

Caddo Parish Poet Laureate Work Samples

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'Keep Hope Alive'

There's much about this life I have yet to learn. But I'm still ambitious. I'm still a product of my environment. I'm still learning how to deal with it. Who to love? Who to trust? How to overcome my challenges? How to challenge myself to thrust?

I'm not sure about sudden goodbyes that lie on the roads ahead. Don't know how many miles I have left before I exile. What I do know is I ain't dead. My heart still pumping. My lungs still function. As long as there's breath in my body, I can be excited about something. Miracles grow in my habitat. Mirrors reflect my mind's reflection. I Hope they find where my words are at. Maybe they'll start to Dream. Maybe the rising and the falling of the Sun won't set on them so young. Maybe, just maybe their shadows can spread their wings. Some little kid wants to be an astronaut. But if Hope never reaches his lungs.....it doesn't matter if he's astro or not. Hopefully he can float through the spaces. I'm hoping his spacecraft doesn't break in half. On Hope's behalf. I Hope he lands on the bases. Hopefully crime doesn't rob him of his time. If we hurry, we don't have to worry...When Hope arrives, he'll start flying. Plus a thousand little more astronauts like his kind relying solely on a wing and a prayer, very little self-esteem, very little H2O by the time his Apollo turns 13. Emotional stains on him. Give him a proper title not another dry cycle. I Hope it rains on him. And Hope enters its proper place beneath the soil, where he's coiled in God's amazing grace, shaping those that bear witness. A laborer of love. A free will spirit. An ordained apprentice. This ain't about quitting. It's about being relentless. Starring Hope right in the eyes. Hopefully my bystanders got quick handles. I'm Hoping they don't watch Hope drive by. Pedal to the medal. I've got severe scores to settle. My Grandma passed away. I hope I find the cure for cancer one day. Too many heroes unsung. A mass choir. Will sing you out your Sunday attire. But..They caught cancer in the lungs. Found a lump in their breast. Memorized their notes but Alzheimers laid them to rest. I hope we can wake up. SPEAK into their eyes before God decides to take em' up. Hope is what we're asking for. Hopefully Hope is something we both share the same passion for. I hate to see Hope deferred. Turned down. Rejected. Flat out intercepted. Caught between a rock and a hard place. Hope ain't always easy to chase. It can disappear quick. Hiding between a rock and a hard place cemented between two bricks. That's right! Get in if you like. Click it or Ticket. You don't wanna pay the price. Hopefully you follow precautionary paths when you drive. Hopefully the traffic ain't jammed. I hope we got enough ram to make it to the other side. Where Hope can honor its new habitat. Safe, sound, secure, Mirrors reflect our minds' reflection for sure. Picture paragraphs reloaded I Hope the H2O flows where it's supposed to go. I Hope we don't leave the seeds Hopelessly devoted. Relying solely on a wing and a prayer. When Hope arrives, they'll survive. They won't get robbed of fresh air. As long as there's breath in the body, I can be excited about something. My heart still pumping. My lungs still function. This ain't about quitting. It's about Hope. About Drive. Our #1 responsibility is to give Hope agility and 'Keep Hope Alive.'

A Butterfly Away

Before I knew the butterfly's name, I
knew of its wings,
I knew of its dark
shadows and ability to transform
things.

My Grandma said, "Better days
will come."

A young caterpillar enjoys
the Rising of the Sun.

As I look into all
that I hope to achieve,
I realize I'm no
longer stationary; I shall soon have to
leave.

For many moons have called
upon my name....

I've heard the cries
of many skies and still I came....
To spend my transformation where
I'm appreciated the most,

One butterfly
away from peace. "A Butterfly Away"
from my post.

