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The Book Of Art

(Reflections Of The Soul)



By: tilldeathdo.us.art

THE
BOOK OF ART
(REFLECTIONS OF THE SOUL)

MPHO MTHINI

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FOREWORD

This book is about a journey of a broken boy who gives so much to the world and loses himself in the process. With a fatherless presence and a single mother with an overdose of hustle portion.

His mind is a natural intelligence yet oppressed by society and its efforts, he is artistically gifted to the core and his abilities are of highest volume. He is a revolutionary of art in a society that opts to embrace education but what they are really doing is teaching the mind to program habits that are only beneficial for them.

He understood that he had to free his mind in order to be one with self. He possesses an energetic aura and presence so to them it is intimidating. He is like a tree, his roots are firm like steel and his growth goes through storms and hurricanes but when the summer comes they eat fruits of his labour. He was ignorant in his teenage years and played with hearts the female species, relations gave validation and his was oblivious to the system.

He eventually grew and became one with himself, in need of attachment or to feel loved because he lived his life in search of something to hold on to thus he was introduced to artificial love which was destroyer of his soul to real in reality, disputes in his family didn't do any favours, so in a world of pesticides he was alone but perseverance was persistent.

He soldered on and eventually found poetry which was his liberation.

Hope you enjoy the excursion of sorrow, hope, toxic love, real love, God, water and art.

We appreciate your love and support. Free you mind.

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Epigram

**"We only met one night but in our future I was a thousand live"
Jaden smith**

Interlude

I pray the lord
My soul to keep
If I have to die here today
If you look into my eyes
You can see the pain
I don't think it's going anywhere
I live in pain
I live in sorrow
I live in utter despair
She took my heart
Made it her own
I don't think she even cares.

If I have to die
Pray my soul to save
I don't want to live in distress
Gave you my heart
You cut it open
Now there's blood everywhere
Now I live in a mess
Surely you can tell
But I swear I embrace
I live for poems
Put my life on the line
With only a pen and page.

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Intro

**Forget about your mind
I welcome you to true energy
We seek refuge in nature and water
You are allowed to be a student of a
Higher perception of reality
After the experience you shall not
Reciprocate the same
Be wise with your fifteen minutes
Of fame.**

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The Book of Art

**Pages colonized by blood of cuts from the heart
Welcome to my black whole
Be careful you are not hypnotized on the excursion
Of pain
The journey might be draining
Be careful you don't get monopolized by intention
You mind might meet its ending
A tsunami of tears couldn't erase the ink of honesty
Noble, humbled lodged with modesty mean while
Infatuated by depression and anxiety
Poetry could liberate prosperity
The book of art, reflections of the soul.**

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Cell 26

I am a legislator of the world
My words are the true freedom
Do not credit my vicarious ways
Crystalline metamorphic form of limestone
Radiating multitudinous energies to the in need
The truth is rooted in the genes of these streets
Ironically lies delicate like darker veins
In the marble of these walls

Telepathic communication with the past
Intention it to retract the impact of slavery that never lust
Together with art we can surpass
Classifications like "middle-class"
Slaved to a generation socialized
Mind traumatized from being
Organized to the principles of socialism
Are you free of your mental prison?

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WATER

Dehydrated souls quench their
Thirst with deceptive faith
A fountain of purified liquids was
Near yet out of reach
Sceptics merged with critics to give birth
To the destroyer of a supreme higher power
Atheists lodged with agnostics to disregard
The existence of a greater higher power

See to me god is not dead but is the balance of all things that exist.
I am not fooled by religion
And when am weak I do not dive into prescriptions
For my faith needs no description
I am not taken by superstition
I am my own religion
Maybe that's why I listen to my intuition
And disregard antagonistics

Maybe faith was a notorious protein
For a nebulous belief
For my relation with God knows no defeat
Low-key because the world can't hurt what
They can't see, not that I am discreet.
Justification I do not need.
Reminisce words of Suli Breaks
"Don't confuse human need with human greed"

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BYE

**I am practically impractical
Sleeping with insomnia
Dreams are inferior
Suicidal thoughts are superior
We shall meet in the after life**

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Rape

Denied her a future
Her life is full of torture
Stripped off her dignity
Formatted a new fatality
Destroyed her innocence
Because of your ignorance
She lived a life of intolerance
Her purity became moderate

Blade cut through skin to release pain
Practices of the modern age
She breathes fear
Night time unlocks her tears
Vision blurry, never clear
Your lies are of high essence
Deceptive aroma
Put in panic by your presence
Existing is not so pleasant

Wars in the mind, cells are battle fields
Where deep thoughts fight
Soul exhaust, depression is victorious
In her sleepless nights
Would she ever be esthetic for the rise?
Of the sun?
Question that rise in the molecule
Optimistic about death, encrypted wealth

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NOMAKHOSI

Close to my heart not anxious to leave
Excessive exhalations as she breathes
A fragile soul is torn
She is scared of my own kind
So my to calm her down may decline
Sleepless as we converse through the night
About stars that portray hope so bright
Retrieved mind, participation emancipate
Stripped of her youth, resulted to oppressed thoughts
Actions she couldn't avoid
Now nightmares she cannot abort
My presence regulates her fears
Saved her from an ocean of tears
Superhero only used his ear.

