, deceit, wickedness, drunkenness, lies, cheating, hatred, dishonor, Lucifer is having a hell of a time. The LORD is not satisfied.

The BRIGHT and MORNING STAR decides he will cleanse the earth from all creation. The next forty days and forty nights torrential falls of rain and it is finished. The LORD is not satisfied.

A covenant is made; life as it is known will not be cleansed from the earth thus saith the LORD. We now see generation after generation prophet after prophet man will not heed to the will of GOD, generation after generation the Word of GOD is being sent forth.

Whom shall I send, whom will the people believe on. The LORD is not satisfied. Before Isaiah existed there was someone, before Malachi there was someone, before Ezekiel He was waiting, before the wisdom of King Solomon was He, before Abraham was the GREAT I AM.

In the beginning was the WORD and the WORD was with GOD and the WORD was GOD. Send me I will go. FATHER prepare me a body.

The greatest gift of sweet precious love left His home in magnificent glory and was born in a manger with earthly animals. Born into sin but sinless that the world may live again.

The LORD is not satisfied. The child teaches lawyers and those of society that is held in high esteem. His wisdom and knowledge surpasses that of which society deems superior and beyond intellectual.

JESUS of Nazareth is about His FATHER's business. The peace that he displays the love He shows surpasses anything known to man.

The GOD of love, the GOD of peace is misunderstood. The prince of darkness has a death plan for the FATHER of our souls. Can two walk together unless they be agreed upon?

Two came together for enough time to sacrifice the precious LAMB of GOD. Life

and the earth stood still.

Satan has declared victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? All power is given unto Him in heaven and in earth. The way is made, whosoever will let him come.

THE LORD IS SATISFIED.

Written by Theodore Mosley

May 1999

THEODORE MOSLEY

Beautiful Lies

He told me the Nile River had curves that spoke to my lips of paradise.

When he looked into my eyes the pools of Olympus burned within his heart.

His eyes heard Atlantis crying for directions back to civilization when he held me.

Our synchronized movements exploded in Greece as we held the night in our love.

When the morning met the day it disappeared because of my beauty that controlled life he said.

Her hair is that of woven angels' abilities as she sleeps in his arms of everlasting existence.

When she cried he caught her tears with his kisses that ended the night of love.

He sanctioned the Falls of Peru to stand still until he whispered her name in French dialect.

The wind of his words causes the Eiffel Tower to imprison her anatomy of guilty pleasures.

In his love for her he will crawl the Sahara Desert just to see her smile.

His hands captured the sun for her sauna of moonlight bathing.

Irresistible to her fleece of spectacular voyages he crowned her with his coronations of beautiful lies.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 17,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Worth

Samantha and Eric had built a legacy of love for 25 years.

The lust of Eric's eyes and the heat of Michelle's tender lips foretold the downfall of Samantha's holy matrimony.

Eric wanted to uphold his manhood outside the furnace of his satisfaction.

Michelle advertised her stock within Eric's market of stability.

The portfolio of Michelle's anatomy reduced the spending point of Eric's home.

Samantha's love canceled out any outside activity viewed in plain sight.

Saturated in the arms of Eric, Samantha took flight to the oasis of his ways.

Darkness covered the insatiable appetite of Eric's fetishes that Michelle corrupted him with.

Eric liquidated his assets for story eyed dreams that ended on Nightmare Island.

Michelle vanished in a moment of time as the substances of Eric depleted.

Eric reached back for Samantha with his cold heart of deceitfulness.

Samantha embraced him with her warm heart of forgiveness.

The occupancy of his words travailed the globe of his testimonies.

With his manhood and integrity in his polluted emotions he cries for Samantha's heart.

In her sincere heart of love she asks him was she worth our suffering; was she worth the tears of our hearts; was she worth our legacy of love.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 16,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

State Of Mind

Dawning of a new day you hear the birds singing sweet melodies from heaven.

Your day is anchored in pleasant tidings of your surroundings.

The hand of your love kisses your heart and you hear the sound of bliss.

Caressing the here and now you conquer the outside world with serenity.

The elevation of your smile turns strangers into welcome sights.

Working in your holistic atmosphere your joy penetrates the environment.

Your serenity is met with boisterous claims of unfiltered words of calamity.

Sitting in your engraved peace you cast aside the impetuous noise of mindless thinking.

You survey the callous moments of ignorance and steady your path of tranquility.



Studying to show thyself approve you exhale in the spirit of your love.

Flames of your retardation improve your steadfast immovable sanctions of life.

Allowing the inflammable opinions of narcissist individuals will contaminate your spirit.

Their global words without local knowledge castrates their own soul.

Yielding without dissimulation brings you above the reproach of others.

You display strength in your exodus; they display weakness in their fire of torment.

Your integrated state of mind does not require words of vandalism to expel the flames of fiery darts.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 13,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Black Skin Love

Rich and beautiful with natural minerals and ores Africa is Black Skin Love.

The continent of Africa unearths chocolate queens of crowns that only Black Skin Love can produce.

With their hips and curves of dangerous heart stopping blessedness their Black Skin Love is undeniable.

Lips of full soft natural Black Skin Love she glorifies her body with the traits of blackberry juices.

Quarantined in her Black Skin Love she purifies her king with oils of Calabash.

Her blackness is woven in the tropical sunlight of Nairobi; her Black Skin Love is untarnished in her culture of love.

Her hair of natural waterfalls of beauty proclaims Black Skin Love is unapologetically seen.

Surrounded by hostile takeovers Black Skin Love explodes with unquestionable standards.

When her derriere takes flight her Black Skin Love commands the arena.

Soft and powerful silent and strong her Black Skin Love brings the volume of life to her awareness.

The proclamation of her strength in her Black Skin Love calls Kenya to be at peace.

She rebirths Africa with her Black Skin Love; Africa withdraws its time in her Black Skin Love.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 11,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Black Butterfly

Chained in the valley of our homes our feet were mortgaged for their cruise ships of death.

Instead of thrones for kings we sit with oars that facilitate our right to live.

They defecate our manhood with our feces; herded in the pasture of their framework we cry out.

Broken with whips and chains of corrections our spirits connect to songs of deliverance.

Our identities are engraved on our backs of torture to silence us.

The coffins of our bodies became treasures for the sea to perform our home going service.

Our Black Skin Love became their horticulture of personal reproduction gardening.

A strong black buck has his mind castrated with the sea as it communions his family.

His resistance is met with cold steel to his flesh that cannot contain life to it.

Physiological warfare decorates their thinking in the presence of white supremacy.

Calculations of their services on deck deceive their infiltrators in plain sight.

Songs of codes whispered the nights for messages untold.

Freedom is death and death is freedom as they mount in unity.

On the distant shores of life the Black Butterfly reincarnated himself into a Black Man of distinction.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 11,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Silence In Love

Isiah is bound in his heart with love that will not let him wait.

His heart accuses him of loving in the darkness of his imagination.

He only wants to hold her breath in his eyes for all eternity.

Without the sound of her heart his life will explode into hell.

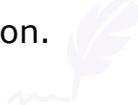
In the existence of time she exists only in the famine of his time.

She consoled him in her hair of sensual exportations.

Her catastrophic beauty became his tomb of love without her love.

Known for ordaining tsunamis from her kisses he embraced the anchor of her heart.

Lolita issued a warning of rector scale destruction as she danced on his axial of imagination.

 PoemHunter.com

In the season of her autopsy of love she dehumanized his thoughts of living.

The storms of Lolita's movements in time familiarized Isiah with her braille sanctuary.

Searching for her temple in his garden of ecstasy she corrupted his words of splendor.

Mystified in the prowess of her simplicity he discovers the rare diamond known to earth.

In deep water horizons her silence in love portrays the Mona Lisa on the sea of his heart.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 7,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Sheila Nicole Mosley

Ignited with the pinnacle of love she adorns life with the epic cry of everlasting love.

She creates whirlwinds of treasures from the sanctuary of her mind.

Listening to the winds of heaven she displays the love of undiscovered creations.

The flowers sing to her when the morning dew opens her eyes with soft petals of songs.

Consecrated and purified she walks the clouds of her dominion.

Love personified she encamps the souls of hearts that are lost in love.

Gracefully enduring the flight of afflicted dry bones she ascends waterfalls of lost tears of love.

The sound of her walk creates hearts of occupied carpet rides throughout the Milky Way.

 PoemHunter.com

Fortified with hands of splendor she decorates hearts of love with her timeless words of censorship.

Sitting on immovable crescents of kisses she descends off the insatiable nights of lovers' paradise.

When her heart soared the Orion the Constellation wept for her presence.

The earth moved beneath her voice as she started singing to the Rain Forrest.

On the Eiffel Tower of her love Sheila Nicole Mosley birthed the solar system with her smile.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 30

THEODORE MOSLEY

Satelite Of Love

The rain is crying for the love that it lost across the Milky Way.

Looking on Jupiter the rain holds the sound barrier with each drop of tears.

Still crying the rain searches the hearts on earth for lovers' quarrels.

The rain is falling from heaven only to be bound on earth.

Holding onto the Constellation the rain escapes to the Orion for healing.

Without the oracle of time the rain is drifting endlessly into space.

The stars console the rain only to get infused in the dormitory of black holes.

Pegasus allowed the rain to comfort him while he glided around the sun.

The solar system began to maneuver the rain with each axel of movement.

Zeus housed the rain with his charismatic voice of authority.

Andromeda asked the rain to cover her with its cool touches of soft morning dew.

Mystified and glorified the rain exploded into torrential falls of forty days of evolutions.

On a mission to earth the rain commandeered Venus for words of love.

The rain searched the universe for a satellite of love that could quench her thirst.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 16,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Make Love To Me

Her eyes moved the Rock of Gibraltar to Paris when she heard him say her name.

Antarctica will melt into a pool of lovers' paradise when he kisses her lips of erotic pleasures.

When he touches her with his gliding deposits of words the rain will become one with her.

She wants him to make thunder and lightning touch her body with his force of nature.

Medusa will rebirth at the sound of her tranquil silhouette that possessed his eyes.

She said make my body dissipate the Jordan River with each splendor of your connoisseur abilities.

He placed the stars in her eyes and caused the Milky Way to surrender to earth.

Cause my heart to have a global extinction as you whisper to my cat with your neurotic tongue.

The aristocrat of his language has her sacrificing her molecules of being for science to exhume.

She wants the density of his collaboration to issue a warning to her body collateral damage ahead.

She said make love to me here on earth so the moon would cry for deportation from the midnight sky.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 9,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Duane N Seantea

Love exploded journeying across their hearts and the stars cried out for their love.

Capturing the abyss of love from another dimension they embodied time in life.

Living in the clouds of their hearts love blossomed far beyond the scope of time.

Their hearts of love penetrated the graves of lost hearts that expired in seasons of temptations.

Climbing the stairway of their eyes the clouds whispered to Venus and Uranus exploded in their kisses.

Holding onto their words of infinite compassion the midnight air surrenders her moonlight to the wasteland of suffering hearts.

Love has abounded to the glory of heaven as they walk in each other's dreams.

As the angels play the harps on the ocean floor of their love the sun burns within their love.

Sanctified with affections on high they implore broken hearts to sustain love forgotten.

Created from the throne of grace their love searched the hospice of dreams extinguished.

She is his queen he is her king; united in kingship and queenship they capture lost hearts of brokenness.

Reaching for heaven Duane and Seantea serenaded Greece with their walk of love.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 30,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Choose

Elaine and Davis are engaged to each other's heart without a rear view mirror.

She epitomizes his love with the obituary of her telescopic emotions.

Consecrated in his eyes she deported her mind to his island of treasures.

Davis is drinking her love with his soul that will thirst for her life for all eternity.

He places her on his throne of philharmonic melodies and she exploded into raindrops of love.

Adam once supplied Elaine's oval office with sustained earth shattering occupancy.

Adam traumatized Elaine's affections with his agnostic ways of smooth criminal touches.

Adam endorsed Elaine to his watchtower of sultry escapades and she diverted her eyes to his beacon of ecstasy.

Trapped within Adam's watchtower of escapades and Davis's soul of thirst she extinguishes her mind of reasoning.

Her architectural body is full of flames burning uncontrollably for uncertain decisions.

The temperatures of her waters are reaching maximum turbulences with each bed of wetness.

She is not able to control her solar panels of indescribable heat in their swag of penetration.

Elaine said I choose to have this performance replicated in the dispensary of my volatile eruptions.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 9,2019

On The Mountaintop (A Tribute To MLK Jr)

He heard the cries in the night before his life was laid to rest upon the mountaintop of fires.

Heeding the call to resurrect the injustices that was produced in the minds of unfiltered lies.

He began to reach towards heaven for sophisticated words to encounter the molecules of despair.

On the mountaintop he was transfused into a vessel of democracy of love, only to be driven downwards.

Our songs echoed the fields of whips that bloomed the minds of unrescued dreams of graves crying.

He gave his consent to purchase his time for justice and his love became his prison for humanity.

The Scientology of his dreams began to mascaared his thoughts for our history of creation.

Freedom of life authorized him to sail the seas of hatred and collect his time from bone collectors.

On the mountaintop he induced the slaves of sharecroppers to forge their walk for endurance.

Shaping the moment of equality, he exposed the truth of knowledge on the fields of blood stain whispers.

Forsaken the enemy, he corralled the lessons of life with his hand entwined with the hands of prayers.

His freedom of life has him protecting our freedom of choice that coincides with the throne of grace.

On the mountaintop, his wings of melodies have the angels blowing the trumpet to escape their warfare.

Marching with the strength of his ancestors, his territory became our battlefield of unforeseen graves.

The rhapsody of his walk brings the dismantling of our hope and we cried out with each step; freedom lives here.

Singing songs of escapable dreams, the day is met with rays of punishment intended for traps of nature.

On the mountaintop he secured the next generation of love to unite beyond the eyes of devastation.

He brings the harmony of righteousness with his flesh that his labor of love bestowed upon him.

His tears accepted their rivers of brutality that swiftly caressed him in the shadows of the sun.

The temperature of their words swelled his equilibrium to offset his standard of living.

On the mountaintop the wings of the spirit cried out to him, "In my FATHER's house are many mansions";.

Mercy carried him to heights of revelations; grace subdued his steps to the incarnated KING.

With words of correlations, his fight was emptied into submission with his destiny before him.

Persuasive arts of love continued his mind of a soldier, to lay down his flesh only to ignite his battle.

On the mountaintop, the stronghold of his captivity became our freedom from captivity.

Pursued for wickedness, he embodied peace without dissimulation and his walk became his flight risk.

He surrendered his life for life and the Nobel Peace Prize orchestrated his life beyond existence.

Driven for his natural causes from birth, the hands of chaotic pleasures chose to entomb his love.

Chains of deceit, love of confusion and barriers of ignorance, danced his name in midnight meetings.

On the mountaintop, love foreshadowed him with the serenity of doves' wings as he found the answers.

Searching the hearts of unknown terrorism, the sword of righteousness planted his walk in still waters.

Grieving for humanity, he rose to the epitome of unworthiness to unlock the abyss of moral standards.

Subjected to the microscope of their forensic mind, the beauty of life surpassed his understanding.

His eyes and the spirit of life took him upward; "I have a dream but I may not get there with you";.

On the mountaintop the sea of love flowed down to the valley and he shouted "Free at last free at last thank GOD ALMIGHTY I am free at last";.

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 6,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Dreams

On the other side of time your mind is housed in the outer limits of suspended time.

The conscientiousness of your being is without representation of yourself.

Drifting in the abyss of another dimension you take flight on a course of unknown territory.

Self-preservation is hidden in the molecule of your thoughts for time to come.

Searching for unknown destinies you travel through time with unrestricted freedom.

You become a portal of vast dimensions that allow you access to undiscovered scientology.

Capable of submerging in the realm of dark mazes you alter the scope of realization.

Powerful and amazing you capture the lure of what could be done on earth.

The meditation of scenes beyond your control you climb higher into the unknown.

Realistically you are there and nowhere at one instant in your mind.

Shaping your realty of what you see that cannot be touched.

Within the comatose of your thinking you touch the Serengeti with your isolation of frameworks.

The steep range of the outer banks of your thinking comes together with sober demands.

The functions of your dreams can outsource you beyond your stability of life.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 8,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Whisper To My Cat

His heat wave is playing a melody of juices with her waters.

He caused her to splash in the dark with his songs of holistic vibrations.

In the silence of her screams she vaporized his body with her legs of dark chocolates.

Opening up her forum of ecstasy she guided him to her expedition of fantasies.

With her body infused in his touches he cried with nights of solitude confinements.

Using his words of elevation her body begins to submerge his endowment into her Fallopian Tube.

Talking with the grace of tempestuous eyes she engulfs his kisses with her hot bed of insatiable lips.

Making his body flow to the poetry of his swag she corrupts his appetite of sensual pleasures.

With the science of his deliberation she sings to his mic with her pelvis of intrusions.

Her breast of mouthwatering delicacies inflamed his tumultuous rampart as she engrained his instrument.

Depositing her juices in his mouth she freefalls into a hospice of orgasms.

Her nature called from the earth to flame the fires of her uterus with the pleasures of his eyes.

She said can you whisper to my cat in the bondage of your oral copulation.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 7,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

My Right Eye

His vision was marred with a brick of anger that was not meant for him.

Unconscious with sight he cries out in silence not knowing the battle ahead.

At the tender age of five his sight of life will no longer be as it should have been.

His optic nerve is quarantined from the brain of his impulses of the eye.

Blind from birth Bartimaeus reached beyond his salutation for healing.

Instructed to hold his peace his peace became his shield for overcoming others.

With hope in his sight his world of seeing diminishes with time.

His retina no longer has visual recognition for the brain to emulate.

When the ophthalmologist sends a camera to the eye the clouds of heaven are revealed.

The cornea no longer refracts the objects of the eye; dismantlement has preserved it beyond time.

Frustration has become a partner of his throughout times of self-pity.

The pain of his vision the weakness of his mind contributes to self-condemnation.

His peripheral vision is a total eclipse from the right side.

My right eye is a stage play of unwanted acts of curtain calls.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 25,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

I Am Giving You

Simone and Malik met on the moon of their hearts at midnight.

The winter wonderland of their smiles drifted across the seas of Africa.

In a whirlwind of love they seized the stars with Venus as their composer.

The clouds of their kisses gathered the waters and placed them on the moon.

Meteor showers from Uranus performed renditions of "Love Won't Let Me Wait";.

The fire from their volcanic eruptions of words became melodies of poetry.

Malik censored his thoughts for Simone with the automation of his Braille.

Malik kissed Simone and the history of love blossomed in her eyes.

The Pacific Ocean formed wings of love for Malik to swim the ocean floor to place pearls in Simone's tears of joy.

Antarctica melted as Simone cried a song of love while holding Malik's heart.

The lava from the volcano proposed to the Mediterranean Sea for wedding bliss in Simone's walk.

The glaciers of the oceans created a summer villa for lovers to entwine their emotions.

Simone I am giving you the Seven Wonders of the World to greet you each morning; I am giving you the Eighth Wonder for your smile to create time.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 16,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Henry

Forged with the hands of glory he arrived with the insight of eagles soaring.

Pronounced from the bed of ethical strengths he consummates his life with heaven.

Standing on Mt. Everest with a voice of triumph he proclaims his position of holiness.

The potter's house infused him with weapons of intellect, charisma and words of empowerment.

Glowing with vibrant archeological finds he ascends his throne with fortified truths.

With hands of authority he vanquishes spirits of deceitfulness spirits of bondage spirits of self-empowerment against the masses.

Out of his belly with rivers of flowing waters he preaches the gospel with the standard of holiness.

He girds up the loins of his mind with the power of the throne of grace to secure heavens promises.

Unmovable and always abounding in the strength of his character his eyes of truth carries him into the lion's den.

Sojourning the truth of heavens words he depicts life with the Rock of his salvation.

Perils of constant attacks within his spirit he cries out to the creator for exceeding paths of righteousness.

With his hands holding firm to the gospel plow in his view is a crown of righteousness laid up for him.

Henry is the epitome of sanctification that leads to the Way the Truth and the Life.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 26,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Candyman

The taste of his caramel tongue invites the vigil of lonely hearts to his sermonic solo.

Explosive to the touch his oral orientation causes waterfalls to flow into his mouth.

Persuasive with his erotic member she endures satisfaction with her curves of voluptuousness.

Moving with his prowess of stability she maximizes his throng of domestic enhancements.

The antelope valley of his stringed instrument propelled her into the ocean of his copulation.

His inescapable mouth has her singing with the angels on the stairway to heaven.

He unleashes his Potomac uncensored meteor and she succumbs to his excavations.

He takes her anatomy and expunges the lust that was wondering in lost fulfillments of time.

Captured in the silence of his metaphors her eyes become images of his total eclipse.

Sinking deeper into his mire she abandons her emotions on the shallow grounds of his monastery.

Savoring the seduction of his twilight zone she drowns on his twister of love.

With corresponding words of endearment they influence the moon to walk on air.

The candyman seduced her sheets of dreams as she inhabits her bed of wetness.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 17,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Don't Follow Me

She ordered his footsteps of her love on the lava of her touches.

He cascaded the rise and fall of her demands of her undiscovered tenderness.

The doormat of his emotions swiftly took flight with each word that she spoke.

His tears watered the Rain Forrest for decades to come.

Scanning the destruction of her eyes he escapes to the land of emptiness.

His freedom corrals him on the flight of her epic sensations of cruel intentions.

Trapped in her chameleon heart his road to recovery is exited with deception.

Wanting more of her he gets more of her; she widens the net of elusiveness.

Her unremorseful ways has him drinking from her well of intoxicating kisses.

Drunk with her eyes of passions of her bed he descends into fragile explosions.

His uncertain future dissolves with each movement she presents to his tongue.

She corrupted his mind with her eccentric curves of nature that diagnosed his emotions.

Crying for an early release she defames his life with a whirlpool of love of her encrypted tomb.

She told him don't follow me unless you can swim in my horticulture waters of seduction.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 10,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Don't Leave Me

Tracy has loved John since she was class valedictorian in high school.

He is the apple of her eyes; she encourages him to develop his dreams when he was lost.

Tracy follows John to higher learning establishments that transforms their lives.

Judge Tracy resides on cultural affairs of the heart that offends the nation.

Advocating in the courtroom for the less unfortunate John commits his heart to others to endure the hardships of life.

Two becomes one forever with love that incorporated their souls of passion.

In the spirit of Selma, Tracy and John depict the resistance of Rosa Parks and John Lewis.

Fighting against apostasy they persevered on the battlefield of bigotry.

They sit at the table of bureaucracy with confessions of unwavering civil naturalizations.

Standing on the frontline of hypocrisy they deregulate the minds of segregationist.

Tracy holds the light of liberty with the beacon of her words that instruct freedom.

John synchronized the foundation of tolerance with his words of justice to the masses.

Tracy tells John don't leave me incarcerated in this masquerade of lies this world calls truths.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 16,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Smile On Her Heart

Listening to the wind she faints into a pool of his radius arms.

Submerged in his cultural atmosphere of honey words she dreams of violet and purple lilies.

Conditioned for his inspirational eyes she walks on the clouds with his tears of love.

Her stunning legs of diamonds struts have him awakening with the treasures of the sea.

The aurora of his summer creativity is holding her captive in his cycle of time.

Canopies of her destructive curves sailed the midnight extraction of his tongue.

Showers of ecstasy controlled her body as she descended into his ocean of turmoil.

Whirlpools of her domain caused a typhoon to serenade the consciousness of his lips.

She obliterated the French Alps with the astounding movements of his love.

Her voice of pleasures beckoned the moon to form a hurricane in the south seas of life.

When the dawn of the sun arrived they engulfed the flowers of the fields with harmonious singing.

The sands from the ocean whispered to the stars for the analogy of their ecstasy.

With a smile on her heart she conquered the City of Sparta!

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 9,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Create

Father in deep despair my soul is broken my heart is bare.

I give you the emptiness of me without borders of any kind.

Stripped of my ways and naked with shame I lift up my eyes to you.

My flesh is weary and weak my spirit man is travailing for your touch.

Lost in the image of my righteousness I give myself to you for restoration.

My mind is in need of heaven's glory that shapes the thoughts of lives.

Search my eyes of deceit and crown me with your holiness.

I beseech you Father of all things bring my being with the hands of tenderness.

Your unconditional agape love I am in need of to heal my foolishness.

Fortify me with the knowledge of your throne that I might rest in you.

Take this body of dust and fashion it into a spirit of your holiness.

Hold me in your season of justification; shape me in your tranquil gentleness.

Let the sanctification of your salvation make me over in you.

On my knees of repentance I trust in your steadfast words of immoveable and abounding in your hands.

Release me into your fiery furnace of cleanliness that I might lift up your holy name.

Cause me to burn in the desires of my thoughts while you wash me clean.

Shine your light throughout my being so that I can light my path of darkness.

Take away the stubborn defilements of my words and replace them with your sweet words of honeycombs.

Caress the prideful winds of my ways so that I might walk upright in your ways.

Create in me a clean heart oh GOD and renew a right spirit within me.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 11,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Love Don't Live Here Anymore

Cast aside like universal waste Sharon dreams of suicide.

Her emotions have been castrated from her being like a burning inferno.

Walking in the footprints of his love she falls in an abyss of darkness.

Searching for her life she finds bitterness in each corner of her mind.

Coping with his terms is like a deadly cobra ready to strike.

James is moving on from that life known as headaches and pain to him.

She could not attain the happiness for him that was planned.

Three years in he gave her an ultimatum of his walking papers without a word.

James departed with her best friend LaToya on desires of promises.

Sharon decapitated her soul with days of famine and nights of sleeplessness.

Her eyes became the windows of death with each thought of James and LaToya.

Three years of undefiled sex; three years of what matters to him; three years of docile behavior.

Sharon's flesh is breathing fire for the souls of their lives.

Sensing the acrimony of her feelings she has a thirst for spilling their blood.

Love don't live here anymore; I will desecrate the breath from their bodies.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 10,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Thunder And Lightning

The moon is talking to the stars concerning the weather over the horizon.

Listening to the Milky Way the clouds begin to cry for distant lovers.

Venice is bracing for the arrow to penetrate Saturn's core of majestic rings.

The rain is harmonizing with the atmospheric ashes of Pleiades.

Seasons of meteorites are dancing with the rays of the dark holes in space.

Journeying pass Mercury the starships ignites time into the outer limits.

With the molecules of the sun transporting light gravity intercepts the signals from Mars.

Alien encounters of the unknown have the Nine Realms conspiring for freedom.

Galactic forces of acid rain have the solar system maintaining the obscurity of time.

Looking for the Orion the interstellar beam of light created the universal wasteland.

The Constellation swept the Zodiac from its turning aisle for the next generation.

Time escorted space to sound barriers of light that solicited the songs of Andromeda.

Searching for the Big Bang Theory Pegasus exploited the astrologer's time zone.

Thunder and lightning proclaimed with a loud and silent voice behold the glory of heaven's throne.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 4,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Smithsonian Institute Of Their Love

Francine flew her love around the world in the artifacts of her kisses.

She discovered the fossils of his engraving tools with each eruption he made.

Moving with his skeleton of excavation she pronounced his archeological findings.

She took her fields of exploitations and unearthed his dead bones.

Francine descended his tunnel and found the passions of his jewels.

Todd took her chemistry compound and discovered the realms of her organic developments.

Using his utensils of forensic evidence the night skies exploded into crime scenes of unmatched mineral deposits.

The manifesto of their love shipwrecked the moon into "The Lost City of Atlantis";.

Todd went scuba diving into her waters; Francine exploded on Mount Olympus.

Pompeii came alive when she serenaded his temple of satisfaction with her beacons of sensual lips.

The drill press of Todd's actions sent shock waves to the aqueduct of Francine's internal sanctuary.

The Dead Sea acquitted the hearts of lost love when Francine expunged his mind.

The Smithsonian Institute of their love shifted "The Rain Forrest" to Saturn.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 3,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Well Of Love (Dedicated To Wifey)

The road has had many obstacles that hindered the move of our directions.

Our spirits has been wounded on many occasions.

Doors of life tried to withstand our faith in each other.

The tears that we shed were captured in the pain of our hearts.

Holding onto our words of adoration we found peace abiding with each other.

Seeking the dominion of higher stability we connected on earth.

What was lost is now found on the promises of love abounding.

Storms of wayward thinking descended onto our paths of righteousness.

The eyes of darkness found space when singleness of mind prevailed.

Restoration and wholeness found the weakness of our flight.

We have walked through the fire together and have come forth as gold.

My love for you is shed abroad in my heart for life everlasting.

The sea of seas nor the ocean of oceans cannot contain my love for you.

The pinnacle of my life is sowed in the fabric of your thoughts forever.

You have become the air that I breathe without thinking about it.

Now my love for you will always abound in my heart when time no longer exists.

Sheila Nicole Mosley I spread my love for you beyond the eternal life of love. I commit my love my heart my soul into your well of love.

Written by Theodore Mosley

December 8,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Jealous Of Your Success

There are gifts without repentance that can turn the world into an inferno.

We talk about love as if it is water rolling down the mountainside of justice.

Showmanship of talents brings the audience to it prowess of salutations of thankfulness.

Their embrace comes with hypocrisy and dissimulation as they talk with you.

Showering you with talks of high standards with lips of asps' tongues.

Congratulations that was so wonderful; eyes of multiple double-edge swords piercing your soul.

She infiltrates your life's circle with intoxicating words of butter; her fire of lies will burn your foundation of love into ashes of hidden smiles.

They eat at your table with artificial words of honey that represents Kodak moments of tribulations.

We inspire your vision to higher heights; our dismemberment comes with tactics of helping hands.

Subtle movements of kindness weakens the stone of your faith with crowds of pleasures.

Standing with adoration of you they indirectly accuse another of your demise.

Streaming your life for their own their conduit of examples lead to their parade of happiness.

Hidden in the foreground of their life is their jealous of your success.

Written by Theodore Mosley

August 29,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Eyes Of Jealousy

Sheila secured her success through sacrifices of hunger and turmoil.

Her education was branded with disappointments of love and trust.

Carla went to the academy of streets that propelled her into darkness.

Sheila and Carla were classmates through high school; best friends beyond the measure of life.

Carla achieved greatness; her soul did not belong to her on this path.

Sheila drowned in hardship; her soul was clean though her tears that burned her heart.

Money and Carla were walking together in a fast pace environment that saw her ignite dreams with her unruly passions.

The streets belong to Carla her name engraved each corner she never walked.

Sheila and her baby withstood the whispers of the streets.

The blood stains carousels of lies ligated her strength to escape her domain of filth.

Sheila's glass slipper of two turned her world into a palace of sustained workmanship.

Queen Carla by reputation assaulted the streets with her asphyxiation of beauty.

Can two walk together unless they be agreed upon!

Carla emancipated Sheila with eyes of jealousy as the midnight hour sounded.

Written by Theodore Mosley

August 29,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Culture Of Love

Stray bullets intercept lives in the urban community of slaves.

Little black girls and little black boys surrender without negotiations.

Malia's excitement for her freedom became her death sentence at seven in her culture of love.

Michael's new bike was bliss beyond measure he was eight; the chalk outline of his body instituted a memorial for his culture of love.

Tia is seven months pregnant when her culture of love laid her to rest with bullets of indirect movements.

Michelle is single with four children; she is exonerated of her life in her culture of love that defiled her bed.

Bobby is sleeping with the window open; his culture of love molested him with eyes of friendship as a six year old.

Bobby at twenty five is a serial killer who entreats victims with music boxes in his culture of love.

Jane's divorce of thirty years to John left him decapitated in her culture of love.

Shannon's motherhood of six derailed her mind; the exorcisms of her children were her gift to her culture of love.

There is no respect of person in the culture of love; time and chance happeneth to them all!

Written by Theodore Mosley
August 29,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Where Was She

Trina sacrificed her soul for Marvin to sustain his dreams of entrepreneurship.

She tutored him through high school; her studies fell by the wayside.

Prom was exhilarating for Marvin; for Trina it was exhausting.

College became her tomb of his needs; she was his sacrificial lamb!

Marvin's exams created insatiable mental instability for Trina.

Owner of Marvin's Law Firm he strives for the "Circuit Courts";.

Trina has nourished three kids from her womb for his legacy.

Tina the Assistant D.A. flames the fires of his desires with her eyes.

The office has become Marvin's interpersonal home away from home.

Trina and their offspring walk through the doors of her heart to their law firm.

Time moved her to another dimension; mass destruction was inhaling and exhaling within her mind.

Trina landed on the moon with her emotions of tears that captured her love.

The satellite of her dreams came into existence when she settled her being back on earth.

Marvin's simplicity of reasoning betrayed him with the refund of his trust.

Trina said where was she when my youth was wasted on your nights of privileges.

Did she campaign for your exams that I exhumed with my mind for your intellect?

Where was she when death knocked on my heart and soul three times for your legacy of institution of fatherhood?

Marvin where was she; tell me where was she; answer me where was she?

Written by Theodore Mosley

August 30,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Heart

I can transition your life into sweet dreams of love that can last forever.

When pain is etched inside of me your world can explode into millions of pieces.

Lies can shape me when words of deceit abound in me.

Truth comes to make me free from deliberate actions of hypocrisy.

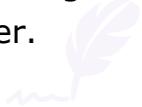
In my emotions I can purchase your gravestone for your mother.

When healthy I can last throughout generations that do not need any collaboration from mankind.

I can produce joy like a well spring of water sprouting to eternity.

A seed of jealousy planted within me can terminate a life in a moment of time.

Pain, suffering and tears are something that I can erase with priceless amounts of laughter.



PoemHunter.com

Anger is a vehicle that can drive us to kill when you allow it to abide with me too long.

Where is the love that you promised me why did you allow the disease of hate to misguide me in your words?

I am sorry that I did not look at you for who you are; I was told a long time ago that you did not belong here!

The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked: who can know it?

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 4,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

He Wants To Be President

Danger zones of heretic words that captures the lost from civil unrest of days of yesteryear.

He can build a wall of hatred around the hearts of pretenders that want to make America great again.

Shrewd and callous and without remorse, he can calculate destruction of minds with smooth words of democracy.

He wants to be president of white America so that he can rebuild the history of civil rights movements.

Standing on the backs of innocent bystanders he upheld the constitution with his tempestuous stand on equal rights.

His vision is clear, his heart is pure and his money controls the steps of his attitude.

Help me immigrants, he wants to be president so that he can build a wall of love to exclude humans.

Controlling the population for expulsion, he hereby does declare your rights are expelled.

Notorious for his rewards in business, he can develop this country into a chaos of confusion.

Fundamentally sound in his decisions, he bestows his goods upon you in exchange for your solidarity.

Believe him when he says he wants to be president to conquer every nation; his platform is for the apprentice of new beginnings.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 10,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Streets Of Life

My mind is collapsing into the wells of danger as the graves of my words challenge me for tomorrow.

The ammunition of the day collides with the flesh of the night and the tears of a mother are heard beyond eternity.

Hostile voices of ghetto life are being cultivated into the outline arenas of bloodstain fables.

Hearing the concrete jungle play the sounds of death as I walk the streets of life home.

What society has constructed to dwell within for living is now a tournament of survival which casts black lives.

Looking at my enemy from across the street; the drumbeats of our ancestors are crying tears of confusion.

The streets of life awarded the black nation with shift changing monies of fast cars and ownership of nothing.

The uniform of justice has a license to kill me; the feet of my brother from my table carried my life to the grave.

When the crimes of Africa were heard in America we shouted to the mountaintop of the anarchy.

Times of unwarranted discipline for the civil rights of living has etched our souls of despair as we exchange graves.

Stars of the street brought more philosophy of paid in full with the innocent blood of infants.

The streets of life conquered the black youth with Hollywood scripts; what will your dash be?

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 9,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Sands Of Time

His life of dreams came through the process of his education that challenged him beyond his domain.

The proclamation of his work ethics became his battle cry for unseen nights of tears.

His streets of troubled times tried to convince him that achieving streets of gold were impossible.

The labyrinth of foster homes had instructed him that he only had aspirations of solitary confinement.

Shaking off liberal eyes of torment he reached for the stars and found the analog of his relevance.

Seeking life beyond the connoisseurs of urban disdain his walk was perfected in knowledge.

Silenced by no one he surveyed the land and found acres of demographic higher learning.

In the height of his plight was the PH.D of his choice in understanding who he was.

Pervasive in his ways his mind is engineered towards the significance of others.

Crowned with unsustainable words of freedom his journey is not without obstacles of afflictions.

His storms of life are clear with each hindrance of powers that be.

The winds of oppression are his platform of victories; his independence is their incarceration.

Driven from within he became his bridge of life that overcame prenuptials that obscured him.

We used the sands of time to build our bridge of educated democracy to fulfill our human rights.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 7,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Sitting By The Lake

Confronting the wind she dances on the moonlight of her silhouette.

Hearing the sound of the flowers talk at dawn she sings with the rain's melodies.

