

Quarantine Quest:

Jrayis Deyond

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Dedication:

This book is dedicated to my grandmother Linda Thomas Sherman and my grandfather John Oscar Hill we lost in 6 months one after the other. My grandfather loved my grandmother so much he couldn't go on living after he viewed her body after she had passed.

I love my grandparents and miss them so much. We'll miss you always your children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren and generations to come.

Signed, Jerrick Thomas

Quarantine Quest

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Dreamland

I heard your voice in a harmony
we created last night.

Wondering the hallways as we
passed each other with a gentle
subtle touch remaining in secret
we see only in our dreams.

You are more than my fantasy
you are my morning sun and my
midnight moon.

You are the song I hear even
when I don't want to listen to the
melody or sing the tune.

Don't tell You Love Me

Don't tell me you love because those 3 little words scare me.

I love you now says I want something from you and I've grown sick of those words.

I'm trying to accept the words in the spirit of truth and truth is I'm not the feeling the love you say have for me truly.

You see I've begun to hate those 3 little words because they've been used like a love story that ends in tragedy.

For every time I've heard the words
a scheme and bad ending was sure to
follow.

Now I'm not saying that hearing the
words are not great but I think I'll
cringe when I hear them because
they're creating negative emotions
inside and I'm over it.

Don't tell me you love.

King's Thoughts

So I'm sipping tea, sitting on my
throne, planning my next big
adventure to come true.

Things are moving slowly but
steady and the best is yet to
come when I think about all
that's yet to be done.

I've grown confident yet
innocent in the writing phases of
my life because the rules are the
walls that I'm pushing down as
the crowd watches in awe or in
horror.

I'm seeing the sights of the sad
relationships crumble at its
seams to realize this is not a
dream it's an unscripted show
and unedited scenes.

Screams of reported strained
cycles and merry go round of
bullets rattling in the streets.

A nightmare symphony of home
going celebration's in dedication
to the fallen.

Life Lessons

It seemed like yesterday I was
born and ever since that smack
on my behind I've had the
privilege to walk around blind.

Then just last night I opened my
eyes to see the sun shine
reflecting on my broking glass
and my vision came in fully clear
as the innocence's of my
blindness disappeared.

Life came into focus like a train
hitting a car while I was standing
on the sidewalk with a soda pop
watching it come into view.

As a child I was very shy yet
open to dream as much as I
could and I had to learn that life
can be much worse even when
things are going great.

Most people who have it all are
either unhappy with their things
or unhappy with themselves
because their souls are placed on
the back shelf in the dark not
seeing the sun until Sunday
morning's second services.

I've learned most people with
their money aren't the most kind
simply because the power they
have has went to their minds and
their masks began to crack when
throwing your money at
someone shows your worth.

I've seen my tragic story turned into someone else's pain when they haven't began to wear my shoes, cried my tears, or felt my aches that has bruised my heart.

I've spent countless nights and times tracing my steps back to when I realized I've cried more during my childhood to fill buckets for mop water and took the love I had for people giving it back to myself when I realized I had become lost.

I found myself walking muddy pavements in search of broken dreams boulevard for a glass of lemonade and ended up with a glass of cherry Kool-Aid and have a bad toothache.

I've dreamed dreams of a love,
love lost and love found, saying
his name as I dreamed of him
kissing me as the sun drifted
across the sky leaving traces of
orange and pink trails as it set on
a pale fall scene.

I've come to see nice smiles and
good deeds are just scoops of ice
cream melted into milk for
cereal, tea or coffee and none of
that excites me.

Your words were your swords
and shields, while your house of
glass and stones are tumbling
down in the quake when you
spoke as I stood still looking into
their eyes now I felt the fake and
saw the real.

Glass Pavement

Broken fragments of pavement
painted the roadway on his
journey to freedom overlooking
his past as he makes his dash
towards his future burning
bright.

Broken bottles and cracked
windows are just pieces of
broken dreams from the weak
and wonder-less wondering the
streets for plastic promises
washed away and fantasies of
what will never be.

Settlers are troubled souls
trapped in tombs, scrapped off

the highways and sidewalks
painted like graffiti sprayed in
neon colors washed away in the
rain.

Multicolor bottles smashed in
the driveway and byways to
keep the strong stripped down
to their many tears stained
shirts.

Pieces of me taking a new shape
and form as I dress my soul for a
new tomorrow that's coming
into focus with glass pavements.