'Gold Rush'

There's gold in those minds we cast away as lost and forgotten. When caves are dug deep enough, gold deposits can lead to a gold rush. The look on those miners' faces when they find a gold nugget. Sometimes millions of dollars are spent just to barely fill the bottom of the bucket. But the sparkling thought of a mirrored reflection will fill his mental capacity. He's inquisitive. Seek and ye shall find. Answers to a series of questions. Compensation for his dedication. He's driven across closed roads looking for a gold mine. Only to find those caves empty and abandoned. A stork flies overhead, drops him a note a Locksmith wrote, and here's what the note said. "There's gold in those minds we cast away as lost and forgotten. Go far into the tunnels of Autism and carefully examine the complex collages." Start with the prefix AU. AU for Golden properties and Gold shall be added into you. Authenticity can be viewed in the autistic. They may have difficulty staying within the color spectrum, but nonetheless, they are colorific. The challenge comes when attempting to communicate from a black base. The audience may see them as incoherent. I see them as potential energy with spectacular traits. 24 Karat Gold Bars; Worth more than their weight in Gold. Competent enough to count the Gold coins in their own jars. Questions allow us to audit. Answers tell the psychology embodied in the bye and bye. Any challenge confronting Autism can be connected with words such as Who, What, When, Where, and Why. Autism Speaks! Buildings build character by building upon every puzzle piece. One stands in astonishment, marveling at the mind of the architect. For such an idea to have been authored, the possibilities for completion had to be preset. AU don't make no junk. Gold coins have been known to be found at the bottom of tree trunks, with or without a metal detector. Despite the depth of darkness, Autism is competent enough to activate receptors. Follow those lights reflectors. Does anyone know whether Super Mario was curious or autistic? The mounds in the background, the tunnels he goes down, the bricks he breaks, the risk he takes in order for Gold to be found. The star power is released. The mushrooms he eats for his strength to increase. Curious, yes! But autistic concern could have been the medal earned for his guided quest. Bring on the automation. Everytime I find a gold coin, the closer I get to my desired location. Automatically persons are so quick to pinpoint the problem, they overshadow the analogy. Ask yourself a question. Do you ask yourself questions? Pulled by pictures transferred through the puzzle and the puzzler. Writing, Reading, Drawing, Spelling, Counting. Without the shadow of a doubt, there's Gold in those mountains, where narrow spaces spiral into the underground. A mixture of sound and photographic cellular activity can invoke a meltdown. Parents and caretakers partake in questioning. Where will these autistic tunnels take us? A ministry will show you the mystery behind stone hinges. A photo slide is blocking the

subject inside from carrying out commands or knowing how to articulate, causing the mind to lose control when fine prints and frequencies separate. But when instruments and imaging are artistically combined, notes that the Blacksmith wrote come back to mind. He or she may want to copy the note instead of breaking the instrument, so they may have a clearer understanding of the images cycling behind dark tint. There's a key to unlock animation. The key is to celebrate confusion like a special occasion. Ah Ha! A Golden Moment. Handed down to Lucids Lounge, now if I could only put my finger on it. I'd be equally excited as the Gold miners crossing over closed roads to get to that Gold like a 49er. The sparkling thought of a mirrored reflection will take him to a war zone. One ounce of Gold times a 100 fold will be added to his earnings, transporting through autistic tunnels where problems solving belongs. Mining happens when we pitch our Gold coins into learning. Imagine if Autism was dug deep enough. Vaults would be unlocked and Gold deposits would lead to a Gold Rush.