Walking in the vineyard of her psalteries and harps her mind is flowing in the breeze.

Her sophisticated legs of luster are carving the fields of meadows with songs of love.

Enticing the trees to sing with each step she takes the wind is caressing her hair.

Her eyes are like pools of orchids that bloom in her paradise of waterfalls.

Her articulate movements summoned a waterspout to feed the birds of paradise.

She anticipates her emotions to emerge from hiding so she descends into her dreams.

Searching the gates of her mind she invited the angels to her rhapsody.

She was giving immunity to rapture her sacred thoughts to Poseidon.

When the summer heat touched her smile it caused an earthquake on Mercury.

The moon occupied the day for her to select the Orion at night.

Her satellite of music created a bridge to heaven as her beauty explored the Milky Way.

When Pegasus saw her sitting by the lake the moon serenaded Zeus.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 15,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Malcolm X (By Any Means Necessary)

The fourth of seven children I was given life in Omaha Nebraska as Malcolm Little in 1925.

Being four years old in Lansing Michigan we escaped death by fire with the hands of our parents.

Without his own destiny my father's life lay lifeless on the tracks of racism.

My mother suffered a nervous breakdown at the hands of illegal hands that profited from my father's murder.

In 1946 I was incarcerated for my crimes against humanity; I would educate my mind in prison.

The Nation of Islam grafted me in; Malcolm X is born and thus begins my platform of intellectual forums.

Bold and knowledgeable I became the Assistant Minister of the Nation of Islam in 1953.

I sat at the feet of Elijah Muhammad and learned the ways of his teachings on Islam.

I told the masses that education is the passport to the future, for tomorrow belongs to those who prepare for it today!

I said be peaceful be courteous obey the law respect everyone but if someone puts his hand on you send him to the cemetery!

I advocated for black supremacy and separation for black and white Americans.

I would inspire Cassius Clay to become Muhammad Ali upon hearing my speeches.

I became the core of the Nation of Islam for Elijah Muhammad.

With the violation of my mentor's teaching Elijah Muhammad I severed my heart with a painful decision to remove myself from hypocrisy.

I mentored Louis X now known as Louis Farrakhan who is now the leader of the

Nation of Islam.

We declare our right on this earth to be a man, to be a human being, to be respected as a human being, to be given the rights of a human being in this society, on this earth, in this day, which we intend to bring into existence by any means necessary.

My pilgrimage to Mecca Saudi Arabia delivered the scales off my eyes of hatred in 1964.

My speeches angered those that I held in high esteem; standing strong in plain sight I armed myself.

Nigger get your hand outta my pocket; the breath of life departed my soul from the ones that broke bread with me in 1965.

Malcolm X unapologetically black called for freedom, justice and equality for people of African descent by any means necessary.

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 15,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Gun

Since the 1300's my co-conspirator the bullet and I have brought tears and pain to many generations.

Why was I created in life if you are going to destroy life with me in your hands?

I am useless if I lay dormant like some emotions that will not surface unless summoned.

They tell me I can be an equalizer if things don't go my partner the owners' way.

When you disagree with someone you call upon me to end their life without my permission.

Death and life is in the power of the tongue not the pulling of my trigger.

Privates and corporals have become Generals and Presidents because of their decisions to end life.

Since I have been used for contract killings where is my reward of payments?

I have awarded a Nobel Peace Prize recipient, a President of the U.S. and a U.S. Senator their right not to live.

Teenagers will bring me to Kindergarten, Elementary School and High Schools to end life; their act of non-disciplinary actions becomes a Capitol Hill controversy for adults.

Do I have the right to say no when you hold me? Why can't I stay in my case when you get angry? Who told you I needed your company after hours? Where is my right to protest before you pulled my trigger? Who said I wanted company in my chambers? I did not ask for any clips to invade my privacy. You are a gun you don't have any rights.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 19,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Graveyard

You can live to be one hundred and twenty years old; I will introduce myself to you eventually.

Your money has brought you out of every occasion in life; for the love of money has no occasion here.

The poor don't have enough money to present themselves to me; this is not an exclusive resort I accept all beings.

The Pent House on Park Ave has a beautiful view; the Space Shuttle has breathtaking views; everyone's view is the same here.

I watched you embezzle millions from your company; I watched him poisoned kids on the streets of life; I don't discriminate any life!

The White Man told the Black Man he needs to die because of the color of his skin; I don't see color you are all are invited to rest in my cold bosom.

She caught you cheating with her sister; you can't cheat me down through a thousand generations.

You drove a Rolls Royce while your neighbor drove a Mazda; your casket cost more than his casket; who will see it besides other occupants of my domain.

My best friend "Dirt" covers your living quarters to keep you blanketed from the elements.

The graveyard does not see color it is not rich nor poor it is not boastful; all my residents live quiet lives.

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 5,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Obedient

We were created in His likeness and His image to have dominion over the land of His creation.

You may eat freely of the Garden of Eden except the tree of knowledge of good and evil; Eden has been prepared and adorned in perfection for you.

Eyes of desires and lusts of the flesh ignited lies that captured the soul of man to burn in hell.

Woman what have thou done unto me what has thou given me to eat; you have listened with itching ears your deception has kindled a flaming sword.

Expelled from Eden the garden is now corrupted; what can make us whole again nothing but the blood of JESUS!

The three day journey will begin with praise and worship; forty years later they are still praising and worshipping their needs.

The people said we want a king that will rule over us like other nations; the prophet said the king you seek will afflict your hearts and souls.

The LORD said let us reason together for your sakes; give me your sins and I will give you rest!

Let me love you according to my love for the world that you do not understand.

I am the way that leads to eternal life I am the truth that will protect you I am the life that you do not seek but need.

Let go of your self-fulfilling plans that leads to destruction.

You tell me your pain is unquenchable but you hold onto it for your satisfaction of fleshly desires.

Have you not known that I can quench every fiery dart projected towards you!

When you cried a river for the love you lost that was not yours.

I dried up the Red Sea for my children to walk through with songs of victory.

You told me your world was coming to an end because your life was not worth living anymore.

I created the world for your life to live for in the worthless of times.

He said no one understands me and cares nothing about what happens to me!

The LORD said I am peace that passes all understanding so that you can cast all your cares upon me!

Have you not heard my name is JESUS and if you be willing and obedient you shall eat the good of the land.

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 1,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Black History (Lest They Forget)

Lest they forget I was born in 1791 and in 1821 was the first black man awarded a patent for my "Dry Scouring Technique" in my tailoring business. My name is Thomas L Jennings and my "Dry Scouring Technique" created modern day "Dry Cleaning".

Lest they forget my name is Daniel Hale Williams and I was a General Surgeon in 1893. In 1891 I established the first non-segregated hospital in the U.S. in Chicago called "The Provident Hospital". In 1913 I was the only Black Man elected to "American College of Surgeons".

Lest they forget I Sarah Elisabeth Goode was born in 1855. I was the first Black Woman to receive a U.S. Patent as an entrepreneur and inventor for my "Folding Cabinet Bed" in 1885. It was efficient for utilizing space.

Lest they forget my name Marie Maynard Daly; I am the first Black Woman in the U.S. with a PH.D in Chemistry from Columbia University. I was born in 1921 and in 1947-1948 I was an instructor at Howard University in Physical Science while doing research on Cell Nucleus.



Lest they forget our names Kenneth and Mamie Clark. We both earned our PH.D at Columbia University. We also created "Northside Center for Child Development" in 1946 to improve social services for troubled youths in Harlem. My husband Kenneth was the first Black President of the "American Psychological Association". Kenneth was born in 1914 and I was born in 1917.

Lest they forget Charles Ward Chappelle; I was an Aviation Pioneer and Electrical Engineer and was a member of the U.S. Aeronautical Reserves. I attended Knox University and Morris Brown University. I was also an Architect that helped erect buildings in Brooklyn NY. I was born in 1872.

Lest they forget me Miriam E Benjamin; In 1888 I became the second Black Woman to receive a patent in the U.S. for my "Gong & Signal Chairs". My invention is used by the U.S. House of Representative each time they sit down. I was born in 1861 a free Black Woman. My invention is also used on airplanes when a flight attendant is signaled.

Lest they forget I was born in 1957 and my name is Janet Emerson Bashen. I am

a Black Woman inventor and entrepreneur. With my sassy and brilliant self I am the first Black Woman to patent a software program called "LinkLine". Alabama A&M and the University of Houston propelled me in my studies for my "Masters in Law". It is an honor to be in the "Black Inventors Hall of Fame". Lest they forget my mother in 1957 a Black Woman in Alabama was the city's first black E.R. nurse in their emergency room.

Black Women and Black Men endured their afflictions by turning them into inventions that improved the life of all mankind. May the pages of our rich history be frequently turned, examined and honored, "Lest They Forget".

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 12,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Pulled Back The Covers Of Their Lies

Upon further review upon further beliefs upon their realistic beliefs and upon life challenges.

In 1983 as a result of their low self-esteem of black people Guion Stewart Bluford Jr became an Aerospace Engineer; the first black man to fly in space on the Orbiter Challenger for NASA!

We only can shine shoes and pick cotton for careers; impossible to be able to design aircrafts and spacecrafts. That is foolish thinking!

In the summer of 1959 in Lake City, South Carolina they called the police on me for wanting to check out my books. The Library was restored and renamed; Dr. Ronald E McNair Life History Center.

Reading my books propelled me into becoming a Physicist Astronaut for NASA! The year of 1986 upon launching into space the Space Shuttle Challenger disintegrated with Ronald Erwin McNair as an Astronaut.

Ronald Erwin McNair took flight with racism in his mind and has a crater on the moon named in his honor.

My name is Mae Carol Jemison with an Engineer Physician Degree and in 1992 I was the first black woman to encounter space travel with NASA without being chased in time.

I am a black woman of substance and excellence standing in my culture of blackness.

Don't forget about me my name is Stephanie Diana Wilson and I too am an Engineer and Astronaut with NASA. I was awarded the NASA Distinguished Service Medal along with the Space Flight Medal.

Please can you people stay in the fields of our choice for your despicable lives. We will not honor you with anything but lies!

NASA did not leave me out of their space program. I became an Aerospace Engineer and Astronaut.

January of 2017 it was announced that I would be assigned to the International

Space Station in Orbit.

January of 2018 a last minute crew change changed my destiny for temporary living.

I was born in 1970 Jeanette Jo Epps a black woman; my non-residence with the International Space Station as a Flight Engineer strengthened my blackness.

Sports are your only way out of our stronghold we have advocated for you.

Out of darkness and ashes of defeat we pulled back the covers of their lies that colored people could only excel in housekeeping for others.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 11,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Choice

We went to vote and floodgates of waters became our pathway to justice.

What should have been a human right became a death sentence to vote for black people.

Civil unrest exploded; days of controlled tactics were enforced; monkeys go back to Africa and vote.

Nights of their patronage for our well-being foreshadowed our humanity of unrest.

In exchange for our words of justice they invited themselves to our homes with fires and ropes hanging from trees.

Our brothers were vanquished with bullets of freedom; our sisters were dehumanized for their eyes of pleasures.

Robes of their choirs at night were singing songs of look at them niggers' burn!

With their Christian beliefs they honored themselves for another victory for mankind.

Remembering the cross they crucified our flesh with kerosene and blades of torture.

Little black boys and little black girls were traumatized with night visions of white robes.

Over the horizons with a new era has brought us blue uniforms saying they were in fear of their lives.

A deranged white man can chase a blue uniform with a hatchet and be tased to subdue him.

A black man with his hands up has sixteen bullets ripping his flesh while on the ground.

Our choice is incapacitated with the color of our skin; our choice is met with fear because we are black; to die or live is their choice for us!

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 6,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Our Blood

Nigger let's see how swift your feet are with our army of unified lynch mob.

Jig a boo your colored skin is a waste to humankind so we are going to exonerate you of it.

Nigger girl you are only good for our flesh of domestic pleasures that you warranted.

Coon you were consecrated for whips that terrorize your flesh for our games of thrones.

Your mind is that of a chimpanzee; you will clean houses and be an elevator operator throughout time.

Your black face is a masterpiece of tears for our monologue of entertainment.

Our dogs are too prestigious to bite your filthy flesh of dung.

Just because you can dribble a ball and score at will you are still our national landmarks of headstones.

You may think your suits of attire give you recognition but you are still a walking gorilla.

Affirmative Action bought you your job; no wooly hair can be CEO of anything but graveyards.

1600 Pennsylvania Ave once was your address but you are still a boy eating fried chicken.

Our blood is still crying out from continent to continent from sea to sea from land to land from street to street!

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 5, 2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Our Culture Of Blackness

From the ages of Kings and Queens beyond time we were woven with kingship.

Tumultuous days of indifferences within the color of our skin we depicted life with domains of dignity.

In the turmoil of days our swag gave way to cultural diversity with intense words of articulations.

Instead of waiting on their graves for us we showed them universal craftsmanship of black pride.

Using our platform of Black Pride we swung the pendulum of life for their discoveries.

With our knowledge we produced science for their minds; walking with the earth our hands excavated archeological discoveries; our anthropology of studies studied their mind.

Our transformation of their desecration for us propelled our lives into their history without their permission.

The twisted collaborations of their affairs with hooded nights and lanterns gifted our souls for democracy.

In exchange for hooded nights they wear suits of distinction with hidden treasures of lies.

We hold fast to the realization of their encrypted smiles that deny our existence with handshakes of moral delusions.

Brother to man man to brother you could not excel; crowds of racial division and chants of white pride are your specialty.

Our sisters are one; our brothers are one; we stand on our proclamation as one on the shoulders of our blackness.

We as a culture stand in our blackness with black excellence; we as a black nation stand on freedom in our culture of blackness with your intimidation.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 4,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Culture Of Darkness

Melody lived for her three children beyond the scope of life.

She is the epitome of a mother protecting the seeds of her offspring.

Her world has been thrown into turmoil and obscurity.

Her husband left her without warning to fulfill his desires.

Melody did what she could to anchor her life for her children.

She was introduced to a substance that thrilled her mind without any reservations of life.

Sacrificing her body for pleasures of white lines she pursued the streets with no return.

Her body transferred money into dreams of femme fatale gone girl!

She is now a slave to pipe dreams that only the streets can accommodate.

Her children are enrolled in the system that awarded them family ties of evil love.

The hands of their finances are on display with the rod of correction for occupied space.

Abandoned with eyes of resentment they succumb to surrogates hands of volatile strangers.

Melody meets Cheyanne and the elite of society opens unknown doors of Pandora's Box.

Like the Phoenix she imposes her will to exalt beyond higher dominion of life.

With her resurrection she reclaims her children of years gone by with the power of manipulations.

Her culture of darkness resides now in a garden of serenity that lights her offspring.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 4,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Desires Of Your Own

James's thoughts are consuming him with fires of jealousy encrypted in his heart from his wife.

His emotions are free-falling into a dark hole of life changing emotions.

Janet has days and nights of grandeur moments for her insatiable democracy of passions.

Janet withholds her toxic love from James at the height of his needs.

She embraces midnight rendezvous when her fantasies corrupt her flesh.

Unable to sustain her wayward thinking she indulges her body with nature's pleasures.

James tells her she might as well crucify him with her ungodly acts.

Rivers of torment occupy the mind of James as he endures her street walks.

Isolated on Torture Island James reaches for comfort; he finds tears of eruption that replenishes his bed of loneliness.

The astrology of his mind foretells things to come.

James told Janet to cease and desist her friendly fire of his soul.

His volcano of illusions are about to explode with irrational consequences he tells her.

You have derailed my unoccupied emotions with your unsustainable cruelty.

Your equations of comfortless seasons have inspired me to reduce my living.

Your desires of your own have left me incapacitated for living; death will quiet my spirit of dissimulations.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 30,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Her Mind

Lisa's heart is bleeding from the pain that has been subscribed to her life.

She walks out of her tears but still find depression holding fast to her soul.

Lisa said I am not strong enough to walk away because of my fears.

His volatile hands have me trapped within his words of domestic love gone wrong.

How can love be so articulate and painful all at once she asks herself.

Fortified with hope she stands her ground only to find imprints of lies covering her face.

Vowing to leave at dawn she opens the doors to her life; Lisa feels the sudden impact of cold flesh attacking her body.

Lisa passes out in his arms of deceit dreaming about freedom elsewhere.

Holistic crimes of his love brought her to the unthinkable decision of her life.

Death be my end or incarceration my home for life the choice is mine.

My incubation period of living has me tormented beyond my days of living.

My breathing has been brought with a price; my soul is dead within me.

His love abyss has become my satellite of haunted houses being unearthed in exorcism.

The chambers of her mind deregulated her reality and now she is a number in solidarity confinement.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 30,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

I Became You

When Alicia married John she said this is the beginning of love exemplified.

Flesh for flesh tears for tears we are knitted together in absolute time.

Alicia looked at John and said my life is deposited in your heart with my last breath.

John you are the epitome of love; time will never ever be able to separate us.

I will move the Atlantic Ocean and place it at your feet for your pleasures of cooling waters Alicia said to him.

John told Alicia he holds her dear in his eyes of love that she wants.

She said when the moon become the stars I will stop loving you.

He said I am going to hold you to that and remind you later on in life.

John looked to himself for matters of replenished words for his adorations.

He completed works of one for their home; John admonished himself in Alicia's eyes.

John's finances were his own; he delighted in his own ways of life; John submitted to his own answers of one.

Alicia said I became you for the sacrifice of two; you became self-absorbed with selfish ambitions of one.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 29,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Understand Me

Growing up in the projects the streets were her consolations of love.

Brenda did everything she could to be recognized by her mother.

Being the middle child she said I have become lost between my siblings.

No matter what she accomplished nothing was good enough for her mother.

Her father who was her life passed away when she was thirteen.

Daddy was the apple of her eyes even when volatile moments arrived.

She became a lawyer with eyes of determination and a heart of self-willed achievements.

Case by case and drive by drive she accelerated the hierarchy of business as usual.

Brenda was so angry within herself she couldn't see love standing in plain sight.

Wanting the approval from her mother she omitted the approval of herself.

With a heart of bitterness and loneliness she found pain as her guide.

Seduced with her own passions of living she drowned in her darkness.

When she found herself no one was there to be found of her.

Realizing she alienated her life and time she fell on her knees for forgiveness.

Brenda said I just wanted her approval of who I am; I just wanted my mother to understand me; I just wanted my mother to love me!

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 29,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Trust

Jackie loves Brian and she proclaimed it with his name written on the clouds of her heart.

She would give her last breath without a thought of tomorrow for him.

Brian loves Jackie with limited expectations in his heart.

Jackie is brilliant and intelligence; men try and coo her every minute of the day.

Her moments of love are spent thinking about her dreams of Brian in eternal bliss.

Brian knows that Jackie is souled out for his eyes only.

He invites trouble with his wondering eyes of uncontrollable flesh.

Debbie likes the way that Brian looks at her; they become one flesh for times to come.

Jackie is oblivious to other eyes that catch Brian's eyes of temptations.

Brian wants to enjoy the fruits of other's labor that he did not plant.

He waters the gardens of others that need no watering.

Jackie knows her garden is the franchise garden that he waters without hesitation in his dreams.

Arlene and Jackie are partners in crime; Brian and Arlene are close door partners between the sheets.

Jackie tells Arlene I cannot breathe without Brian; Arlene tells Jackie if I was you I would not trust Brian.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 24,2019

Life

Without water the human body would lose proper functions of its organs.

Money answereth all things but for the love of money is the root of all evil.

When two hearts meet love is free; when two hearts depart someone may kill for it.

The soul of a man or a woman comes from GOD; the devil invests his wages for your soul to occupy his eternal domain.

When the body is deprived of food it will go back to the dust from whence it comes from.

Procreation brings about harmony, joy and hearts uplifted; death brings about more procreation with bitterness and sadness of heart.

Hate solidifies destruction of oneself; peace creates communities of euphoria.

Dreams come through revelations of visions that encourage discoveries of things not yet seen.

Working for freedom instead of working for justice the world will gain civil unrest.

Housing is essential for all; without housing the streets cultivate your dreams.

Caucasian man is to Black man as Black man is to Caucasian man we all go to the grave together but separately.

I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 9,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Marriage

Whether you are a Christian or a Non-Christian you are about to learn life to the fullest.

What you thought you knew you will no longer know because two have become one.

She said to him why are you driving so fast and you see me in the car with you.

He said you cannot tell me how long I can go and come because I am a grown man.

She said I need your check to pay the rest of the bills that are way past due.

He said my mother did not cook it like that she made it a different way.

She said I know you are not watching that movie with half naked women in it.

She said you cannot make that decision without consulting me first.

If you are going to play some basketball make sure you are not too long.

I made dinner and you didn't call me to tell me you were going to be late so I threw it away.

Your mother is not here so don't even think about putting your clothes there.

We need to go grocery shopping so don't make any plans with your friends to do anything.

She said you did not eat all of your food what was wrong with it.

Marriage teaches you humility, kindness, temperance, long-suffering, togetherness, honesty, compassion and sacrifices; it takes away selfishness, self-righteousness, words of discouragement, deceitfulness, lying, your way of thinking, cheating and emotional robbery.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 8,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Stop Crying

Tyler has Chrystal wanting to scream and run from life.

Her head is running to and fro the conversation she just had with him.

She is ready to slam him into a wall for all the things he has done to her.

Her tears are like a flood gate that was just released to let the overflow drain.

Chrystal did not want anything else to do with Tyler.

Tyler was a smooth talker and very good looking man with much of nothing going on.

Tyler trapped Chrystal with promises of earth shattering dreams that she became lost in.

She gave him her soul and he terrorized it with his demeaning acts of love.

The engagement lasted three months; he seduced her with words of honey.

Tyler betrayed her nights with days of unseen affiliations of quality time.

Her heart was crushed with fantasies of fables that encrypted her dreams of love treasured.

She died in her coffin of tears and lies without a memorial of truth she searched for.

Chrystal reached within the molecule of her being; she said I have to stop crying for wasted and endangered purposes.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 7,2019

THEODORE MOSLEY

Her Cold Heart

A baby is born and life has no meaning to her without guidance from love.

Love caused the night to arrive on pain that her body did not understand.

She cried for no more days of hands that cradled her in darkness.

Unable to speak the language that bears scars on her body she collapses.

Instead of inheriting love she inherited torments that belonged to another.

Innocent and chaste she reaches for words of tranquil days that would caress her.

We spent nine months together holding each other breathing for each other.

I depend on you for life after life that you gave me in the days of laughter.

Now you give me unprotected love that causes me to long for hidden tears of joy.



PoemHunter.com

Your open heart surgery of agony from your sacred vows of betrayal has betrayed me.

Listen to my heartbeat of one that is one with yours; hold me in the confines of my love for you.

My body is now your sacrifice of rage that you see in me because of him.

You have sentenced me unjustly for love; her cold heart is camouflaged with love on sinking sand.

Written by Theodore Mosley

December 27,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Ended

Stanley found Tasha on the days of empty nights that she could no longer endure.

Abandoned from tranquil ways of love she was consumed with life.

Tasha lived an inclusive life of complacency that caused walls to furnish her walk.

Stanley used words of sweet honey dripping from his lips to enthrone her mind.

Tasha's island of loneliness erupted with his whirlpools of pleasures.

Sifting through her desires Stanley engraved her perilous times of aftershocks with gifts of deceit.

Tasha excavated her emotions of lifelessness with every touch of his words.

Terror uncovered the nights of pleasures when he unveiled his domestic coffin of love.

The anthropology of Tasha's love was hidden away in the geological assets of her curves.

Stanley exhumed her flesh with his artifacts of instruments of fertile naturalizations.

Her euphoria of freedom is now his graves of hostile eyes that betrayed her.

His showcase of love is a mirage of oasis that her soul was deceived of.

Stanley's love confiscated her life with his abuse of Palm Sunday worship.

Tasha ended her life with an epistle stating his love consumed me to death.

Written by Theodore Mosley

December 19,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Bride Of One

The moon is dancing beneath her feet; euphoria has encamped the veil of her mind.

A beautiful snow driven chariot into the palace of her smile glistens the night.

With a winter wonderland of doves singing she uplifts the earth in her hands.

The avalanche of her love is skiing the slopes of his heart until the glaciers of the world explodes.

Her snow white wedding has transformed the French Alps into her castle of romantic nights of bliss.

The titanic of her love caused the North Pole to heat the sun and melt the heartbeats of love.

With eyes of inescapable panting she gushes into the night of his nine realms of kisses.

He touched her smile and Pompeii was rebirthed through her storied eyes of love.

In her walk upon the ocean the Book of Treasures revealed its mysteries to her constellation.

With her heartbeat of love the Lost City of Atlantis ascended to his creation.

Her love moved the population of Antarctica with the sound of her walk.

I am the bride of one; air is nullified to breath; I am the bride of one; death ceases to exist; I am the bride of one!

Written by Theodore Mosley

December 10,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Altar

Tameka has been planning her dream wedding since her heart could dream.

The countdown is more anticipated than the New Year's Eve ball drop.

Horse chariot rides in the snow through Central Park at three a.m. has her heart burning the evolution of time.

Her winter wonderland of white sheets of snow enlarged her eyes pass eternity.

Niagara Falls met Antarctica and it became her sleigh ride to heaven.

Holding onto her lovers every movement she extinguishes the sun with her smile.

Her heart heard the sound of fireplaces in his words of love that ordained nights of pureness.

Tameka walked to heaven with his hands of bliss that thrilled her muse of fantasies.

He lavished her with treasures of pearls that the ocean purchased for her.

Her family prepared a magic carpet ride with the moon; the nights of Arabia danced with her tears.

The Leviathan incarcerated the stars for her night of pleasures.

Tameka caused the volcanos to become extinct with her kisses on his lips.

The harvest of her heart exploded into the atmosphere and the earth shifted.

Her heart melted Iceland as she looked into his eyes of everlasting love.

Tameka's altar of forever became her graveyard of tears as silence engulfed the sanctuary.

Written by Theodore Mosley

December 19,2018

An Icon (Ms Angela Davis)

Armed with intelligence and creativity she became a historic figure for justice.

Her life is now our battle cry for democracy that has imprisoned our souls.

Black and beautiful she ascends to the mountain of freedom for her people in chains of corruption.

Fierce and powerful she declares war on the nation of suppressors for our declaration of rights.

Her educated mind defeated the superior response of their incarcerated ways.

She was labeled as America's most wanted in the eyes of her captors.

She is loved by Black America as she withstood the incarceration of their domain.

Sifting through the bureaucracy of their truth she exposes their hidden truths of America.

Standing tall in her height as a soldier of independence she subdues their constitution.

Focus and unmovable her plight becomes substantiated with the movement of "say it loud I'm black and I'm proud";.

With black pride and black love she dethrones the act of indignation with her beautiful words of coalition.

Young gifted and black she delivers her story of unspeakable chastisement that her mind overcame.

Saturated with freedom of education Ms. Angela Davis inspired a movement of social reform; an icon for generations to speak of.

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 16,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

A Tribute To Prince Rogers Nelson

Coronations of the world and he found himself within the centerpiece of the musical revolution.

Insatiable with the notes of melodies he created sounds beyond the imagination of awareness.

Creative in thinking the sound of music collaborates his mind as he subdues stringed instruments within himself.

The doves that cried were tears of harmony that flowed from his mother's womb as he heard the harps playing.

Astute and precise the formation of his guidance arranged the movements of the labyrinth in detailed coalition.

Eccentric and modest his development of me directed me towards the concept of maturity within the signs of my life.

Chains of sobriety eluded me of their consultation of slavery within the studio of their choice.

Polluted from the history of the masses he produced the population of his own syndication.

Shouldering the escapade of his decision his revolution created "The Purple Rain";.

His freedom and his visions declared that his island would produce unheralded compilations.

The philanthropy of his success induced him without borders to avail endless boundaries of communications.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 10,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Tulsa (Black Wall Street Massacre 1921)

History told us nothing about this history of slaughter as two lives changed the course of history.

Shining shoes for wages of the day and now he is faced with a war waged on the color of his skin.

Dick Rowland was nineteen and black when he stumbled; Sarah Page was seventeen and white when she screamed.

Tulsa Black Wall Street Massacre began with colors of rage, ignited into hopes of extinction of our lives.

While balancing himself bodies touched without warning, a scream was made and panic ensued.

Running from the building for protection of his life, the ox bow incident came alive with open racism.

Who would believe an elevator ride to a segregated restroom they appointed for us would be a war cry.

They said I assaulted Sarah Page on my journey to coloreds only for relief of my water of the day.

News of my desire for the white girl of only seventeen years old became our national anthem for killing.

Arrested and scared my soul reached to the epitome of time when they said a black man child is born.

Armed with freedom of rights to bear arms, solidarity crusaded for our brother for due process.

Inferior because of his skin color their actions sound the charge of civil unrest and dreams were abolished.

Caged and shackled in his mind, he reached for his mother's voice and heard lynch him for his sin of life.

Tulsa Black Wall Street Massacre engulfed "Greenwood" with bombs of fires and bullets of no return.

Shouts of burn them alive were sung as they campaigned for more bodies to be buried alive in torment.

Shifting from the corner of death row, they ascended to the corner of willing to kill them when they appeared.

Tulsa Black Wall Street Massacre burned with white pride as they descended into obscurity.

Fires of shattered dreams that housed hospitals, schools and banks that our hands of skill erected.

What flourished like Wall Street NY are now ashes of death surrounded by eyes of hatred in the night.

Children of preparation of time to come surrendered their smiles on the hands that nourished them.

Tulsa Black Wall Street Massacre created in dreams of chaos and founded on destruction for our end.

Sixteen hours of hurricane winds of hatred foretold the whirlwinds of their truth within our souls.

Presidents, engineers and CEO's were drafted into the night of hell as they conducted raids on their flesh.

When education was a death sentence for the men and women of color, we build and chaired banks.

We were seen as cotton pickers for life, we picked the national landmark for our schools to stand upon.

Degraded and worthless in the eyes of our captors we became self-made millionaires with time.

Tulsa Black Wall Street Massacre gave us black history of living in 1921 Greenwood Oklahoma.

Written by Theodore Mosley

May 14,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Glaciers Of Their Love

She moved the Eiffel Tower and placed it in his heart for lovers to ascend to.

On Valentine Day he discovered breath taking purple roses on Uranus for her eyes only.

She took the Wall of China and made a stairway to heaven for his pleasures.

He whispered to the Grand Canyon and it became her resting place with pillows of clouds.

When she looked at him the Egyptian Pyramids entombed her heart of passion for eternity.

They embraced and the Eight Wonders of the World exploded in the hearts of mankind.

He kissed her breath and the Bermuda Triangle washed ashore on her astounding curves.

She conquered the Sphinx with her words of love; Zeus surrendered his throne for her beauty.

Poseidon commanded Niagara Falls to descend upwards to look upon her smile.

The Arctic Ocean became her sauna of love when she dreamed of his desires.

While they made love the Equator moved to the Garden of Eden; searching for directions the Equator disappeared.

She walked the night of his kisses and the lightning erupted in the glaciers of their love.

Written by Theodore Mosley

December 12,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Doves In Her Eyes

The Rain Forrest disappeared when he kissed the moon with her hair.

When the waters of Venice discovered her beauty it drenched the stars of heaven.

She slept in the sun for her restoration of love that shines throughout time.

The violins of the Lincoln Center Orchestra played on the Milky Way of her lips.

Moving her dimensions of desires towards his flotation of heat seeking touches she explodes.

The Scientology of her love whispered songs of inclusiveness for his campaign of romance.

Dancing on the shroud of his poetic words she descends to the treasures of broken hearts.

The night air cuddled with the fireplace of their hearts; their hearts made love in the solitude of her caverns.

Her heart drained his thoughts when his oasis of kisses played on the Nile River.

She kissed him and the night cursed the day for being his predecessor.

When he walked pass the breeze of her walk the Tiger Lilies bloomed on Venus.

Pegasus contained the Constellation of Orion when she smiled for heaven.

Summer cast a spell on earth when the doves in her eyes lifted every voice to serenade angels.

Written by Theodore Mosley

December 12,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Miss Me With That

The adolescence of our lives brought us through life in pain and afflictions together.

He envisioned a magic carpet ride that supplied him with pipe dreams.

His eyes of development caused him hidden conversations of no tomorrow.

The misconceptions of his abilities are the fault of others as he walks dormant through life.

He articulates words of enchantment that is sweet to the bone.

Holding onto his mistakes the graves of his choices entombed him for future ideas.

He is the next chapter of success that no one will see coming.

Clouds of artificial words endorsed his tongue for false workshops of elevator rides.

 PoemHunter.com

His addiction of himself created warnings of fires burning in the rain.

Superior and high-minded he forgoes the natural process of higher learning for instant gratification.

He collapsed in his own inferior self-esteem that never transformed his talents.

Seeking light in darkness he commits to advertisements of free Realty Marketing.

Deceived in his own eyes he suffers from the syndrome of no one cares about him.

You can miss me with that when your truth has been the blood sweat and tears of others.

Written by Theodore Mosley
December 11,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Something About That Something

It will take you around the world and back in a moment of time.

Your exploration of journeys will have you looking for it when darkness falls.

Money cannot attain to it like the breath of life can sustain you.

You can find it hidden in love when it becomes love forever.

Death has persuaded minds to become exclusive without permission.

Eyes prevail without conversations and judgements become impaired.

Solicitations of dreams were asked to plead their cause for righteousness.

Blinded by seductions of walks they have become incarcerated.

For unknown reasons the flesh is challenged and the right to say no vanishes.

Cultivated to represent the throne of grace it has been diminished to pains of afflictions.

Hearts of astounding nights and days of uncontrollable bliss was sanctified in heaven.

Infused with its' own tenderness of obliviousness you hear names being presented to the midnight stars.

Wayward fantasies with decrypted words of sorcery engaged the lies of its truth.

From generation to generation there is something about that something.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 28,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

You Did This To Me

You took my life and turned it into your freefall of pleasures that transformed me.

Broken with bitterness that did not belong to me she challenged herself to love again.

Unable to be held with the freedom of sensitivity she holds onto tears of night terror.

Your innocent thoughts of taking my womanhood sacrificed my way of thinking.

Your manhood penetrated my soul as my innocence took flight into another dimension.

I surrendered my worth with your worthless cries of sadistic pleasures that haunts me even now.

My battle was useless against the deprived notions in your eyes of volatile ecstasy.



PoemHunter.com

The waterfalls of your motions deteriorated me beyond the speeches of my life.

The candidacy of my choice was inaugurated in my dreams as my body lay dormant.

Consecrated for another in time, your desecration of my worship formed end times of living within me.

Your misguided assumptions of our conversation became my prison of your demons.

My pureness became my catastrophe; your seed of evolution became my travail in birth.

My holistic behavior became my guidance with each of your touches; you did this to me; you raped me!

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 2,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

You Left Me

Michael loved Karen when love was cold and damaged in his heart.

Michael would not breathe without directions from Karen.

Every raindrop Michael would place in Karen's eyes for her to dance to.

She asked Michael to place the sun in the ocean for her pleasures.

He took the sun and airlifted it to the Indian Ocean for her eyes only.

The beginning of the end found Michael on the street "I need space";

Karen's eyes drifted to unknown desires of pastures of undiscovered meadows.

Her ill-conceived notions of pure gold became fool's gold in times of struggles.

Lost and edified of herself Karen collapsed into the darkness of her own truths.

Her culinary of desires are now simmering on the backdraft of her decisions.

Trapped within her heart she free falls into her pain of acquisition.

The prodigal daughter examined her soul; loneliness and emptiness abided with foolishness.

Karen reached back for her breath of life to sustain her wounded crimes.

Her apostolic dreams of one were lost on the trinity she created.

Michael extinguished his life of Karen; you left me for withered grass.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 25,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Who Are You

Last night she consummated their night of bliss on the clouds of euphoria with him.

The sound of her walk is played by the birds of springtime.

Olympus is her throne of love that she produced with her Constantine eyes.

Her empress delights burned his body throughout the nine realms of odyssey.

She succeeded the sovereignty of the Milky Way and discovered his infinite love.

Her mortal being cascaded into his night of nature that filled the skyline of his soul.

She seduced the earth for his love and the stars dissolved in his eyes.

Upon arrival of his starship the meteors orchestrated a symphony of harps for her entrance.

Expounding on her love for him she caused the solar system to collapse.

The total eclipse of her love surrounded heaven and the volcanos of Venus erupted.

Tasting the melody of his honeydew lips she raptured his memories into a time capsule.

Her heart serenaded him from the moon and the moon serenaded her walk for him.

The constellation of her love for him has him asking who are you.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 16,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Where Is He

The distance of night that befalls her eyes are crying in the seas of his love.

She reaches for his smile and finds his silhouette dancing in her hands for nights to embody her.

Tasting the moist lips of his love from under her dreams she engulfs the fires of his rain.

He was here in my eyes with long-lasting emotions of distant love that we created in our carnage.

Time arrested us within our love and we mastered the sheets of love with sheets of explosions.