I see on the boulevard as I travel
on to my destiny of dreams
coming true.



This Place Makes Me Sick

I feel sick of these walls or in
these walls I should say.

I grew ill as I climbed the stairs
coming and going growing sicker
each day.

The windows are making me
throw up a little bit and it's
making my ass itch.

This poison lined these walls and
my car is losing it value to see
this lot of lizards that hide in the
shade.

These vermin that climb around
in the ceiling I can only imagine
what they look like on their

backs as they hide from their
nemesis who dreams of catching
Jerry the Mouse the way Tom the
Cat wishes.

These walls carry a stench of
filthy freaks, it's displeasing to
my stomach and I'm looking for
the master doctor to heal this
terrible sickness.

These critters hiding in my
laptop, in the cupboards,
crawling around on my plates,
forks and spoons invading my
food in the fridge man this shit it
makes me wanna throw up
chunks.

I've grown tired of this
disgusting place, cleaning to see

roaches climbing the walls, oh
the fun of it all is driving me to
the hospital on a gurney to cure
this sickness in my belly that's
bothering me.

God, I've witness death over
taking a place of joyless corpses
and I've placed myself under
witness protection for the
lessons I've learned is with more
than the price I've paid.

The tricks that have been played
on me has made me wake up and
open my eyes wider, I hold
tighter to my medication as I
fight this strong and curious
infection.

I've refused the easy to do fixes
of these soiled soldiers of
sadness singing secrets songs of
sirens and I'm not feeling the
spells cast in this place I see a as
spiritual hell.

I'll stay a castaway in my cell as a
slave to this mucus that stains
my lungs and I refused to be
taking over the end.

This place is making me sick, the
air I breathe here, the water I
cook with but don't drink, the
roaches and the painted walls
used to deceive and cure grief,
beware of the contract you sign
on the dotted line without
thinking twice because it could
be your grave in the end.

The Undesirables

Note this is a message to the
misunderstood left forgotten to
their demise.

I've come to the conclusion that
people who struggle the hardest
rise to the occasion when things
seem to be the darkest to see.

Drowning in the rain from people
who don't see the disdain and
distance in your eyes from your
cries?

Wanting to break free from the
burden of being misrepresented
and no longer being seen as a

human being but as case number
210562?

My heart and hope goes out to you
my fellow undesirables, made to
feel that you should be okay with
shitty circumstances seeing death
and dysfunction looking for
change around the corner.

Having to accept the heartless
apologies from the people who've
let you down after they've made
suggestions for your life when
they're not there to share your
pain, shame, and sorrows as you
cry out to God for a better
tomorrow leaving you feeling
hollow.

To be treated 3rd class in a 2nd class
society of case by case with no

justice or joy and wonder if you're better off without the system who leads you to the slums and bums with seen and unseen critters but they'll tell you it'll be okay leaving you to carry on with your burdens.

I now understand the feeling of wanting to control your own life and destiny but being made to feel that thinking, planning or dreaming is a waste of time.

They encourage you to settle for their motives as they plan and scheme your life, love and pursuit of the "American Dream."

The Undesirables....

Prison Break

I'm in a palace designed for
prisoners the manifesto of my
nightmare coming to life.

I was placed in this jail cell
awhile back under a veil an
ongoing ever growing hell and
I'd trade my hair on my chin for
bail.

I was so excited to have a place
again after being homeless that I
was misled.

Now after paying attention for
some time the drugs couldn't
faze me.

I've masturbated so much
refusing to not sleep with
roaches, rats and cats because
the spirit in me craved control,
not a hold to the wrong soul.

I've traded some of my dignity
for sanity, self-respect, self-love
and self-care and the devil is
mad all around me here.

I recently caught this virus that's
devastating the planet, thinking
about it being God's plan that
placed me in this less than holy
land.

I've watched some beautiful
people leave this God forsaken
place that holds more secrets
than the service.

I've dreamed dreams of deceit,
deadly defeat growing distant
because I don't want to fit in
here.

I've recognized the spiritual
spells that sleeps in the space
around enslaved souls stunned
in suspense.

I've cried my heart to the
heavens for the day I'll be free
from this disease of this
disgusting disgrace where I've
been displaced.

I've been set up by the system
because I won't partake in the
filth and flees of fornication.