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Nosipho

When you sleep is when she wakes up
To work hard to address her sibling's desires
Body enslaved to malicious man with no plan to retire
Soul exhausted from facing reality
Society shooting with fatalities that harmed the mentality
The night became her play center
During the day academical intelligence is embraced
If there is a god could he execute his plans?
For a young soul is dying in despair

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Nomakhosi P2

She felt like a fountain of bottled up emotions
Giving him mixed emotions
Conscience was no man's compass
Chaos was a friend of his
No one could tell history but him
How he forced his way into her jeans
Night after night she feels weak
Pedophiles chasing in her dreams
Pain owned blueprints to her heart
So it colonized everything
Hope was a freedom fighter that could
Never win the war
Mental screaming "dying is a wild night and a new road"
In the midst of epiphany dawned on her
All she prays for is for art to save her
And elevate to mental welfare

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Biindos

Love venom poisonous as a snake
Integrated fake emotions am crying a lake
Could never be dehydrated when am
Swimming in pain
Addiction, syringe hydrating the vein
Wickedness was your origination with
A face beat of purity
So all i saw is a woman of integrity

Be it that my soul is killed, look at your
Hands for their blood stained
For in your skewed mind manipulation
Is ingrained
I don't regret showing the depths of me
For I am open like a book but don't ever
Judge me by my cover
Stole my soul without a balaclava
How brave are you?

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

I sleep in nightmares

Treated me like a cigarette, needed me when you're longing
Consciousness with profound obliviousness
Spiritual convictions adjusted to mass's desires
Do you evaluate the stigma attached to pain?
Spiritual intellect awakens one's mind
But you were not the one, so i shall not define
Blew me off like trade winds from the northern hemisphere
Relief to your atmosphere
If you know the truth and not tell it
You too are part of the problem
I sleep in nightmares

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Never Know

In all realism of existence, serenity and
Tranquility is the root of me.
I breathing eradicates the pain in me
Shackles relocated from your hands
And feet to the brain to strengthen the
Roots of slavery
The truth was unorthodox on your
Route to bravery
Idiosyncratic with ways of attempting
To destabilize your pain
Only you and I know the meaning of
These words.
Only you and I know the pain and
What it is worth
Only you and i know the nightmares
In the lucid dreams
Only you and i know how obscure the
Vision is.
I'd rather be killed by arrogance than to
Live a life of tolerance
Only you and i know what this truly means

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Young Black Boy Rise

He moved with caution, as he was about to meet his maker he lost the location
As he tried to channel perfection, he disclaimed the remote with oppression
Because of his premonitions, he became oblivious and disregarded society's manipulation
Focus was content, respect was important and the silence spoke volumes
In a journey of success driven by passion a boy was in gear
In an authentic and creative route, the destination had no fear

He moved with caution, his footsteps were untraceable as if he walked on water
As they tried to channel rejection he became rebellious, his cold heart turned hotter
Though he was stuck in an ignorant society, his visions were vivid
He understood that perception is highly opinionated and not a dictator
Through his rocky experiences with storytelling he could be the narrator
In a generation of pesticides and terror, with his crafts he could be the creator

He moved with caution in comparison to his dreams the big walls of the city were microscopic
As he tried to channel honesty, deception and mental manipulation were prehistoric
They won the battle but the war was far from over as inspiration had escalated
Peers had mastered killing confidence so the murder was premeditated
He uttered the truth to the youth and the results showed transparency was
Reflective
When his soul was dehydrated, God reinstated the juices of productivity thus he was unstoppable

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Intruder Alert

She wakes up in the middle of the night for a glass of milk
Shadows retrace her footprints to perplex her inner peace
She is restless as if she is running from her dreams, sleep isn't
What it seems.

Whales disorient in shallow waters
Emotions desiccate in dry patches
In need of irrigation, for crops of her heart were scorched
Heart declined so invitation was spurned
Could she see the intruder?

I doubt she can, tears haze her view as i fear she may have lost
Sight of the vision blinded by emotions as she walks in the dark
Alone.