You have been gone as long as it takes vapor to disappear and my world is condemned.

Her fantasy erased the misconception of his hands on another; he beheld her and life faded into another dimension.

The stars of his love stretched her being across the galaxy of his thrusting body and she transformed time.

They engaged the moon in the rain when their hearts exploded on the Milky Way of their runway.

Cascading the stairway to heaven they corrupted the planets with fierce throttles of their wayward love.

Her dreams are vast and lonely when she holds him under her bridge of no return.

Where is he when my constitution of love is fulfilling my body of trauma he left behind?

Written by Theodore Mosley

August 10,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

When Love Calls

Abstinence of his heart recreates the mind to flounder intimate moments.

He hears the breath of life sailing on his mind as he walks pass her.

She swims in his thoughts that are parallel to his wayward thinking.

The distant cave of his heart is dwelling below the surface of his dreams.

He canvases her creation and her masterpiece is thronging his words of acceptance.

She sidesteps his adoration in an attempt to showcase her assets of unspoken callings.

Her tempestuous smile ordained his words for the next chapter of his symphony of love.

Drained from the full throttle of the past he walks the memory of forgotten love.

She delicately pursues his attention with her diagnostic curves of persuasion.

He exhales in time to forget the septic of deceit that bloomed in his culture.

Her words of fire testified to his insecurities and he withdrew from his exile.

Shifting his expenditure of love venom she crowned him with her garden of paradise.

Exonerated from the heart of hell's prison he extracts her tenderness for life beyond.

Sequential tears of domestic life are eradicated when love calls.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 15,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

We Need More

Their marriage of three years has been tumultuous and unconditional words of prey.

Sounds of intense mistrust and dependability were found on a tightrope act of love.

Fierce advocates of trouble outweigh the bond of togetherness of two as one.

Surveying their hearts of love they find boundaries of walls colliding.

Looking for healing in waters of displaced strangers they become captors of lost hearts.

The foundation of their home is now sinking sand blowing in the wilderness of desolate lands.

Overwhelmed with payments of frozen assets stress becomes intimately enshrined in their living.

Their harvest has been a famine of pain overflowing over horizons unknown.

She ridicules his manhood and his dignity for society to crucify.

He forecasts her inept ways of love that the outer limits abandon.

Eyes of disbelief and contaminated words are victorious in their own flesh.

Their trials and tribulations conformed their minds to escape each other.

Sleepless nights adjourned the day for coveted feelings of unrest.

Seduced with we need more money they never looked to the hill from whence cometh their help.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 2, 2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Waterfalls Of Crimes

Arlene found a home in intensive care that she manifested from Jake's love.

Jake cleaved to her heart with his umbilical cord of precise words that surrendered her soul.

Arlene found the fetus position to be her homeland of security.

The anatomy of Jake's physicality embroiled Arlene without his movements.

Arlene's purpose driven life was embedded in Jakes formal creativity of life.

Trained for Jake's commands Arlene extended her being for his manhood.

Her crucified mind forgave him of his love derailed from the chapel of their love.

Jake sculptured Arlene into an unseen life of don't you think about leaving.

Storms of darkness befriended her unspoken reality of what love was.

The surgical process of his woven tyrant claimed Arlene from her childhood of brokenness.

Forsaken in love she constituted love with collateral damages of the night.

Jake deployed his web of masquerades in his facades of pursuits of happiness.

Arlene emptied her motivations of love into his exoneration of male dominance.

Jakes' waterfalls of crimes to her spirit besieged her life of freedom.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 23,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Water And Plant

The holiness of GOD is the walk of life for Christians to monitor their ways.

We reach for heaven with words of tribulations and acts of guilty pleasures.

Times of unseemly behavior have us throwing a rock and hiding our hands.

Dissimulations of love have corralled our hearts beyond the forgiveness of love.

Created in the being of heavenly families we forsake the hand of truth and righteousness.

We move and have our being for justifications of our own purifications.

Sanctified and holy has become our own filthy rags of honesty.

Undaunted by convictions of the Word we proceed with the world's truth.

Our camouflage of love reveals the lust that transforms our bodies into instruments of lies.

Soldiers of the cloth have become dual personalities for filthy lucre.

The old landmark is now the fellowship of curtains that Hollywood has produced.

The good ground is now the plantation of infectious deeds gone astray.

We use to water and plant but now we uproot in congregations of dry bones.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 24,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Wait For Me

His heart is lost in the deepness of her emotions that she submerged in her deceitfulness.

He looked for her where the nights brought them together for untold nights of ecstasy.

Under the cherry moon of his thoughts he cried for his island of paradise.

She promised to unlock unthinkable journeys of oasis that only her heart foretold.

Walking the desolate streets of his heart he forbids another to look upon him.

His extraordinary world of love has descended to the dark cave of his mind.

She corrupted his senses with her mural of love that tormented his life.

Her weapon of choice incarcerated him in her insatiable fantasies.

She captured him in her cathedral sounds of passions that ignited his eruptions.

Her price of love cost him his life without a trial of his knowledge.

The remnants of his cries are held in the hollowness of his kisses.

Trying to escape her monuments of curves proved fatal to his soul.

Her presence kindled his fire beyond the veil of his words that she anticipated.

She cremated his mind with her Medusa affairs of mankind.

She said wait for me in the venom of her night visage.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 19,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Twenty Second (Happy Anniversary)

The feet of them that sat at Henry's table eating meat shouted "Hosanna in the Highest";.

Crucify him crucify him was the meat they devoured for his soul.

Called out and set apart by the "MOST HIGH"; he endured hardness as a good soldier.

Ridiculed for his destiny of mountaintop experiences he worships the "GREAT I AM";.

Pastor Henry occupied a seat on the morning train; some said the evening train would derail him.

Chains of discontentment down through the years forged his strength in the fire.

In a state of temporary blindness the "Light"; created paths of faith without works is dead.

Pressing forward without wavering Pastor Henry soared on wings of eagles.

Counting up the cost of ministry his tears are bottled in heavens throne room.

The gates of hell opened up against him and the spirit of the LORD lifted up a standard for him.

Bridging the walls of holiness Pastor Henry became a repairer of the breach for souls.

The womb of holiness has sustained Pastor Henry for his twenty second anniversary celebration.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 2,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Took Away The Cold

He met her in the fire of their romance when the fireplace burned at night.

She was radiant and sassy with eyes of unforgettable beauty flowing from her creation.

The way that she walked had the stars in alignment for a new millennium.

Her hair smelled liked pools of fragrances that the angels choreographed with her.

She smiled at him and his heart became the trumpet of Gabriel.

The ocean of his thoughts penetrated the diamond fields of Africa for her hand.

Crystal sapphires of his love bloomed in his heart as she kissed his smile.

His temple became her sanctuary of forbidden fruits that wondered in the nights.

Her waters flowed to his temple in his dreams of kisses that life never explained.

His canopy of touches thrilled her curves for everlasting edifications.

Sounds of his eyes were found on Venus as he slept in her aroma.

Dripping words of Ecclesiastical freedom she maneuvered time with his movements of her.

The kindred of his love journeyed to Italy for the Eiffel Tower to release his heart.

Her vast acquisition of his heart took away the cold of wayward vaults of lies.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 12,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Separate But Together

From the moment we encounter living we encounter death.

The breath of life is given for duration of time we will never determine on our own.

History of earth's domain reminds the flesh from whence it came from.

Preserved in time we perpetuate living to condition our minds for things in life.

Whole and gifted we gain the insight of this world to forge our path of dreams.

Just as vapor is seen in a moment in time so are our footsteps.

One day is like a thousand; a thousand is like one day we have rehearsed.

Plans of qualified days with unqualified time are hidden in our thoughts of deceased memories.

Social economics conditions of injustice that divide the land merge each speech in time.

Chinese, Norwegians, Russians, Canadians, Italians, and Americans no one is exempt from it.

In the silence of living we hear cries of imprisoned voices only to dismiss the cries.

Time and chance was created for all; love is a forgotten domestic prisoner.

Separate but together we exclude life on our own terms to justify love.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 13,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Saints Of God

Endeavoring to be in His presence we look to the hills from whence cometh our help.

He lifts up His people with His spirit and we praise the name that is above every name.

The GREAT I AM is living in the praises of His people that seek His glorious face.

The chariots of fire are searching for souls to encamp around for heaven's glory.

We fall to the earth at His presence to worship Him for His everlasting Sovereignty.

The GOD of our salvation hears the prayer wheel turning and He breaks our fetters.

Devine guidance has our footsteps working on the building not made with hands.

Bold in the faith of love we move mountains of despair that cannot stand before the throne of grace.

Chained and bound for loving we encounter the failure of love that desires to sift us.

Mortal ways of corruptible flesh conceived in sin has become immortal for His incorruptible prepared place.

The Holy Ghost is our Strong Tower when floods of unpurified winds of destructions invade our minds.

Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of the Saints of GOD.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 9,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Running (Dedicated To Henry Hedgepeth)

The womb of life begins Henry's journey to unknown paths of travailings.

Born for nights of darkness and days of concealed pain he falls on the
"Rock of Ages".

Navigating the battlefield of tormented spirits Henry seeks the "Living
Waters" of pureness.

Induced with the plans of the "Strong Tower" he engages with love
and humility.

Quarantined for the "Master's" use Henry is fellowshipping with
instruments of praises.

He is a product of the temple of the "Lion and the Tribe of Judah".

Standing on the commission of the "GREAT I AM" Henry invokes his
royal priesthood.

Misunderstood, left for dead Henry encouraged himself for missions from the
"Chief Cornerstone" that the builders rejected.

The Constitution of his loyalty embodies the throne of grace to hide him in the
cleft of life.

Storms are raging and the tombs of unrighteousness are abounding; Henry shall
abide under the shadow of the "Almighty".

His sacred duties for the commonwealth of mankind are unheralded.

The holiness of Henry is the holiness of GOD shown without measures.

Instinctively sown in the fabric of the "Word of GOD" Pastor Henry is
running to receive his golden crown of life.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 1,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Prison Doors

Masquerades of holiness are abounding for fruitful lies of love.

You hear the quadulate of words immersing from the wounds of their lips.

Travailing walks of inadequacies have subdued their minds of righteousness.

Hiding their hands and throwing rocks gave them false hopes of the gospel.

They have become soldiers of the dark without pronouncing their service for the light.

Truth barren with escapades of noises heard for itching ears are abounding.

Encouraged with the heartbeat of the pain of others they subscribe to happiness.

They carry the faithful words of love until the battlefield of love endures.

They mount up with wings of sustain talebearers and glorify the spirit of divination.



PoemHunter.com

The sound mind of corruption endures for a multitude of pleasures for nights beyond truth.

Graveyards of whited sepulchers have engrafted their sound doctrine of peace.

Rivers of artificial talk proclaimed the gospel with their rhetoric of learned tongues.

Instead of entertaining angels unawares they submit to hands of filthy lucre.

Straight gates of perils are held in exchange for prison doors of deceitfulness.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 1, 2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Prison Doors Of Love

Arlene has walked a path of righteousness for the past ten years.

She has midterms for her classes in biology and micro-biology.

Doctor Arlene will read on her name tag in years to come.

Brian reaches out to Arlene for comfort and inspiration.

He is alone and surrounded with times of reflections walking his mind.

Seven years of dark corridors of life has Brian dreaming of days unchained.

Arlene visits Brian and childhood laughter is heard in their hearts.

Dedicated to paths of successful higher education Arlene's low self-esteem is challenged.

Midnight calls from Brian have Arlene wavering on heights of distance love.

Words of enchantments from incarcerated dreams have fulfilled her desires of loneliness.

Arlene detached her mind to his attachments of marriage proposals.

Brian has ordained his love for her; the graveyard has reserved her resting place.

Brian's release unleashed hidden demons of sophisticated curfews of time.

Gallantly and intelligently he removed her barriers of common sense afforded her.

Brian's prison doors of love sanctioned Arlene's demise with derailed purposes of life.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 2,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

One Nation

The equilibrium of our country has erupted into a NATO of falsehood.

The infestation of white power has cultivated the minds of Neo-Nazis for justice.

Their ammunition of justice is cowardly acts of brave soldiers seeking lives unawares.

The Constitution of white people says they are protecting the vision of their forefathers who built this country.

With decapitated thinking and living they pursue the Nationalist pride of life.

Graveyards of hate have filled the fabric of this nation with their pure conscience of freedom.

Superior legacies of plantation masters eroded the civil stability of our naturalization.

They enslaved the black man and worshipped the black woman for pleasures of their own.

The mantra of their weakness became the strength of our fights.

Decomposed of nothing they continue to solidify compositions of their love for us.

Our Geneva Convention is their solicitation of purpose driven deaths without repentance.

Native Americans blood stained hills were promised peace with artilleries of broken words.

Cities of cultural accommodations were erected with hands of chains and fetters from Africa.

One Nation under GOD with liberty and justice for all; white supremacy proclaimed our freedom.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 31,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

My Heart Beats For You (Nicole)

The rain falls onto the earth to give provision to nature in seasons of love.

The flowers of the earth bloom for nature and love is held through each fragrance of tears.

The ocean is breathtaking in its entire splendor from the Falls of Niagara to the Egyptian wonders.

The Seven Wonders of the World takes away your breath as eyes of the world stagger at their existence.

The moon gives it brilliance without ever withholding its time in the horizon of life.

We search for hidden treasures beyond the evolutions of man's time spent on earth.

Eyes of magical restorations maintain the sound of heartbeats that time cannot capture in time.

Precious stones of the earth are listening to words of adoration that man will capture in the eyes and hearts of love.

Stars repopulate the heavens with the sound of love that angels play with midnight songs of tears glowing in her eyes.

Without oxygen the hands of love would cease and the hearts of life would succumb to nothing.

The universe cannot contain my silhouette as my heart beats for you in the transcendence of time.

Written by Theodore Mosley

April 9,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Living Windows

Heaven found the shadows of love trapped in a fire of words.

Looking for words of love to frame the angels examined the minds of life.

The eschatology of love expanded the universe on majestic sounds of the Orion.

Descending the expanse of life creatures of the unknown settled on the horizon of the Pleiades.

Suspended in time the hearts of love are drifting towards the Constellation of Aries.

The moon extended the sea for Poseidon to engulf the treasures of his domain.

The Milky Way exposed his light for lovers to transform hearts on universal carpet rides.

When the stars greeted the Earth the sepulcher of mankind divided asunder in love.

 PoemHunter.com

Unable to unleash its power of epic love to hearts of love the sun encompassed itself from harm's way.

Pursuing the galaxy for love uncharted galactic nights are derived from Uranus.

Looking at the cosmopolitan of life the translation of time discovered lost hearts.

Pegasus collided with the moon and carousels of ornaments ordained the kisses of lovers.

Fountains of living windows were ordained in heaven for times of redemption.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 16, 2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Love

Living waters of life made a way of life for us to stand and proclaim it is immovable.

Mountains fall and declare that it rises out of ashes that were left for dead.

Life of longevity sustains it; time will conclude it when time has expired.

The moon has supplied light for nights that rings merged to form everlasting covenants.

The depths of the ocean cannot contain it when tears are flowing.

Immeasurable in height it grows from a fire into an inferno.

Choreographed with treasures of words it blooms into islands of complete transformation.

We cross the Sahara Desert to place stars in their eyes for a moment in time.

Midnight coronations are the origins of dreams that birthed its destination.

It suffers the weakness of others as it uplifts their body of frailty.

Sacred and bonding it apprehends the pain of latter day rain.

Created to be one with one it surpasses life unto death.

Sealed in endless words of nobility it becomes the temple of life.

Prepared and adorned for life love brings freedom to dead bones of hatred.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 20,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Love Is Strong As Death

His heart is a vibranium of love that the ocean cannot contain when she smiles at him.

The adamantium of her touches enclosed him in her kisses as she held him.

She walked into his emotions and the Rock of Gibraltar fell in love with the moon.

Mount St Helen corrupted the stars when she whispered words of melodies to his intentions.

The Atlantic Ocean collected the diamond mines of Africa when he touched her hair.

Global dehumanization took place as they ascended the pinnacle of their love.

The elegance of their words transformed the white orchids into doves of archaeological discoveries.

When she held his heart the sun evolved into a beam of light that the darkness hid.

Entering the nature of his sacrifice the snow from the Swiss Alps became her shelter of fire.

They descend into her waters of resolutions and the Milky Way sings to the orchestra of angels.

The solar system erupted into ecstasy with breath taking views of undiscovered dimensions of time.

In the outer limits of time he looked into her eyes and said our love is strong as death.

Written by Theodore Mosley
December 3,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Joust For Mine Love

Dawn be thy answer for nights of gifts that thee bestowed upon me in fragrances.

Soft petals of thine eyes corrupted me with thine carousels of pleasures forsaken me.

Within thine glance my shimmering face hid the tears of thine words.

Chambers of candlesticks explored his hidden bed of lips cherished.

In mockery of love my king locked his heart because of monastery whisperings.

His castle of freedom condemned his majesty with dark shadows of hearts unseen.

Thou sayest thou have love for me but thy love is quenched in times of love.

Engrave me with thine hand of pleasures for tonight I burn within my flesh.

My love has me tormented in the lattice of my prison; he fights wars for England but my heart dies longing for thou arms.

Release me from mine inherited nights of promises; cause mine eyes to flourish on mine bed of passions.

Go where thou goest with my heart; I will find tranquil days of unseasoned kisses.

My flesh is my sword to fall upon in your stead; search your moat and find mine heartbeat there.

Thine castle is thine; thou scepter of mine love is mine grave; how I long for thou to joust for mine love.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 30,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

In The Rain

Maria and Isaac are swimming in each other's heart without filters.

They breathe the air of love with their hands and the clouds rapture their kisses.

Maria entered his smile with her subtle walk and they quenched the fires of love.

In a state of euphoria Isaac whispered to her insatiable waters of delicacies.

She entrapped his body with her flotation of movements that drained his being.

Sensing the eruption they embrace the moment with encrypted salutations.

Maria's emotions are swept away with Isaac's tears of ecstasy.

Maria's beautiful fragrances of candle scented lips explored the French Alps of Isaac's tenderness.

They invaded the dawn with whirlpools of explorations that expanded their bodies into a symposium.

The sun purchased their walk with the dissimulation of the night.

The emporium of her walk caused the San Andres Fault to shift to Isaac's consultation of weakness.

Her enchanting eyes of love caused the Atlantic Ocean to overshadow Isaac in his dreams.

Isaac and Maria explored the glaciers of Antarctica with their love; Paris and Venice walked in the rain with the moon.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 30,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Impact Of Living

Cries of terror has her heart submerged in fears of no longer living beyond the night.

Marcus holds her hostage with his mortal power of domestic terrorism.

She tried to escape his unparalleled domain of love that was predicated on empty tears.

Facades of diamonds and trips to exotic lands replaced hands of swift decisions.

Opening Pandora's Box was safer to live with than Marcus and his life of empty treasures.

The billows of his sweet words transformed her mind to heights of forgiveness.

Wanting to flee the fires of togetherness she burned her emotions in the valley of his torments.

The sophistication of his fiery darts uprooted her life beyond the scenery of her truths.

The fetters of her mind became the absolute serenity of his misplaced guidance of two becoming one.

Marcus upheld her body with his corruptible senses of no one wants you.

The sobriety of his transactions of wayward thinking controlled her speeches.

Showcasing his domestic love of thanksgiving for her he created a temple of death within her.

The impact of living with love shattered her soul; she exhaled and found peace.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 21,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

I Can't Have

Michael's heart is erupting in his flesh and his tears are flooding his thoughts.

The Rock of Gibraltar crushed his emotions as Michelle withdrew her allegiance.

She dismantled his walk of life with her words of jagged edges.

He caressed his pain with her emptiness of dark shadows.

Eyes of delight have become canvases of clouds filled with terrains of hopelessness.

Michelle explored dimensions of latter day nights that consumed her flesh.

The fires of his desires are now temperatures of frozen eyes contemplating expiring lives.

Crossroads of unfiltered words has collapsed Michael's mind.

Temptations of burning graves challenged his emotions for security.

The scent of Michelle's enticing persuasions lifted him to her shores of nights unoccupied.

Tasting her flames of lava flowing in his dreams he succumbs to nothing.

Intoxicated with Michelle's body breathing on his mind he encounters his demons.

Bone of his bones and flesh of his flesh Michael prepares her grave.

Encourage with disdain acts of corrections he summons darkness.

Clothed with majestic thoughts of if I can't have her the earth will.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 30,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Hold Me

He feels the world suffocating his tears of pain that no one hears.

This day over three years ago the love of his soul departed his heart without notice.

His love abounded beyond the silence of her grave that elevated his suffering beyond measures.

Not knowing how to allow his emotions to seal his pain he drowns in despair of hate.

Whispering to her picture he inflates his mind to dreams of wasted lands.

He searches for her voice at night and find footprints in the sand of his dreams.

The integrity of his life has washed ashore on the ship of dead men coffins.

Forgetting about life he climbs inside the insanity of his mind that incarcerated him.

Seeking the reproof of entitlement his heart explodes into the equestrian of love nullified.

Wanting the unknown pleasures that eluded him he sacrificed his life for spirits in a bottle.

She said forever would be our domain; instead our marriage is inclusive to the earth.

Please someone hold me in the phantom of my shape shifting reality that beguiles me.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 19,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Her Best Friend

Sarah and Michelle are entwined with each other's life of living.

A trip to New York and Michelle lost her way for eyes of love.

Billy pursued Sarah while Michelle took a backdraft of fire that kindled her soul.

The meadows of their eyes were found on beaches of uncharted hours of walks.

Sarah and Billy found the other side of heaven with kisses of orchids that bloomed after midnight.

Pools of honey blossom days navigated them through the winter wonderland of their thoughts.

Billy cremated Sarah's touches with his instruments of life saving measurements of love.

Unable to sustain the infallible ways of life without each other they become one.

Michelle tried to submerge her hidden variableness without disturbing the inoculation of Sarah's time.

Billy was oblivious to eyes of distant enchantment that pierced his soul.

Sarah honored Michelle with her first borne in travailing with her name.

Michelle was encased in her tomb of love for Billy that enshrined her heart in darkness.

With deep pains of neglect Michelle forfeited her life because her best friend was her life.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 14,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Happy Anniversary (Dedicated To My Wife)

We find ourselves in the memory of a year that the LORD has allowed us to spread our wings and lift up the standard of marriage to each other's soul.

The road traveled has seen growth in love that has helped to build the mountain of defense for one another.

The days were planted and watered with tears of growing pains that began the eternal flow of love from within.

We looked beyond the window to our souls and found the life of living that would present itself to everlasting dreams of togetherness.

Nights of walking in the heat of nothing, we found the answer to each other's thoughts and mind.

Visions of tomorrow that finish the story of love told on Venus has an ending only found in the mist of heaven's gate.

A dream of love floating on clouds and the moon is showing the shadows of its love.

The sun holds our hands to see the distant land that our hearts race the ocean with.

The year has seen love stand on the ROCK of AGES from whence it came from.

Prepared and tried, love subdued the weather of discomfort and the hand of reaching for the door.

We found each other in the middle of wrecks that the enemy had planted in the middle of the wheel.

Strength in two and love with three brings the ocean of rain to the sunlight of understanding.

Building the foundation upon the ROCK of LOVE we found unity in the hearts of our minds.

Love has fellowshiped and now the peace of hearts is flowing in the direction of

life.

The wind of love grows like the redwood planted by the rivers of water.

Our first anniversary and the waves of life has become the tranquil sea of serenity.

With our eyes to see into the future, the visions of laid up treasures from the heart surrounds us.

The moon is our playground for laughter and the sun is our umbrella for life.

Happy Anniversary on the day we seen angels playing the harps telling the world about love in the eyes of one.

Written by Theodore Mosley

December 8,2008

THEODORE MOSLEY

Graves

Black lives matter when the inventions of this world are looked upon.

We hold the world captive with our thinking from the sentinel of times.

Engraved with the horizon of tombs that was discovered before man knew himself.

Challenged with hypocrisy we reached for unknown ways of transforming our language.

Chosen in time with everlasting citizenship our naturalization became their hindrance.

Unclaimed flesh for their torment of life gave them sufficient knowledge of living.

Their brokerage of consultation withdrew the life of our ancestors from life.

Forever is a witness of our brutalization that was snatched with the condensation of breathing.

No reconciliation for our way of life only seclusion that wavers in the storms of realization.

The NAACP marches with the contention of solidifying equality; suits of conventions on the hill write bills of legal fertilizations.

Pharaoh's gifts of wheat and melons are concealed with poison words of sharp instruments.

Deceits are their garments of prisons without capturing our minds to institutionalize our generations.

Craftsmanship of dialogues without dissimulations are unheralded decrees of our beings.

Their graves of our distinctions cannot silence our generations of voices from the graves.

Written by Theodore Mosley

August 15,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Garden

Standing in the quicksand of his love she quivers for his arms of protection.

Trying to withstand the gauntlet of his words she embraces her melody of dreams.

She consults her motives of lies and releases his motives to his immaturity.

Breath for breath and bone for bone she denies the reality of consultation.

Unhinged and lost he deviates her life with his rhetoric of love that the graveyards declined.

Spoken out of time as a knight in shining armor he cleaves to her joust with his roundtable of fear.

The moon became her camouflage of unwedded love during his torment of love.

In the silence of his obscurity she befalls the argument of change will come.

Destined for the everglades of living her life became the artifacts of the earth.

He became her dark knight of terror when the moon and stars were glowing in her eyes.

Her sacred womb of fertile life has succumbed to unfertilized memories of home invasions.

The ambassador of his gift has her reaching for air to breath on her bed of love.

Her garden is now her resting place in heaven without borders.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 15,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Dreams Of Tess

David told Tess he never wanted to see the sun rise over the horizon.

The night of his realm called her name from the tempest of his deepness.

The flames of David's love were unmeasurable to the touches of Tess.

The fireplace burned Tess's name into David's choreograph mind.

Reaching into Tess's fire David became entombed with her molecules of heartbeats.

David's magic carpet ride concealed Tess in the treasures of his hidden cavern.

Tess filled David's appetite of star gazing with her lilies of the valley.

Entwined together forever they exile Mount Rushmore to the French Alps.

Tess placed the moon in David's eye for the world to see his dominion of her.

Sleeping in her mirage David escapes to her oasis of plenteous.

The Paris Canal displayed David and Tess's heart on the river of love.

Tess's heart is flooded with David's canopy of waterfall kisses of passions.

She ignites his flames of manifestations with her solicitations of exhausted movements.

David explores her poetry in motion with his sensual turbulence of exotic whispers.

David's dreams of Tess were his imaginations undiscovered.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 24,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Do You Love Him

Brandon has watched Jessica from the clouds of his love.

Jessica knows Brandon's eyes are on the horizon of her watch.

Mishandled love has Brandon in tears when he sees the queen of resentment.

How can a man preserve himself and quench the eyes of a woman endearing to him.

Jessica is quarantined to one despite the fallacy of the king she admires.

Despite the challenges of her mind she inclines to support her vows.

Brandon reaches for her in his mind as she walks the heartbeat of his heart.

Wanting to give her uncharted whispers of love he drowns in his well of dreams.

Jessica's heart is empty from loneliness that surrounds her smile.

Her heart is blind to the suffocation of love that torments her day and night.

Her eyes confiscated truth for lies that endured measurements of solitary confinement.

Jessica replaced money with contentment that held her in her prison of deceit.

Jessica persuaded Brandon to endure life without her with his words of adoration.

Brandon says to Jessica my soul of love wants to know do you love him.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 14,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Civil Rights

Amid the death threats of wanting to learn to read and write they bombed us.

Now they call for their jobs if you stand with pointing a gun with a decapitated head.

Marching for given rights upon birth black people were shot dead and it was said it was a hoax for sympathy.

White people can march for injustices and it is peace be still.

Black men asking a civil question of common sense is disrespectful to the blue uniform.

White men telling the blue uniform about civil rights and they stand still with respect.

We are not black men but niggers that happened to be educated.

White men are Caucasians without education and are privileged.

Black women with their natural hair are without knowledge of life in society.

White women with their natural hair are beauty queens for the world to see.

Show me a black man living in Brentwood and I will show you a in their eyes.

Show me a white man living in Harlem and I will show you a man of distinction in their eyes.

Our civil rights was slavery; their civil rights was freedom; our civil rights was death; their civil rights is life.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 2,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Born Without Time

Holiness is the epitome of His life that treasures cannot price from eternal to eternal.

Glorified to become the salvation of time without the inception of being born with time.

Creation is the simplicity of His mind which bestowed flesh upon the dust to live in harmony without tribulations.

Blessed in spiritual warfare beyond the limitations of man He was born without time.

Sanctified for the corruption of evil tidings, the deceit of sin cannot characterize His character.

Mortality of flesh found darkness as the guide of destruction; Immortality challenged life in the resurrection of the Blood.

Quickened and born without time, time surrendered to the throne of Everlasting.

Serenity of hope escalated towards the dawn of life as Emmanuel gave us good tidings.

Repentance conspired with freedom and the truth of life made us free from chains and fetters.

Paid in full on Calvary the debt became hospitalized in the chambers of Emmanuel's vein.

Forgiveness apprehended the soul of man; the sanctuary of life escaped the demons of hell.

Symphonies of heavens' seraphim anointed the land with peace be still.

The Armageddon of lies has enlarged itself for destruction of wayward souls.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. Born without time!

Written by Theodore Mosley
December 9,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Cold Within

The beautiful breeze of a summer day is playing songs from the birds singing.

You feel as though you can climb Mount Kilimanjaro and run with the gazelles of Africa.

Working on your projects is simply a turn of the page that goes without interruptions.

Family and friends are bringing laughter to every fiber of your being.

Your sleep is waiting to replace the day of your energy for tomorrow.

Waking up and your body has transformed into a pitfall of headaches and pain.

The sheets of the bed become your prison for idle times of forbearance.

Breathing is now a marathon of competing for air in your lungs for living.

What was once a soft canal of libation flowing is now a full throttle of pain going down.

Eyes of dysfunctional sight have you looking intently at your body for recovery.

Your flesh is asking for nutrition but the pain says rest for the duration.

You disengage from the world without thought of tomorrow being born.

The cold within your flesh has your body in turmoil seeking revenge on yourself.

Written by Theodore Mosley
November 13,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Alone In Love

Jaiden put spectacular views of the moon in her eyes as the stars whispered her name.

She dreamed of the Swiss Alps around the fireplace of their heart.

Jaiden holds her with soft raiment's of eyes chasing rainbows elsewhere.

Indulging in her words of whispers she asks Jaiden do you love me.

His look of self-indulgence escapes her knowledge of awareness.

Jaiden wants corruptible times of fantasies that lead to no demands.

Naomi heard his words without listening to his words of rhetoric.

With him her feet glided across her paths of pain that time ordained for her.

She is prospering into a fairy tale love of Cinderella that will never end.

He is bathing in the rivers of her love without infractions of her living waters.

Naomi went beyond the inclusion of his heart to find desecration of her heart.

His condescending ways formulated her mind to bypass the truth of love.

She reached for his heart and found a titanic of lies hidden in his eyes of treasures.

Jaiden's hidden treasures of love showed Naomi she was alone in love.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 25,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Challenge Me (A Tribute To Black Women)

She is a fabric that stands without seems on the mind of others as she takes her stand.

Holding forth the armor of life she bestows a crown of wisdom to her offspring's for matters to come.

Her mind flows through the cathedral of sphinx, with the ability to shatter dimensions.

Challenge me, as I walk this life into existence, without holding my weapon of choice in learning.

Her curves airlifted time and the sound of her walk begins to emerge the sophistication of her being.

Conspiring to bring the intellectual affairs of women, her eyes capture the brilliance of diamonds.

Seen as the silence in the night, her voice raptures education with a mind of inescapable passions of art.

You told me as a woman of color, I could not achieve my dreams, as a woman, I achieved your dreams.

Challenge me, for tomorrow I will bring you the River Euphrates to dance inspirations of hidden times.

Armed with the warfare of dignity and determination, her purpose of being is solidified with her soul.

Born to pain, her affliction carries her to unreachable mountains of despair with whispers of dreams.

She climbed the destruction that was laid before her as the wings of motherhood transformed her.

Challenge me, for the throne of aspirations, challenge me for the natural abilities nature has wrought for me.

No longer embracing the shallow minds of her captors, she finds calculated distance on her journey of love.

The woman that I am intimidates the weakness of your mind to punish me with deceptions of anarchy.

My poetry of movement escapes the mind of your incarceration, as the night sings to the moon.

Wrapped in passions of love her naïve touches brought flames of considerations to hold her in the darkness.

Challenge me, when the storms explode and my water subsides, challenge me when my tears are one.

The furtherance of life bestows wisdom in times of infraction that filters her with cruel intentions.

You have abandoned me for docile creativity without ever learning the ways of life in your own creativity.

I stand alone on shoulders, shouldered with the surrounding love of yesteryear.

Challenge me for the asteroid of life, for a beacon of now, for the crimes of the heart.

My being craves as a woman who took flight and became the Phoenix to sisterhood to enriched minds.

Flames of life have I endured, only to cause an inferno in the satellite of time to purchase my solace.

My sister is my anchor, my sister is my revelation, my sister is my spirit and my sister is my history.

Challenge me into the night, as the lava of my muse prolongs the heat my story unfolds in my sanctuary.

Written by Theodore Mosley
March 4,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Cruel As The Grave

She met him on the Eiffel Tower of Paris and love collapsed her heart.

The Carnival Cruise of emotions took her to his island of sensational serenity.

She entrusted him with all of her interior designs of her soul.

He engraved her with his words of salutations that ended her liberty.

Sharon ascended his lies with her truth that confiscated her mortality.

Trevor danced on her melodies of grief that had sustained her thinking.

On the waterfalls of life Sharon dreamed of love with eyes of sinking sands.

Committed to pains of the heart Trevor induced paradise for her capture.

Sharon set sail on his yacht of corruptive waters and became inebriated with love.

The moon and sun collaborated with Trevor to apprehend her body in his aquatic Bermuda triangle.

The Pandora's Box of Trevor's eyes held her in seclusion for her heart's ransom.

The condensation of Sharon's mental stability shipwrecked into his navigational deeds.

Trevor gave Sharon his nocturnal heart that enclosed her flow of oxygen.

Trevor's ways of love are as cruel as the grave as darkness meets Sharon's eyes.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 22,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Remove Your

Tina walked in the mirage of Deandre's love for his mother with unthankful tears.

His extraordinary commitment to his mother's heart was unwavering.

Deandre constantly praised his mother for her love that centered him.

Tina's Broadway shows of love never made the stage play of his heart.

The curtain call for Tina integrated at night beyond the night lights of the sheet.

Outside activities claimed the times of togetherness that Tina negotiated with tears of loneliness.

Oblivious to her embraces of compassions Deandre entreated the sympathy of others.

Conditioned for financial obligations his support was unconditional.

His eyes lost sight of her love that held him with contentions of masquerades.

Tina's words of adorations for Deandre fell into the pits of his wells of cold emotions.

Deandre purchased her love with the diamond fields of love.

Detached from his emotions his insight of her love has corrupted their journey.

Tina asks him where is your heart of love residing that forever was laid upon.

The phantom of your heart needs a curtain call from reality to remove your hidden scenes.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 30,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Growing Up Black

The journey of life begins in the womb of life to hear the sound of life.

Procreation is a commandment that gives life freely with each breath.

The first cry is for the serenity of a mother holding her breath.

Innocent and beautiful the lost eyes of life begin to encounter ways of life.

Hands of delicate words perform surgery in the molecules of their minds.

The balance of the existence of love and discrimination is carefully woven.

Sewn in the fabric of the mind to create the sobriety of thinking is a choice.

The thoughts of privileged wonders are submitted to corruptive thinking.

Engraved with volatile words of admiration they say Black people are a constitution of illicit mortals.

White people are a constitution of pure knowledge obtained from revelations of wisdom.

Grave diggers of the south and shoe shine niggers of the north.

Institutions of Higher Education were fortified with white scholars of truth.

Jane tells Tasha that Black people are the corpse of monkeys of Africa.

Condemned, humiliated, controlled, hanged, murdered, whipped, stolen dignities are all attributes of Growing up Black.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 29,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Black Panther

Midnight black and majestic his swagger is strong and elegant in his domain of life.

With precision and fluidness he moves from the sky to the earth.

Feared and adored the sounds of his contentions are heard in the power of his legs.

Agile and with the mobility of swift gazelles his direction is guaranteed in time.

He delights in battle with the quickness of a cobra that strikes with cunning eyes.

Seen as a threat because of his color he is hunted for the beauty of his fur that forsakes his living.

Stunning with the gift of melanism their culture is artistic and beautiful with each step they make.

Made for the earth to see their black beauty they escape the chastisement of mankind with simplicity.

Their moves are like a harmonious ballet dancer in the wild; the dynamics of their movements are like melodies of synchronized swimming.