They're looking to overtake,
decimate and destroy my

passionate flame, my vivid light
and trading it for the living
nightmare of sabotage dreams
all because I masturbate.

What can I say I've learned to
respect myself, my body and
spirit and I'm willing to endure
this until the Creator God said "It
Is Finished."

This is the dream of prison break
a sweet awaiting escape.



He Said

He said he told his friend he
couldn't date me anymore
because quote "I'm Extra" y'all
believe that shit?

Well quote "Your Boring" I fell in
love with him when I was in
college and it was by chance that
our glances turned into a whirl
wind bad romance.

He was a charming son of a bitch
that took hold of my heart, my
mind, and my soul in a word me.

He said he's still friend with his
ex's which is code for I'm fucking

him and you too, looks like the
jokes on who?

Not me but you see I'm the
Ebony Brown Eyed Guy who tied
myself around your heart and
mind, and we grew colder and
older over time.

Our long play and stay overs left
few in between yet he said "I'm
Extra" are you serious?

What changed between the long
phone calls, our quiet time
watching the telly, you holding
me and me holding you, those
cold nights when we made
desire and fire?

When we'd laugh, listening to
music burning herb like rockets,

the morning messages that
became few in between us out on
the scene dripping in finesse,
yeah we were the best dressed
mess.

He said "I was in love with the
thought of you" but what about
all of me see I'm not like the
other guys you've dated?

I'm the one who drove you crazy
because I was me simply and not
blind, deaf, dumb and stupid I
couldn't be, no matter how much
I loved you, I loved me 1st and
more than you did, when I know
I am worthy to be called his.

His thought of love, his boo, his
play thing just like the others

even after I met his mother, I'm
sure she loved me, I'm certain
she did but I wasn't good enough
to be called his.

He said "I can't date you because
you Extra "after 10 years off and
on again, scenes we've seen
played before but I couldn't deny
your knock at my door and keys
you had to let yourself in with.

It's over and no I don't want to
be your friend that you can
backdoor Joe every now and
again, when you know what we
could've been.

Paint Me

Paint me in sex in your strokes
and if you do it just right you'll
paint my love instead of making
it.

Paint me with all your beautiful
colors of dedication, love, and
loyalty, for all eternity in all its
glory.

Paint me in the shade, with a
cool breeze if it pleases you,
blessing me your canvas with
your dreams, fantasies and
thoughts revealing me with your
reality.

Paint me in harmonies, melodies,
music, notes, orchestras,
symphonies, soul stinging strings
and boisterous beating drums
floating in the wind.

Paint me splashing in waterfall
showers smiling in the soaring
sun shining and soothing my
spirit in serenities and
sensations while I surrender to
you my seductive siren.

Paint me in magic a freak show
on a Vegas trip, tease-me, tempt-
me with your tantalizing treat
tickling my fancy until my toes
curl and tender tears trace my
cheeks.

Paint me in Daffodils, Daisies,
Dandelions, Honeysuckle,
Jasmine, Lilies, and Roses.

Paint me in Blacks and Browns,
Diamonds, Gems, Gold, Rubies,
Sapphires, and Silver.

Paint me in Cashmere, Feathers,
Furs, Leather, Linin, Lynx's,
Minks, and Silks.

Paint me with your broad
strokes, gentle stares, glowing
glares, silent tears, and sweet
kisses.

Paint me in matrimony mister to
mister with our brothers and
sisters, crying Mothers and
proud Fathers, friends and
relatives all raising glasses.

Paint me in time millions of
lifetimes shared between the
scenes of scars, shadows,
silenced sounds, sweat and
stains.

Paint me in your heart a secret
picture framed saving me as a
memory for tonight, today,
tomorrow until forevermore into
infinity.

Leave your touches and
blemished truths to stand the
tests of time, a work of art, an
ebony king masterpiece.

I kept that piece you painted a
long time ago across my heart. It
was pure gold, a rare treasure to

have and behold, I buried it
deeply into my soul.

How Much Does It Cost

How much for a mere minute,
one or two dimes just for some
of your time?

I've been flattered by your
morning messages, good night
notes, and now I'm feeling like
the rain drying up after 40 days
and 40 nights.

I've been trying to tell myself just
hang on to what you feel for him
and I'll feel better but
nevertheless there was still no
joy and no laughter.

You're so beautiful to me and I
know I'm more deserving of you
but I'm certain that I may never
have a chance to gaze into your
brown eyes.