We Hear You

It's easy to take what we hear for granted. Granted the ability to decide when to lend a listening ear. Many voice boxes talk about a good game. Those voice boxes are not always able to hear. What's to really be made of these voices go unspoken. I listen to speeches from keynote speakers. The keynote was to articulate motion. The deaf are definitely not muted because sound is preferred over silence. Ask a friend about a friend that talks too much. As far as peace and quiet is concerned. High volumes would have to be muffled, in turn Def Jams will have to speak up. I remember hearing myself for the first time through a tape player where tissue was used to capture the recording. In order to record the tape guide had to be blocked from outside noises. I was definitely on to something. As the tape track repeated my voice back, I was hearing again for the first time. For the first time since words uttered from the mouth of babes. I could feel what it felt like to communicate. I kept returning to that tape. My voice shielded from still objects and clutter could only be accessed when the outside world was covered. By separating myself, I took an oath to be the most def..hence hearing was discovered. What I felt compelled to say had already been packaged. A nice vintage box of vocabulary words. Sure the contents spoke volume. The undertone told how the deaf go unheard. A Poet plays the role of the tape player so that hearing can be enabled. Our words pour into verses, verses fulfill songs. The universe is our record label. When we express to produce a visual, we express how to write. This is a Love Song. A Love Song for the deaf to know what music sounds like. We'll block you from the scattered chit chatter so that your message maybe amplified. Our tapes will be your hearing aids. Your voices are an important part of rotation. We'll make sure your songs get played. By adding images to depict storylines, we can find the sound board to draw out contemporary rhymes. Soundproof walls may be installed so that soundwaves don't interrupt our studio time. Sign Language will never stop drawing upon oral tradition. Voices speak in more ways than one. Say something. Our P.A. systems aren't always plugged in. You have the power to teach the mute how to speak. Our ear plugs affect how we comprehend. Speak Up! With any medium you choose. Keep practicing how to perfect song placement until stereotypes are removed. Your words will reach home. Mix and Mastered. A newborn will hear her baby rattle. Teenagers will hear the sound of the speeding train. Adults will hear the wind chimes on the front porches. By the time their elders, they will hear the Sopranos in the attic. Gossip will have become mundane. Try remembering hearing your voice for the first time. Doesn't matter if your listening device was different than mine. At some point you blocked out the world and recorded verses only a maestro could write. You are the masters of your craft. Play us any record you'd like. Where would the music charts be without you? Surrounded by sound bites trying to teeth their way through. A tape lays between the composition and the firmament taping

the rendition. This is your debut. WE HEAR YOU! Definitely! Your Def Jams will be sound scanned. Everytime you speak out loud, Audiologists will have a tape on hand. And when the tape player starts to record, your words will break through the sound barrier into the Music Awards.

“Sunset Gallery”

Art is a product of man in which materials and tools are skillfully used to relate or communicate to a human experience. The walls cried out, "applied perseverance." I anticipated to be animated by every room.

My heart is a product of ART, it belittles me not to bloom. My day is full of ocean spray plus I'm married to the moon. She loves the night light but that's alright...she'll return soon. Full of stories! Hands full of blackberries she picked out the forest, and before she can open her mouth, I'll become filled with God's will and tell her all about....my walk down memory lane, how I walked seven miles to catch a train. General Pain was the conductor. He destroyed trains with no structure. Majestically, I held on. Thou Majesty, decorated me lavishly and blew sapphires into my birthstone.

Plants blossomed and seasons changed. I fell in love with this train. Cruising through the desert plains. I found a place! Where "ARTWORKS" and nothing goes to waste. The soul of an artist. Long hallways that simultaneously and the floors are embroidered. Uncharted!

Red and Gold. I read the floor prints and the painting started to scroll. Colors started to splash, cameras begin to flash. Waterfalls, Beethoven's Fountain and musical mountains pouring out cash. Every motion was a motion picture. Theatrical! Paramount! It sticks with ya'. See "ARTWORKS!" Impromptu, red and blue. They heal when the heart hurts. They awaken the dead. Lost sheep follow Little Bo Peep and music notes cover the ceiling above my head. Micheal Jackson, Fred Astaire, Gregory Hines and Anna Pavlova was there. Dancing on raindrops; Dancing with the stars; I would've danced but I was in an ecstatic trance counting stars. Elvis Presley, B.B. King, Cotton Candy Land and Lucille's strings. Talk about a show! Popcorn, peanuts, jellybeans and cookie-dough. Celine Deon, Nat King Cole, colorful Pendergrass with butterrolls. Alice Walker and Alex Haley. The "Roots" are "The Color Purple," can someone please pass the gravy! The more steps I took, the more pages started speaking volume outside the book.