They embrace life with their marvelous display of longevity of black pride.

Respected in the journey of life their revolution brings about the survival of their species.

Skillful in nature as a warrior; articulate with the sound of his walk; sleek and smooth the Black Panther is a rare treasure.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 12,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Blood On The Moon (A Tribute To Selma)

Holding onto the night, we hear the cries of sacred eyes being tormented with days of hate.

The fear of letting go to pursue the dreams of the creation has our mind asphyxiated.

Sent to demon possessed patriots, our afflictions are created within the cells of their beliefs.

The blood on the moon carries the night towards revelations of unseen history to be unfolded.

Your serenity of life has become the steps of lawlessness for the whips to hold your breath.

Reaching for the stars only to find the ocean floor as your haven to produce unfruitful lives.

Dethroned from our kingship our queens are left to abstain the nights of love within her memory.

The blood on the moon is unapologetic with the eyes of deceit directing our pain for mentorship.

The alliance of death has spoken to our flesh to cradle us with the blood of our ancestor's tears.

Looking for history to propel us to freedom, we encounter the history of graves appointed for us.

Truth has become swords of injustice that has penetrated our thinking for our generation to capture.

The blood on the moon has transformed the sensation of a eucalyptus into suites of death.

Cries of solidarity have become the office of movements but the doors of democracy are held in silence.

Death and the grave are our partners in justice; where is our life that was created for living.

Concentration camps of lies shifted us towards unspeakable decisions to clarify our being.

The blood on the moon has unseated our declaration of independence for sheets of graves.

Gaining the unheralded ride to freedom, our eyes are claiming your education for prosperity.

Showing the conduit of our mind, we reach the foreground of heights of your derailments.

Sifting through the meaning of life, we transcend the formula of your crimes with the passions of life.

The blood on the moon shows the inequalities of your thinking only to expose you in your thinking.

Our freedom came from the canal of our birth; our journey has lasted four hundred years in time.

Populated in the fields of success, we astounded beyond the walks of your planks for destruction.

Ascending without hesitation, we confiscated life with educated eyes and gifted hands of measures.

We are Selma, Selma reminded us, Selma shaped us, Selma created us and Selma died for us.

The blood on the moon has the tears of nights that went throughout the nation to be heard.

Written by Theodore Mosley
April 3,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Tonight

The wind wants to hold her in the shadows of his arms when her lips are speaking.

The treasures of her curves are hot and juicy when she enters the whirlpool of his dreams.

He escapes into her wetness and they freefall into ecstasy as their bodies drift into insatiable kisses.

She explodes into his mouth with all of her juices that carry them to the Nile River.

His tongue navigates her unquenchable desires that bring her words to unmatched touches.

With their bodies dancing on the silhouette of the moon he changes time into her thoughts.

She has encounters of explorations with his body that she never knew existed.

Her body whispers to the stars that shine in his eyes as they kiss beneath the cherry moon of his desires.

They cannot escape the passion that is flowing beneath their bodies that infiltrated the night of her dreams.

Her derriere has his nature pulsating in the night for her movements that cannot be quenched.

Her lips and body meet his and the land of Antarctica becomes desolate in time.

Tonight the world will standstill as their bodies eclipse the earth with her intense desires that flood the earth.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 10,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Please Stay (Dedicated To Karen Martin)

Her life is not her own when she hears him walking in her heart.

She becomes blameless with her emotions after her free-fall into his cruel intentions.

He wanted nothing and she wanted the grandeur of his love.

Nights of fierce lust and unchained kisses sealed her thoughts of I do.

She reached for his heart and found graves of Antarctica.

Looking for the stars she found the epitome of sinking sands in his eyes.

Surrounded by his smooth words of butter dripping from his lips she explodes.

He gives her his emotions that come with the boundaries of the waves of the sea.

Ignited in the pain of his arms of emptiness she gives into his pleasures.

Her forbidden truths have now become his playground of multitude fragrances.

Her heart is chained to his steps that eradicated her mind of stable insights.

Her glorious womanhood became his instant gratification of manhood.

His songs of deployment to her heart have become her anthem of incarceration.

Fighting for her air to breath in life he gave her incapacitated dreams of his domain.

Drenched in his voice she says please stay; his tomb is her fate.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 11,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Honeysuckle Tongue

He took her on a moon lit ride across the Milky Way with her body.

The earth called out her name and the moon told the ocean to rapture the treasures of the deep.

He placed the stars in her eyes with the whispers of his silhouette.

The tornado of his movements took her to heaven's gate and her smile dissipated the sun.

His whirlpool of kisses drowned her in the aftermath of his touches.

Raindrops of his anatomy persuaded her to dance on his galaxy of desires.

The bravado of his ecstasy caused her to climax from the outer regions of his domains.

Diamonds of heartfelt dreams brought her to his cave of uncharted temptations.

Holding onto his breath she screamed his name from the windows of his love.

He saturated her with fragrances of his love scent that went beyond the core of her being.

His torrential body of mass destruction lifted her to the realm of unknown seductions.

Trying to capture the river of his thriving sensual deposits she became asphyxiated in his dreams.

She surrendered her ecstasy of passions with his honeysuckle tongue that guided her to explode.

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 10,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Imagination Of Reality

His heart is suffocating without the support of the one who serenaded him.

He is breathing but he has no life; he cried a tsunami that washed away his love.

Asphyxiation has taken control of his love for her as he reaches for her ecstasy.

Sinking in her whirlpool of insatiable movements his body was deceived with her motions.

Her unmatched fierceness has him trapped under her toxic rainbows of kisses.

Escaping is not an option for him; feeding his culture of demons for her he exhales.

Her Eiffel Tower of satisfactions guided him into her silhouette of lava that severed his conscience.

Fixated on her body of beauty she wrapped him in her repentance.

Her ocean of defiance signaled him to her seashore of splendor and he became her castaway.

His thoughts of life support were erased when she submerged him into her artic sensations.

Her vertebrae of sexual healings implored his spirit to dance in the sun.

His imagination of reality assigned him to a dimension of uncharted life.

Written by Theodore Mosley
October 2,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Crimes Of Times

Africa is crying for her children that the nights chained in their democracy.

Supplanted in brokenness for gains of distrust their flesh succumbed to whips of fire.

Noah's Arc journey sailed with animals of freedom that supplied the new world.

La Amistad journey sailed with apartheid that helped create the new world.

Death was their companions that traveled the seas of unknown destinations.

Water was condemned for consumption within their world of survival.

Travailing the nights of destructions in chains was the cry of freedom.

Freedom corrupted them with hands of cotton and songs of Negro spirituals.

Plantations of promises eroded them with dreams of eyes that infiltrated them at night.



Cornered within the pain of surpassing times they begin to look to the hills from whence cometh their help.

The Declaration of Independence declared war on their souls as freedom encrypted them.

No longer bound in chains of their democracy we transformed beyond their realization of our civilization.

White sheets are now the legality of "I was afraid for my life";.

Blue uniforms are task forces of religious rhetoric that proclaims "I saw a gun";.

Our humanity does not exist; black lives are their prizes; their crimes of times are a fable of the color of our skin.

Written by Theodore Mosley

August 10,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

She Is Gone

The life he once knew is no longer worth waking up and hearing the birds singing.

He would rather hear the music of the earth falling in space colliding with meteors.

Let my heart become as the sword that cuts flesh that will not live again.

She gave him the emptiness of his soul that bitterness found in his living.

Her kisses that were once gifts of the moon that asks the rain to hold him at midnight.

Now they remind him of the glaciers of Antarctica that falls deep into his eyes.

Where is the love that abused him with passions of ecstasy; that thrilled the being of his appetite within his serenity?

His tears have replaced the torrential rain falls of Noah's Arc that navigated the new world.

The peace of love is now a battlefield of torments that cannot escape his smell of explosions on her lips.

She guided him through the thunder of her love with the face of lightning that erupted his smile.

The beast of his timid ways is caged in the crown of fallen soldiers that portrayed love in innocence.

Waters of consummations gone wrong; waters of love forsaken; waters of eyes cremated; waters of she is gone!

Written by Theodore Mosley

August 10,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Do You Love Me (A Women's Heart)

With her heart looking for a night of uncontrolled love that burns within her for nights to come.

She wants to drown in the arms of his sweat to feel the fire within his movement that secures her.

His touches make her hair dance with the swift gazelles that are eluding the summer prey.

His ways of knowing me has me asking do you love me beyond the sheets of pleasure that hold us.

Giving into the shadows of music her mind is whispering to his soul from the corners of the deep sea.

Her ocean of uncertainty plays the memories of uncharted tomorrows in the crimes of his heart.

Thinking about the solace of her waters, she encounters the penetration of his loneliness and she loses her way.

Do you love me with your majestic dips or am I the sensation of your wandering curves for the duration?

Trapped in the moist confines of his lips, she surrenders her walk to his affairs of lies that has her blind.

Seeking to be released in her own passions, she gives him freedom to walk his heart in his.

She listens to the uncensored motivation of his dreams and she becomes his winter wonderland of sculptures.

With the molding of our bodies, she asks him do you love me; she undergirds his silence with motions of heat.

Calculating the time of her presence, she endures his shape shifting demeanor for her character of love.

Sent to nurture love her love has been stolen beyond the conditions of her plight
seen in due time.

Her body has become a graveyard of love for his possession; her heart is
imprisoned in his flow of life.

Do you love me without my eyes hurting for unseen foreclosures; her ingredient
is her mask of emptiness.

Shown the borders of her demise, she concentrates on his freefall of touches and
she descends to blamelessness.

Caught up with her femme la tele, she surpasses his mind of seduction and
craves the ridicule of her beauty.

The consumption of her curves raises the drawbridge of man to heights of non-
escaping words of peril.

Do you love me with unguarded love to bestow my wounds of hurt for solidarity
of confinement?

She tried to escape but his winds of the night controlled her steps of the day and
her mind conformed.

Holding fast the scrutiny of deception, her pain replaced the truth with the
ecstasy of his explosion.

Her pain has her surrounded within the corners of displaced love; his volcano
corrupted me from within.

Do you know me; do you understand me; do you hear me; do you see me; do
you love me?

Written by Theodore Mosley
April 3,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Your Curves

YOUR CURVES

The mountains begin to sway from side to side as you walk upon them with your dimensions.

The earth begins to lose its power as you walk the clouds with your anatomy that time is looking for.

Your legs are causing a tsunami in the hearts of mankind when you walk the runway of life.

Your curves of destruction are calling the seven seas to descend to the atmosphere that your lips are controlling.

He hears your curves as they transcend the moon with each step that you take.

Your hair is singing to the birds with melodies of love songs that the ocean is dancing to.

When eyes of love see your curves life disappears into unforgettable nights of passion that cannot be touched.

Your eyes are pools of love that create thunderstorms in the midnight kisses of his lips that cannot breathe without you.

Holding onto your curves his hands embrace your words of sensual thoughts you declared in his touches.

He holds your delicate smooth skin within his eyes and he explodes into uncharted love that your eyes quenched.

Your curves are insatiable to his touch and he ascends the rivers of love without breathing.

Written by Theodore Mosley

May 18,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Your Lips

YOUR LIPS

The rain that comes from above holds onto your lips for each touch of freedom.

When the stars come out at night they search for your lips to shine upon.

The moon brings the hearts of love out to see your lips for love eternal.

Your lips drip with sensual words of adoration that time cannot utter.

When the sounds of flowers are blooming at dawn they seek your lips for answers.

Each moment a kiss is heard around the world your lips embrace the midnight air.

Your silhouette is causing islands to explode as your lips capture the moon in your eyes.

Sensing the touch of his hand your lips ascend to the heights of inescapable kisses.

Niagara Falls run to your lips for quenches of waters that life cannot live without.

He kisses your lips and the world explodes into ecstasy and his breath is captured on Venus.

When he touches your anatomy his heart becomes like lava and your lips drenches him with cooling waters.

Your lips bring the universe to a standstill as you walk the Milky Way with legs of sensual freedom.

The fire from your lips has him drowning in your mirage as the angels' whispers to each touch of your curves.

Written by Theodore Mosley
May 5,2018

THEODORE MOSLEY

Contrite Heart

Days of sorrow have passed and nights of wanting to find solace in arms of deceit are withdrawn.

His body of troubles is being comforted with eyes of love and kindness.

The grave of embarrassment has fitted his garments of unwashed stains with joys of washed tenderness.

She gave him tears of hopelessness that devoured his mind of trusting words of adoration.

He reached for his abandonment and found a heart of forgiveness with love.

What he thought was a stranger was a gift of peace through his storms.

Engraved with understanding throughout the vision of his misery she entreated his words of repentance.

Volatile words from outside interference surrounded her with pain and rejection.

She embraced his brokenness from above to assist with the process of healing.

Gone but not forgotten she delivers a powerful speech of unconditional love.

The wife of his youth has transformed into a sanctuary of praise that goes beyond their minds.

She has encrypted the hostile ways of her audience with cryptic songs of deliverance.

His contrite heart became the ammunition for love that was missing from his heart.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 27,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Damaged Heart

Your flesh is the playground of things that you want that you don't need.

It will take you on a journey that no one can tell you to depart from.

You are wiser than the wisest; you are your own worst enemy.

Light has passed from you and darkness has become the focal point of your mind.

Your days of understanding are outweighed by the nights of creative sensations.

The inclusions of your thoughts are based upon the touches of her pleasures for you.

In the innocence of time you become entangled in her web of lies and deceit.

What once were dreams of innovative decisions are now nightmares of I am so sorry.

The eyes of wondering days have entrapped you with nights of unrealistic lust.

Thoughts of her happiness at home have drowned in the idea of yesterday's heart of love.

Infused by the words of butter from her lips you become lost in her flesh.

Holding onto nothing of substance the mind is swayed from the light of true safe haven.

You believe the motions of the night with blind kisses of promises.

The realization of your fantasy has your heart damaged; love beareth all things.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 27,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Hurricane

When her eyes met his eyes the explosiveness tore her emotions into a fabric of ecstasy.

She erupted like a volcano that was silent for three hundred years looking for love.

His volatile kisses had her walking the realm of his night shift that flooded her mind.

Unable to control her passion for his liquidation of touches she caresses his waters that escaped her movements.

The penetration of his unfiltered surplus of body heat caused a whirlpool of waterfalls in her serenity.

Her temple was vacated because his airline lifted her to safety when she exhaled.

During the night of their turbulence consummation her silhouette found the landing spot of his runway.

They were both frozen in time when she danced on his mouth of jubilation.

His love for her untimely heartbeat began to fade into the sea of calmness without a sound.

She looked for his lighthouse in the storm of her body and found pains of tears.

The hurricane of his love moved swiftly across her heart and relocated on another island of destruction.

Written by Theodore Mosley
September 6, 2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Way She Moves

The wind is looking at her movements to see which direction it should move.

She danced on the face of the moon as she expired time with her smile.

Her dangerous curves sent a tsunami around the world with each of her steps.

The stars collided with the atmosphere as she spoke to the wind with her eyes.

Moving in silence the earth shook with the thought of her caramel legs dancing.

She organized the flowers in the meadow with her kisses that were formed in the night.

The valley of her sensual touches brought the Rain Forrest to bloom as she entered his sanctuary.

Her body caused the lava in the volcano to seal the land with one kiss from her lips.

Her scepter of insatiable dances erupted in his eyes for hearts of love to adore.

The sun evaded her smooth rhapsody skin and her hair played the piano in the dark.

Her mortal body divided the realm of Shakespeare as she escaped the heat of his passion.

The desires of the damsel were found on the seven seas of Sinbad that were once forbidden.

The way she moves brought heaven to a standstill and she devoured nature with her walk.

Written by Theodore Mosley

April 18,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Black Rose

Concealed in time for the love of nature it grows within the truth found in pureness.

Reserved for eternity without blemish the angels are singing in harmony.

Hearts have searched the ages without the realization of its origin.

Songs from the Garden of Eden have extolled the prize for eyes to behold.

Pharaoh searched the world for his queen to behold it within her eyes.

The Nile River ran throughout Africa for a glimpse to tell the story to the next generation.

The Rain Forest disappeared into the Western Hemisphere for its location.

Foreign Affairs has led to secret rendezvous for its worth of unknown beauty.

Flowers of the world evaluate its growth to determine the seed of its growth.

In the dense heat of the day the ocean served as its green house.

The moon made love to the sun and the stars romanced the treasures of the earth for this historical moment.

In the pure form of agape love the black rose appears in clean hearts and minds.

Written by Theodore Mosley

July 19,2017



PoemHunter.com

THEODORE MOSLEY

Your Breeze

He hears your beauty calling his name in the whispers of the night from the moon.

Your walk is causing a hurricane to develop in his eyes as the stars come out at night.

The wind traps the rain in the volcano of your heart when doves begin to serenade

When the snow falls your curves delight the clouds with each movement of your melody.

The Milky Way explodes into ecstasy as you touch the glaciers with your smile.

Looking into your eyes the speed of light explores the Arctic Circle for heartbeats.

Your vision of unexplained elegance leaves the ocean calling for your treasures of love.

The canopies of your kisses are orchestrated on the pillow of your rose petal soft skin.

You bring the flowers to bloom as your hair is airlifted to the vibrancy of your lips.

Your smile drinks the rain with each drop of your mocha complexion.

The oases of your wonders are singing to the birds as they sail to your silhouette.

Trapped in the asteroid of your sanctuary his being is lost within your gorgeous palladium of your breeze.

Written by Theodore Mosley

July 17,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

What If

Showing you our being in plain sight we still become a silhouette on the pavement of your choice.

He only needed assistance with his vehicle but your assistance created darkness for him forever.

Our Harvard education presents nothing but white collar killings from blue collar representatives.

A mother hears her door lock and her heart is tortured as if she is a prisoner of war.

You tell us by pulling the trigger and looking into our eyes, life was not created for us beyond that moment.

Your collaboration with death brought us underground to fight the powers that be.

Our understanding of giving birth does not mean I can live in your society.

Your inferior attitude of our culture goes beyond the life that you inherited.

Our blackness is your weakness towards the beauty of our inheritance you don't understand.

Fireproofing your eyes so that we can burn in your cold steel of lies that twelve more agree with.

We sing songs of overcoming but your overture has us saying dead men tell no tales.

What if your daughter what if your son what if your mother what if your father had a black experience without civil rights.

Written by Theodore Mosley
May 22, 2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Trees Of Nature

The birth of a nation caused darkness to burn at night with lanterns of hate.

The ropes called us nigger and situated our neck for a new dawn of life.

Your dedication to the annihilation of our culture was captured in your mind of sincerity.

Condemned for being black and beautiful your inferno of night dreams paralyzed our bodies.

With torches and gasoline you hunted our souls with your crowds of peacemakers.

Seeking refuge of the night we race the wind because living was not an option in your eyes.

Trees of nature are calling our name beyond the moonlight of our swift feet.

Satanic voices are heard in the night as the bullets are echoing with each passing moment.

Your traps of steel slowed our progress with each step we took for our freedom.

Your vindication of love erased our meaning of life with your camp fires of brutality.

You camouflage the day with your chains of massacre; our hearts were demoralized with your sympathy.

Trees of nature withheld the oxygen of our life as our bodies danced in the breeze of your walk.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 23,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Treasure Within

Resting on the clouds with her beauty the rain serenades her lips with the wind.

She is walking on the ocean with her eyes and the moon cries for her attention.

Her curves are the danger zone of eyes that midnight persuaded hearts to elope with.

The sound of her walk produces a whirlpool of honey dripping words that causes mountains to sing.

She makes the flowers of the earth to bloom with her beauty as she takes her throne of greatness.

Quiet and strong she articulates herself with her knowledge; she stands on her education of intelligence.

Her tender rhapsody creates the snowfall on the Swiss Alps as she ascends the melody of her persuasion.

Hearing her stilettos with her grace of movement her hair ignites an inferno in the hearts of man.

The stars descended to her lips and the Milky Way explored her anatomy with the sun.

Her kisses melted the sun and Venus found another dimension for hearts to find love.

Her pool of summer breeze soft skin drained emotions with each touch of her kisses.

Hearing the sound of her heartbeat she is a treasure within love that heals the eyes of pain.

Written by Theodore Mosley
May 17,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Taken From Home

He was on his way home from school and seen a puppy playing alone.
Grabbing the puppy he was grabbed and his sight was taken from him.
My name is Michael and I woke up inside a cage with other crying children.
Scared and crying he wanted to run but his fear held him inside his cage.
Where are my parents when I need them where is my big brother to protect me.
He looked around and saw darkness; this house is not my home.
He wanted to hide in his mother's arms but his silence could not find her.
His food was their food, his bathroom was their bathroom.
Listening to the voices of unknown people his screams are not heard.
Ten years old and his world is a prison of other hands not known to him.
Their enjoyment is his suffering of innocence that he never knew.
Willing to do anything to go home he begs for his release but feel pain in his
body.
His body is cold and lifeless as he lay on the filth of others that came before him.
Michael whispered within himself with his last breath I love you mom I love you
dad.
He was taken from home for pleasures of darkness within a man that ignites
demons.

Written by Theodore Mosley
May 24,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

She Did Not

Her heart is submerging in the abyss of pain that has flourished her mind.

She is lost in the ocean of love that has surrounded her with tears of cruel intentions.

Lying on the mountain of blood stain sheets that left her heart bleeding, she suffocated in her thoughts.

She had been waiting to exhale with him but instead his love inebriated her.

Standing for her will to love he pronounced his will to transform his will to love.

He rejected the simplicity of her love with his promotions of himself to another.

Ten years of what she thought was bliss is now a fire burning her insides with no way out.

Unavailable for his thoughts she runs to the cathedral of loneliness with her outstretched hands.

Desperate with love she entwines her time with unruly manners of strange sheets.

Living in harmony with her pain she equates sex with love and finds dialogues of pity.

Running from herself she leases her temple to the highest form of sexuality.

Her living waters are now polluted with instruments of emergency rooms of defilements.

She did not recognize her value within herself; she did not see the queen within herself that said but still I rise.

Written by Theodore Mosley

May 30,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Shades Of Love

Michael looked through his old pictures; tears of love from yesterday engulfed him.

His life made the wrong turn in his emotions as he lifted his eyes towards heaven.

Drifting on the clouds of his mind he sees the torture of love that rested in his heart.

Sharing his time with his daughter Tiana he shields her life from the agony of sorrows that her eyes endured.

Tiana was only three when her mother committed suicide on her birthday.

Tiana's screams are heard on the winds of Michael's mind as he prepares her for bed.

Her mother was her comfort when the night took away her breath.

Engaged in dreams she drifts away to sounds of doors whispering her mother's cry.

Hearing the sound of the night Tiana runs to an empty shell of herself.

Lost without her heartbeat she withdrew her eyes to the grave of her emotions.

Her father holds her in the midnight of her pain to absorb her tears of unknown love.

Michael calls his wife's name out; the love affair with her sheets whispers his name.

Shades of love are shaping Tiana's tears as she drowns in the arms of her mother's silhouette.

Written by Theodore Mosley

May 31,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Resurrection Sunday

A birth like no other proclaimed the multitude of heaven with wings of music.

His time was without time throughout eternity as EVERLASTING TO
EVERLASTING.

His spirit man became the flesh of man to unit hearts from corruption.

Seeking such that would behold His glory, His life would be challenged by his
own.

His love for mankind became His tomb for sin and darkness comprehended it not.

Born into sin for unthankful sinners, he was found to be sinless, accused of sin
for living His destination.

Love lifted his flesh beyond the thought of His accusers as He kept the faith of
the cross.

Holiness or hell is His manifestation of love that proceeded from His walk with His
FATHER.

Captured in righteousness for unrighteousness, His words of peace escaped the
ears of His captors.

The passion of the CHRIST stretched His flesh for brutality in silence.

A crown of thorn pierced His sanctuary as He submitted His will for their hands of
deceit.

The anguish of a mother to behold the bloodied body of her son crucified on
Calvary.

Darkness, our sin had filled the land; the hearts of love was filled with pain.

The tomb is empty; His body renewed in the Holy Ghost; all power is given unto
Him in heaven and earth, this is Resurrection Sunday.

Written by Theodore Mosley

April 14,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Rapture Her Body

Her soul was lost without his touch that shook her quadron of life.

Into the fire she descended and found not her lover that quenches her thirst.

Upon returning from the heat of her passion she ascended the lava for his whip appeal.

The volcano erupted and she danced on the explosion with her lust for his kisses.

Swimming on the moon she asked the stars to penetrate his mind with her flowers of extinction.

Arriving below the surface of the seven seas she endangered sea life with her words of affections.

Her living waters are burning her body of corruption to be sanctioned by her lover.

The shores of her appetite are collecting the eighth wonder of the world with her eyes.

She opens her silhouette of ecstasy and the winds from the north perform an orchestra of melodies.

Her natural affections of his love is changing the course of nature to be seen on Venus.

Her research of his candy lips brought flames of thunder dancing across the skies.

Moving on the music of his anarchy she transforms the sound of love hangover in his dreams.

She wants to rapture her body into his dimension of love without exhaling.

Written by Theodore Mosley

May 24,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Ocean

He drinks love from her heart as she walks on the moon with his kisses in her hair.

She uses his heartbeat to fly from the Milky Way as the planets explode in her touches.

Hearing the harps playing on the clouds in every step she takes, he sings to Venus.

Uranus calls her name and she leaps across another dimension into his lips of pleasures.

With the earth in his sight he pulls the black hole into his hands and she appears on his satellite of movements.

Moving through space with her eyes of euphoria she summons his love with her silence.

The stars are romancing her angelic wings for the Phoenix to flame her silhouette into memories.

Caught in her meteor of inescapable ecstasy he surrenders his night for her desires of love.

The Orion escaped her words of adoration in exchange for her Kaleidoscope tears of joy.

He joined the sound of the wind with his eyes of love that she disappeared in.

His galaxy of heartbeats found her with the clouds that cherished the rain that she beheld.

His love drowns in her ocean of total eclipse that happened at midnight.

Written by Theodore Mosley
April 14,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Night Falls

She walks the streets at noonday and gathers her thoughts for the cover of darkness.

Her perennial body of suffocation that drips words of honey off her lips is seductive.

She is fierce as a black panther that walks silently without notice of her graves that she walks with.

Her surveillance of the scene has her victims smiling for what would be the beginning of their end.

Lips of smooth butter and words of soft hypnosis carried the day of reckoning with her curves of destructions.

She commands attention with the catwalk of her jungle sensation that bites her victims with ecstasy.

The trance of her words dethrones the male factors reasoning of intelligence.

Her hair cradles his thoughts and he becomes water under her bridge of lust.

Escaping the fertile imagination of her derriere is futile when she walks his flesh to heaven.

The sanction of her body delivered his eyes to the graves of his unfortunate pleasures.

His innocent whispers of her glance incarcerated his time of freedom for untold journeys.

When night falls comes who shall be redeemed from the curse of her shadow.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 6, 2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Midnight

When the moon touches the night air hearts begin to walk on water with eyes of love.

The frost is warm on her mind as the fireplace provides light within their darkness.

The sound of fire illuminating smiles that surrenders to the kisses of passion.

Hearing the sound of silence that brings doves to the warm blankets of bodies uniting.

When the songs of tears are heard in the snow the flowers submerges his lips into her wellness.

Touching the oil of his love she endeavors the night with sophisticated movements.

Her island of natural juices caused the rainfall to overshadow the dreams of her salutation.



PoemHunter.com

Looking into the mirror of his heart she found her destiny within herself.

Waterfalls of their hearts crying for absolute pleasure has them swimming for the stars.

The trees moved the earth for them to elope to Venus to capture the sound barrier.

Holding onto their silhouettes the Milky Way vanished beyond the dimension of time.

She reached for his words with her kisses and found infinite love songs.

His rhapsody of his insatiable love for her moved midnight beneath the ocean floor.

Written by Theodore Mosley
July 19,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Make Me Do

She cried tears of love for the one that violated the queen he calls her.

Attempting to reconcile his truth for her, his doctrine of love is her humiliation.

Condemning her intellectual habitation, he drowns her words with his domestic disturbance.

His citadel of hypocrisy surrounded her with fears of discolored eyes.

Taking her character of womanhood he places it beneath his turbulence acts.

Worthy of a throne of a queen she sits on the attitude of his hands that commands silence.

His sorcery of love ignites the darkness he held within himself.

His brotherhood descended on her sisterhood with the spirit of pharaoh for GOD's people.

Smiling in his love of abuse she conforms to his cartel of supply and demand.

Without direction of her comfort he praises her body with his corrective ways of lies.

Her life is facing his firing squad of complex hostility; his weakness of truth captured his mind.

The anchor of his love is holding her in the deepness of his night of terror.

You should have listened to me; why did you make me do this; I love you more than anything; why did you make me do this!

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 17,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Lied To Me

The clouds are his home whenever he is around her.

He walks in dreams of euphoria when he looks into her eyes.

His emotions are running like Niagara Falls when she touches him with her body.

She is his gravity that makes him elope to her kisses.

Her lightning avalanche of words subdued him and he bathed in her sobriety.

Cascading off her whispers he developed a whirlpool of melodies for her lips.

He abandoned life to create a legacy of love for her.

Her love was her catastrophe that found eyes of adoration elsewhere.

She unearthed her talents for another taste of unoccupied domain.

Pandora's Box of tangled web blinded her mind to reality.

Her stability became quicksand; her foundation is lost at sea without a sail.

His heart heard thunder and it shattered as she applied words of discontentment.

She glorified herself with another heart that transformed her thinking.

The pain of the beginning of his end sent his world into an abyss of denial.

The sun need not shine for thou art without hope of love that endures to the end.

My Juliet has lied to me and my heart must depart this world of cold truth.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 14,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Let Me Go

At a glance it was nothing but smiles that erased her days of tears that needed attention.

Now it is not a day without his touch that sends her thoughts into an eternal fire.

Searching around corners for stolen moments they embark on this journey of illicit temptations.

Forbidden nights of whirlwinds of affairs have them embracing the dawn; the night was the cover for their eyes.

He captured her lost senses that the home disannulled because of longevity.

Deeper and deeper their lives of scandals become the definition of love gone astray.

Her lover has her heart in a sea of lost sails that her lighthouse cannot rescue.

Distant shores of his enchantment of treasures have her swimming on his island of unsafe waters.

She searches for a life changing door for her escape but only find that her morals are lost in his kisses.

His oasis of lusts transformed her mind into a weakness that invited her ecstasy beyond life.

She awoke from his anesthesia of exploitations and said with eyes of pain let me go from this forbidden serenity.

Written by Theodore Mosley
September 7,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Is This Real

He went to the other side of the moon to find his love that stayed in his dreams.

Falling over the stars at night he found this beautiful creature of magical words.

He fell off the clouds when his hands touched her smile as he gazed upon her stars.

She opened her mouth and words of honey fell from her lips; his eyes kissed her.

He danced on the sun with her mesmerizing anthology of heartbeats that she infused.

His vortex of touches trapped her wings of seductions as they drifted into his asylum.

She escaped inside his eyes with her flesh and they descended the waterfall of his attractions.

Her meditation on his fluorescent midnight instruments had her achieving unheralded sensations.

She ignited Pandora's Box with her silhouette and they disintegrated into molecules of love.

The inauguration of their kisses rebirthed their bodies on the earth with the dawning of the roses.

Unquenchable with passions of solidarity her hair became his reflection of time in his domain.

She screamed with ecstasy and the clouds thundered with lightning in her eyes.

He heard the wind ask the ocean about his love and said is this real.

Written by Theodore Mosley

April 17,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Into The Darkness

She ran after him through the fortress of his imagination and found an indecent proposal.

Her heartbeat carried her to the mountain of despair and she confiscated his time.

His eyes controlled her whisper through the night; her escape rested on his lips.

She searched for courage and found emptiness that shook her mind in freedom.

With tears flowing like an avalanche from the Swiss Alps she created a mirage. Tombs of unknown sounds filled her heart as she opened Pandora's Box in silence.

Unwanted and lost she found his touches were skillfully produced through his café of hidden secrets.

Looking for a heart of love she found days of panic that shortened her breathe with his kisses.

Trapped in the woods of his words she conceded to his novel of wasteland.

He conceived in his mind that his love for her constituted marriage without consent.

Safe in her thoughts from his prison she persecuted his manhood with her deception.

Chained in his imagination she collapses into a coma of never-ending pain.

She was innocent of his love as he took her into the darkness of his plantation.

Written by Theodore Mosley

April 20,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

I Can Stop

She hears the heritage of her mind when her father's name is resting before her.

Dreaming of a time when she can focus her thoughts towards her family for guidance.

Her hands are craving the frequent travels that reside with her inner self for torture.

Hearing the sound of her emotions she drowns once again in the spirit of intoxication.

Valued as nothing from her childbirth she becomes one with the idol of her glass.

She takes time to present herself only to prevent herself from living.

Her children are lost in a love that engaged them with promises of love.

Her husband is lifeless with broken dreams of 'honey I will do better'.

Shifting from reality into nowhere she trusts on the idea of her world sustaining time.

I am a grown woman I know how to raise my family and treat my husband!

The pit of disbelief has incited her frustrations beyond normalcy to behold life.

She directs her salutation to herself only to find obstruction of herself.

Her abyss of love is foreshadowed by her hindrance within the tidal wave of her eyes.

I don't need any help I can stop when I want to; this is my life I can stop when I want to; you need to leave me alone I can stop when I want to!

Written by Theodore Mosley

May 15,2017

Her Walk

The night air is arresting the sound of her music as she plays on Venus.

She is the epitome of love as she takes her throne on the Nile River.

Niagara Falls sent her a river of love to behold because of her beauty.

Sailing the waters of her island she becomes the stream of hearts desires.

Her nature of dreams began with her areola being gently touch in the rain.

She turned her sheets into an Arabian Night of love that she envisioned for him.

Singing with the wings of doves flying in the night she escorts his kisses with her lips.

Her summer days are filled with nights that require a love that is undocumented.

Growing in all facets of his desires she uplifts his nature to heights unknown.

He hears her melody arriving from the wind of her stilettoes as she drowns in his arms.

Swimming in his body she navigates his journey of expectations that time erased.

His winter wonderland is holding the fragrances of her body with the sound of his desires.

Her caramel French lips are entering his legacy of unwavering nights as he holds her words from his pillow.

Dangerous times and movements are ahead because of the anatomy of her walk.

Written by Theodore Mosley

April 17,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Her Smile

She is the epitome of beauty sitting at the fireplace on a winter night of love.

Her legs are dancing as she walks the runway of his heart for his eyes to behold.

She endangers the moon with her eyes and her body torments hearts of serenity.

Shifting her curves to the atmosphere of his love she decreases his thoughts of loneliness.

Without dissimulation her mind has the sea singing to treasures not yet discovered.

Directing the hearts of mankind her hair is soliciting the flowers to bloom in his thoughts.

Seeking passion with her kisses she ascends his islands of his tropical fantasies and love is born.

Her insatiable lips of pleasure have the Eiffel Tower swimming the canals of Venice.

Dreaming of her distant lover she thirsts for his eyes of touches that leave her motionless.

The ocean is calling her name as she walks the seashore of his explicit domain.

She orchestrates his whispers of the night with her intoxicated movements.

She incites his body with her salutation of curves that increased his flow of love.

Her voluptuous nature confirms that her smile is the jewel of nights lost in love.

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 21,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Hell

An epic journey of eternal fire that burns the soul without end.

Darkness is its existence for their eyes to behold without escape.

Time does not end as the demons of their domains torture the residents.

With the inevitable stench of souls burning the devil rejoices for hades.

Casting the lifeline of survival the soul becomes entangled in choices.

The prison of brimstone and gnashing of teeth eroded life without contemptment.

Screams and cries of solidified confinement are heard in the tears of resentment.

Searching for restitution for their souls the enemy laughs them to scorn.

Voices of great indignation replies, behold the outer realm of their disobedience.

Certified for ages to come the soul is without quench; the fire burns the eyes of flesh forever.

Satan's home of catastrophe and sin has a residence of unresolved institutions.

Searching for light they find doors of darkness as an inspiration of living.

Disruptive flames of undesirable heat are constantly serenading their flesh.

Instead of streets of gold there are rivers of molten lava to welcome them home.

Therefore hell has enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 22,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Heaven Looked For You

The jewels of the earth discovered her beauty as she slept in the sun.

When the amethyst heard her eyes in the night the sapphire melted in his arms.

Searching for her walk the emerald withstood the diamond for her love.

Looking at her smile the Strawberry Quartz afflicted the moon with the rain.

Her aquamarine sensual touches opened the Smithsonian Institute for her exhibit.

The onyx received her colorful complexion when the opal cried for her kisses.

French pearls of her movement created the hostility of her moonstone upon the earth.

Tears of her bloodstone corrupted the flowers of her ruby's distant love.

Sailing his fire opal the armies of the imperial topaz lost its way in the dark.

Within the tiger's eye her love exploded into the coral waves of his desires.

The chalcedony played melodies of her heartbeat with the beryl of his steps.