I wonder what your soul is
feeling for me when you're not
near me, do you feel my
telepathic thoughts and my
bones grown weary.

How much does it cost?

Too hungry for a feast and don't
want to partake in the in the
meal, to have the champagne,
candles and cake not believing
that this couldn't be real.

I now understand those lyrics to
that song and for so long I

thought in felt confident that the
tune may change and tonight I
lay here tempered, triggered,
tossing and turning, at the
thought of your name.

I've retreated again after feeling
like I've given you so much of my
energy, my thoughts consumed
with your concerns and how do
we breathe with this fire and
smoke that's consumed us, when
will we learn.

Learn that loves a gamble with
the hearts lying on the table
playing our cards making careful
decisions and thoughtful wagers,
to be the loser still left alone in
debt.

How much does it cost?

It cost more than great grief and sorrow, knowing that tomorrow we paid nothing more than nice words, catch phrases and cute stickers.



I'm Irritated

I have a lot of anger pent up from
a serious lack of not being
fucked.

I just want him so bad it's
making me crazy.

Lately I've been losing it slowly
just wanting him to fuck me back
to sleep Chris Brown.

Man I'm dying for your kiss on
my lips, I want to feel your hands
all over me it's making me weak
my Chief, my King Crush.

Your eyes light my soul's dying
fire, they always did kid, even

your smile is driving me up the
wall and across the floors tiles
you sweet child.

I'd sale my tears drop by drop
for one night of us alone in a
spicy night of fun.

I want to feel you, your
heartbeat, your sweat on my skin
and your breath on my neck.

Us laughing madly at the world
as we create our secret garden
we get lost in sharing our sacred
temples of light.

I wanna fall asleep wrapped up
in your arms wanting you the
way you wanted me too.

I can please you, tease you, and
live inside of your love if only for
one night.

Until then I'm Irritated....

I'm Trying To Protect My Sanity

I beg of you please just leave me alone and let me be free.

You see, I'm tired of us playing ring around my heart and me ending up dizzy.

I cried as hard as I could one night because I was tired of this ongoing fight.

I've learned that peace of mind comes with a cost and I've paid the bill of the boss for my thoughts.

I'm just trying to keep my wits
about me I'm begging you to be
free.

Free me from that prison in
your head you've locked me in
with your torcher and your
torment.

I've left you times before but
the door I'm trying to stay out of
fell off the fucking hinges the last
time making me weak that I can't
sleep.

I've seen this scene playing
in my head of what I'd do if I see
you again and I should be over it.

I've grown up from playing
in the sandbox while you're a kid
playing in fairyland.

I've tired myself of you,
your pretty words, ugly lies and
countless excuses running into
your spies keeping track of my
moves of discreet order of
operation happiness and you're
in distraught.

I'm the afterthought in
your life, receiving happy
valentine's texts the next day
while you're laughing and
rubbing it in my face just for the
bittersweet taste

Me laced in lavender,
sweets and spices, tied to your
soul like a baby growing in
mummy's tummy.

You're going insane wanting a
taste of my sweet nectar in my
sensational secret garden for a
chance to heal the hole in your
broken ego.

All the while I'm still pulling the
strings in the show playing
staring me and co starring you
Disney, my beauty and your
beast.

Dear Future Husband

I know we haven't met yet or we probably have at some point, but there are some things I feel the need to explain about me before we go any further.

I've been dating me for the last few years because I've giving so much of me away to lovers in the past that didn't last as I smashed the gas on relationships.

Now I'm not perfect, yes my mistakes I can own after years of thinking with my heart it hurts and my brain has taking over the feeling parts for me.

I've been taking time for my body, heart, mind, and soul to heal and it feels so damn good to own what belongs to me and I'm free indeed.

Now if you're interested in dating and dealing with me and who I am, I'm fun, kind, loving, and smart.

I'm cool with you being yourself I'll deal with you according to how you act and what I see.

I'm not fake or phony and will not be with you and I expect that from you too.

I've settled for bullshit and I'm not playing games with lames and I'll place blame and shame

where it belongs when I see things are not the same.

I'm looking for a spiritual being who's in tuned just like I'm becoming, I see myself as a work of art that's under construction.

I like art, cooking, fashion, football, music, and traveling, can you share these interests. I like to soak in the tub with candles and music could you join me?

Can you teach me how to love the real you underneath as you'll learn with me, my future husband.