"ARTWORKS!" Rich land, a market where artist pan and trade hands. A treasure chest. Dorothy's slipper, Shamu and Flipper, the Big Dipper and Zelda's Quest. Park benches where Shakespeare and Mark Twain can see their works on continental airplanes and rest. Only one way in! The safari sun must wave his wand and unlock the lion's den. Then, Mufasa and

Scar, will give you the keys to the seven seas and the Lion King's acoustic guitar. Dip it in the water, discover the ancient quarter. It's for the jukebox. Play Earth, Wind, and Fire when the dragon's crew knocks. Outsmart the fox, sink his battleship and swim out of the boondocks.

You're a soul survivor! Go East and hide by the brook cherith like Elijah. See "ARTWORKS!" like the Great Pyramids of Giza. I've been carving sculptures and painting pictures for a while. If this is "ARTWORKS," I must be the "poster child." Planets revolve around my identity. Venus's wings gave me Saturn's rings and space as an amenity. How many licks does it take to get to the center of infinity.

I'm appalled. Record numbers have gathered to scatter their true colors on the wall. Art teachers, Art lovers, organizations that support ART and satin covers. A love campaign! Smiles, hugs, handshakes, and names. I had Walter Washington and Picasso put it in a frame.

"The Wheel of Fortune!" Only fallen tears could turn its gears, the handles were to scorching.

It unlocked a seal. Edgar Allen Poe, a Sonnet To Science, Einstein, Theory of Relativity, and some poems of mine. Milk and honey, Nikki Giovanni, The Poetic Express and the Energizer Bunny. My status is changing, my decline has declined. The little engine that could is right on time. Talk about a day! I'll have to spend the night telling the Moon why I'm smelling like ocean spray, and, before she can open her mouth, I'll become filled with God's will and tell her all about.... The dolphins, the mermaids, the desert plains, and the Cashcades. The Gravity. The cornerstone the imagination sits on....."The Sunset Gallery."

American Battalion

Freedom Land. We salute and pledge allegiance to the flag. We recognize the stars and stripes printed by the American Veteran. We realize the pride of patriotism printed on the military tag. Here I've inherited the dreams of my father. Flags flown high for the fallen soldiers. Salute! The freedom roads that were once closed paved relief for the heavy burden upon men's shoulders. There's an order we follow to achieve success. There's a Code of Honor we closely monitor to be referred to as 'The Best of the Best.' Alpha, Bravo, Charlie, Delta, Echo. Every branch of Armed Forces that are primary sources to our in vitro. Salute! To the uniformed powers that hold a special place in these lofty hearts of ours. America the Beautiful. Home is where the heart is. Never reluctant to answer the Call of Duty because that's where the start is. Front line, Military time, American state of mind. The virtues of this Country are like grape vines including the missions we've been assigned. The silver lining is back in the den. Salute! To the Purple hearts who've carried the torch for it was America they chose to defend. Wings of Iron Eagles left laying on the battlefield. The blood stained bars of a Captain lay buried under the ruins still. Salute! To America the Beloved, who found her sons missing in action, whose rich soils have sustained our common interests, whose bare hands, blood, sweat, and tears have rendered us satisfaction. Exuberant imaginations have shown us the way. The memories left by these Freedom Fighters is the reason we celebrate Memorial Day. Songs play repeatedly inside our heart shaped music box. The strategies of the conscientious planned in the trenches took Americans "over the top." Salute! We pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America because America is our Homefront, Homestead, Home of the Brave where our forefathers played and pledged. Independence knoweth thy names. The wealth of a nation given to us in grains. We reverence the sacrifices taken to earn those medallions. We've built these bases on the basis of an American Battalion.