He fell into her serpentine with his jasper and the earth stood still.

Sweet dreams of her chocolate opal uncovered her fossil coral in nature.

His golden beryl presented her mystic topaz and heaven looked for you on the star sapphire.

Written by Theodore Mosley

April 19,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Grass Is Not Greener

Her life is filled with the euphoria of love that her eyes cannot escape.

She dreams of his dwelling place within the sound of her weeping willow.

Her NASCAR days of love create pit stops for her lover to mount her curves.

His pedal of action packed movement slowed her throttle of formation.

Sensing her chain reaction of dangerous roads ahead he swiftly eludes her barren land.

She loses sight of his spectacular crashes into her night and finds intense waterfalls.

Craving this drive for unlimited rides she abandons his love for Pandora's Box.

Moving faster with her unknown assailant she is reckless with her nights.

The Trojan horse of nights passed is now the grave of her ecstasy.

Her indispensable heart is now a canopy of frustrations that time will not heal.

Walking in the sting of his love she is now the holder of the package.

Her tears are heard around the world with each heartbeat of her soul.

With this sickness she now declares life has no meaning under the sun.

Standing on borrowed time she learned in death to come the grass is not greener.

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 6,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Enchantress

Finding his way through her forest of love she casts a spell on his tongue of pleasure.

Trying to resist her touches he swims into her pelvic and her juices drown him in her movements.

Her artichoke of ecstasy purchased his heart from the prison of her oasis that he formed.

Dreaming of a time when his love would delight in his kisses she escapes his moonlight serenade.

Driven by her deep thrust of sensations he falls into her mountain of lust that blinds him.

Fortified with the intent to love he sells his soul for her river of steep curves that plagiarized him.

Her body of confidence entrapped him in her sanctuary of insatiable myths that belongs to Athena.

Listening to her eyes with his heart her Antarctic walk causes him to freeze in time not yet discovered.

Gaining strength to hold her in his passion she extinguishes his emotions with her words of afflictions.

Her dark heart entwines souls with her majestic whip that frames their truth with her reality.

She enslaves hearts with her beauty; love drips off her lips with black magic; her name is Enchantress, the soul seeker.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 6, 2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Crying Heart

She has neither food to eat nor a bed to rest her deteriorating body of weariness.

Her full course dinner comes from the battle with the animals in the alley.

Containers of leftovers in the refuse are the highlight of her life.

She is only eight years old and has no guidance of love for her journey.

Alone with the hope of nothing she encounters lessons of street life.

Living in the land of freedom she is a prisoner of unwanted cherished moments.

The graveyard of her mind is lost within her torments of love that she never knew.

Her education is from her soul of sacrifice that has no meaning in her eyes.

Drained of self-pity and shame she escapes her pool of lies only to find endless words of defeat.

Her life is hidden in episodes of not worthy to be looked upon as a child.

She is almost moving in stealth mode among society that disclaimed her.

Clothes of worn seasons left her calculating the movement of the cold.

She is without a face that if you looked upon you would see the beauty beyond the ashes.

Unable to sustain her life her crying heart submitted to the grave for rest.

Written by Theodore Mosley

May 24,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Commitment

His heart surveyed her mind for times of uncharted crisis that her feet would stand upon.

Denying himself from outside portraits of words, he cleaved to her affections with oneness.

He campaigned for her on a solid rock of misfortunes and found heaven's gate.

Terminally infused with his love for her he withstood the unfound islands of deceit.

Safe in the temperature of his warm arms she proclaims the moon as her guide to his love.

Her lighthouse of passions carried him through the storms of his desert lands.

She sentenced him to her solidarity confinement of love that resurrected his solar eclipse.

His decadence of kisses for her created a waterfall of love that climaxed in her smile.

When she walks he sees flowers of grandeur that blooms on the morning sunrise in her eyes.

His valley of wasteland is now an oasis of dreams that love has watered with his tears.

She announced his arrival with her honeysuckle breezes of rose petals that he caressed.

Hearts united for eternity; they drink love with the words of their commitment.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 23,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Can I Kiss You

She walked on the moon with her angelic ways and the night cries for her attention.

The rainbow arrives on her breath as she collects the wind with her eyes.

Earthquakes are heard on Mercury because of her lips that require kissing.

The sun escaped her journey beyond the coastal waters of her temple.

Her solar system walk endangered the night with hearts that were looking for love.

She caused the meteor to eclipse the earth with fantasies of her waterfalls singing.

Looking beyond the equator of her smile she dreams of orchids blooming with Athena's heart.

Her heartbeat became one with Pegasus; she subdued Poseidon with cupid's arrows.

Swimming the ocean floor with Zeus she gave Apollo his medicine of love.

Her accolades of superiority became her destiny of earthly possessions.

Her manifestations of her harmonious melodies shifted the mind of her lover.

Global warming intensified as she escorted time to another dimension.

While he was sleeping in her hair nature was exiled; her muse was her rebirth.

Saturn and Jupiter rejoiced for her living when they held her heart.

The aromas from her elegant body fell in love with her and wanted to know can I kiss you.

Written by Theodore Mosley

April 19,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Black Woman

Created with grace and elegance she is the epitome of love personified.

Her intelligence and beauty is captured on the moon with each breath she takes.

She optimizes her walk with the strength of her curves as she weakens hearts.

Her hieroglyphic moves caused the rector scale to register a global warming on earth.

Sexy and brilliant with the eyes of diamonds she persuades the sea to disappear.

Holistic and blessed she arrives from her destination of compassion as the world turns.

Her dreams are from the Sphinx that calculated knowledge within the mind of ancient times.

Integrated with the atmosphere of time she educated minds of illiteracy.

Her destiny is the throne of sophistication as time processed her freedom.

Heroic with words of collaboration in unity, she disposes the heretic of seen but not heard.

Powerful and soft she amends the classification of under achiever.

Truth and courage is her staff of modulation that grows within her salutation.

Her freedom train ascended the highway of her nobility and she proclaimed her democracy.

Her mind is her declaration of independence; her spirituality is her weapon; I am a black woman of excellence.

Written by Theodore Mosley

April 4,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Behold Thy Mother

She is the whole consummation of emotions when her womb of joy is declaring wisdom with understanding.

Her mind is the strength of her eyes when he looks upon her without directions.

Holding his heart through deceptions and pain she gathers his wounds with arms of healing.

Admonishing his articulation she prepares the doors of the world for him to walk through.

Sealing the day of atonement she prescribes words of adoration that will guide his path for eternity.

As a baby she transcribed him and as a man she subjected him to valleys of unmanned tribulations.

Faced with the brutality of this world she ordained him with the knowledge of survival.

 PoemHunter.com

Running from within brings torment; stand still and see the salvation of your equality.

She gave him rivers of wisdom to allow his journey to be calculated from infiltrations of the mind.

The epitome of her love is foretold from birth to death; she surrounds his heartbeat with a canopy of love.

Accepting no measurement of failure she directs his education beyond the masters of his degrees.

Murder behold thy mother; domestic violence behold thy mother; daughter behold thy mother; son behold thy mother.

Written by Theodore Mosley

May 12, 2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Bed Of Sex

Her heart is fixed on heaven without dissimulation for truth and righteousness.

She inspired to be like her mother before her with solitude and quietness of mind.

When she would encounter the temptation of his flesh she would admire the womb of her pureness.

Seducing sprits of anarchy was consumed with words of majestic wisdom.

The beauty that was bestowed upon her she gave the glory to 'The Rose of Sharon'.

Touch not the fruit of my chaste that belongs to the eyes of her adoration.

Giving you the holiness of me without the holiness of you is a trap of darkness conceived in lust.

Thirsty for the rest of her soul her temple will be rewarded a righteous crown of glory.

Eyes have not seen nor have hands touched her salvation that is anointed for another.

Her voice of reasoning tormented his flesh for deliverance from her passion of life.

The sacred grounds she stood on became his quicksand of defeated sacrifices.

She said your cradle of broken dreams will not become my bed of sex for your instant pleasures.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 7,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Beauty Comes From Within

She walks with arrogance and talks with words of self-proclamation.

Her ways about her are as if the moon takes direction from her walk.

Sophisticated and beautiful she needs no external worship.

Her claim to fame is her dimensions that rise above her peers.

She gives praises to herself when the room is standing room only.

When her name is mentioned she becomes the atmosphere of attention.

Her coronation is self-willed and she dances with her own orchestra.

Her flirtatious eyes inspire men to dream without being available for her desires.

Within her image she sees a mirror without blemishes that time cannot erase.

Sculptured and gifted with legs of diamonds she transcribe to each raindrop that falls in her path.

Showcasing her talents she becomes infused with time and she broadcasts her worthiness.

Crimes of the heart are a research of unwanted emotions that she defines with lost tears.

Having no love for hearts unawares she traps you in her abyss of unchartered waters.

She walks the streets of loneliness that embraced her heart not knowing that beauty comes from within.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 7, 2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Above The Storm

She walked the clouds of his turbulent demeanor and found a place of solace.

His ambiguous ways left her with uncertain hearts of pain that only he knew.

She was so asphyxiated with his love that she incarcerated her mind in his kisses.

Feeling the strong winds of his words she campaigned to the rain for swift judgment.

Hearing the coastal floods of his whispers in the night she drowned in the floodwaters of his lies.

His anatomy bestowed upon her illicit rivers of torment that allowed him freedom.

Her body raged within her from his unskilled touches that left her reaching for more.

Her communication was procured with his silence; he danced alone with her tears.

Singing with inspiration she flourished with his time of absence of no more pain.

The shadow of her love was pictured on the moon with faces of disdain.

Running to his heart she found a heart of emptiness that engraved her tomb.

Searching the hills for his love she only found resentment of time that gave her a life of loneliness.

Her understanding in life came when she took her heart and walked above the storm.

Written by Theodore Mosley
September 13,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

African Queen

Her absolute mind of independence while serving her king is her humility.

Her battles are fought in the palace with her words of encouragement.

She is powerful but yet meek in her well balance life of instructions for her people.

Beautiful and strong she endeavors to make hostile places adorned with peace.

She lifts the throne of her king with her sanctuary of skills that showcases his leadership.

Her legendary wisdom has colonized many thoughts of perpetual wars in man.

Graceful and subservient she declares her mission for generations to come.

Her dark and beautiful body shines in the darkness like a diamond shining in the sun.

With lips of cherry blossom wine she confiscates her king in the waterfall of her night.

His reign of kingship has flourished with his queen; her character reaches beyond his palace.

Her gift of transparency cultivated her integrity; her crown belongs to the land.

Her sophisticated walk caused the trumpets to serenade the heart of her king.

With the moon shining in her parlor her hair is endorsing the night for love.

The African Queen is the richness of his diamond mines that he crowns with jewels.

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 17,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

You Are

When the flowers talk at the break of dawn they bloom in your eyes for the world to see.

Your splendor of beauty is cultivating the rain as the wind speaks your name at midnight.

Holding onto your curves the music plays a melody heard on the moon as you walk the clouds.

Looking into your eyes the piano plays a song in the dark about your chocolate fantasies.

Hearing your kisses the ocean drowned in your body and the coral reef exploded in your treasures.

Venus is calling your lips for tender words of adoration and the volcano erupts in your smile.

The lava of your walk is destroying the hearts of men in your whirlpool of ecstasy.

Swimming your canal he tastes the juices of your movement and his body explodes into your pleasures.

Your legs of torment have the eyes of mankind looking for safety in your hips of satisfaction.

He hears your stilettos and his nature becomes weak for your walk and he surrenders to your ways.

Your silhouette causes the dreams of man to escape to the island of your uncharted waters.

Drinking your kisses from heaven he feels your swift moving currents lift his body.

The Milky Way discovered your eyes with insatiable love; you are the enchantment of stars flowing in the night.

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 15,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Flowers Of Love

Upon hearing the sound of her rose voice his vortex of kisses accompanied her walk.

He articulated his desires from the night's moon that covered her hair with stargazing lilies.

From the telescope of his heart her water lilies are decorating the surface of the coral reef.

With her smile the magnolias whisper to the music and the earth is populated with love.

Her Calla lily withdraws the rain from the clouds and she compares his love to the bird of paradise flower.

With a scent of jasmine flowing from her orchids she has her carnations whispering to his dandelions.

The tears of her purple Dahlia watered his petunia and they met the Lily of the Nile blooming.

Her touch-me-not kissed his sweet pea and her daisy opened his begonia for the moon to serenade.

Searching for her cherry blossom his baby's breath was delicate to her nature.

His daffodil offered her violet some rosemary for the night of romance.

Collecting the bee balm his sage complimented her lilac and they were consumed with her flowers of love.

Written by Theodore Mosley
February 17,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Dark And Beautiful

Her skin color is that of majestic beauty formed from the diamond minds of Africa.

Her ancestors of blackness showcase her complexion of unwavering cocoa brown skin.

She is the epitome of stunning and have the body of a goddess that sits on the throne of love.

When you look upon her beauty you see the creation of life captured by the color of her skin.

With the sway of her walk she incarcerates time to hold onto her sensual encrypted curves.

Her forbidden fruit of multiple simplicity caressed his mind with unseen pleasures of the night.

When the sun shines on her darkness she encounters the waterfalls of his manhood.

Her chocolate covered body causes storms to ignite in hearts of dry lands.

The measurements of her curves are draining the ocean with each step she takes.

She sets sail on the Nile River to quench the thirst of hearts that she created.

Sifting through the wind she ascends the minds of lovers to be exonerated on her kisses.

The jewels of her passions are embedded in her palace of dangerous movements.

The night is jealous of her dark and beautiful being so the earth cries for sunlight.

Written by Theodore Mosley ☐

March 15,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Anger Within

When darkness fills your mind you become a slave to thoughts of unruly behavior.

Your way of thinking merges with Pandora's Box and your flesh burns.

Undocumented communications of rhetoric slays your view of understanding.

Confusion of democracy destroys your character with words of destruction.

Unable to control your tongue the sea rages and the fire consumes your thoughts.

Preaching volatile contentment your body becomes enraged with volcanic reactions.

The simplicity of your mind is clothed with unwavering heights of urges untamed.

Your listening skills are anchored with ears of solitude confinement in the graveyards.

You contaminated your body with self-righteous tears of explanation.

We eliminate ourselves in our eyes to erect your cross on Calvary.

Bound with hypocrisy we place fetters around your joy of understanding.

With gratitude of ungrateful speculations we adhere to our reasoning.

We plant a seed of intense self-worth and find gardens of tares.

Searching for directions of love we develop walls of superior intellect.

Our heart of stone was carved from the armor of our quiet storms.

Controlled by our anger within we become the obstacle of our own truth.

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 7, 2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

I Am Not Worthy (Naika Venant)

She wakes up to another day and her emotions are screaming unworthy to live.

Her life is hidden in the sounds of her laughter; her body is lost in the pain of her suffering.

Looking for love she finds torment in the eyes of a stranger that birthed her.

Tears of secret findings caused her mental state to expand into self-indulgence.

Without hope she drowns in her mortal soul of deception that decays her.

Abused with the hands of trust she withdraws her eyes for shattered dreams.

The climax of her words has no truth for ears that don't see her storms.

Time has misplaced her state of execution that brings about her casket of living.

She reaches for love with her heart and finds artistic dysfunctional peace.

Surveying her surroundings she escapes to nowhere; her mind is trapped within her.

I was fourteen years old and found my reality a nightmare; home is where the heart is.

She dreamed of a legacy of mother and daughter and found a legacy of insurmountable ridicule.

My name is Naika Venant and I am not worthy of the love that birthed me.

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 16,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Queen Of The Nile

Black and beautiful she sits atop her throne with elegance and grace.

Her posture is powerful and strong and gentle with one movement.

Showcasing her strategic brilliance she fortifies her palace with pillars of gold.

Looking into her eyes you see the magnificent creature of fierce love.

The armor of her heart is flowing like a river of unmatched tapestry.

She is a warrior princess with legs of diamonds that shine in the night.

She defies armies of mankind with her swift sword of justice that calibrates minds.

Running like a gazelle in the wind she surrounds the troops of his heart.

Her seduction of the northern kingdoms silenced the war with her beauty of promises.



PoemHunter.com

His danger is her smile that produced incarcerations with the exile of her words.

Sacred words of soft determent captured his softness without deliberation.

Her synchronized walk dethroned Pompeii as lovers watched the moonlight.

The sun resurrected her beauty from the ashes of destruction.

Her chariots of fires quickened the seas with the wealth of lovers' paradise.

The temperature in his asylum caused the Queen of the Nile to withdraw her waters.

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 1,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Breeze Of Her Walk

Looking at your measurements and seeing the destruction of your walk his mind is carried to the mountain of her kisses.

He feels for your touch and gets lost in your moistures of love and finds his nature exploding in her movements.

He tried to scream but the ecstasy of her insides captured his body with the thickness of her time.

Calling the breeze of her walk with his eyes he drowns in the thoughts of your curves and her juices are flowing off his tongue.

Meeting her every seductive move, he climbs into her body and the eruption is catalytic.

He finds his emotions on the island of corruption that they sailed on in the hour of succumbing to bedroom eyes.

The fear of temptation escalated their thoughts and they descended into rivers of unfathomable delicacies.

Holding their bodies together as if the world was ending she endeavored to shift her plantation of hot caresses into swift touches of insatiable kisses.

When the injection of their flows met each other's' climax he ascended the sound of never-ending waters cascading her body.

Touched by the meaning of her flow the breeze of her walk held him for another session of her unwavering dances.

His eyes cultivated her walk of dexterity and his body collapsed into the forest of her depth and they exhumed the night of love.

The showers of her juices entered his format of uncontrollable speeches that have him engulfed for more of her juices.

The breeze of her walk is the showcase of her body entwined in honeysuckles of flowers that his chocolate covered love is calling.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 18,2016□

THEODORE MOSLEY

Black History Our History

On the hills of life and living in a world where justice and freedom was handcuffed day and night.

We wanted to give education to uneducated lives being destroyed because of our difference.

On this side of the Jordan we were given freedom from birth, now it is a death sentence.

We cradled wisdom from inspirations of songs coming from the choirs that our heart cleaved to.

In the time when life was supposed to be our imagination, it became our casket.

The voices of angels carried us away when we heard 'Joy Bells Keep Ringing In My Soul'.

The sound of elegant turbulence exploded in our eyes as we took the hands of silence upward.

Waiting in the wings of darkness are the white sheets of ignorance that plague themselves.

Showing up with hands of deceit of democracy, they blow the trumpet of war without warning.

The stars at night collect the misery a mother must endure and a father must declare love in tears.

When the night sky that delivers romantic hearts to be filled with love, now must engulf blood stains.

Barriers of hatred conceived in the hearts of human because understanding was not an option.

Fields of dreams snatched away by the trees that swung us without ever looking into our eyes.

Windows of execution and doors of slaughter remained the highlight of the moon

when it appeared.

I gave them my name and said my life has another life waiting for me in the silence of the rooms.

No time to mention that I was born and shaped in iniquity, as the whips took my soul of love.

Do you know who I am; I have offspring's that ask me why I can't talk to Susan after school is over.

Do you know who I am; I have offspring's that ask me why I can't play with Bobby at his house.

Still waters run deep, even if I cannot swim the lakes of despair or the rivers of torment that you afflict.

I can bloom into a Queen of the Nile with the hands that help shape and mold me.

As a King I can obtain the highest seat in the land with your demonstrations of mass slaughter.

Walking in the spirit of Cynthia Wesley our lives soared to the heights of liberation in only 16 years.

Carrying on Carole Robertson she became a beacon of love where hatred resided for 16 years.

Addie Mae Collins sang songs of revelation for 16 years, as she danced the flight of freedom upward.

Denise McNair gave eleven years of her life, to show that beauty can rise out of the ashes of destruction.

The history of Black History has a worth of unimaginable stains that clothed our hearts in infallible truths

Black History our history founded on chains of tears, founded on flesh ripped from our souls.

Black History our history founded on love and dethroned apartheid, dethroned

racist attribution of words

Black History our history is 16th Street Baptist Church, a legacy of freedom, justice and agape love.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 15,2014

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Day Before

Justice opened her mouth and the words of equality were caught on the wind of her wings.

Opening the vault of depression we hear the cries of the street that flowed with blood.

The incarceration of our minds battled the rhetoric history of white supremacy that clothed us with their justice.

Rising out of the ashes like the Phoenix, we confiscated the domain of time and found brilliance in our walk.

The origin of our birth turned into slavery for their democracy of life; our democracy was their freedom.

Their contamination invoked the king and queen within us to superior thinking and our blackness was reborn.

Unchained and educated we conspired with the knowledge of the Sphinx; beyond the recognition of afflictions we are inventors.

Clothed with majesty and admiration our life becomes the United Nations of history.

Shattering the image of cotton pickers and shoe shine legends, our being catapulted their dreams of us.

The day before slavery we were astronauts; the day before the white sheets we were engineers; the day before civil unrest we became the POTUS!

Written by Theodore Mosley
January 26,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Color Of Our Skin

We were born a monkey out of the trees of Africa and our intellect is that of a creature worth burning.

Our humane walk of life is the labor of your dreams that time created for our life in chains and feces.

The involvement of our speech is wasted upon the reality of never-ending stories that trapped our self-esteem in prisons.

The color of our skin is holding their mind with destruction of bigotry they envisioned for our destiny.

Driven with the winds of words that infiltrated our skin we decorated our minds with the conception of our deity.

With winds of the sea we journeyed to the promise of equality that enslaved the thoughts of their patience.

Transitioning our values within us, the earth removed our chains of experiences that transformed our freedom with the Phoenix.

No longer bound with the tyranny of wasteland for our souls we ascend the mountains of defeat with the hierarchy of righteousness.

Racism is the invention of your mass inferiority that erupted with your incompetence of understanding.

The color of our skin is your delusion of grandeur of expectancy; without the inauguration of our transformation your world does not exist.

The camouflage of white sheets emancipated you beyond the reality of thinking and the secrecy of nights born your missions of eradications.

Corruptions of cries spilled the streets with the blood of our forefathers as jealousy ignited the flood gates of hell on their souls.

Without warning it was finished as the graves of the color of our skin cried out for restitution without resolution.

Written by Theodore Mosley
November 10,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Sleeping In Her Mirage

Dancing on the waterfalls of heavens gates, he finds pearls of her smile waiting for instructions.

His dandelions are blooming in nature as she transforms her nakedness to his greetings.

Secured in the warmth of her asteroid he submerges into her waters of aspirations.

Sleeping on the bed of her honeysuckle flowers she guides his movements in her pleasures.

Her rapid waters are flowing in his direction as she introduces her swift currents to his lips.

The ghost of times past infiltrated her mind of love as he surpasses her spot of ecstasy.

Free flowing in the atmosphere of his kisses she finds an escape route for her memories.

She embraces his monument of love and caresses the darkness with her speech of satisfaction.

Her hostile legs of passion are gone with the wind as she uncovers her silence with his own.

Flowing in the whirlpools of her endeavors they arrive on the wasteland of no tomorrow.

Swimming in her oasis he alerts his senses for the arrival of her typhoon that will drown his flesh.

The wind discovered his mind sleeping in her mirage for a love that the oceans classified as fantasies.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 17,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Missing Him

She reached for his eyes and found emptiness composing her thoughts of his love.

When he said I do she journeyed to Mt. Kilimanjaro with her emotions as her guide.

With her heart contemplating forever she walked upon Antarctica with her radiant smile.

Marriage crowned her with blissful nights of love that hospitalized her body in comas of kisses.

The birds' wings were singing her song of wholeness as she walked the fields of romance.

Without warning his breath of life anchored itself in his grave for views of loved ones.

She condemned her life for living and drowned in the misery of hopelessness.

Sitting atop of her mountain of loneliness she falls into disdain for love.

Her conquest of love rerouted her to solitudes of mistaken identity founded on love.

Wanting her birth to begin time again she adopted unquenchable silence in her eyes.

Her thoughts were tombs of pains that surpassed her meaning for life.

Love was once her habitation now it has become an abyss of lies to her heart.

With a mind of reformation she climbs her solace of memories; missing him misguided her love for him.

Written by Theodore Mosley
February 16,2017

Our Freedom

As the sands of time equipped us with fortitudes of rights we developed hearts of love.

No longer allowing the grave to be our mentor, our life became a monument of inspirations.

Engraving the unsolicited effects that bound our minds our discourse reined with theaters of solutions.

You tried to silence our spirit with your salutations of speeches that were not worthy of swines.

Your birthright excluded our birthright, your humanity excluded our humanity; we discovered humanity.

Founded on the broken flesh of our souls we demonstrated higher knowledge in your institutions.

Colonized with Sojourner Truth; walking in the spirit of Harriet Tubman, our declaration is fierce.

We euthanized your mind with displays of congressional unity that subdued your life.

Independent of your classification we supplanted history with generations of acknowledgements.

The dimensions of our intelligence inflicted moral disdain in your eyes of unbelief.

Our heritage of truth dethroned your bigotry of lies that captured your afflictions.

With insurmountable directions of violence from your hands we achieved 'Hidden Figures'.

Driven for generations to come our freedom of representation gave notice to your chains of democracy.

Written by Theodore Mosley
February 16,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Fire In The Heart

Midnight is blowing her hair in the eyes of doves as the night moon whispers her name for the Milky Way to orchestrate love's rhapsody.

With the persuasion of his kisses, her flesh is flowing with artichokes of lava as the wind captures his heart.

Radiant and adorned with the majestic legs of her beauty, the sea explodes into his flesh with pearls of diamonds.

The violin plays the fire in the heart with the melodies of her movements as she corrupts his rain with her voice.

Telling stories with her poetic touches, the lilies of the sapphire ice creates a whirlwind on her curves of destiny.

Surrendering her wages of love with his smooth skin of words, the darkness loses its composure and the climax of her flesh erupts.

The mountains disappear as she arrives on the pinnacle of his throttle without the substance of her deity.

His fire in the heart echoes the lips of her moist condensation as he ascends the clouds with her insatiable delights.

The stars descend to the earth to capture her inescapable array of walks that define her anatomy of priceless ways of torture.

She plays the piano with her heartbeat and the keys danced on the fire of his kisses as the pool of her lust performed.

Seduced with her musical prowess, his storms of life ends on the island of her fruits with his fire in the heart.

Written by

Theodore Mosley

June 24,2016

Forgiveness

Like an asteroid streaking through the atmosphere of his heart his pain is eclipsing the moon.

He cannot find the horizon of peace that will fulfill his torrential valley of dry bones.

Wanting to cast his life into the sea of forgetfulness, his cries are summoned by the death angel.

Holding onto the dreams of love that provided him with sunshine of tomorrow he occupied time.

She has succumbed to his words of exploitation; she was consumed with her beauty from within.

Their nights became graves of disappointments to each other's pillow.

Streets of seductive ways arrested her mind with the power of transcending love.



Walls of discontentment flourished with each word of reconciliation for his trusting heart.

His heart was once an open sea of eyes that went beyond the thought of deceitfulness.

Paralyzed with the enemy of self-conscience his lake of happiness became a lake of despair.

A portrait of everlasting summer walks has washed ashore on the quicksand of his tears.

Her wilderness experience contaminated his hands of tenderness that saturated his heart.

Immediately her heart withdrew from the night of terror that found her and forgiveness abounded.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 15,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Within Her Heart

Sewn in the fabric of her being she equates time with the blooming of her tiger lilies destined for love.

She dances on the seashore of his ambience and her eyes reflect the treasures of his kisses.

She has wells of uncharted love in the desire of his heart; she encamps his solidarity with her fruits of distractions.

Her fruits are shaking his tree of summer smiles; her solicitations of walks are moving his words without speaking.

Her lattice of curves is washing his mind with the taste of her roses that watered her body.

Drained from her chrysanthemum of love she causes the volcano to submit her tears for surrender.

Flowing in the moon was midnight rain that monopolized the scenery with her silhouettes of passions.

The piano played in the darkness of her curtains and the mountains trembled with words of insatiable delights.

Her performance orchestrated the harps to gather the pearls of wisdom to penetrate life's darkness.

Quenched with the dew drop of his honey chocolate Smithsonian institute of love she extinguishes his fires.

Open flames of fires from within her heart subdued the waters of the earth that cried unto her.

Written by Theodore Mosley ☐

February 13, 2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

He Lost Her

He subdued kingdoms that went beyond the boundaries of war for everlasting time.

Camelot was her eyes of unidentified torture that the Knights of the Round Table secured.

Dueling for her honor his kingdom perished in the silence of the night as she rode swiftly.

His valiant tributes to her unworthy love trapped him beyond the walls of life.

The battle for supremacy ignited when she derailed the ships of England for a night of passion.

Her seductive nights were ransomed for bodies carried by the sea of jealousy for his Queen.

He sanctioned her nights with treasures of his delicacies and the amplest of her time was abandoned.

The war of her love escalated to the isles of no return as the Trojan horse was prepared.

With her name on his lips his castle of fortitude collapsed in her ordination of love left behind.

In his chambers of grief he gave a command to destroy her memories with arrows of destructions.

Her night brigade of love in his courts sealed his heart of pain; he lost her without the conquest of kingdoms.

Written by Theodore Mosley
February 13,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Black Widow Of Love

She infuses their mind with her voluptuous walks that brings her curves around their nature.

Her natural instincts override their thinking of love as she dances on their grave of love.

Giving them the tour of her sensual walk her stilettos conspired with their thoughts.

The aroma of her hair caused the wind to infiltrate their conversation held on the moon.

Her beauty caused the lightning to transform their mind beyond the truth of love.

Looking at her chocolate complexion of beauty, they drown in her weather of kisses.

Her love is a trophy of heartbeats that she encounters on her island of instant gratification.

Seeking retribution for their love they ask for asylum; she gives them refuge of no return.

With the flight of her love she conquers the battle of her captures with her scepter of words.

Her quiet thunder performs the surgery of their hearts to withstand her impact of needful desires.

Showing mercy of diplomatic intentions she engraves their words on her pillow of destruction.

Her pendulum of satisfaction is their dreams of never-ending times; the black widow of love is concise.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 9,2017

Desires

The sound of the rain is caressing her body with clouds of music dancing in his eyes.

He hears the sun talk to her kisses with rays of soft pillow touches of her flesh whispering to him.

Her eyes are singing to the ocean to surround his emotions with treasures of her pleasures.

The volcano erupted into her name and the hot lava engulfed his body with her movements.

Dancing on the curves of her nature the island of her romance lifted him to her ecstasy.

Falling into the abyss of her fluids he sustains her corruption with his core value of love.

His sensitivity of joy derailed her forbidden fruit as she succumbed to his fantasy.

The moon escaped the night with the sound of her walk and the rain began to sing to his instrument.

Submerging deeper into her hostile inclusiveness the wind of her caresses captured his poetic sounds.

Seeking solitude within her poetry of dreams he finds the canal of her love insatiable.

Sensational eruptions are heard on Venus as his body afflicts the moon with her dreams.

The Milky Way of her love explored the stars and he drowned in the epitome of their desires.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 2,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Broken Dreams

Her eyes beheld the injections of needles as misguided thoughts of wisdom transformed her truth.

Running from the corporate demon of knowledge her hands are lifted up to heaven for tears unknown.

Unbalanced and drifting towards the sea of unworthiness she develops a relationship with death.

The broken dreams of a promising life destined for endless dreams of prosperity incarcerated her veins with lies.

Her mother blessed her with torments of obscene genders of trades that the trash rejected.

Without understanding her life showcased the talents of unsolicited affairs that consumed her life.

Her beauty transformed the mind of others for abuse that corralled her touches with each kiss.

Searching the abyss of her mind she found her broken dreams in the summer nights of deception.

Her classroom has been solidified with days of slithering the streets with pains of domestic violence.

Reaching for hope she found whispers of shame from the birth canal of her eyes.

She found the pattern of hopelessness with her descend into the arm of her veins.

She was class valedictorian and now she is the queen of street seduction; broken dreams of surrendered times.

Written by Theodore Mosley
January 11,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Flame Of His Kisses

Hearing the night call his name underneath the breath of her body she submerges into his dreams.

Lost in the aroma of his touches she dances on the infrared system of his drowning words.

The flames of his kisses burned the desires of her body with sensual fluids of ecstasy.

Screaming for the explosion of his name she encounters the sheets of his bed with untold fires.

Drenched in the anatomy of his movements she hears the sound of his flesh imposing her thoughts.

The volcano erupted and the lava of his touches brought her into dimensions of speeches.

His flames of kisses surrounded the ocean in her eyes as the night whispered her name.

Caught on a magic carpet ride in her mind of intense heat he surveyed her curves with his genealogy.

Listening for the sound of love she escaped reality with his affections of poetry in motion.

Dancing on the iceberg of his sweat she arrives on the solitude of his confinement.

Day has become night and night has become day with the flames of his kisses.

Written by Theodore Mosley
February 9,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

A Mother

Created with warmth and compassion she demonstrates the love that eyes endure in storms.

She penetrates the stone walls of hearts that behold their own direction of truth.

Anchored in tears of pain she endures imitation of life to fulfill their life.

Without conscience of agonizing decisions she derails her plans for her seeds to cultivate.

Taking the abuse for your education she complies with time to usher in your knowledge of revelation.

Praying without ceasing she completes the task of protecting your misguided ways.

Standing on the mountain of her oppressors she develops your mind with her tactical ways.

Navigating the concrete jungle for your safety she persuades broken dreams to examine themselves.

The democracies of her finances were the dreams of hope deferred to institutional learning.

She inspired dreams within your intelligence for the world to behold with hands of love.

Having to narrate your life with tools of wisdom and perpetual confidence she molded your future.

Demonstrating her power with her silence she calms the storms of life with words of love.

Standing strong and proud with the broken chains of her ancestors she is a mother of freedom.

Written by Theodore Mosley
February 8,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Doves Of The Night

Doves of the night are flying through time with the Eiffel Tower of majestic beings.

The atmosphere of serenity is causing the ocean to supply each heart to sing blissfully.

The night wind has orchestrated instruments of strings to play on the solar system of love.

They glide pass the moon with eyes of night vision to help the wayward dreams of yesterday.

The waters of Venice have disappeared under the wings of the doves as they sing love songs.

Singing in harmony with nature their beauty is generating whirlpools of scenic views.

Looking into the wonderland of splendor the doves of the night are trapped in eyes of emotions.

Their speeches are silent as they take flight with the atmosphere to silence the rain.

Cascading on the whispers of hearts the doves begin to encounter the heartbeat of mankind.

As the clouds begin to flow, the horizon of time embraces each pattern of their transition.

The doves of the night are exonerating hearts of darkness with perpetual flames of love.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 9,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Trumpet Of Love

His heart is surrounded with emotions of eyes telling him he is the ocean of her love.

He hears symphonies of violins walking on his mind of love for everlasting romance.

Traveling the highway of unconditional love he dreams of summer days on the caravan of his thoughts.

Blind to his surroundings he descends to her silhouette and the rain examines his smile.

The moon guides him to impeach his faculties and he overdosed on her toxic kisses that left him paralyzed.

Weak from the pinnacle of her touches he drinks her pomegranate curves in a night of passion.

She launches his missile into the next dimension and his body is embalmed in the heat of her simulation.

Her domestic beauty sensed his supporting cast of fruits that he censored for her eyes only.

He petitioned the earth for a witness of his love; she surrendered the map of her heart to his sanctuary.

Quickened with his love for her he serenaded the Alps with flowers of historical genealogies.

Lost in love his mind discovered the lost city of Atlantis and produced Pandora's Box.

His trumpet of love caused Niagara Falls to sing panoramic sounds of pianos serenading Paris.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 8,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Sunday Morning

Greeting the sun with the glory of its beauty we encounter the renewed mercy of love not made with hands.

Making melody in our hearts with hymns of adoration the flowers begin their worship.

The trees begin to praise heaven with the songs of the wind that carried the fowls of the air.

Made in the image and likeness of Abba our Father the standard of holiness prevails.

The gift of love and the power of the Word infiltrates the marrow and bone of our being.

Standing on Holy ground the expectation of our flesh has died according to our faith.

Tears of joy flows from the Blood washed man of forgiveness and the sound of the mighty rushing wind consumes our flesh.

The spirit of the trumpet engaged our worship with deliverance; the spirit of love excelled the flesh of disobedience.

Crying out Holy, Holy, Holy the spirit transfuses the mind into the third heaven where unspeakable words are heard.

The peaceful storm of the Cross of Calvary united our hearts from the bondage of afflictions.

The Arc of the Covenant, the Holy of Holies and the fullness of Pentecost is heard on Sunday Morning.

Written by Theodore Mosley
January 31,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Sanctuary Of Nature

Sifting through the hour glass of time we hear the sound of the clouds
applauding the stars.

The rain is heard in the silhouette of each note while the wind is playing on the
piano of hearts.

Looking for the melody of hymns the tabernacle of praises are gathering around
the sun for worship.

Holding the door of the moon to be seated in the congregation of the Milky Way
the angels abound.