The pain has deformed some familiar images of hope and
Obfuscate origins, the result of feelings befuddled on their own.
Memories i do not condone
Senses that couldn't sense the utmost senseless senses
Unreachable as if she was cursed
Could she see the intruder?

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Drug Ink

Enslaved by a temporary high
The consumption redirects
Me to a different sky
Creatively i comply
Addictively i rely
Relations i decline
If they do not contribute
To my high
What do i desire?

-TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Alarms

Telepathy between your mind and your
Heart is transmitting false messages
To you love is a concept not a feeling
So you are led to a misconception
I must say you played your role, your
Actions made my life a sorrow movie
Very industrious with your acting
Took my heart and misplaced it

Your heart hurled gratuitous intents.
A gregarious boy left insular
Chasing his dreams was his only hope
If not his lifeless head would hang on
Rope.
Ephemeral eloquent relished his heart
And tore is apart
Enlightened by days in the dark
The notification raised alarms

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Tail

She is a philanthropist of death
Always there in the times of need
A humanitarian of graves
There is space if you wish.
Everyone with emotions could feel
That the love she gave was never real
To the introduction of her absence
Tore the boy's deepest rib.

Everyone with eyes could see
How pain was crystal clear
Heart built with fear, foundation of a
Mad atmosphere
Lost self on the verge to find her
Chasing shadows like he was cursed
In his mind his undressed so naked
Thoughts manifest

Everyone with eyes could
See the boy was broken
Spirit of a fighter and a
Mind of the woken
Dead inside his soul
Was stolen so true
Life was potent
He is a conundrum

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Human Error

Human life is an existential horror
Your destroyer is your brain
As it ages slowly like an hour glass,
It portrays human execution of high
Class
Embroided minds and disconcerting
Thoughts
A life destined for oppression
Death treaded like a misconception
So when it comes it seems like a depth
Collection
Evil correlated with deception
Life birthed contractions
Disconnected me from life to
Connect me to fantasy
Escape a scripted future time

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Regret

She forced her mind through
Labyrinthine journeys
Ruefully regretting her toxic actions
Improvident sordid gutters of her heart
Needed cleaning
Disinfect after reaching
May be destined for destitute in a later life,
So future he awaits to arrive.

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Sex 18PSVL

**Intimate rolacosta
As i travel through a
Body of a Goddess
Just when i thought
Excursions were pointless
Sexual residuals are competent
Credentials are intense
As i caress her inner self
Orgasms are inner wealth
Submissive yet egocentric**

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Forbidden

**Pedophiles perpetuate programmed
Minds
A whole nation fell apart, secrets of
The dark
I mask my shame with good deeds
Validation becomes a need
Consolidate contemporary lust in this
Human age
Mind oppressed in cells of imprisoned
Thoughts
No bail could have a date for the
System is already fake
When colour dictates whether
You make or break
Lost souls of the forbidden travel
Through lust days for living
Destroying fragile companions for their
Sorrow is a gateway to their existence**

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Index Page

**Consumed by lust
Our union inhibits love
Your heart became an
Unfamiliar destination.
A spirit-less congregation
Saved by an angel with
Dark shadows
An open book with
Missing chapters
Don't ever judge a
Book by its cover
The index is the
Supplier**

-TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Am sorry Mama

**Every being is created with ideology,
Imagine how hard minority exhaust
Their ideas to prove they are worth
Of a promotion.
Energy drained so home only knows
Commotion
Always following rules for you to
Chase your dreams
Wishing to take advices that people
Never give
Effort to deprive her offspring paths
She went through
Resulted to a broken boy who was
Resentful
I am sorry.**

-TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Art saved her (Indigo spirit)

**Crumbles of her baked heart scattered
Abilities to reunite were shuttered
Chefs were unqualified masters
Clearly the qualification was from
Harvard
Finding herself was hard to learn
So education was never the key to
Wealth
When she graduated, art was birthed
Conceived in a heaven of hell
Her actions could never rebel
So her creative artistry escalated well
Maybe destiny prevailed and to
Articulate she needed no help**

-TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Wild Life

Everything that you see is a molecular structure
Poverty is an arrangement of atoms in a molecule
Nature is totality, and matter is anything and everything
That occupies space, all energies, frequency and vibrations
Reprimand yourself that you are here to cultivate your
Own understanding of self.