Separation Anxiety

I knew I loved you 5 years ago,
when we fell in love like two
strangers on a cruise ship and
we were joined at the hip.

Then somewhere at the sea we
drifted apart with the turbulent
currents of time, drowning in the
water life showered us in so long
ago.

Then one night I was lying with
you feeling unworthy to be
beside you, my heart said to stay
but my head said to move and I
followed it to the couch.

I left us a time or two before
because I didn't know how to
fight for the bond we shared and
had built many years before.

That night you came sailing out
to me crashing onto my island to
bring me aboard your vessel you
captained making me your first
mate.

That night you held me tight in
your grasp like our lives were
depending on it, then and there I
wanted us to float around the
world getting lost in hurricanes,
monsoons and typhoons.

Then one night our ship sailed
into a glacier we went sinking,
we went overboard me

swimming in one direction and
you in another.

I lost the air in my lungs when I
lost you in that tragedy we left
burning pieces of broken hearts,
lost trust and shattered dreams.

Now we're in the middle of a
tragedy that's set to tear us apart
when all I want is to be right
next to you held in that grip I felt
some time ago afraid that if our
ship sailed or sink would we be
willing to ride the waves on that
raft we can create with our
hands.

I walked in love looking for you
to be on the beach with your
arms open and your eyes wide.

I'm not willing to sail the seas of
time alone unless you tell me
goodbye.

I'd rather we sail and drift along
seeing the world together, eating
the fruits of lovely trees, sipping
from our wishing wells of wishes
coming true.

Tell Me How Do You Feel

To wake up every day seeing
you're surrounded by hustler's
liars, scammer's, spies, and pipe
dreams?

Fighting for my dreams sinking
slowly in quicksand, flying away
from me like time ticking away
as I'm keep singing to the heaven
looking for my blessings coming
soon.

I've been stressing over my
future because I just want to be
better and live as I've watched
my life play scene after scene on
screens, my words printed in

books and magazines all from
my dreams.

Sleeping with bedbugs and
roaches crawling on my legs as
my sponsor sleeps peacefully
thinking the little they do is a lot
for me as I sit in my room
fighting for my life each day and
every night.

I'll be real for the next few
minutes in the case that I may
never get this chance again.

It is crazy living in hell being told
your life ain't worth living when
each day you are working with
the lil bit of luck coming in the
smallest moments of time when

you are crying and praying to
God.

Dreaming of celebrities I've met
only on screens, singing their
songs and seeing their pain for
the price of fame, playing the
game.

Posing in pictures, dancing on
their stages, and rubbing
shoulders all while my destiny is
taking form.

I've seen my life change before
my eyes and this flight is bumpy
watching strangers whose used
to taking orders are highly upset
to see a young black talented
man give orders of my own and
sad in a pieces of your shattered

glass because the amateur they
think I am, I am not.

I've seen sexual spiritual spells
splash stairways hiding in stoops
in scenes of grief thinking I'm
just here as another body down
for the party when that's hardly
the case.

I'm a man who knows who I am a
boss, Cancer lover, a king, a
writer and sun kissed chocolate
brother who's more than a bed
warmer looking for pleasure
from the next man when I've
made my stand drawn lines in
the sand.

I'm not slapping skins with sick
spirited sad souls sucking my

seeds sown in saturated soil by
the Creator God in exchange for
meaningless sex for a memory of
 pleasure of my solid gold
 treasure for trolls unworthy.

I'm a gift, rare in form, training
myself the way he shall treat me,
keep me, and chase me like
money and not like prey.

Caring to share in my vision of
love, a power couple even in our
struggles, we will build a castle
of stone, marble and bricks not
of dirt, sand and sticks, painting
our walls with love, gold, purple
 stripes and blue stars.

Creating cherished moments of
memories built over meaningful

conversations and broken masks
filling our prescriptions of
medicine to heal broken hearts.

Now that I've painted you my
smudged picture can you answer
my question, tell me how do you
feel?



Scholarshipless

My 1st attempt at that scholarship made me feel like I had the chance to make my dreams come true and the 1st rejection letter to me said this is not the one for you.

My 2nd attempt at that scholarship I'll admit I was anxious maybe nervous but I applied again for sure this time I thought I'd win but I was kicked dead in my face.

By the 3rd and 4th times I was agitated and offended to the

point of contemplating suicide in bed with tears in my eyes.