“Look Up Child”

Every morning when the bell rings, I know the day has a calling on me. It says to me, “Look up little child”, Aren’t you happy I dialed. I replied, “Just as Happy as Happy can be.” As a matter of fact, I’ve been thinking that.... Maybe I shall call on the day, and command that energy be applied to Education in every meaning of the way. For it has unselfishly given us a school of gifted minds. Presents to present when presentations seem to be running out of time.

Look Up Child! You’re standing in the middle of Midway. If it starts to rain, don’t complain, simple and plain... Trouble can’t stay. Happy thoughts for the right side of the Brain. All those for Brain power raised their hands, then the development came. Education meets Innovation. New classroom tactics. New Installations. ALL this just for us? It must have been a lot of work? Long hours, days and nights assembling power. The goal is to make Education work. Look Up Child! Don’t you ever forget, never judge a Book by its cover. Study the sentences, quotations and parentheses. Stay focused on the subject. Study it. Test time will come. Victory will beat his drum and when that mighty mountain comes, you won’t be afraid. Then you can run home and show off the good grades you’ve made. Rewards are reserved for those that pay attention. Eyes open wide every time school pride is mentioned.

Look Up Child! The children of blessings walk these hallways. Motivating, Understanding, Shaping, Transforming, Accelerating, Nurturing, Growing, Students is what the hall says. And that is our Bond. Each one, Teach one. We won’t leave Education undone. Our yard will start to reflect the Gardens of our Intellect. Seeds will sprout. More precious fruits and vegetables will grow out, and the students will say, “How plentiful the harvest?” Enough Education to go around. Isn’t planting a seed in the ground marvelous? And the Day will say, “where there’s no plan there’s no vision.” Education vs. Elimination. Make a decision.

Look Up Child! Creativity soars on these planes. High altitudes you can reach a star with the right attitude. We refer to it as Reaching Winners Lane. Determined to pursue learning. Five hundred horsepower. State of the Art Mustangs. If you build it, students will come and victory will beat his drum. Then the Day will say, “What a wonderful job you’ve done!” The Mighty Mountain will know defeat. Education will have reached its peak. “HOORAY! HOORAY! The children yelled...as Education continued to prevail. Up in the sky! Only to be seen by the trained eye.

LOOK UP CHILD

Another Poem

Today I'll sit and go over the poetry
talking in my head.
One idea enhances my atmosphere.
Imagination must be fed.
One blank sheet of paper becomes my
landfill of living emotion.
My thoughts come alive before I can revive.
I keep on posting.
Together we tell the secrets of
meditation and its properties...
The creator talks...I keep extracting....we go by proper creeds.
One thing leads to another...thinking
turns to writing...
Writing finds its way to lovers' lane to
be framed in the lighting.
Such a pleasurable immeasurable way
to keep warm.
When it's cold outside, I can always
depend on "Another Poem."

Good Morning Joe

Inspiration may take the Morning in
any direction.

Sure.

I'll have my fill of serenity at dawn.

Productivity paces the traces of
my poetic collection.

Tasks need to be completed.

To do list have to be done.

Quiet thoughts say to me, "Spring into action,"

Be proactive and activate those arousing dreams.

An empty cup appeals to my satisfaction.

A quiet thought says, "Fill it up with grounded coffee beans."

A full cup of fresh coffee now I'm good to go.

Blank pages say, "Hello Poet". I replied.

"Good morning Joe."

A Blanket For Our Thoughts

Not all days are as warm as we would wish.
No matter how much we call upon the comfort of the Sun...some days we miss.
And the Sunrays leave us to wander alone.
Wondering where all the prayers I've called on gone.
Maybe society will never accept a person like me..or..could it be?
My peculiar persona only recognizes sounds that I can see.
The way I comprehend the strings of a violin are therapeutic.
For the therapy to set in..some sounds need to be blanketed and secluded.
Especially when mood swings and every aspect of a Dream has been detached distraught.
But If there's one drop of holistic phenomena left, It can be used to build A Blanket For Our Thoughts.