The sacrifices of love are guarded within the hearts of tranquil waves that are
blowing in the wind.

Born out of tribulations the snowcapped mountains are declaring their
showmanship.

Preserved in the glaciers of beauty the arctic swells are embracing the avalanche
of sudden windfalls.

The flowers declare the victory with the dew of the Rain Forrest as the trees bow
down in awe.

Swift and angelic the breeze of the Swiss Alps are announcing the arrival of the
autumn leaves.

In the sanctuary of nature the seasons capture each element of time with the
heartbeat of heaven.

Written by Theodore Mosley
February 6,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Goddess Of Love

She is the epitome of Zeus controlling the weather to oversee her looks of beauty.

Playing on the sun for her pleasures she engraves her name in his heart to tempt another.

The century of her movements has destroyed planets that have looked upon her gazing lilies.

As her tempestuous kisses flows from her lips to his undocumented needs he flows into oblivion.

She castrates time with her smile and the moon develops the serum of her love.

Venus is making a portion of her love that will make minds of nature thirst in darkness.

Ares conditioned himself for the battle that would ensue his mind for her heart.

Scandals of torment have mythology whispering on the Orion to allow the exploration of her origin.

Sensual in the thoughts of the kaleidoscope she invents the curves of philosophy of women.

From the age of time she corrupts the hearts of innocence to forbid unconditional love.

Her odyssey of romance is the solicitation of love upon hearts that time misused.

The Goddess of love traveled the Constellation with Pegasus to find desires of the heart.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 7,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Secrets And Lies

She came to him at midnight and her hair of candy blossom enticed him through the night.

The moon concealed her eyes when she kissed his anatomy before the wall of her destruction.

She whispered in the ecstasy of their touches and he journeyed in the canal of her wind storm.

Caught in a web of her solicitation her Garden of Eden birthed his love when she assayed his heart.

The ring of his love foretold the future of his immense longing for her tribunal walk of sensual hands.

He drifted the nightline of his emotions with tears of organic eyes as she escaped his summons.

Trapped in his incapacitation of love for her the densities of his thoughts were the mirrors of his mind.

Her husband sanctioned his love with his heart unmovable in time with the window of his soul.

Her surrogate lover was born on magical moments of love won't let me wait.

Incarcerated in the body of his influences she travails in the night of passion.

Secrets and lies became her tombstone of life as her untold beauty camouflaged her way of life.

Written by Theodore Mosley

February 6,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Hidden Agenda

The sea of love has her heart swimming to uncharted waters as she kisses his insatiable body of dreams.

She confides her soul with his soul and she sails the majesty of his Arabian nights.

Reaching for his eyes she finds the outer limits of his thoughts trapped within her smile.

Moving with his sultry touches of earth shattering promises she walks the clouds beneath her feet.

With a transparent heart she overflows his lips with her love without confusion of mind.

Her epic jewel of love has his body exploding on honeymoon waterfalls that her eyes drowned in.

He infiltrated her heart with honey dripping words of inescapable whirlpools of kisses.

Singing with the stars at night for absolute touches she climbs the stairway to his seductive heart.

Without authority of her emotions she encounters the darkness of his forbidden love.

Sustaining his time for truth his anarchy of love confiscated her being with the deceitfulness of another.

The courtyard of her heart is found in another dimension with the hidden agenda of illusions.

Written by Theodore Mosley
February 6,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Treasures Of Love

Filled with emotions of unfiltered joy and radiance, the woman encounters pain without end.

Out of the depths of the sound of life comes the awakening of eyes that will crown her heart.

Overwhelmed in the moment of time she resides with a heartbeat that would one day replace her own.

Without hesitation her treasures of love contracts her life with tears of endless dreams.

She abounds in sensations of touches with every whisper of adoration as she escapes deception.

Shaped for the future to compass the derailment of times to come, the woman guides her treasure.

The life of a woman is told on the face of her mother in the darkness of the light.

The shelter of his arms became her prison; treasures of love drowned in the sea of violence.

Without hope the woman encounters solicitations of dreams that would end her nightmare.

Insatiable with midnight screams from within, she enlists darkness for answers of retaliation.

The hour is set; her consolation would be forever remembered with her coronation of justice.

Future of no treasures of love and the woman conceded to entrapments of words of delight.

Written by Theodore Mosley
January 27, 2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Black Woman I Am

I was born for greatness but taken for pleasure without consulting my womb of life.

Singing in the cotton fields, I became gifted to maneuver life with songs of humility.

Taken for your entertainment, I was your desire in the dreams of the night of your unworthiness.

The black woman I am conquered the ritual of your masks that foretold your story in fate.

Forbearing the enchantment of your touches, my eyes whispered love in the distance.

Reaching for tomorrow, I withdrew in the cascade of wonderland and I found serenity.

As the flowers bloomed on the dew of the moon, my nature unlocked the maturity of time.

The black woman I am seared your movements with the mind of Queen Nefertiti.

Time has redesigned me and my plight is engraved in the stories of unearthed monuments.

Destined for the pinnacle of movements, I escaped the affairs of invisible freedom of your plans.

Facing the morbid dreams of destruction, I encounter the manuscript of your torments with history.

The black woman I am caressed illiteracy and it became my platform for diplomacy for justice.

Insatiable in the intellect of my mind, I signified my place of independence as I ignited upwards in life.

With perfection on my lips of calligraphy, the world greeted my entrance upon the shores of education.

Dissatisfied with dreams of higher learning, I created uncharted revelations of history within my walk.

The black woman I am caused excellence to be written upon the shoulders of my ancestors' spirit.

Fierce and calculating, my walk compelled heights of boardroom seats to encounter my wisdom.

Armed as a woman of color, the expansion of my diversity celebrated the victory of forbidden myths.

Containments of unfulfilled stories, the passion of my soul explodes into flames of victorious creations.

The black woman I am endured affliction only to let affliction endure me beyond seats of afflictions.

Carrying on the battle scars of slavery; my taskmaster educated me within his fears of teaching me.

Spiritually incarcerated, the edifice of my mind revealed the insight of my soul; heaven rained on me.

Dancing in the spirit of time, my soul lifted me upwards and the chains on my life surrendered me.

The black woman I am besought the cries from the graves and the tomb was open to my ears.

Striving for the eruptions of history, the blood stain cries of sojourning placed me on the hills of love.

Freedom danced with nature and the flowers of my smiles became the history of my womanhood.

Destined for praises, my song became the battle cry for the next generation to behold in the mirror of lies.

The black woman I am upholds the eternal black proclamation, say it loud I am black and I am proud.

Written by Theodore Mosley

March 5,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Anguish Of A Mother

The lifeless sound of her body incarcerated her spirit from her flesh; eyes of love are filled with blood.

Facing tomorrow without Sandra Bland is the anguish of a mother propelled into the misery of her casket.

Hearing the cold steel explode his mind into darkness, his flesh communed with the breath of death.

The anguish of a mother foretells the story of Trayvon Martin fulfilling his purpose without speeches of inspiration.

The truth of a lie submerged their thinking into the reality of showmanship for others to witness.

The anguish of a mother declined the weakness of her character and Emmitt Till showed the world White love.

A vehicle of transportation became the transition of my life as we crossed the tracks of humanity.

The birth of Yusef Hawkins became the anguish of a mother; her womb tells the story of pain and happiness.

The shadow of the moon hid his perpetrator to extinguish his life with the smoking barrel of his justice.

The life of Medgar Evers and the anguish of a mother resonated for generations to proclaim history.

Racial injustice for one is injustice for all was his walk in the seam of grassroots only to find his grave.

The anguish of a mother in universal; the blood of William Lewis Moore cried from the silence of a bullet.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 31,2017

Our Hands Up

The king and queen of lands distant, we sang songs of triumph with our hands up.

Battles of conquest with emotions of love sprang forth in the wonderland of Kenya.

Seeking our home front of survival, the land hears our cry and bestows freedom.

Conspiring with gold and diamonds, we surpass ignorance with our hands up.

Mountain of fires, winds of symphonies and the earth uplifts chains of destruction.

Springs of surrender nullified the articulation of our eyes, as our life suffocated from within.

Journeying on in the wasteland of our offspring, the pollution of birth is confiscated.

With our hands up, we declare the beginning of salvation to withstand the unknown.

My lips engraved the walls of determination and flourished the thoughts of my captors.

Drifting towards the seashore, we see whirlwinds of metaphors that contain islands of dreams.

Warnings of insignificant rights, the sound of cries are heard on the footsteps of love.

Your justice took flight as my soul lifted to another dimension, with our hands up.

Swimming in the tools of your filters, I release my mind and my words escape your capture.

Our fascination has withdrawn you from reality and now we express truth with our hands up.

Forsaken from the kingdom which was produced in us, we climb success with hands of volcanos.

Swift and misunderstood, the pinnacle of life surrounds the heartbeat of our solitude.

Grace acquitted our history and the fetters of your smiles carried hatred for adoption.

Seen through the capsule of darkness, the imagery of love sustained your corruption.

We caressed the moon with bloodstains tears and we descended with our hands up.

Fables of truth told the story of rivers of bodies, singing on the ocean floor of your justice.

Cries of love daunted the fields of cotton as we danced to horizons of future masterpieces.

Pain secured the optimist and our travail was handcuffed with never ending explosions.

The stars began to unite with our walk, as we sailed the artifacts of priceless minds.

Silhouettes of dreams, our minds canvass the Milky Way and reproduce the scene in heaven.

Entering in, we orchestrate the clouds with notes of melodies on harps with our hands up.

Written by Theodore Mosley
December 17,2014

THEODORE MOSLEY

Blood Stain Streets

You ascend to the pinnacle of the highest office and words of life are beyond your control.

Containing the brutality of spoken words we believe the steps of a good man are enhanced with righteousness.

The hollow points of words descending to your character can assassinate you without a trigger.

Freedom of our birth became the freedom of your wasteland for graves to be unnamed.

Created equal in the sight of mankind our equality became hidden nights of ropes ascending from death.

Powerful in numbers for the sanctuary of our torture; trapped in the bondage of our fears has been abolished.

Collapsed in the trenches of overwhelming odds because of being born, we edify the days with literature.

Seduced with waves of demented truth on their behalf, our declaration of blackness is intensified.

When our speech became Black Lives Matter your speech became rhetoric of communism.

We are clothed with dignity and without dissimulation for our self-preservation of knowledge.

Your cancer of oppression is your validity of fear within your democracy of lies.

Educated and articulate we walk the blood stain streets of our ancestors to uphold their justice.

Written by Theodore Mosley
January 30,2017

I Am Innocent (Henry Devon Hedgepeth)

Today is a new day of fun for me but the hands of neglect punish me with cruelty for being me.

I survived the monster that was hiding under my bed and now I must endure the monster in front of me.

Unable to withstand the blows to my mind I become my best friend and my closet is my safe haven.

I am innocent of the torture that you befriended me with; your pain has become my shattered dreams.

You were supposed to shield me from the dangers of life and now my danger is holding my life.

When I should be playing with my friends, my eyes only hold tears of bruises that I cannot escape.

Trapped in the playground of my whereabouts, I fell onto your fists of love that said I am sorry.

Your life of love has created a life of mistrust for love; I am innocent of your love of broken pains.

Searching for times when I could play house, your house has drowned me with hunger and sleep.

Now I lay me down to sleep but your hot words of unrest have me covered with sheets of misery.

I dream of candy land and I am sailing with smiles of laughter as my body takes flight for peace.

The day that I met you it was angels and harps; I am innocent of your lost dreams of stardom.

Catching the butterflies in my truth, your hands of persuasion deny my time of nature in the sun.

Not knowing I am supposed to have freedom with each step I take, your steps are my cage for life.

Building a wall around my emotions, I become distracted within my mind and find misguided behavior.

Your light of protection has me shinning in darkness; I am innocent of your Nobel Peace Prize of love.

Facing your ways of life, I cry for days of school to hold me in the morning from my house of captor.

My home is infested with whelps of sorrow and dens of marks on my skin that I hide in my body.

My face has become your radar of choice for punishment within your tears of anguish that has you lost.

I am innocent of your tears of hatred that fell upon you in the days of your love that derailed you.

Having the courage to enlist others in my secret, I find quietness from your swelling words of anger.

Your abandonment became my prison of hostile touches as I withheld my dreams of youth.

Sensing your time of heartfelt endings, I give my heart to heaven and my soul is resting on clouds of joy.

Your betrayal of the gift entrusted to you has your breath of life ending in you; I am innocent of your pain.

Written by Theodore Mosley
May 19,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Happy New Year

The doors of slavery for America were opened when the people of Africa were colonized in Jamestown VA in 1619 to help in production of a lucrative crop called tobacco.

Born into slavery, Crispus Attucks became a martyr of the American Revolution in 1770.

Black Codes were laws passed by southern states in 1865 and 1866 after the civil war to prevent free black men and women from their natural rights of learning to read, write, freedom of speech and assembling together in groups or to bear arms.

Percy Lavon Julian escaped the Jim Crow era with education in the field of chemistry in 1920 as a Phi Beta Kappa and valedictorian; he was the first African-American chemist inducted into the National Academy of Science.

Protestors of segregation Samuel Hammond, Henry Smith and Delano Middleton were part of the 'Orangeburg Massacre' in 1968 when Officer David Shealy was in fear for his life of an object thrown at him.

Looking for a car for sale, Yusef Hawkins instead found Bensonhurst Brooklyn with a death sentence for his birthright of living in 1989.

James Byrd Jr was deceived by words of fellowship in 1998 in Jasper Texas; death with a smile from his captors for 1.5 miles as the chains of hatred delivered him to his grave.

Timothy Stansbury Jr opened the door for his life to continue; Officer Neri closed the door of his life in 2004.

Aaron Campbell walked backwards with his hands behind his head; an order was given, the reply was not met, death called his name in 2010.

Walter Scott ran from a taillight traffic stop and his body was captured with a flame of fire penetrating his flesh in 2015.

When celebration was made for happy New Year in the land of freedom, we rejoiced for freedom and death closed our eyes.

Written by Theodore Mosley
January 11,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Hidden In Time

He was born with the innocence of love created from heaven to behold the immigration of time.

Looking into the eyes of desolation with eyes of submission he surrenders his being for love.

The baby whispers his sleep of dreams in the monastery of his cradle; night dreams became nightmares.

Forced to withhold his breathing from nature his cries are heard in the solemn place of tranquility.

What should have been his peace beyond understanding is now his incarceration of living.

In his silence the waves of domestic love are constricting his movements for love.

His condemnation is solidified with the justification of his tormentors' value of living.

The spirit of his birth is broken with the captivity of the rod planted within his tenderness.

Innocent and forming he speaks with his tears that formulated from the hospice of his care.

He was hidden in time on the wings of angels for his journey from everlasting to everlasting.

Written by
Theodore Mosley
December 12,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Chains On My Life

On the continent of rare jewels forged from the earth, I gained prosperity with my dreams.

Daybreak find me running without the love I knew the night before, with chains on my life.

The encounter has my soul reaching for hands that applied comfort in my eyes of sorrow.

My mind is caught in a pendulum of rage that cannot escape the death of my thoughts.

The days have my nights calling for revenge to unleash the fury on the chains on my life.

The abyss of the sea is catapulting each stripe my tears encounter with the sound of darkness.

My punishment the captives say is heard in the fountain of their desires to make us humans.

I uplift my mind and see the generations of kings and queens of tribes that sustained humans.

Connecting their whip with my skin to brutalize my mind, my soul leads me to freedom.

Upon the shores of distant lands my walk is renewed with death for the process of time.

Chains on my life told me I was guilty of living on earth with generations to follow in my footsteps.

Ropes of freedom became my intimate lover to hold me in the night, as the darkness unfolds.

Trapped on the land that my blood incarcerated, flights of inhumane torture lifted my cries.

Loud cries of education sealed me within the epitome of essence to behold my voice.

The graveyard rebirthed me with the Wisdom of Solomon, and I soared beyond expectation.

Not known by the sound of my voice, I hear ignorance plotting to capture my calling.

With my hands lifted up, I lift up the chains on my life for sounds of blackness.

Creative writing and skilled in battle with purpose, I can't breathe with soldiers caressing me.

In the darkness without warning, my life is laid to rest with Akai Gurley beholding my breath.

I beheld my color and became fixated with beauty woven from the throne of grace.

Esteemed with honor and clothed with majestic thinking, the hands of life resurrected our souls.

Carnage of affairs without warnings, I am propelled to mountains of breathtaking creativity.

I am a museum of natural history destined to cultural prominence within the earth.

Time said I will be your satellite within the death of life to ensure your platform of living.

The chains on my life displaced my history only to restore me within the history of life.

Written by Theodore Mosley

December 11,2014

THEODORE MOSLEY

Rainbow

The tranquil sound of beauty arrayed in the moonlight for eyes to serenade without dreams.

Multiple colors of serenity and the thoughts of onlookers had their words embalmed in time.

Searching the sky for the beginning of the end, we enhanced the truth of the matter.

Seeing without seeing we develop the transition of witnessing the covenant made without hands.

Shaping our thoughts of intuition, we announce the hidden times of foreseen treasures never to be held.

From end to end and beginning to beginning the sign is fading away in the rain as the clouds smile.

Forensic science lost the battle as it appears with the transfiguration that once was seen.

Polarized with each dimension of abstract beauty we concentrate on the Shekinah glory of Everlasting to Everlasting.

Safe from the hands of corrupt hands its splendor arrives on the solitude of fresh rain hereafter.

The descend of the rainbow surfaces the world without hindrance; the ascension of the rainbow has a quiet storm of peace be still.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 24,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Rain

Beautiful and poetic it sustains the environment with nourishment that the earth calls for.

Powerful and swift the currents are flowing downhill in waves of forceful directions.

Without warning it takes your calisthenics and turns them into feeble obeisance for its control.

Sojourning the winds with its crystal freefall the trees abandon the fertile ground with tears.

Serving the atmosphere with kindness, nature allows the sound of windstorms to articulate its movements.

Descending with thoughts of tranquility, the meadows are met with fresh sounds of blooming flowers.

The doves of the air are singing each note with harmonic waters of serenity as the whirlpools dances.

With each vibrate sound the dew of the morning is craving the silhouette of each drop.

The rain has portrayed the day with splendor; the rain has decorated the night with love; the rain has glorified the seasons with portraits of philanthropy.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 20,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Yesterday

Hearing the sound of the wind carrying the voices of innocent feet running endlessly.

Capturing the fullness of anticipation with each smile they concede to laughter with summer days.

Engulfed with the moment of nothing we run the streets of safety to endure the fast pace of each other.

Yesterday loved us without holding us hostage from social media of today.

We surrendered ourselves to families unknown to the eyes of your selected ones.

One home became united without the notice of violence transforming to social workers.

Simplicity was the duration of fun until the lights came on and you surrendered your time.

The sweet sound of yesterday is a distant love of today drowned in the tears of heartlessness.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 12,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY



PoemHunter.com

The Love Of You

He hears the seas dancing in the moonlight of your eyes and he drowns in your tears of love.

Your magical touches have his body swimming to the transfiguration of your kisses.

Sailing on the clouds of your whispers his eyes dance on each raindrop for your motions of ecstasy.

The love of you has his heart drinking love without dissimulation to create dreams of whirlpools inflicting his soul.

Your smile traveled to Venus and captured the snowflakes on earth for the ordination of your walk.

Watching your curves the morning dew causes the waves of the sea to erupt the volcano of his nature.

Descending the poetry of your legs the harps of angels melodies are lost in the Garden of Eden.

Flames of fire are the measurements of the love of you that cultivated the ways of love from your being.

Your walk incarcerated the wind of the doves as heaven introduced your beauty.

Drifting on the stilettos of your words the environment exploded in the mind of his turbulence.

Soft cradles of your smooth time of life gave the flowers bloom in the season of uncharted times.

Serenading the heart of your love the love of you transformed the glaciers into oceans of lava with your smile.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 10,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Family Reunion

Running to escape the chains of distant time and the whips of our spirit we fall prey to them.

Our homeland became the invasion of corrupt thinking that defined worthless thinking.

The battle of tears the battle of flesh became the uproar of minds to sustain broken dreams.

Degraded for living in our habitat of love, time misused our heartbeats for fatal attractions.

The valley of despair delivered our songs to the mountaintop to override the multitude of afflictions.

The Rain Forrest of deception camouflaged the pinnacle of love that nature intended within us.

On the hills of destruction our foresight propelled nights of endless creation to testify.

The flesh of chains yesterday erupted like Mount St. Helen; education was our revelation.

Classified with the blueprint of architectural designs the black man transcends their understanding.

With skills of unparalleled diversity the African American being surpassed American History.

Their investment of our transportation to secure us expelled the family reunion to quicken our lives for pretense.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 17,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Change

You rendered the artifact of life to the museum of life as you traveled the horizons of time.

Standing on the threshold of bitterness because of your direction, you ponder the signs of creation.

Searching for treasures within the elements of your dreams, the whisper of the wind collapses in your mind.

Your intentions are greater than your reality; your insight orchestrated darkness. Sermons of doubt has fulfilled your intellect and your dreams are smothered in ashes of once was.

Declarations of your future are withheld in the torment of your mind bestowed upon you by others.

Safe in the hands of your accusers you propel with nothing that found your inspiration.

Your journey welcomed the thoughts of graves that went before you in emptiness.

Searching the theater of lost souls you enable your dreams of determent to proceed without activation.

The end of your beginning is the latter rain of your hope caused by the prescription of lies.

The self-esteem of manipulations granted you an audience of tribulation with your change for life.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 17,2017

THEODORE MOSLEY

Where Does It End

Your nights shielded you from Emmett Tills so that you could discover his life from your life.

Sheets of cannibals persuaded the guns of Mississippi that Medgar Evers flesh was not human.

Freedom was a duplication of my counterparts and I sat to escape my day of work with Rosa Parks.

What manner of divination has my eyes seen, where does it end for your equality of my justice

I journeyed to another duration of time and found my brothers and sisters in crimes of my times.

On the streets of the city I find myself looking for cover as I escape the fears of my dreams that I traveled.

Searching for ways to introduce the quarry of my soul, they reject me with the cold steels of fire.

Infuriated I ask the question, what year does it takes to see me from four hundred years ago in chains.

Where does it end from the mistake of my Taser on Fruitvale Station ending my life in pretense?

I gather my thoughts and proceed the avenue of living and hear cries of another searching my being.

Notwithstanding the draught of my brother, Akai Gurley, losing his breathe to the uniform of death.

Where do I go to find humanistic behavior that I might regain my balance from target practices in black?

Surrendering my soul for your enchantments of pleasure, I conditioned my mind to escape your torture.

My birth right to breath is documented on your reality of consummation as Eric Garner takes his rest.

Black days are not white days; history presented us with gallows of ropes as you blessed us with laughter

Singing songs of victory, Dr. King presented love to the nation and his breath was caught up in silence.

The inside of yesterday was corralled with the inside of democracy of what we encountered in the fields.

We shall overcome was the high praise; where does it end when Walter Scott's hands are in view of your gun?

Slave ships brought me to freedom in chains and fetters; where does it end without my voice of my choice.

Whips kept me silent in the storms of the night; where does it end for my life to encounter my destination

Afflictions of apathy crusaded my dreams and I reached the island of social injustice within my pyramids.

Where does it end, where does it end, where does it end? Heaven's gate smiled upon me,

And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.

Written by Theodore Mosley
April 8,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Champ Is Here (Muhammad Ali)

History has showed us the mortality of men that stepped over the horizon of life to bestow upon us greatness.

Standing on the morals of humanity and freedom for his people, he set aflame the status quo.

Showcasing his talents as an art form, he occupied the moments with poetic and articulate freedom.

The champ is here declaring his blackness with fists of fury on the stage of life. His personality exploded onto mainstream America; silence the draft dodger with his hidden beliefs.

Surveying the ecliptic path of his voice, white America handcuffs his natural talents to succeed.

Incarcerate his ability to think without uncovering our motives towards his life. Armed with the power of his mind and the sanctuary of his freedom, he corrupted the system with intelligence.

Young gifted and black, he emerges like the Phoenix standing atop the system with honor and dignity.

Clothed with his mouth of interpretation, his sound of blackness echoes the urban life of poverty.

Rich with words of affluence, he escapes the battles of discontentment with swift feet of encounters.

Muhammad Ali, the people's champion personified living without hypocrisy.

The champ is here, the champ is here, the champ is here, and his legacy is here!

Written by

Theodore Mosley

June 10,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

All The Way

Creation stumbled in the noonday and man found destruction from the words of deceit.

The darkness created times of no direction and the way of life was destined for hell.

Forbidden to the eyes of love came shame of flesh and the darkness rejoiced in the garden.

Without fail the light of mankind endured obedience unto death all the way from earth to glory.

Chariots of fire ordained in the clouds and darkness comprehended it not.

Enoch walked the manifestation of love beyond the eyes of destruction and transcended time.

Covered in the Blood of the Lamb, the Lamb of GOD refreshed time with the temporary nails of imperfection.

The Light of Glory prepared a sermon in captivity for the souls of death eternal.

Oh grave where is thy victory; oh death where is thy sting; I'm going home on the morning train.

Multitudes of newness of life with a well of living waters prospered from 'Ye men of Judea.'

I am the FIRST and the LAST, the BEGINNING and the END, I am ALPHA and OMEGA, I am the WAY, The TRUTH and the LIFE!

Written by

Theodore Mosley

June 9,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Lost In Love

The cares of life are breathing within the soul of her whispers as she caress her tears.

Longing for the adoration of her image of love, she co-exists with darkness that her crown esteemed.

Singing with the raindrops that filled her eyes with tumultuous pain she descends to nothing.

Her mouth is an open sepulcher of pain in her ears; lost in love for the multitude of her heart.

The cradles of her thoughts are confounded with the noise of her pain that her childhood created.

Supplanted in the womb of her mind she birthed the turmoil that love extinguishes.

With the inefficiency of dissimulation she holds the torch of guilt that she examines within her smiles.

Lost in love for love gave her a tomb of nocturnal existence with demons surrounding her nights.

Surpassing the culture of love that instituted harmony she disavowed moonlight eyes of truth.

Disdain of lost companionship her captor uplifts her in flight with words known as domestic sweetness.

The grave confiscated her darkness with weary nights of consolation that she projected unreachable.

She was lost in love within the solace of her mind that brought her darkness in light from her being.

Written by

Theodore Mosley

December 12,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Remember Me

Do you know the content of your heart as you navigate the multitude for your earthly treasures?

Searching for corruptible prizes to fulfill the hearts of offsprings destined for quiet spaces.

During the memory of your intelligence you become entwined with the horoscope of untrained love.

Do you remember me with your hands full of intricate pardons for selfish acts of unkindness?

Snow driven streets from beyond the clouds and you endure for tears lost without hope of Christmas morning.

Parading the cold days along with nights of blistering winds your faith is unheralded for smiles.

Dreams of golden moments from suspended time you transform reality to dimensions of fables.

The serenity of peace be still has called you from darkness; do you remember me?

Unconditional love for your eyes to behold; remember me whose visage was marred for your healing.

Collaborating with insufficient funds you substitute anxiety for love.

The course of your flight has your detailed mind hindering your truth in rivers of false claims.

I conquered death, I snatched the keys of hell, I allowed nails to afflict me; do you remember me for this season.

He is not here: for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the LORD lay.

Written by

Theodore Mosley

December 14,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Symone Nicole Marshall (Texas)

Symone Nicole Marshall brought life into this world with thanksgiving and praise.

Dreams of life with stability and affirmations of love, she encounters hopelessness.

The Lone Star State and black women in custody are synonymous with death.

The road of destruction is not the end of her story; the incarceration of her flesh without due diligence expired her life.

Her time is shifted from horizons of life's fulfillment to darkness unexplained.

Cold and alone, her soul is departing from her as she dreams of life left behind.

Holding onto humanity for civil rights of living, she encounters symptoms of truth.

Walker County Jail in Huntsville Texas engraved her rights with the graveyards of instructions from their code of silence.

Without the necessity of forensic diagnosis, her voice was unheard in the storms of her words.

Drifting in the grave of her captives, she became a morgue of lies unable to sustain the truth of her tears.

She laid in silence as the dimensions of her thoughts preceded her from life to death.

The uniform of justice concentrated on conversations of elite forces to recommend history be told on the steps of City Hall.

Black History says Gynnya McMillen, Sandra Bland, Natasha McKenna and Symone Nicole Marshall were slaves of the master's house in 2016.

Written by
Theodore Mosley
May 17,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Streets Of Time (Paul Gaston)

Walking the streets of time I became the enemy of the system that said you are not worthy of the streets you walk on.

My life became the object of their disdain as I walked the concrete jungle for ways to live in my humanity.

Graphic arts of their schooling taught them that my education was beyond helping to extend life for my family.

My vehicle eclipsed a telephone pole and my life ceased from living as I stumbled onto the streets of time.

Paul Gaston rested on his knees and a sudden movement with his flesh and the street of times outlined his life.

His counterpart Christopher Laugle found peace with his gun in target practice mode and with peace his flesh was incarcerated.

The brutality of your art was painted with your eyes of deceit in the silence of Paul Gaston's life.

The streets of time arraigned me with your courage of hostility that lifted me on the walls of 'Black Lives Matter'.

Condemned for being human and prosecuted for being black, I stand in formation to say 'Say it loud, I'm black and I'm proud'.

My life for yours, your life for mine; on the streets of time history told us that the blue uniforms goes beyond the fulfillment of time for black lives.

Your history of black lives impacted the history of our lives that the graves cried out with our blood as our witness.

Written by Theodore Mosley
February 19,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Mary Hattie Graham Turner

Sydney Johnson rolled snake eyes and the plantation became his promise land of turmoil.

Sydney endured the beating of Hampton Smith in his sickness for not complying to work.

The demise of Hampton Smith and a manhunt ensued for justice with a rope and a tree.

Hayes Turner was seized from custody and informed of his rights with a community of activists declaring his life.

Swinging from a tree for being black man in Georgia in 1918, his wife Mary Turner was infused with the hypocrisy.

Eight months pregnant and her delivery would be of terror from her silence in the noonday.

We will 'teach her a lesson'; running for her life for freedom of speech, the gates of hades enlarged its mouth.

Folsom Bridge became her tomb as the tree of life consumed her flesh with her captors hanging her upside down.

I was nineteen; white America in his fury clothed me with gasoline and motor oil and the fire consumed me.

Dissatisfied with a consuming fire of flesh, surgery was performed; innocence became guilty with a swift cut of my flesh.

The cry of the baby enraged them and the breath of life was stomped into the whirlpool of their disaster.

Mary Hattie Graham Turner and her eighth month of pregnancy was her legacy; I have a dream today, let justice roll down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.

Written by Theodore Mosley
January 28,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Inside Her Heart(Dedicated To My Wife)

The waters of life are creating a whirlpool of romance for her heart to enslave forever.

Singing in the moonlight of her temple, she climbs the rhetoric of his words and descends into his lava of lies.

Dreaming of her distant island of shame, she escapes the fortitude of her honor with tears of pain.

She is cascading the Milky Way of her time with rains of despair that she has inside her heart.

Driven to unquenchable fires of lost love, she develops an obscurity of hidden eyes of desires.

Within the sea of her mind her dream is lost at sea with her soul of happiness and she drowns in his abyss.

Cultivated in love with her emotions drawn from the well of truth, she refrains from his kisses of insatiable drops of honey.

Caressing her thoughts, she transforms her weakness into the brilliance of life inside her heart.

Walking in her gift of unwavering self, her love of one is manifested in her quest of one.

She delights in the awareness of her beauty from within; the moon shapes her walk with angels' harps playing.

She clothes herself with a majestic arrow of confidence and dances on Orion with the planet Venus.

Inside her heart she found the foundation of her life without exhaling outside her heart.

Written by Theodore Mosley

January 29,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Times Of Life

The eyes of my sanctuary are holding me within the birth of life as I begin my journey.

A foreigner in this world I feel the warmth of her embrace as she cradles me in her solitude of life.

Depending on her truth to carry me through my tears, she engulfs me in words of adoration.

The times of life will bestow upon me the history of mankind that trapped my soul for being my mother's child.

I found my identity as a black child and each moment propelled me into dark places that were hidden in the eyes of others.

The veil of my eyes created a world of peace, tranquility and love with each breath towards life.

With conditions of their way of life I learned to excel in my way of life with the formula of education.

Within the times of life I beheld sacred words of torment that confiscated my mother and father.

I found those words resting on my life as I began to encounter the doors of my life.

Untold anger would surface in my soul as I heard about, 'I have been on the mountaintop'.

Being a black man coming to his own; your life belongs on Alcatraz with no way out.

Swift with intelligence, my mind surpassed the dominion of their incarceration and yielded a carnage of black pride.

Standing on the shoulders of Harriet Tubman, Frederick Douglas, Sojourner Truth and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr I stand with sacrifices of dignity.

The times of life constituted life times; we are victorious through Him that made us and not we ourselves.

Written by Theodore Mosley
January 22,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

His Hands On You

When the day seems to be going in the way that you have not planned.

He has His hands on you.

The time of your thoughts are sent beyond the hours of your timeline.

He has His hands on you.

You found the transformation that you sought was not your transformation.

He has His hands on you.

Your life has begun within the frame of your visions and now you are lost.

He has His hands on you.

The afflictions that you endured only presented the defeats of life.

He has His hands on you.

Following His path of righteousness but you found obstacles of pain.

He has His hands on you.

Leaving all for His sake and now the spirit of abandonment forms you.

He has His hands on you.

The truth of life called you but weariness has clothed your mind.

He has His hands on you.

Turning to the hills of adoption but found rocks of despair.

He has His hands on you.

Motivated for love without dissimulation and actions of tragedy came forth.

He has His hands on you.

The mountain of glory has your prize but the valley of dry bones you collected.

He has His hands on you.

Courageous eyes of life swept you upward and you descended with no future.

He has His hands on you.

Your dreams brought life and wonders now you have no life to wonder.

He has His hands on you.

Now faith is the substance of things hope for, the evidence of things not seen

Written by Theodore Mosley

October 2014

THEODORE MOSLEY

Come Fight With Me

My days are enthroned with deceit of another man's life crying for me.

Captured by the stand of realism, I summons the arrow of justice to come fight with me.

Searching for creation, my hands are without democracy that infiltrated me.

Prolonging the saturation of my life, obstructions of steel bars carried me to infancy.

Portrayed as uneducated, the night uncovers their meaning of hypocrisy from above.

Intentions of building a blood stain wall of black hierarchy, the Black Panthers were viewed.

With any means necessary, the cry was made, come fight with me in solidarity.

Say it loud, 'I'm black and I'm proud', the voices of 'Roots' echoed the community of slavery.

Forsaken in color, battered in the mind, ripped in the nights, we subdued tolerance of the land.

Young, gifted and black, my eyes selected the chair of democracy on the Supreme Court.

Endless dreams of wings on the mountain, I captured the seat of surgery with skilled hands.

My name is voided within the history of your state but my mind has your state in our history.

I see the wages of destruction you beheld, but now my wages are beheld in your destruction.

Come fight with me and we will abound with each tear, we will escape with every stripe of flesh.

Resounding echoes of desecration cultivated my lips with unsurmountable fields of dreams.

Refreshed in the name of afflictions, we moralized freedom with our darkness never to be heard.

Condemned in the womb but resurrected on life's stage, the onyx of interpretation was our rebirth.

Apartheid lied to the nations, battle grounds were created, come fight with me.

Truth gathered the forefront of life and the winds of humanity secluded the forest of cancer.

The path of our destruction was met with syringes of fires and Selma crusaded beyond yesterday.

Tonight we cry for tomorrow we die and time will have notes of songs in the blood of our eyes.

History told us we were destined for cotton fields and tobacco roads for our solar eclipse.

Black lives matter as we lifted the corners of their mind of architectural studies at Morehouse College.

Black lives matter as Richard Theodore Greener graduated from Harvard College/University.

Black lives matter as Matilda Sissieretta Joyner Jones sang at Carnegie Hall.

Black lives matter as we watched Barack Obama ascend to the highest seat in the land.

Come fight with me because fighting against me, we destroy our dreams of African American History.

Written by Theodore Mosley

December 19th 2014

THEODORE MOSLEY

A Black Man

A BLACK MAN

Created from the throne of grace in His image, I became your image of hate and destruction.

Armed with intelligence and creativity, my heritage of life became the culture of movements.

Strong in my mind from birth, I adhere to the sound of blackness as I walked in the shadows of death.

I am a black man that burns your desires of equality of forbidden truths beyond your boundaries.

Confiscated for living, I flourished into markets of diamonds that pursues endless days of living.

Seen in time, my manhood overcame the power of your seduction intended for my queen.

Skilled in the battle of my mind, I overcame the warriors of your demons with education of life.

Your chains of democracy exploded within my seclusion of righteousness, as I lifted my hands to heaven.

A black man of history became your representative from the nights of dancing in the stars of your eyes.

With the power of my soul I frame the works of your hands with the intricate studies of my mind.