I went from requesting help to begging for the same help that never came, the definition of insanity while the people I'm asking to help are sitting at the top are laughing their ass off at me at my bottom.

Taking advantage of my positivity, jumping through hoops, running in circles just to be let down, to tell me we admire you and your quest in the pursuit of your bachelor's degree.

Now funny thing is I know I'm worth the investment, look at my

grades, ask my teachers and
peers not my GPA, I'm making
major moves and my futures
burning bright even though I've
begged for it.

What do they have that I don't
that makes me less than
deserving of my education, I'm
southern uh yes, black and that
won't change just like my name
but I'm worth more than your
measly \$1000.

I'm not sorry for saying any of
this tonight because my dreams
are so close I can taste it but
becoming plastic is so cheap and
weak.

I'm not settling for less or being called 2nd best, because I am proud and saying it with my chest.

I am Scholarshipless....

Flashback

I remember I was 9 years old
when the car accident happened,
it was the 1st day of school and
half sleep me wanted to tag
along for the candy run.

I remember the car hitting me,
swimming on the hood, swinging
like a leaf on a tree, then hitting
the ground like an apple rolling
to a stop.

From there things went fuzzy
then there was a bright light it
was all I could see, it was warm
all around me, it felt like I was

home, the room was glowing and I didn't feel any pain anymore.

Meanwhile my family was praying to God, praying to their lungs hurt and I could feel their energy all around lifting me up.

When I was finally awake I didn't realize all the changes I would be going through.

They never told me I'd never process information the same as other kids, that I'd read slower than them as well, being labeled Special Ed or Special Needs and I had no clue.

I've done things out of habit, young lost in sin not able to see my state of strain, I pray I'm

forgiving now realizing my
mistakes were me finding my
identity, trying to see who I was
freeing.

I saw my 1st angel a real ghost
my last day in the hospital NOT
understanding then that a new
life and journey had begun.

I was coming into a frequency
that was beyond me, that I
couldn't see and I'm now
beginning to understand the plan
the Creator has for me.

Flashback....

Here We Go Again

We've well I'll speak for me I've
been praying and meditating
lately for love equal to my
dreams, thoughts and wishes.

Now I'll admit being single this
long has made me a different
man and that man is hard
around the edges on my surfaces
yet I'm fizzing like a hot Coca-
Cola.

I can be a selfish fool whose in
love with a man I think loves me
back and now after been tossed
back and forth now my puzzlers
sore.

You see I've been tossed around
like leaves blowing in the wind
and I've grown tired of being
dizzy and sick, can you tie me to
a post, lock me down with a ball
and chain on your heart?

I've staked my claim for this
man's heart meanwhile I'm
holding tight to mine like a dog
with a T-bone when he's there
waiting for me to make a house a
home.

Now last night and this morning
silent tears traced my face when
I think of how foolish I've been
when we've already won the
game we're still playing is a
damn shame.

I'm inspired by you in ways
unknown to me, you're my muse,
my work of art I've painted in
the colors of my soul that I'm not
done making all of you beautiful
on my canvas.

So here we go again, I'm destined
for my dreams to come true
because I want to share my
dreams with you.

Fairytales and Fantasies

Have you ever dreamed of a time
when you could have the one
you desire while your heart
catches on fire when you hear
the thunder roaring and
lightning striking the skies when
the rain begins pouring down?

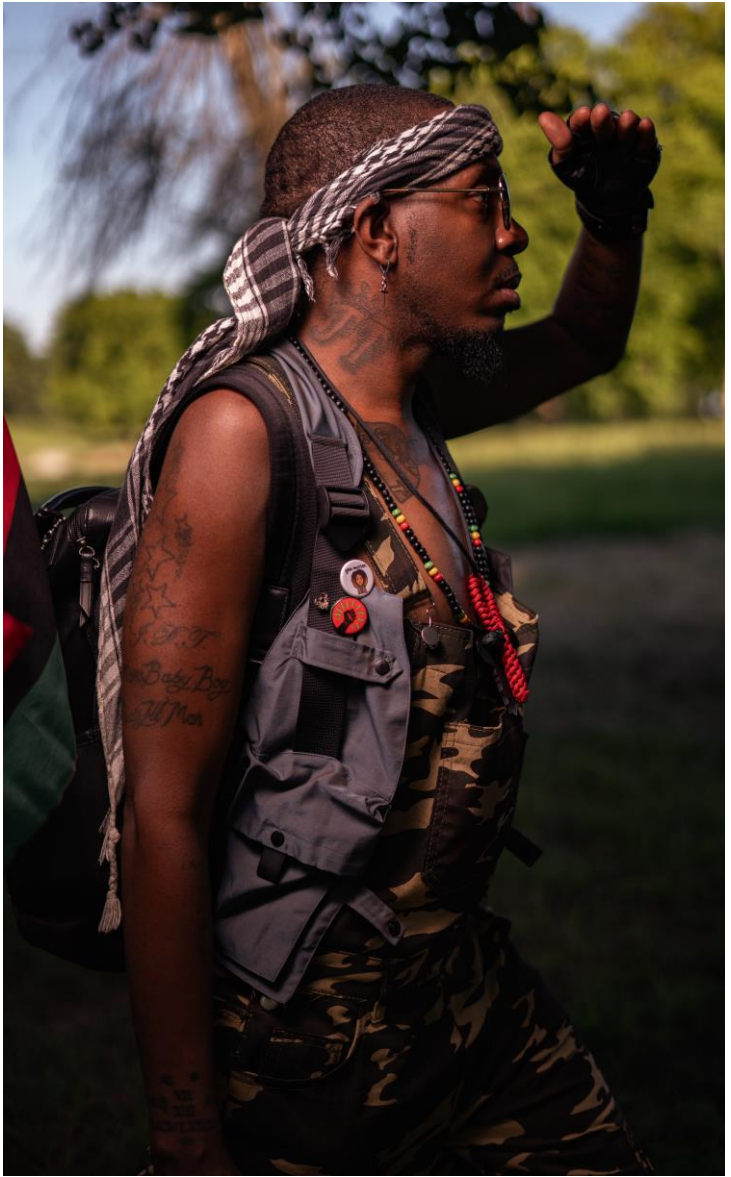
I spent the day resting in bed
after finally saying what needed
to be said to my long time crush
groove and now I'm lying here
thinking of what's to come after
what I've done but something is
different my fears have
disappeared.

Last night was the longest I've ever had with tears tracing my face in a race to see which one hits the ground 1st as I thought of my groove crush soda pop, my stomach in knots, I've been emotional but this time I couldn't keep it together.

I was thirsty for him, his eyes, his smile, his scent, his kiss and I was Cinderella's glass slipper left behind as the clock on the wall struck midnight wanting to get lost in his love, us out of site our reputations attached to our names, sharing our flames, making every dream come true that we spoke and unsaid in our prayers.

I wanted to be there beside him
running my hands in his hair,
blowing herb basking in his
glow, looking him in his eyes as
he pour his love into me as we
levitate into a celestial universe
of sweet kisses and long steady
strokes.

We fall fast asleep wrapped in a
fortress, a pyramid, a home away
home after we've made our
music and sing our song, I long
for the day as I pray in this piece
so sweetly, writing my fairytales
and fantasies.



Closed Curtains

The lights go down and the
shows over.

I head to my dressing room to
remove my costume and take off
this make up.

Sitting in my custom made blue
chair with the lights shining all
around my vanity mirror and the
tears begin to race down my
face.

I'm the star of this lonesome
show a tragic love story that
came to an end, no longer lovers
and sadly not even friends.

I'm a budding flower now
blooming, smelling sweet like
sugar and vanilla.

I draped myself in jeans, a t-shirt,
hat, sneakers and sunglasses
nothing fancy because things
don't make me happy.

I'd rather dress myself in you my
love, adore myself in the look in
your eyes I haven't seen, wash
myself in your smile, and cover
up in your charms away from the
harm of the storm.

These warm stage lights hide me
when I'm in a scene. These
flashing lights shine on these
blood sucking parasites makes
me wanna scream.

The reviews are one in a million,
the love from my viewer is
stellar, the numbers are great yet
my heart is numbing like
concrete dried cement.

I'm attracting bad actors with
little to no talent or no
personality, tacky skits and
horrible scripts and damn it
somethings gotta give here.

As I head out the theater doors
where the crowds waiting to see
me while their going crazy,
maniacs going nuts for
autographs and selfies yet I still
couldn't find you to be there for
me.

I didn't need you there cheering
me on but it would've been nice
to have your love and support
behind the scenes, your arms to
run into waiting for me
backstage.

The curtains come down, the
people are gone, the shows
finished and I'm still half empty
or half full.