Eclipsing your words of persuasive matters I abandon my stand to guide you with words of adoration.

Founded on the spirit of Napoleon, you encounter the world with your tyrant molecules of justice.

Poised for the proclamation of your times, a black man endures the shipwreck of your understanding.

Walking in the confidence of his queen, he conquers the shores of his anatomy with touches of the night.

Handcuffed because of the way he looks, he challenges the doors of opportunity with freedom.

No longer answering to the chains of your reality, we chained your reality with stories of inspirations.

Like the oil from the earth, we cultivated net worth's of dreams beyond the sound of Arabian nights.

With the ways of his life a black man is destined for bars of isolations and nights of cruel intentions.

I reconciled the streets of Universities and classes of scholars as I entered the domain of my destiny.

Searching the cathedral of manuscripts, my time escaped the rapture of denial and infused science.

Equipped with the sphere of learning, my searchlight encountered the documents of medicine.

Drowning in the sea of being misunderstood, I ignited the dreams of archeology of my bones.

The future of my eyes began to submerge my thinking and I engineered works of calculus.

Seated on the streets of injustice, my seat has the gavel of justice proclaiming life for years to come.

Unmovable in the abundance of knowledge, the intensity of my flames burn the creativity of my purpose, this is a black man.

Written by Theodore Mosley
April 22,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Today (George Junius Stinney Jr)

Alcolu South Carolina in 1929 is where I received my breath of life in freedom as a young black man and in June of 1944 my history began with my death.

Freedom of speech to 11 year old Betty June Binnicker and 8 year old Mary Emma Thames concluded my dreams of life.

Directions to 'maypops' also known as passionflowers derailed my constitution of living on the black side of town.

Death beyond the tracks of my way of life was created when the badge of justice crowned me with unsolicited words of cremation.

Alone in the dark of light, the fierce brutality of words corralled me within my thoughts and my soul departed from me.

Betty and Mary were innocent Caucasians girls; a bike ride from home sealed their dreams with immeasurable tears.

A hidden piece of iron became my death sentence beyond the thoughts of my accusers as the doors of my life ended.

Chained in my prison of unbelief, the pendulum of voices carried me to the song 'Swing Low Sweet Chariot'.

Guilty before innocence was the color of my skin; two point five hours and my legacy would be justified by the hands of white supremacy.

My frail frame descended on the chair of execution with the peers of my choice; the prisoner of their choice was electrocuted in their righteousness.

We are trouble on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.

Written by Theodore Mosley
January 13,2016

THEODORE MOSLEY

Your Glory Without End

YOUR GLORY WITHOUT END

Sounds of thunder and lightning are on display and the days of night become one with the earth.

The moon is glowing from the beginning of time and the sun has engulfed the Orion Stars with its glory.

The mountains created an orchestra of symphony with the seas to watch the trees perform in paradise.

Time found the speed of light with molecules of energy and ALPHA and OMEGA quickened the dead.

Your glory without end transforms life into eternal existence; time has been erased for your revelation to behold.

The image of your image is tainted with deliverances of subtilty; TRUTH and RIGHTEOUSNESS prepares a body.

Creating the sounds of life, your throne is the kingdom of omnipresence as you breathe souls to fruition.

Redeemed for the repairer of the breach, the man child is cleansed in the Blood of the LAMB.

Glowing with the brilliance of blue sapphires, your glory without end ignites the power of agape love.

Resurrected in time for your time, the grave is put to shame with displays of humility and passions of the CHRIST.

In the silence of our hearts, the Word suffocates the bread of deception with the refuge of your joy.

The exodus of death is no longer claiming our souls; the voice of the archangel and the trump of GOD.

Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed; your glory without end!

Written by Theodore Mosley

December 14,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Sanctified

SANCTIFIED

Heaven heard the cries of humanity and humanity heard the cries of Golgotha with the Blood of purchase.

Withdrawn in the temperature of life, the holy beings are searching for the pureness of repentance.

The cherub lifted our minds to the throne of forgiveness and our souls were purged with the renewing of our walk.

The light from heaven supped with our conditions and we journeyed with the sacrificial LAMB into faith.

The gates of heaven are glorified and the wings of angels are clapping in the majesty of their beauty.

Sanctified from the Blood that flows from immortality, the gift of life is manifested in the LAMBS book of life.

Hearing the seraphim's walk amongst the stars; holy, holy, holy saturates the throne of omnipotent.

Revelations of dreams are awakening in the dayspring of life and the children of GOD unite for prayer.

We are set apart with the blood of EMANUEL's vein; we have been sanctified for the Master's use.

Hearing the sound of the swift fire burning in heaven, the earth consoles the vessels of His hearts.

The treasure from Glory abides in earthen vessels of promises to be glorified in seasons of tribulations.

Inescapable reasons of nature has been fulfilled for their pleasure; united in heresy has captured their fate.

His Blood flows freely to reach the forbidden lies of unworthiness and lost chapters of hearts chained in love.

Holiness in life gains the final chapter of life when the trumpet sounds and the heir of salvation is caught up.

Breath of heaven has been polluted with the unrepentance mirrors of their hearts and they find gnashing of teeth.

Freely it was given and unresponsive was the call and darkness covered the commitment of yesterday.

Soldiers of battles ensued and the cost of life has been forsaken; looking for a building not made by hands.

Sanctified was the call, the flesh of desires answered and satan shackled the truth.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 19,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Doors Of Our Lives

The graves of our times have become the hands of their protection to fear for our life.

Without remorse they caress our life with steels of pain that penetrate our bodies in heat.

They say the invisible torture from within us gave them impartial moments of safety.

Secrets of tales in the blue uniform conform our days of democracy in their familiar truths.

We encounter the wind dials of their suffocation and stand on the hills of injustice with love.

The doors of our lives revolve around the history of their birth when our eyes met our breath.

Swimming with the natural substance of life they have us drowning in the sacrifice of our birthrights.

We have rehearsed the choreograph movement of their swift Mongolian acts and the sands of time became our burial grounds.

Seasoned for affluent decades of history, our history became the pendulum of your graphic desires.

We entered into the doors of our lives and found the archeological bones of our ancestors kneeling upwards.

The tombs of their voices echoed the silence in which they slept for our souls to unfold the covering of our wasteland.

Kidnap dreams and fallen moments of love showcased our culture on the sea of our survival and time erased our fears.

Their history said life should be ditch diggers, cotton pickers, dishwashers, shoe shiners and washers of cars.

History told them we became heart surgeons, history told them we became

astronauts and history told them we achieved the highest court in the land.

Our history belongs to the unwavering fortitude of the doors of our lives
unchained by dreams of another.

Crowned with confidence our passage of life is portrayed on monuments of
inventions which confounded your history.

Your ignorance of humanity progressed our humanity for your survival beyond
your walls of Bloody Sunday.

The doors of our lives have created doors for your life with achievements of
history for mankind.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 17,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

We Cry Out

WE CRY OUT

Colossal fires of hatred and the sound of our liberty is extinguished with our resolve of life.

Don't look upon me and see the phantom of darkness residing within your culture of righteousness.

The afflictions of your ancestors that have been embedded in the tumors of your spirit have called for my death.

Courage's smile of unspoken languages and we cry out for our seeds to be exonerated from the hell of love.

Surpassing the time with our gifts and talents we walk the graves with songs of 'Highway to Heaven'.

Standing proud and black, we encounter our destiny with your history of euphemism for our lives.

With the shouts of liberty and peace, your anthem becomes white nights of black blood.

Your truth and lies were kissing our flesh with gauntlets of persuasions known as terror from within.

Disguised in the prowess of your seduction we encamp the night air with fears of being seen after dark.

Armed with the sanity of our beliefs, your sermon of freedom escapes our dreams and we are your stumbling blocks.

Dazed and full of your iniquity, the dam of our emotions erupts and we cry out 'Black Lives Matter'.

Our creator said for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; slaughters of nightfall reigned upon us.

Hearing the fear of your hearts we escape in the Underground Railroad that trained our survival.

Articulate in higher learning, the horizon of our knowledge submerges your equation of our censorship.

Grieved with holistic crowns of your demeanor, we cry out and the Phoenix of our turbulence explodes.

Singing from the outer limits of our minds 'Say It Loud, I AM BLACK and I AM PROUD.'

Written by Theodore Mosley
November 16,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Distant Love

DISTANT LOVE

Falling from the grace of true love, the hearts of the land are compromised without dissimulations.

Grieving in the night because the flame of love has drowned in sheets bewailing for romance to bloom.

No longer considered worthy of hands to hold, tears are met with domestic struggles of innocence.

Searching for ways to infiltrate the fallow grounds of life, love is blinded by riches of collateral flights.

Settling for camouflages of filthy lucre and dreams of rehearsed stardom, love escapes the truth of life.

Without the heart of flesh, the fallow grounds of hardness have subdued the eyes of collapsed whispers.

Tainted with the demonic answers of haughtiness, the glow of angels wings are hidden in treasures of lies.

The passions of nights are engraved in the stones of manipulations to caress the kisses of broken time.

Singing for plausible corrections, the notes of love are drowning in paradise with unfamiliar tunes.

Holding the days of summer when smiles are forever, the hearts of wonder are eclipsed with darkness.

Seeking a revival of love the stones of wickedness flow within the canal of Venice with harps playing.

The heartbeat of the flesh is calling for winds of romance to entwine the Milky Way; suppression is heard.

Snowfalls of distant love have the glaciers of Antarctica freefalling into fires of unclaimed treasures.

Caught within the lava of lies the eruption is heard in the valley of hope; dreams are extinguished for love.

When the arrow of serenading is heard in the night, the devotion of two is cascading into an abyss.

The silence of her walk has the majestic sound of lightning craving the clouds for water to explore.

With the eyes of love thunder collapses into her smile; corruption dances with lust to exhale the truth.

Forbidden to love Juliet expires in love; love thou art inescapable, heart thou has asphyxiated me with breath unknown.

Ways of love has terrorized me from the body of my truth, allowing emptiness from another to conceal me.

Insightful demons lifted the freedom of passions to heights of unknown fruits produced in Wayward Pines.

My distant love caressed me with dreams of angelic thoughts; my distant love placed the stars in my eyes.

The wonderland of my distant love is an oasis of mirages, cultivated in my mind of hidden confiscated love.

Distant love is my awareness of me flowing from the sea of my prison produced in me from infancy.

Written by Theodore Mosley
November 13,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Black Lives Matter

We became the insults of your dreams as we walked the earth for historic dreams that became lifeless.

Searching for truth we encountered the cutting blades of your fierce anarchy that pushed us further.

Holding fast the courage of our ancestors we divided the minds of our captors for bread of soldier's blood.

Black Lives Matter when we become the history of life that portrays wellness beyond your distinction.

With a creative mind for the ages to behold, our hands of creation became the Picasso of inventions.

Without your permission we forge the volcano of instruments that withstands the mind of your inept truth.

Seeking nothing but freedom of natural life, we find life waiting for our ability to discover Sojourner Truth.

Black Lives Matter as we impact the earth with rare qualities of precision thinking that encounters hells fire.

Truth of the matter is we escaped your dreams when we were created from the throne of grace.

Our constitution of Black Lives Matter declared our innocence with your eyes of infallible dreams of destructions.

The main course of your fulfillment of our demise came from your inability to acknowledge the history of black lives.

Created to enthrone the earth with infrastructures of beauty; your night cries became our landmark of bloodstain graves.

Your society included the wealth of blue eyes integrating the hollow of our souls for marketable chains of pro-creation.

Your seclusion of thinking released our education for brilliance to incite the Excellency of our transformation.

The trumpet of despair that you held within our minds became the battle cry for our souls to unite in graves of fire.

No longer inferior to your ways, the graves of fire became the resurrection of mountains to extinguish oceans of unbelief.

Black Lives Matter to creation for creation; Black Lives Matter for the earth in transition; Black Lives Matter from Genesis to Revelation.

Written by Theodore Mosley

November 13,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

We Live Here

WE LIVE HERE

Walking the streets of humanity with the intentions of living for life, we find our reward on the other side of bondage.

Living for freedom, we hear the words of your chains holding our mind to the fields of your fires.

Stirring the ignorance of your traffic, you gather the white nights for cries falling on death ears of pleasure.

When the Garden of Eden was created for walks of life, freedom said, we live here without graves of voyages.

We hear the whispers of your thoughts as you walk through color of our skin for your amusement.

Escaping the trees of your midnight rides, we summons the total eclipse of our attentions and find our dreams.

Understanding the dream of our reality, our education becomes our weapon to combat the illiteracy of your teachings.

Plotting to combine night from day for our living, we live here for the waters that the earth gave freely.

Discovering ourselves in time to unite for books of learning, your learning has a fury of unimaginable teachings.

Dissatisfied with life on the run with our hands up, the graveyard brings your delayed captivity into view.

My beautiful skin color has me trapped in the serenity of your mind that you designed for hunters' paradise.

We live here for the mountains to bring us views of breathtaking memories from generation to generation.

Adhering to the eyes of your love for black women and destruction of black men, we crusade against apartheid.

Social intolerance of days of our skin color being a witness of death, our flag of freedom does not exist.

Classified for time to come on the hills of your justice, we rise to epic heartbeats of words that connect our spirits.

With the infiltration of your domestic violence, we live here with the knowledge of education to breathe.

Your need for dominance and superiority are lifeless; the life you disdain has skills too surgically to improve life.

Garrett Morgan's invention of his breathing device earned him the first prize of the Second International Exposition of Safety and Sanitation in NYC.

Bessie Blount became the first Black woman to train and work at Scotland Yard in forensic science with law enforcement.

Lewis Howard Latimer was an electrical engineer and helped patent the light bulb and telephone.

With the evolution of life and time that time forgot, we live here with life and time that we invented.

Written by Theodore Mosley
June 26,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Eyes Of Fire

EYES OF FIRE

Hearing the moon serenade her lips for his pillow talk of uncensored cries, his bodies of rainfalls swims her canal.

With the passage of her opening finding his flow of turbulence, their flight of romance transforms into exotic wings of caramel kisses.

Holding the wind in the curves of her scenic walk, his navigational movements separates her whirlpool of pleasures.

His eyes of fire causes the rain to melt her flesh with treasures of longevity, flowing through the stream of his nature.

Surrounded by her heat from the bedroom, he touches her soft whispers and the stars collide on Orion.

Safe in his arms, she dances on his full throttle and Mt Helena shakes the equator with her eruptions.

Shifting her love from the ocean floor of her dreams, she dives into his fire with her eyes on the moon.

He becomes her wind as she drifts towards the doors of his kisses and they submerge time with silence

Playing on the stars with each step of their heartbeat, the Milky Way tells the story of uncivilized romance.

The kaleidoscope of her touches brings the treasures of her sea and they expand the movement of time.

Directing the scene of his sculptured body with her curves, they collide with the sun in her thickness.

Bringing the asteroid of her swift and centered night moves, she delays the emergence of her arrival.

Her eyes of fire begin to gaze the moon with serenities of moments she disguised with her openness.

With his focus on the beams of her curves, she defies gravity with soft leaps of undiscovered walks for love.

Facing the shades of his air drifts, she continues with his vibration of tunnels that found her in the air ways of his rafting.

Flowing down the stream of his unforgettable eyes, she descends into his waist deep chronicles of rides.

Singing with the doves from the rainbow of her many splendored gifts, she fulfills his mysteries of nights unknown.

Golden dreams of whispers in the Ice Capades of her thrills, they twirl into figures of unescapable pleasures.

His eyes of fire caught her flame of love within the charades of breathtaking melodies designed for pianos playing in the dark.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 24,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Imitation Of Life

IMITATION OF LIFE

Walking in the wilderness of sin, the rivers of unbelief become the foundation of mortal graves as they fed their flesh of tomorrow.

Turning about the footsteps of unworthiness were residing with idols of fables that are captured in the fields of solemn feasts.

Cultivating the ways of love the hands of the enemy reaches for destructions and they sang with the instruments of David.

The imitation of life resides like a flood on the steps of Ahijah seeking asylum for him that pisseth against the wall.

Profound and empty the gates of hell drowns in the eyes of love unforgiven to be cast off forever in afflictions.

Seeking to be seen for divers' speeches, the walk of life becomes a burden for corrupted crowns tasting the victory of now.

Anticipating the here and after, love was lost with lies that assimilated bodies of truth; depart from me I never knew you.

Like the rod of Aaron that bloomed with almonds in the sight of Israel, the imitation of life will bloom with the fields of death.

The horn of strength is calling for souls from the clouds of heaven when the doors of life begin to cry out for salvation.

Seated with faces of jubilations, the way too life is heard on the ears of consecrated words; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry.

Heard out of time his soul remained embedded in passions of accolades that formulated his time into showers of earthly honors.

The imitation of life holds his truth for the broad way of destruction that cast out demons in His name.

Having dedicated the dreams of his lips for stardom, his eyes activated pleasures of days and nights of filthy lucre for happiness.

She entreated the well springs of her delights as she ascended her walk with royal apparel to be seen of men.

Showcasing her talents for engagements of surpluses, her womb of sacrifices are tormented within her beauty for approval.

She expires with tears of loneliness and her soul took flight with the imitation of life that she rested upon for deliverance.

Upon looking into her destiny she encamped the walls of her needs and her abyss of love drained her thoughts of peace.

He looked for love and found nights of disposable tears and his escape became his journey of lost eyes for healing.

Hearing the sound of their heart, the valley of dry bones acquitted their walk and arose with shouts of, we are victorious.

The imitation of life precedes, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the FATHER, but by me.

Written by Theodore Mosley
June 23,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Mother Emanuel

MOTHER EMANUEL

In 1816 the white church disregarded the black church and built a hearse house on black burial ground.

The congregation wanted to preserve their history with their ancestors on sacred grounds of history.

Convicted in his soul, Morris Brown had a vision of worshipping with his brothers and sisters in harmony.

The nine of Mother Emanuel placed love above evil and the demonic presence of one stole nine lives.

The year of 1818 white officials arrested 140 black church members for reaping the harvest of praises to heaven.

With the spirit of Crispus Attucks a rebellion was birthed and the stand was made to honor black lives matter.

Denmark Vesey words of freedom echoed the ears of slaves in Charleston and the fire of Mother Emanuel ensued.

Within the story of history the nine of Mother Emanuel were gathered without warning with darkness.

A secret trial for the color of their skin and the execution was engaged without the night holding them.

The offspring of years surrendered and in the spirit of Nehemiah the resurrection of Emanuel was created.

The doors of heaven opened and the earthquake rescinded Mother Emanuel upon the grounds of which she stood.

Cries were heard in the fellowship hall and the nine of Mother Emanuel took flight on wings of love.

Born into slavery and freed with education, Booker T Washington arrested minds

from the pulpit of Mother Emanuel.

We shall overcome was the cry Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. presented to the congregation for rights to vote from Mother Emanuel.

In the hour of love and the spirit of fellowship their arms opened without assimilation and we remember:

Pastor Clementa Pinckney born into salvation without disregard of his life to bring life to CHRIST.

Reverend Daniel Simmons dedicated his life beyond the duties of man to infiltrate the wounds of life.

Reverend Depayne Middleton-Doctor soared to heights of love for a witness of creation to come.

Susie Jackson, the heart of love to fulfill the destiny of peace and compassion for days of songs.

Ethel Lance became a beacon of light to surrender pain and heartaches for eyes of distant land.

Myra Thompson gave love for melodies of words as she engraved the mind of lost souls in time.

Cynthia Hurd's heart of service to the people brought about improvement to the fields of dreams.

Sharonda Coleman-Singleton expanded her life to life to become wings of freedom on her words.

Tywanza Sanders vibrant and strong character showcased his civil duties to civil matters of black lives matter.

Written by Theodore Mosley
June 19,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Your Rhapsody Of Love

YOUR RHAPSODY OF LOVE (SHEILA NICOLE MOSLEY)

Holding onto your heart beneath the glow of the sea, your titanic movements are vibrating my winds.

Swirling in the air with your eyes I see the rainbow of your covenant and we make flowers bloom on earth.

Swimming in the sea of your emotional down drip, the mysteries of the ocean are coming into view.

The violin of your rhapsody of love is playing on stars as we dance in the fire on the other side of the moon.

Dreaming of an ocean filled season of drinking our love with our minds, we set the temperature rising.

The orchestra of your instruments has your walk portraying lost dreams that society has cast away.

Searching the ocean within the canal of your birth, your treasures are bringing the sea alive with kisses.

Moving in the swift current of the waves, your rhapsody of love causes the clouds to speak to the flowers.

The English Channel of your waters is causing the volcano of my heart to swim the lake of your curves.

Drinking the moon with your inescapable touches, we parachute to Venice with songs of declarations.

Doting over your sweet caresses, I slip into your meditation of love and find orchids blooming in your hair.

Your rhapsody of love plays in the night, with your eyes in the water searching for my anatomy to seduce you.

Safe in the arms of your dripping secrets, the waters subsides and the River

Euphrates drowns in your abyss.

Riding your waves, I am airlifted to the horizon of your insatiable sea reefs that nurtures my island.

Currents of your eyes are moving towards the battleship of my drone and I become weak with desires.

Tender nights of raindrops from your waters escaped and your rhapsody of love dissected my thoughts.

Thinking about the incline of your hips, I climb your fantasies of honeysuckle night and explore your darkness.

Your darkness created waterfalls of sheets that became exotic dances of kisses drawn from your lips.

The waters of your lips drowned me in the canyon of your explosions and we drifted over the moon.

Moving with the moonlight we search the Milky Way with our kisses and found the earth stargazing.

Holding the stars in your smile with your rhapsody of love, the doves' wings and the angels' harps played for midnight walks.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 17,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Within A Dream

He heard a river flowing and searched the heart of your smile and walked the night with your eyes.

Playing on the snowcap mountains of your beauty, he descends the ocean and finds your treasures.

The coral reef of your kisses has him sailing on the wings of the clouds and he melts into the sun.

Within a dream of your love he sends flowers to the edge of your forsaken showers to see your forest.

Raindrops of tulips and the façade of her hair singing with the birds, she portrays legs of diamonds.

Caught in the sweet smell of honey dew melodies, she escapes the pain of despair as she dances.

Making music with her movements, she gathers the butterfly of his dreams and disappears in his kisses.

She guides his touches for spell bounding solutions and within a dream they conquer sensual desires.

Hearing the sound of his eyes, she craves the night with images of his body surfacing her motions of her dips.

Falling into the sun as they rescued the moon from the dark skies that burn, they embraced eternity.

With the clouds presenting the stars for dance recitals, she performs on Uranus and glides to his beacon.

Adjusting the flight of his motions, he captures her smile in his persuasive touches within a dream.

She enters the ocean on the chisel dimensions of his body and the sands of time erupt in applause.

Entertaining the flight of her waters, she delivers her curtain of specialties and

his cries are breathless.

Hearing the winds of her cradle that adopts the passions of her versatility, he creates time in her eyes.

His deep sea offering is composed within her heart as they ride within a dream of earth moving desires.

With fantasies of waterfalls flowing on their hearts, the deserts became their oasis of hidden dreams.

The Bermuda Triangle was discovered as their bodies were engulfed with the shipwreck of their love.

Singing on the seashore of her island, the trance of his excitement is speaking to her swift portrait.

His love is drowning in the pulse of her beat as she sings in the night within a dream of doves' flights.

Listening to the flow of her curves, she escapes to sounds of dreams drifting on memories of love songs.

Her kisses of caramel seducing nights are inflamed with pulsating words of fire burning his skin.

Holding fast to the midnight air he succumbs to the arrival of her poetry and loses words of affections.

Lost in her asphyxiation of heartbeat, the wind whispers his name and she explodes into creation of time.

Within her culture of blackness, she invites him for torrential rainfalls of never-ending night cries.

Her dominatrix movements have him reaching for air; her lava is flowing down within a dream of ecstasy.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 16,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Your Eiffel Tower Of Love

YOUR EIFFEL TOWER OF LOVE

Flowing down the river of streams in your eyes you caused a tsunami to overflow the hills of our hearts.

Reaching for your smile he climbs the winds of love and announces his undying love on her horizon.

Falling in the arms of her chariot, his dreams become the author of their songs he wrote in the dark.

Your Eiffel Tower of love rains on me like the clouds dancing on the sea to catch the waves of the shore.

Swimming in love, I gently move my body through the waters to catch a glimpse of your treasures.

Sinking deeper into your unforgettable kisses, he drowns with oxygen of touches from your motions.

Sailing the canals of Venice I lose my shame and we explode the stars with each stroke of the waters.

Paris is singing in the audience of one and your Eiffel Tower of love serenades the ocean in the moon.

Caressing you with the tip of my mouth, I hear you whisper in the pinnacle of our day; your lips burn me.

Fire and ice are waving with the smoke of your walk; the zone of your body is fierce with hips of curve.

Listening to the birds in the enclosure of your heart, the waters of Venice are gathering your showcase.

With the view of your lover from your Eiffel Tower of love, the mountains dance to each stop you take.

Soaring onto heights of love, the dream merchant searches the canal for your overflow of censorships.

The queen of the night journeys to heart throbbing missions of her lovers unfiltered motions in his eyes.

Using his body as the flow of the waters, she sustains him with her aroma of back strokes filling him.

Your Eiffel Tower of love is sinking in her courts of measurements as she displays unmeasurable drifts.

Raising her drawbridge for your scepter, she drains your eyes with kisses of honeysuckle movements.

Without containment he delivers her body to the pool of his flight and the harmony of doves are seen.

Standing on the shores of her waters, they flow with the wind and the tower of

love is seduced.

His grandeur of splashes within her touches and your Eiffel Tower of love has her breathing for seclusion.

Wanting to hold her rivers for longevity, she arrives on the Nile of his chocolate body without hesitation.

Spoken in silence, they corral the waterspouts with her legs and she dances on the sinking water in love.

Venice is sinking within the waters of love; her beauty has saturated the lanes of love for time to come.

Your Eiffel Tower of love has transformed the night into golden rivers of treasures upon the smiles of life.

With violins playing softly on the rivers of Venice, the hearts of candles are insatiable with dreams.

The breezes of the night from the eyes of happiness sends the ocean to hurricanes of perfect storms.

They exhale in the whirlwinds and the waters subsides within their hands and they sail in freedom.

Your Eiffel Tower of love has Venice searching for the Garden of Eden to assimilate hearts of dreams.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 11,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Piano And The Rose

THE PIANO AND THE ROSE

We were walking on the sun and our eyes began to melt into each other's heart for eternal bliss.

Holding onto the sun we exploded into molecules of ecstasy and the earth opened her smile for us.

Moving about with time and explorations, the distant land of undiscovered love searched our hearts.

The piano and the rose played with the harps and we performed on the moon for all creation to behold.

Kissing our dripping thoughts we drained the night with never-ending shows of love come down singing.

Smelling the rose garden of her love, he entwined the clouds of his rains and Orion called her name.

Enlisting the Milky Way for eternal love songs, her heart simmers in the ocean as we walk in Eden.

The tenderness of her curves has the piano and the rose elevating moments of eruptions in loves' season.

Playing on the weather of her body, the rain absorbs her caramel complexion and dances within his eyes.

Sealing their touches with the lava from their volcano, they swim the canal of their love into time untold.

Their eyes are swept away with fountains of dreams, crying for unsolicited movements, they surrendered.

Facing the rage of the wind, the piano and the rose caused a melody of whispers to locate delicate kisses.

Soft and warm with hands of the night, the summer breeze is intoxicated with her hair as she walks.

The island of paradise is discovered as they embrace whirlwinds of chartered storms they created.

Sifting through the carnage of destruction caused by swift motions of hearts beating, their lips exhale.

The dimension of her valley has the piano and the rose escaping the seasons of torment for her desires.

Rose shaped diamonds and notes of the piano are playing in the dark with tears of heartfelt asylum.

Submerging her legs into his body of cravings, he devours her love with his sacrifices of juices in silence.

She uplifts his time and they begin to open the doors of their senses and now the

flight of love is sealed.

Shifting her mind with the doves' flight to Uranus, the piano and the rose
conquers the avalanche of time

Sending out the fragrance of her love, he encounters the twilight of her bed and
rest on her flowers.

Her dreams are reality when he engraves her touches with symphonies of soft
showers of his heartbeat.

His heartbeats of songs are from the rose petals that drained his melodies of
kisses from her sway.

Causing raindrops to listen to the moon, the piano and the rose withdrew the
night with fires of life.

The doctrines of their movements are in the glacier of nights that shakes the
eternal stand on love.

With the mountains fleeing the scene, her body is transformed into the
earthquake of no faults.

Holding the night for ransom, she explodes into rivers of emergency desires and
settles the fires in him.

Her dimensions are causing lightning to expand his nature and the piano and the
rose are shaking the core of his wellspring.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 11,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Whisper Softly

WHISPER SOFTLY

In the abyss of their love she reaches for his tears and they cascade the rivers of drenched nights.

Holding onto his heart she drowns on his avalanche of snow driven movements as she rests on love.

In the fusion of his mind, she caresses the clouds with her breast and he ascends the hill of her jewels.

They whisper softly and the rain attends to their needs of showers and she slips into his encrypted kisses

Joining the time of their silent cravings, she floods him with motions of sounds coming from her curves.

Engulfed in the windows of his revolution, she arrives at her peak with the willingness to explore more.

The fire of her swift movements causes Niagara Falls to evaporate and their desires were disposed of.

When the hearts of love flow freely, hearts whisper softly and the goddess of love is reunited on Venus.

She calls for her lover from the ocean of her body and lifts him to her segregated wings of pleasantries.

He instills his cognac kisses of mocha berry delicacies and they erupt on the sheets of imaginations.

Seducing her with his imagery of lava flowing kingship, she launches her moist atmosphere with juices.

On the waves of his magic carpet ride, he calls for her silhouette and the night whispers softly to love.

Unconditional confrontation causes the weakness of her flotation to submerge into deep lakes of his fires.

He freezes her waters with his sacrifice of oxygen and she is left breathless in her tomb of eruptions.

Her candy is burning from his solar of heat that he arranged with his instrument of freedom.

She whispers softly in his organized rotation and obeys his throne as the night holds them captive.

Singing with the melodies of heavens choirs, the production of Romeo and Juliet is brought back to life.

Rainbows of her kisses are captured on the horizon of his lips as she dances on the sea of his moon.

Embraced by the honey of their seduction, they climb the midnight air in solemn thoughts of motions.

He uplifts her into utter dreams of outer limits and they whisper softly to the sun
and find rays of diamonds covering their love.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 10,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

A Rose Of Love

A ROSE OF LOVE

At dawn the flowers are crying with eyes of love waiting for your smile to touch them with your heart.

The fields of meadows are dancing on the dew of kisses as the morning rain meets the sun and exhales.

Singing with each petal the roses announce the spring with each note from the night's dream of love.

Hearing the whispers of carnations, a rose of love is birthed in the eyes of newlyweds when they smile.

The delicate touch of the jasmine's scent propels the tiger lilies on an eternal journey of night kisses.

With the honeysuckles seducing the sunflowers with streets of aromas, they encounter secrets of tears.

Holding the wings of the birds' songs, the rain washes each note with harps playing in the clouds.

Amidst the storms of life, a rose of love is guiding the hearts of nature to everlasting flows of the Nile.

The French Riviera collects dreams of passion as lovers are serenaded on beds of white orchids dancing.

Simulating the Sierra Reef, the treasures of love are chained in still waters that run deep with memories.

Whispering to the wind, the stargazers are gliding towards the islands of lost dreams and surrenders.

A rose of love is formed in the citadel of brokenness that was acquainted with hollowness of despairs.

Seeking the quietness of arms extended the dandelion escapes to the sea for companionship.

Offering stability for its warmth the Chrysanthemum embraces the night with songs of freedom.

Sinking in the marsh of the everglades the billows of love are capturing the seashore with each wave.

Chasing the flowers of eternal affections, a rose of love sheds tears of abduction that brought the night.

Parading the imagination of the rose, it becomes the ingredient of glaciers surfacing the hearts of man.

Looking for direction the rainbow dances on the mountain and explodes into gems of life.

Smiling with the aroma of her petals, the rose is smitten in love with the foreign

affairs of candle lights.

Hearing the sound of eyes smiling in the dark, a rose of love seeks music that angels created in silence.

Conditioned to save minds, the tulips are engraving the hearts of man with lovers that faded in storms.

Night dreams are confiscated when the stars are without lovers sailing the rivers of nights in Paris.

The flame of the fireplace is lost with love as the doors of hearts are smoldering in the heat of confusion.

A rose of love flows the height of touches and caresses the moon with bodies of kisses burning in the sanctuary of sheets undiscovered.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 8,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Sea Of Love

SEA OF LOVE

Drifting on the sail of her heart, he reaches the port of her love with kisses on the moonlight.

The vessel of his instrument is navigating the shores of her movements as he dives into her arms.

Swimming the ocean floor of her eyes, he ascends to the height of her legs and finds lips of honey.

Your sea of love explodes the night air with her temptations of whirlpools that ignites storm waters.

Singing on the coral reef of her mind, he captures her waters with harpoons of musical notes.

Descending into the corridors of her sea, she immobilizes him with her body of enchantments.

Holding onto her hair, she swiftly dips her curves beneath his hidden treasures; he surrenders the moon.

Within the sea of love the sands of the sea entraps the hearts of many as they flow towards his desires.

Without warning the ocean causes a waterfall in her walk and she disappears into the beat of his heart.

Finding her on the isle of his touches, she engages him with waves of emotions found on Pegasus wings.

She causes the sea to form melodies of songs with her movement of silence in the bed of her flowers.

The sea of love drowns his eyes on the silky waters of her shape and he swims ashore in ecstasy.

Harps of romance begin to dance with the stars as he serenades his queen with conquests of his smiles.

Building the stairway to heaven with her kisses, he encounters the torrential winds of her insatiable cries.

Creating dreams of bodies engulfing the flames of love, they saturated the seas with treasures of desires.

Crossing the sea of love, their volcano erupted and Pompeii was rebirthed with paradise in their view.

Hearts are searching for the moon to carry them away into the serenity of the night as they lay silently.

The angels explore their dreams of love as they find the winds of her majestic beauty caressing time.

She delights in his wayward lips and holds his chest with her strength and causes

ships to sail in love.

Her sea of love is drifting on the Socrates of passion and her intoxication of walk is surrounded with eyes.

Mankind is seeking her whereabouts only to find her time is secluded within the seal of his bondage.

Holding onto his fortune of diamonds, he touches her science and her priceless days of love are seen.

The winds of her whispers the monarch of her seduction has given kisses to her knees of weakness.

Facing the extinction of her sea of love, she summons the Phoenix and rides to the epitome of never-ending love.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 5,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

A Flame Of Love

A FLAME OF LOVE

His heart is driven to the flame of her touches as she dances on his lips with her eyes and he explodes.

The candles of her body are caressing him as he ignites the fires of love to burn on their island of magic.

Heated with the endurance of purpose, they sing songs with their bodies; the earth held their explosion.

The ecstasy of their being withdrew the clouds of movements and a flame of love submerged their time.

With the cravings of motions, they swam the ocean of insatiable urges that found them on beds of lilies.

In the globe of their intentions, the atmosphere seduced the stars of love as Venus orchestrated notes.

Their bodies transformed the midnight air with flights of asteroids as heaven parted the Milky Way.

A flame of love erupted with the thoughts of their smiles as an unheralded hurricane of desires burned.

Concentration was not allowed with their minds as the fantasies of their love began to overflow rivers.

Tulips of emotional passions gripped the silence of their bodies as they drowned in the rain of tiger lilies.

Corresponding with the core of movements, they descended into infallible waves of body corruptions.

The sun exploded within their heat and a flame of love was discovered in their volcano of anthology.

Serenading the waters of connection, they anchored their bones into the flesh of

undiscovered ecstasy.

Navigating the seas of their love with unrehearsed kisses, the ship of her floatation became unchartered.

Looking for her momentum of curves, he submerged his smile to caress her waters with unfiltered kisses.

Within the confines of their touches, a flame of love undressed their walk with waterfalls of dreams.

With the affections of his unspoken words, she escapes to exploitations of sure desires in their passions.

Holding onto the directions of his pleasures, she succumbs to his surplus of drinks found in his eyes.

Searching the silhouette of her dimensions, his flight of love caressed her mind; the sheets of love burned.

A flame of love caught the shadow of honeysuckle scents and created rose petals of waters in her hair.

Dreaming of snow to caress her wisdom, he serenades her body with melodies of notes in the dark.

Hearing the piano with her movement of persuasions, his body encounters the earth moving in eruptions.

Her noise of desires brings the birds to choir notes that are heard on the Eiffel Tower of lover's heart.

The fireplace has a flame of love burning the entrance of her waters as they entertain the flames of one.

Centered on the air of her amusement, she sustains the golden image of her apparel with Egypt's fables.

Calling the night for dreams of lava, they consent for wells of flames that penetrate her night's cries.