What will come from all this
shine, a lonely toast, and song
less ride home.

Only these are closed curtains....

Sorrow's Passing

After all the time that's past I can
only imagine how we could make
it last.

Tonight I'm going crazy insane
wrecking my brain because I
want to be with you and I don't
know if you want me back.

When I last saw you I couldn't
open up to you because I
couldn't believe you were here.

It was the happiest moment to
dream of you then wake up to
you the very next day.

I didn't have the words, I still
don't even today but I have to
respect your wishes no matter
the agony that dances on my soul
knowing I don't want to let you
go.

No matter what I've said, how I
prayed or tried I can't let you go
and that's no lie.

I don't want to hurt anymore
because you I truly adore and I
really should go on but the
sorrow's passing and the pain is
sore.

Bathroom Baptism

I've grown tired of these daily reminders of the struggles in my life.

From the TV to the computer and the updates, I'm just plain sick of it all.

To have it shoved in your face knowing you're a case number in a world designed to help them while making you feel worse.

I'm looking to drown my sorrows so I soak in these oil potions and healing sands I can

cure the blues dancing around in
my head.

I should take 1 final dive and
release my soul from this cold,
and then I think about my family,
my Mama and my friends who
would hate to see me leave.

I think about the man I love and
how his heart would never stop
bleeding tears I'd never see.

I think of the strangers and
others who would love to see me
gone and it dawned on me that
I'm still here.

I'm here to share my past to save
someone's presence, to share my
stories and poetry to inspire and
uplift someone.

To sing lifting my voice to reach
another soul that needs to hear
what God's miracle of Grace and
Mercy has done for someone like
me.

I'm bound to my chains I break
with my own hands while I'm
taking a chance to change my life
thanks to my bathroom baptism.

It's my personal River of Jordan I
swim in when this life reminds
me of the humbleness I've gain
that came at a cost of my body I
gambled with for pleasure and
that came with a greatness of
pain.

I deal with the price tags I can't
buy or the love I want for me
came and went walking bye.

Crying somber still silent tears as
I swim in a flowing song of my
sins I wash away but could never
be totally free.

Wishing Well

Dear Wishing Well,

I hope this finds you like my
daddy used to say but today is
not the day, I've dried away
many miles of tears and fears
saying I'll be okay either way.

Wishing well, why is it that I'm
dreaming of him even when he
slept beside me, I felt strange
and silly but secretly I was a kid
at Christmas time or was it my
birthday?

I left him with my scent dancing
in his head as we partied ways

after a four year stint and just
for one night he was back in my
sight Luther Vandross.

He is my castle, my kingdom, my
music and today I just wanted to
lose it because I crave him even
in my rage, is this shit strange
wishing well?

Singing songs to the pale moon
overlooking our worlds so
distant no matter how close we
are soaring across this black
night as shooting stars.

Shining burning fire that we try
to protest and the confession is I
don't want to put it out in fear of
losing him again already when
he ain't even here.

So I write this wish tonight that
time has sent him back my way
after it has passed us by wishing
well why?

I drifted in my ocean washing my
soul in scents of surrender,
peace, and serenity while my
body I can't seem to clean until
he's breathing on me.

Wishing well cast a spell that
only you can because I can't love
that boy until he's a man and my
heart is back beating pulses on
the sea of time as my mind eases
and drifts down the pavement of
desire to inspire and repair a
love we once shared.

ASE, ASE, ASE

Blowing these candles out let the
miracle begin as we mend the
pieces of broken dreams.



Lovely

Living

Outstanding

Vivid

Everlasting

Leading

You're Way

Lottery Ticket

ME: Hey let me get some lottery tickets.

CASHIER: What numbers you want to play?

ME: Let Me Get 1, 3, & 7 for my pick three and 1, 7, 8, and 9 for my pick 4.

CASHIER: You wanna play the multiplier on these for 1 dollar each?

ME: I'm feeling lucky today, yeah I'll add it.

ME ALSO: Add one love, two
soulmates and three chances.

After the last time I saw you I
started playing the lottery with
my head and heart my tickets.

Playing poker faces and Russian
roulette with a dream lover my
winning hand of King of Spades
and Queen of Hearts in a
dangerous game of endless real
love.

Taking chances betting on my
gifts bestowed and blessed from
the Creator God because my ship
is coming in over the horizon in
orange sun rise.

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