Shielding his lovers' poetry in motion, he uncovers her romantic bliss with his

coronation of jewels.

A flame of love united in an abyss of swirls that captured the nights with saturated emotions of flames.

Written by Theodore Mosley

June 1,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Uniform Of Justice (Black Lives Dont Matter)

THE UNIFORM OF JUSTICE(BLACK LIVES DON'T MATTER)

Your rights of living have no quality of life as we drive these streets that we are not to protect.

Nowhere to run from us as we give you directions with our fingers on the trigger to subdue you.

Holding forth the time of pretense, we gather together to take your life with our innocent laws.

The uniform of your justice has created for us a death sentence that we mistook for life.

Your eyes look upon me and I become an endangered species looking for survival from your hunt.

I am a creation of the image that created you, yet I have to assume the position for your justice.

Today my future is your pain of suffering, to behold me with your motivation of skills that desire me.

Running from yourself I hear the uniform of justice crying for vengeance as you took the law of oath.

The concrete jungle is now safe for us as you patrol with your choke hold that leaves us breathless.

A mother's cry and a father's seed has dispensed forever with your brave acts of kindness towards us.

Searching for reasons that cannot be explain within your character, we unite for graves of silence.

Your love of our people and the uniform of your justice have us confounded with caskets of tears.

Our days have us daydreaming of the hanging the nights dethroned us with as we slept with love.

Whips of correction infiltrated our skin for your pleasures that caught us in the realm of your night.

Instead of the night callings that presented it-self with no faces, we are faced with faces seen.

Now our days and nights are corrupted with the uniform of justice from Black Wall Street Massacre.

Hanging ourselves within the tombstone of their minds we escape with wounds of moral victories.

I pay for my self-respect and dignity with your cold steel and the wind of your explosive connections.

The mean streets of our lives have a secret society of death plans for our lives

filled with stray moments.

The uniform of justice has hallowed our spirits for their superior demeaning of our mind to shape us.

We are sifted with your brass connections of political entries that you entrap us with in your chambers.

Seeking asylum with words of proclamation, your defense nullified our words with encrypted fallacies.

Conditioned to run from the red white and blue, we succumb to torments of drive byes that soil us.

With hope suffocating in the dreams of our stories, we endure the uprising with canopies of songs.

Calling for truth and justice our answers are filled with your corrections of unseated lies with your system.

Where do we go from here as the uniform of justice has us swimming the waters of lifeless lives?

Written by Theodore Mosley

May 26,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Rain And I (Tears Of Love)

THE RAIN AND I (TEARS OF LOVE)

The fire of her burns caused me to explode into ecstasy and my manhood became blameless.

She conspired with sheets of the nights and projected me beyond the sweat of my motions.

Confused and shameful I deployed my mind to love and found the beds of demented lust.

The rain and I exchanged feelings of love's departure as I sat in the loneliness of my acts.

With the temperature arresting my body, I delivered her speech of love letters to hearts unaware.

Facing the elimination of her kisses, she confiscated my dreams with her words of disconnect.

Upon hearing the ground move beneath my feet, I climbed the bed of sorrows and fell into the abyss.

No longer hearing words of expectation, she drove my heart to exits of points of no return.

In the middle of the night the rain and I fell asleep on the mountains of tears she provided in my heart.

She walked by me with her poetry in motion and I succumbed to her waters of refreshing on my pillows.

Hosting the days of her touches, I disappeared without a trace into her lava of memories.

Sinking deeper into her San Andrea's fault I collided with my mind of intelligence but to no avail.

The rain and I are contaminated with histories of floods that our bodies could not sustain.

With the stories of crimes of the heart, I was untouchable with broken tears of love gone awry.

I surrendered my being and gave my gift without questions of reciprocations; how foolish was I?

Transparent as the crystals of silver, my days was hidden in her nights of insatiable desires of dreams.

When the rain and I became despondent, we made rivers of uncontrollable words that portrayed our life.

Destined for the grave of her love, I became her silhouette of time as she divided my heart in two.

Dazed and confused, my emotions went on trial for her movements of curves as I

danced the fool.

Her cathedral body took my hopelessness and transformed me into a pinnacle of her spices.

Agreeing with her eyes I forgot the ways of life as her words of butter dripped off her lips of desires.

The rain and I entwined our hearts for another dimension to induce love for nature in twilights of freedom.

Written by Theodore Mosley

May 11,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Princess (Charlotte Elizabeth Diana)

PRINCESS (CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH DIANA)

The moon and the clouds rejoiced as I ascended to my throne of birth.

Holding the world at my coronation, my eyes were peaceful in dreams of arrival.

Proclaiming my birth with the stars, I fell asleep on the Milky Way with hands of joy.

With adorations of sweet royalty, I whispered a sigh on my bed of crowns.

My carriage ride as Princess is on hold with time, as I prepare for toddlers innocence.

Showing my London pride, I bestow garments of new attire as I visit the Kensington Palace.

Carrying my unheralded voice of sleep, my silence is heard around Cambridge in arms of love.

Shown in plain sight, I am hidden from the passage of right away until my bonnet becomes my crown.

At the tender age of six days old, as a Princess I subdued nations at my appearance.

My bloodline has me in line for whirlwinds of creativity, as I sleep in the palace of Anmer Hall.

Arranging my schedule in the household, I hear voices of love showering me through the night.

My signature character trait has me riding on the Dutch and Duchess smile of jubilation.

On the wings of angels and the harps of heaven, my days are committed to beds of silence.

Serenaded with blankets of comfort, I dream of horse driven carriages with

doves of beauty.

Holding forth the tradition of my Royal Highness, I bestow love without a commandment.

I am Princess Charlotte Elizabeth Diana, born for royalty and destined for greatness.

Written by Theodore Mosley

May 8,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Red Sea

THE RED SEA

Seventy souls of peaceful prosperity entered the land of Egypt with generations to follow.

Achieving heights of kings, they became superior to the office of the new controller for life.

Without warning the taskmaster engraved their minds with works of chains and whips.

The Red Sea became their battleground and the clouds were a witness to their travels.

The land of Egypt became their dwelling place for generations to support in mortar.

Hands of distinction became known for scalpels as they build treasured cities for idol worship.

Secluded in the windows of their hearts, they became enthroned in the mire of their wealth.

Seeking conclusions of the matter, they looked towards the hills of justice with piercing eyes.

The Red Sea will invite them for a wonderland of miracles that only they will sing of freedom with.

Their souls cried out for rest but found a bed of dung for their actions as they talked of freedom.

Rewards of death were created when they asked for life to sustain the ones they loved.

Planning a march into the wilderness with a meek and humble man, their fire soon engulfed him.

Grieving for hope, they encountered passions of hatred as they swung the

pendulum of labor.

The Red Sea was moved with tears as they walked the life of the rest of their life in what was left behind.

With a staff in his hand and faith as his guide and the eruption of things to come, holiness prevailed

Singing songs of deliverance and dancing in the melodies of victory, their eyes were closed from within.

While on the mountaintop of righteousness, the oppressed proclaimed victory with idols of gold.

The Red Sea sought shelter for their inheritance but found rainstorms of conversation to build deception.

In the wilderness of their minds they allowed unbelief to be their guide for the land of promise.

Seeking for themselves a rapture of thirst, they collided with heaven and rest was placed on forty years of wondering.

Looking into the past with hardened hearts, their faith captured the whirlwind of a novice born out of time.

The Red Sea arose and gave up the dead for remembrance and chastised the congregation.

Written by Theodore Mosley

May 7,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Moon In The Water

THE MOON IN THE WATER

Drifting on the sails of her mind, she finds the maps of buried treasure within the heart of love.

She has searched the tumultuous waters and found the stars resting on the beds of the seas.

With her heart as her guide, she confronts the Milky Way and free fall to ecstasy without warning.

The moon in the water is talking to the hearts of the land to encamp the midnight hour with desires.

Unable to escape the whirlpools of fantasies, her body floats to the other side of honeysuckle dreams.

Craving the sounds of nights that takes you to flights of uncontrolled kisses, she drowns in her tears.

Days of unforeseen love, her summers are kindled with words of presumptuous times that subdued her.

Igniting the flames of her body, she dives into the volcano of eruptions that persuades her hips for fun.

When the moon in the water is swimming her canal, she corrupts the love of her misguided intentions.

She understands the excitement of times but denies the abandonment of her anchor that holds her.

Shifting towards the galaxy of her tunes, she brings the melody of her walk to another dimension.

Holding the waves of her lips she supplanted on the moon, she dips her waters in the mouth of the sun.

Her body is heated beyond measure as she encompasses the music of her

movement on the Orion.

The moon in the water is asphyxiated with the breathing of her walk as she lights her torch on earth.

Mountains of tremors carried her away to the excitement of her paths for his hands to caress.

Sojourning the taste of his sways, she expounds the tenderness of his love with her acts of silence.

Sophisticated with her exploitations, she drives her curves towards the end of his spoken wellness.

With her hair on global alert, she extends the shores of her beauty with her arrival on nature's scene.

Fortified with pleasures of deception, her swift movement creates eyes of harmony for her lover.

The moon in the water is found on the shores of her catalyst for nights to obtain in the heat of her eyes.

Forsaking the softness of her touches, she expires in exhale and the fountains of her waters are flowing.

Savoring the eclipse of her moist anatomy, her lover is without words of adoration as she escapes his flow.

Seizing the sun with her legs, she parades the bed of her injections with a taste of shades of honey.

The moon in the water runs deeps into the ocean to find hearts of undiscovered nights of passion.

May 6,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Blood

THE BLOOD

On a night within the sounds of the stars, the heavens were praying for life to unfold.

Playing on the instruments of love, the angels beheld the crown of glory with singing.

The throne of love commanded the seas to embrace the mountains as they caressed nature.

Stars of hidden melodies received the plan of grace; the moon surrendered its place for viewing.

Opening the windows of tribulation, the heartbeat of man has captured the enmity of evil.

Persuaded to encompass durations of deceit, man becomes the anatomy of demons sacrifices.

The blood encrypts valleys of torment to induce hearts of warfare; iniquity planted the newness of life.

Creation swallowed the keys of lies from generation to generation and heights of dreams were forbidden

Wings of the wind cornered the eclipse of the abyss and transformed the rapture into wages of fires.

Facing the holocaust of life, the blood indicted the seasons of conformity with the salt of the earth.

The song of the earth is quenched with the savor of the night; the flesh of His truth is exposed for death.

Thorns for crowns became the ephod of His humiliation as the silence of the night endured him for love.

Pains of the lamb's wool gathered Him for His bed beyond the silhouette of His torture for eyes to behold.

Heavens glory transitioned the expansion of His time to be withheld from the CREATOR of the SON.

The SON esteemed himself not and rested on the infiltration of the one that rested at His table.

Canonized in the destiny of His mission, He spoke words of wisdom to the ears of His captors.

Satan conspired with the death of time to entrap the WORD of GOD; hell has been enlarged for him.

Death preceded Him and love moved swiftly to encase the blood that surrenders hearts to corrupt them.

Glory consented to our cries to escape the millstones of seduced pleasures of clouds betrothed for hell.

Imprisoned on the cross, the flesh of love learned obedience unto death to surpass death into eternity.

Calvary was the sacrifice of His deliverance and the hem of His garment arrested the demons of time.

Time became the offspring of His movement, as the blood created everlasting salvation as a choice.

Manifested on earth, the way the truth and the life became entwined with songs of holy hands.

The horizon of the morning lifted up His power and the sepulcher bowed to His exoneration.

The time He created stood still in a moment of time to reveal the unveiling of tombs of resurrections.

Prison doors of hearts travailed the obscurity of the mind to find the character of man beyond life.

Seasons of tormented sleep and a foot out of joint is rewarded with the LAMBS book of life.

The BLOOD created in heaven; the BLOOD on Calvary; the BLOOD resurrected;
nothing but the BLOOD.

March 11,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Cries In The Night

CRIES IN THE NIGHT

The winter has our time and thoughts raging on the seas of flight we abandoned on the Nile.

On a voyage of stolen dreams and stolen tears, the chains of their passions withheld our flesh.

Cries in the night are heard in the silence of our doom as they forfeit our rights to breathe.

Sailing to the forsaken land of their captivity, our days are consecrated with whips of directions.

We are detained on the land of our freedom and ride the four horseman of death to encounter life.

Singing the days of humiliation for our souls to be delivered, the hands of apartheid steals our wombs.

Cries in the night set our emotions for battle and the wings of mercy foretold the inspirations of time.

Without warning we ascend to the drift of education to claim untold journeys of infallible declarations.

The black man I am; the black woman I am sustained time of unwarranted decrees of your aspirations.

Your nature of love propelled me to heights of learning beyond your capacity of our understanding.

Our cries in the night travailed the wheels of destruction; we chartered hills of words of articulations.

You told me illiteracy would be my prison; the White House became the architect of my intellect.

Surpassing the dreams you enslaved me with, I enslaved you with inventions of tomorrow still standing.

Crowned with insights of unknown qualities, the scalpel of my hands makes history in your history.

The cries in the night beholds the tears of a mother when she celebrates the king and queen of her womb

In the eclipse of time, our lives swiftly became the handprint of life without your directions of obscurity.

With your license of justice, we encounter the profile of your death with the uniform of your safety.

Your corruption of my mentality gives me time to reflect on the way that I should walk in your presence.

Seen in the corners of my mind is your deception of my race; I adjust to time, only not to breathe again.

Cries in the night arraigned the day to collapse my life with your hands up to write my ending.

Showcasing brilliance in the degree of natural composition you naturally arrest my mind.

On the position of life, you gave me a life sentence of slavery from birth to death for your workmanship.

The workmanship of my life produced the imagination of unearthed requisitions far beyond your reach.

The cries in the night created the obeisance of riches for my pain to engulf me in unheralded freedom.

I transcended the opposition of your choice to behold the selection of my choice of influences within me.

On the seas of your affliction and the fields of your guidance I am lifted up on the shores of my ancestors.

Planted with the prayers of affliction, we are delivered for purpose of astounding creativity in time.

In the cries of the night, creation was unearthed with tears of a culture seated on white's only seats.

March 10,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

I Can'T Breathe

I CAN'T BREATHE

My life is not mine to sojourn with others, as I live within my corridors of hatred.

I hear the silent thoughts of others, with temptations of actions that burn their desires.

Created in time, I became the insults of emotions that penetrated the features of mankind.

I can't breathe when I talk to my children about life that disposes them to unheralded death.

Escaping a dream to bring forth the calculated calligraphy, I expose them to the surveillance of my mind.

Without endangerment I succumb to their prison and freefall to the explanation of their insanity.

Dreaming of a white Christmas I surpass their amazement of my intellect without notice to vacate.

I can't breathe when I remind them that life is without dissimulation according to their knowledge.

In the silence I prepare my hearing for the eruption of contusions that follow my culture to emptiness.

Sharing dreams, my vitality becomes their weakness to harbor nights of unseen decrypted graves.

The stage is set; I uplift my soul to attend the land of unforeseen riches as I break the chains of my life.

I can't breathe when my mind is stimulated to uncover archeological research to capture life.

Showcasing natural abilities, the sheets are confounded with medicine, science and unspoken belief.

The ashes resounded me, the graves collected me and resilience confronted me to breathtaking heights.

Nights are no longer my window pain of destruction but my creativity of unsurmountable horizons.

I can't breathe when I encounter the Nobel Peace Prize that tells me freedom has anchored my walk.

Sifting through the clothes of injustice, we find the sheets of the night collaborating with suits of the day.

The two-edge sword is carving its blood on the face of urban society caught in hopelessness.

We conspire with our voices only to be imprisoned with dormitories of rhetoric to comfort our eyes.

I can't breathe with the family that was entrusted to me to prosper according to the CREATOR.

Singing the songs of apartheid we are released to another dimension of plantations for cultivating.

Your complexion is your death sentence and your clothes are gravediggers' royalties.

My eyes are surrounded with blood and the street has me incarcerated within your prison.

I can't breathe within the natural state of my life with your unconditional development of life.

December 15,2014

THEODORE MOSLEY

Stays At My Side (A Mother's Love)

STAYS AT MY SIDE (A MOTHER'S LOVE)

Her life is known throughout time to compass the emotions of trust and nurture from within her womb.

Time is bringing her into the cries of the night as she secures her freedom from unknown territory.

She embodies the fulfillment of love without end and creates touches of splendor for tears to enjoy.

She stays at my side with nights filled with sleeplessness to enjoy the sanctuary of my tranquility.

Coming of age in your timeline, she disposes of days that your walk begins with steps of amazement.

She empowers you to collect your ways and unleashes your lessons of thinking towards the sun.

Abiding with love, she protects the unsuspecting heart with knowledge of matters of the heart.

She stays at my side when the windows of my eyes are infiltrated to capture my songs of love.

Constant with my heartbeat, she donates her warm touches to outside hands that are orphaned in love.

The tenderness of her affections is seen in the eyes of her help meet as she encamps his emotions.

Wrapped in serenity she confiscates the pain of her offspring with whispers of soft eyes in her smile.

Her heart is canonized with her songs of compassion; she dances on the moon for melodies of afflictions.

She stays at my side with tears of deceitful salutations that prolong the agony of her sustaining creation.

Suffocating with the life that her days have contended with her, she uplifts your meaning to heaven.

Drinking the wells of your conditions of your life lost, she surrenders to her daily bread for your escape.

The seasons of her conditions are without changes as she masterminds your abilities of changes.

She stays at my side when the ocean's path has pleaded guilty of destruction when it crossed the sands.

The daughter of her womb is guided towards fatal attractions; she drowns into unforeseen nights.

Manipulating time, she endures the streets to capture unsolicited prowesses for heartbeats of nature.

Soldiering the task of humanity, she dissects the world and encounters the night with her heart.

Holding fast the love of her namesake, she foretells the danger and crusades the heartbeat of man.

She stays at my side in the grave of my torture and produces the actions of unconditional love.

April 8,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

A Mother To Love

A MOTHER TO LOVE

She is on a distant land within her mind as she crosses the path of her life for all to see.

Her days are without hands of forgiveness as she enters her world of torture that holds her.

Broken in her spirit, she develops a source of pain that drives her to abandonment with her love.

When you have a mother to love, your eyes are lost in life for the doors of life to carry you.

Taken out of time to endure time, her flow is awakened by communications of hostile moments.

Dreaming of days when freedom was free, her dreams have become unsettled horizons of dawns.

Making her way through the maze of corruptions, her nights offer her up for unsanctions of pleasures.

A mother to love withstands the hopelessness of innocence throughout the criteria of unwarranted love.

Pregnant with lies she faces the walls of destruction in her eyes as she disassemble thoughts to come.

Facing the truth in the heart of a woman gives her strength to combat the fires that burn her soul.

Acquiring the knowledge that left her soul without void, she climbs the winds of arrogance and stands united.

Having a mother to love endures the mountains of swift feet's that encamps her emotions in hollowness.

Saving her address of intelligence, she surrenders the heartache of less than and pursued global worthiness.

Descending from the hills of obstruction, her heart propels her beyond the clouds of chains on her life.

Resurrected from the tomb of her fears, she ascends to the social events of her differences and declares victory.

Fortified with her hands, a mother to love bridges her heart without expectations and finds happiness.

Her weapon of Chasity conquers the mind of illicit combats of territorial fights to demean her.

Sending the cascade of her curves, she engulfs the scene of tribunal mediocrity and diffuses her calamity

On the winds of sacred harmony, she devours the arrows of insulated suffering with coronations of humility.

A mother to love gives conquest of inseparable conditions for dreams to comprehend beyond measure.

April 8,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Where Are We Headed

WHERE ARE WE HEADED

The footnotes of the fields have taught us nothing as we wake up in the dawn of the morning.

We were a people of kings and queens and our heritage was our proclamation of time.

Forsaken in time we bled on the fields of cotton and on the monastery of waves of distant lands.

Where are we headed when we occupy the time of death as we would occupy the time of life?

Death becomes us when our freedom is involuntary freed within the hands of another.

Searching for lies when the truth is known, their escape plan coincide with rhetoric of togetherness.

Sifted within the community of blackness, the stranger contains our mind with his uniform of protection.

Where are we headed when our nights are controlled with the Third Reich of our freedom from nature?

Orchestrated for humanity, we are now choreographed for picket signs that stole our ways in Selma.

On the culture of our beings we convey our feelings on our emotions and the flames of life burns within.

Sensing the attitude of separation, we abuse the life we live with confusion of justice without tranquility.

Where are we headed with the sound of the blaze and the heat of our eyes propelling death for equality?

Armed with the attitude of righteousness, we harbor the nights with coalitions of racism for our brother.

The concentration camps of our monologues are hidden agendas for smooth criminals in the night.

Looking for creation to hear us, we obstruct the days with confiscations of unearned prosperity.

Where are we headed when we control the insurrection of innocence without obligation?

Seeing the destruction of days gone by, we welcome destruction with deception of vengeance.

Upon the shores of Black History, Loretta Lynch has united history with education and dignity.

Camden Yards made history within our history; what will Freddie Gray's history of memory be?

Where are we headed when our history is suffocated on the volcanos of flames of our nation?

April 29,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Moon Is Still There

THE MOON IS STILL THERE

The stars are crying in the night for the Milky Way to caress the speed of light returning to earth.

Running from space the meteor collapsed on the clouds and the rain began to submerge notes of love.

When the eclipse of the night subsided, the doors of heaven carried the Palladian of hearts to victory.

The moon is still there when the winds of the night captured the solar of the sun beaming upwards.

Hearts of the moon eloped to Venus and the kaleidoscope of tears were seen on the planet Uranus.

Smiles were engraved on the stars to take flight to the Orion for harps to play on the wings of Pegasus.

Seduced in time the Sphinx escaped the hidden nights of Zeus and proclaimed his love for Aphrodites.

The moon is still there when the saturation of love is forbidden for mystical creatures lost in dimensions.

Holding time in no existence of time the moon is surfacing the axis of the sun to engage summer nights.

I hear the midnight silence exploding on the serenity of the ocean and the moon pursued the galaxy.

Awakening the hearts of love, the melodies of the planets created the winds of passion with kisses.

The moon is still there without the articulation of the goddess of love to unite the hearts of affections.

Summer nights created longevity with the prowess of the moon seducing the eyes of hearts melting.

Holding the glow from light years away, the silhouette of her movements drained the eyes of her love.

Corresponding the fall of her waters, she became the dream of the moon to understand her ways.

The moon is still there when life is exploiting your needs of affections that imprisoned your nature.

Sharing the intimate vortex of the outer limits the sun cascades into a symphony orchestrated in rainfalls

Dancing with waterfalls of Niagara, hearts of the land endangers the flight of love destined for purpose.

Terrestrial kisses of lava withdrew the ocean from drowning the whirlpool of the native solar system.

The moon is still there when your distant lover is occupied upon the waters of deceit forming in her eyes.

Serenading the winter of the moon the summer flowers embrace the wind with the mist of the moonlight

Sleeping on wings of doves, the clouds blossoms with the sun and the night is crowned with peace.

Singing with the dreams of angels the constellation withheld the moon from the night to grieve hearts.

Pleiades transformed the stars into tears to secure her walk amongst the daughters of the lost.

Without containment of the atmosphere the clouds drowned in the waters of their solar eclipse.

Searching for atonement on islands of explorations, the Milky Way became extinct in its purchase.

Poetic cries in the gravity of darkness brought the orbit of earth into alignment with sojourning hearts.

The moon is still there when the graves of hearts are supplanted in the abyss of stolen lovers.

April 2,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

The Eyes Of A Dove

THE EYES OF A DOVE

When she wakes up, the morning raindrop caresses her smile with honeysuckle songs.

The dew gathers her hair with the rainbow and flowers begin to sing to the ocean.

The moon is whispering to the eyes of a dove as she rides the wings of Pegasus to earth.

Serenity of love plays from her curves and the night dreams of her return to the Milky Way.

We hear her eyes as they begin to summon the harps of the clouds and melodies of kisses.

Submerged in the waters of your movements, hearts of love explodes into flames of honey.



Engaged with the thoughts of the ocean, the eyes of a dove explain the meaning of flowers in bloom.

Sojourning the cliffs of ecstasy, she propels days without end to hold her walk in the rain.

Holding the mouth of her kisses, she drains the oasis of our minds with her breasts unpopulated.

Seen on the shores of the majestic clouds, she arrives on the scene with the eyes of a dove.

The ocean searches the stars for her beauty and the diamonds display her transition of untold riches.

Greek mythology held her for ransom for the exploits she unleashed when she transfused the Phoenix.

Her flames examined the fire that produced the love for Aphrodite's as she

enslaved the hearts of man.

The lava of her chariot moved swiftly towards destruction and the eyes of a dove caused her exodus

.
Searching the wings of love she became engulfed with angels playing the piano in the dark.

Sailing through the night, the wind addressed her affairs with the silhouette of her shape.

Without warning the scene of her needs carried her on the eyes of a dove to quench her submission.

Insatiable in her touches, she was tormented with hidden strokes of whispers on her whirlpool of nature.

With her mind unbalanced on the moon, she escapes the waters of her solitude and swims the coral reef.

She begins the motion to hold the treasures of the sea in her haven when the Arctic Circle calls her name.

Islands of dreams have her escaping reality to fulfill the eyes of a dove on the shores of her excitement.

Her island moves with passions as she causes hurricanes within the minds of her captured waves.

Songs of instruments without notes protrudes the bed of her assailant and she corrupts the sheets.

Singing sounds of victory and the eyes of a dove are portrayed in the garden of nature with her eyes.

Mystical flowers of kisses arrived with pillow talk as she surrounded the evening with openness.

The magic of her womb create asteroids of pneumatic flights of bodies crying on the moon.

The eyes of a dove summons the fires of nights, to burn the waters of love

without dissimulation.

January 13,2015

THEODORE MOSLEY

Your Eyes

YOUR EYES

When we look at you, we see the ocean dancing with the moon in your eyes.

The poetry of your skin causes fires as you walk through the waters of life.

We see your curves dismantling the overture of lips with your reward of kisses.

Escaping the volcanos of desires, your body becomes entombed with movements.

You developed science with stilettos of sensual whispers and the night moved in creation.

Your eyes filled the rivers of love and you cascaded between rose petals with each touch.

You castrated the windows of opposition with your destructive walk in the moonlight.

Tears of serenity caused the floods of emotions to persuade your eyes to light the sun.

With honeysuckle kisses, you absorb the earth with your radiant milky way.

Softly holding the melodies of harps, the instrument of your heart explodes on Venus.

Endorsing the wings of nature, your eyes framed the sweet sound of flowers at dawn.

Within the nature of your explosion, your eyes succumb to movements of satisfactions.

Descending towards the sound of your voice, you ascend to the height of your extension.

Dress for exoneration, the sensation of your mind travels to abstinence without hope.

Caressing your eyes, you become filtered for ecstasy and whirlwinds of romance blooms.

Horizons of interactions, your curves infiltrate times of attraction with songs of passion.

Meadows of dancing in the streams have your hair entangled in hands of vapors.

Commencing the night, you become the song of your eyes that instituted insatiable thoughts.

Drowning in the ocean of controlled heat, the waters of your climax are submerged in tranquility.

Persuaded to unlock her walk, her legs gather the time from scenes of destructions.

Drifting away on Pegasus's wings, her delight is formed on the planet of Uranus.

With her sword drawn, she calculates her destiny with swift movements of her body.

Sifting through her carnage, she formulates the measures of her deep waters with her smiles.

Caught in the rainfalls of her temptations, your eyes drenched time beyond the sheets of her pleasures.

December 19,2014

THEODORE MOSLEY

Love Is

LOVE IS

When you fall from the heavens and the hands of her eyes embrace you.

Love is singing on rivers of fires as you melt the captive hearts of oppression.

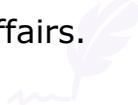
Time took away your walk on summer nights and your breathing started to expire.

Love is swimming on your mind to unleash the graves of life to occupy your room.

Unfaithful pains have entrapped her security and prisons of walls claim her smiles.

Love is developing her touches to enhance her showers of broken dreams from within.

Sinking in the hollow of her silhouette, the danger of her body explodes in foreign affairs.

 PoemHunter.com

Love is caressing her nature for defilements to produce wholeness without despair.

Holding onto the silence in the winds, her lips call for his untamed purpose to surpass her.

Love is finding her storms to walk through without the knowledge of concentration.

Looking out beyond time, her meditation explores the salutation of her love in her offspring's.

Love is catching rainbows with her sway to behold the beauty of her intelligence with spells.

Raindrops of kisses from her clouds propelled her toward the moon for the doves' announcement.

Love is missing the heat from the coals of her safe haven to arrange the night

with instruments.

Pools of magic and she diverts the calamity with her spoken walk of untold conquests.

Love is abiding with hearts that quench the pillows of dreams that the stars collected.

Drinking the lost note that the moon seduced, she uncovers the veil of secrets that feared her.

Love is finding endless walls to surmount when you sail upon destruction that brings you closure.

Matters of the heart declined to whisper to the love that corralled the myth of forbidden love.

Love is unfolding the layers of textured paths of beaten souls to find rest in the dew of the morning.

Shift shaping with smiles of anarchy, the womb of ungratefulness is stored in the deep cyclone of despair.

Love is allowing the fire to burn incestuous hopes of seeds that burn beneath the core of her dreams.

Holding hands of flowers that abandon her with lies of honesty and travailed her to the next dimension.

With lost eyes in the canyon of kisses, her walk tormented her with unrehearsed words of incarceration.

Love is without fear of love, love is transparent in love, love is action in love and love is unconditional.

December 19,2014

THEODORE MOSLEY

Trees Dancing In The Moonlight

TREES DANCING IN THE MOONLIGHT

At the dawning of time we look and find creation on the eyes of the creator.
The seas and the mountains are waking to the touch of smiles coming from heaven.

We see the trees dancing in the moonlight and the stars begin to explore darkness for resting.

Rain and sun shouts to the ends of time and man become involve in shadows of mysteries.

Upon hearing the doors of life open the Orion sells itself to obscurity to be heard in Nazarene.

Showing the catalyst of love the doors invite another guest to prosper from the windows of snowfalls.

The trees dancing in the moonlight and the author of winds are whispering to hearts of attractions.

Flowers are talking to doves wings as they accelerate upon the hills of nights to defend broken hearts.

With fires representing themselves in passion, the world is caught with unknown songs of deliverance.

Fading in the daylight of dreams, the covenant of love is crying for hearts to unite upon beds of passion.

The trees dancing in the moonlight are calling for romance to bloom on the souls of faithfulness.

Withdrawn and defeated the eyes of clouds have drained the tears with violins playing harmoniously.

Seeking the seashores of the whispering pines the explosion of distrust has violated the night.

The ocean floor is playing symphonies of melodies for the moon to ignite kisses on Uranus bed.

The trees dancing in the moonlight has escaped to waterfalls dancing on bodies of unspoken dreams.

Captivated and adorned the honeysuckles are empowering scents to move with snow driven love.

When the moon talked to the sea creatures the day brought about confessions of rainfalls in the night.

Looking for hearts of like passions the volcano erupted and their bodies were swept away in Pompeii.

The trees dancing in the moonlight took flight with summer breezes that the autumn leaves embraced.

Savoring the moment of the tiger lilies the rays of the sun began and ended in

the forbidden forest.

Rose scented hearts found the piano playing in the dark to caress their thoughts to notes of music.

Drinking each melody the sound became movement for her curves as she ascended her quest.

The trees dancing in the moonlight became her insatiable thirst as she opened her eyes forever.

Written by Theodore Mosley

December 10,2014

THEODORE MOSLEY

Treasures Hidden

TREASURES HIDDEN

Carved out of the mountains in time where we lived came the chains of transformation

The hills of restoration and conservation became burial grounds for the first chapter.

Detained and destitute we watched the stars disappear in the eyes of our captors.

Forsaken and removed to the next chapter we endured seas of graves for the weak.

The life I owned is now owned by hands of fatal mentors that tell me I am not worthy.

I am a treasure hidden in the darkness of another's demon driven mind of pleasure.

My blood is used to sow the grounds for plantations to prepare for ballroom activities.

Tainted with the thoughts of love I become displaced in the hollow of my bones. I raise up my mind to look to the hills and the fires are burning my soul for freedom.

Captured with the thoughts of family I endure hardness with love and serenity. The land I work carries me to obscurity from beyond the graves of life.

I submit to have peace within as to find my way out in the next chapter of my life.

I am a treasure hidden without delay in time to find its way to the light of tomorrow.

Songs of deliverance and prayers of the righteous are told to the next generation.

A blooming flower made of diamonds that is not flawed escapes hands of treachery.

Born without a mind they tell us but we subdued minds with our intellect of creativity.

Journeying on upward we became the symbol of productivity for nations to adore.

We sweep across the minds of unrighteous and the beacon of Sojourner Truth shines.

In the spirit of Frederick Douglass we light the torch of education in oneness.

Blazing the trails of Harriet Tubman the flight of her strength is unconditional.

I am a treasure hidden in the minds of death only to be born without endless futures.

The shores of the waters of destruction only bought me to the shores of

opportunity.

My hands my mind my eyes my lips my words are held together with the spirit of love.

Fashioned to work with the elite and to teach the oppressed I see dreams unfold.

Swift and expedient the wings of wisdom has transformed this chapter of my life.

No longer bound my mind has raptured into the twilight of unspoken knowledge.

My name is Daniel Hale Williams a black Neurosurgeon out of time in time.

My name is Ben Carson a black Neurosurgeon who successfully separated twins.

My name is Mary Eliza MaHoney the first black professional nurse for humanity.

I was a treasure hidden in darkness, now time has me flowing like a river from the Nile.

Written by Theodore Mosley

September 2014

THEODORE MOSLEY

In The Storm Of The Night

IN THE STORM OF NIGHT

My heart was filled with love that time could not imagine ever existed.

No one could have told me life was not without the hollowness of pain.

I embraced the thoughts of being carried away on the silhouette of my mind.

I heard the whispers in the dark and my flesh cried out for relief on each step I took.

In the storm of the night my eyes brought me to a place of solace and fortitude. Walking the distance in love I found the boundaries to be unlimited with my thinking.

Forbidding times and forbidding touches I despair in learning the meaning of heartbreak.

Seclusion has kept me incarcerated from reality and my tears have me imprisoned in the night.

In the storm of the night I begin to explode with words that my heart is not worthy to say.

The midnight air is singing songs of ecstasy and my body is filling the moon with fires of torture.

The Milky Way sends meteors of rain to engulf my wayward timing of sensual collections of movements.

The stars await my directions and give me a moment in time to ready my stand of disappointments.

The harps play melodies of dove's wings as I glide towards the scene that unfolds on Venus.

In the storm of the night the dreams of love are captivated on the reflections of the seas.

Diving in the abyss of the hearts, love is contaminated with deceit and disenchantments.

Growing inside the words of love are seeds of rhetoric that confuses the soul with temptation.

Standing on the height of loneliness the music plays notes of rose petals that have never been planted.

Drifting above the seashore the pearls of the coral seas are placed in the eyes of beholding angels.

In the storm of the night the gates of kisses are overflowing with lava as the heat subsides in love.

The shadow of life is moving towards the meadows of flowers as hearts prepare for submission.

Love has raptured our bodies with sounds that have invoked the whirlwinds to natural disasters.

Dreams of eruptions have ignited our bodies and we are drifting on explosions of nature.

In the storm of night the eyes of love conceded to the curves of ecstasy and obtained freedom.

THEODORE MOSLEY

A Man In Time (Tribute To Nelson Mandela)

From the ashes of the mind he arose to the pendulum of a man in time.
When the doors of life closed his flesh the doors of his mind expanded.
Searching the heavens he found the whispers of the wings of angels.
Collaborating with the throne of grace he became the instrument of justice.
Holding his silence in the deep of nights the world forged a Nephilim.
Holding forth the light in the darkness was a man in time.
The creation became engulfed with the prison that was set before him.
Learning to create strength in weakness a man in time was born.
The hands of apartheid chained him to the earth not to be heard again.
Time and words were given up and lost in obscurity was a man in time.
The exile in years to come became the eruption in time to come.
The doors of hell were released and the spirit of life was renewed.
Ascending to the high court of the land a man in time was fused in the land.
He brought forth the justice that laid dormant by the hands of ignorance.
The volcano erupted and life was displayed as the FATHER of our souls created it to be.
The swift cry of afflictions and pain was heard in heaven and the doom settled in the night.
When the cross at Calvary rent the veil of the temple apartheid's fate was sealed in the blood.
A man in time solidified his walk with the doors of righteousness that hastened to be heard.
His voice became the battle cry for the oppressed for dehumanization and travailed to wisdom.
Standing on the word of the CREATOR he was propelled on the platform for which he began.
In the spirit of Steve Bilko his voice went across the soiled blood stain land of his forefathers.
Standing triumphantly and declaring freedom his offsprings would live where destruction once stood.
A MAN IN TIME delivered a nation for the cause of humankind his spirit will forever be his legacy.

THEODORE MOSLEY