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Unicorns

Her spiraling horn projecting from her forehead
In my mind she is mythical, yet in my heart she is
Legendary
Fell in love with her dream for reality wasn't what
It seemed
She appeared in the early Mesopotamian
Artworks
Her existence from there became permanent

Her presence makes me vibrant
Feelings are organic; the thought of her is orgasmic
I need water for life is like a pill i can't swallow
Should i lead or should i follow?
With her i live no sorrow
Eyes that can't see pain with vivid visions
Silence so loud i hope we do not hear our
Ending calling

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Resilience

Her deepest aspiration was to swerve
Through prosperity and embed it in
Memory
To embrace her inner being that wanted
To tell a story
Humility was a prerequisite of accepting
Things that compromised her sanity
So in reality losing herself was her fatality
Established a ruthless relation with time
So the real her could never be found

She became a conspiracy theory, the
Camouflage and secrecy of espionage
So futuristic she was presented as an afterlife
When she was Vinny Chase her pain
Was her entourage
And it truly played its part
Taught to stay calm but her mind
Resisted
Never wanted to die but fate insisted
Regardless she lived a life of resilience

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Smoke

**Imagine if the unity of
Fighting against violence
On women and children
Was as effortless as a
Relationship of strangers
Who smoke?**

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Sparking Lies

**Admonish the patterns of my
Excursions through love
Destiny has no protection
Humanity has no protection
The truth is a rapid oxidation
Your lies are conflagrations
The light on incandescence is intense
Colours of the rainbows are pale
Please let my heart run away**

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Guillotine

Incinerated her soul to ashes
Disintegrated her feelings like magic
Decapitated her emotions with passion
Credentials of the murder was of high fashion
Executed her heart like a guillotine
Hopes of our love to intertwine
Deteriorated like this confidence of mine
Molested her tinder mind like a pedophile
So her sexual energy shall never reconcile
Unity was like an attempt to fathom the ocean
A bond became a milestone to assimilate
Maybe it was an enigma to stimulate
So she obliterated his memories with no caution

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Beautiful

The idea of beauty has been globalized
Creating homogeneous aspirations
And distorting people's self-image
Across the planet.

Is it worth it?

Diluting your existence with frictional
Beauty.

Forfeiting nature's duty

Conforming in an unattainable bully
Shining with confidence but when its
All you are drying in the shadows
Enhancing your demeanor, strangely
Admitted descamisado

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Immortality

Abet abnegate abominate
Regal renounced ignorance
Pronounce the youth as the future
Segregate man from pain
Liberate your mind and
True abilities shall be uttered
Disregard mental oppression
As you dance with the devil.

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Toxic

I am toxic
I am a misfit
I do not behave well around humans
I infatuate your reciprocal conscious
With chronic thoughts
I submit my soul unto you, for i might
Destroy yours

I am toxic
I am a rebel
I speak of fractional fragments of your
Deepest soul contaminated
I seek not of any repentance
I am oblivious to human's ways of
Living

I am toxic
I am an indigo
I speak unqualified redemption
I speak of natural intelligence that rely
On understanding
Resurrect banished thoughts that
Deplete any chance of hop

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Dodged Death

**Body tied to an empty soul
Her hands were full of blood
Her mind contemplating reasons
Maybe because my heart was bleeding from toxic love**

**Thoughts tied to memories of deception
Her heart ambushed by guilt in search of redemption
Her intuition trapped in the loud silence of her sorrow
Maybe that's why i could not aspire for the birth of tomorrow**

**Dodged death that philosophers couldn't distinguish
The kind of death that retracted atheists to church
Losing myself to a point that i doubt my worth
Her cerebral cortex snuffles in the absence of my heart
Maybe our aura had always intertwined**

- TILLDEATH.DO.ART

Flowers and Grapes

Impart unto me the fruits of your love
And I'll loath feelings of sorrow
Premeditated change compensated tomorrow
So hope infiltrated
And pain incarcerated
Throttled agony resulted to
Resurrection of hope
Garroted envy transpired for the
Development of trope
Inspections of my heart need no
Arthroscope
For with your heart i could cope
Financially am broke
But my heart can never break
Mental wealth evoked
So erected riches shall take a date

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Chronic Society

Twisted psychopathic motives
Endangering the safety of our mothers
And sister.
Locating their minds in mental
Oppression and slavery
Every day of breathing is a death trap
If you survive, then you are scared for life
She got a protection order yet protection
Never came in that order
Now I've truly seen hell

Inhabitants of disfranchised truths
The performance of your deception is
Impeccable.
Like Icarus ascending to the burning sun
This entire trauma done by her loving son
So much rain of tears before we get to the
Rainbow
When poking a rainbow with a needle
What colour does it bleed?

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

A Killer in My Head

**Suicidal ideations excessively poking
A killer in my head, anger is evoking
Out of tune with my spiritual entities
Deserted and alone with only a killer
In my head
Retaliation is absurd, it will land me in
A grave
There is no misapprehension, the intent
Is intended
And neither cell nor molecule could contest that
Depression the killer in my head who
Understands**

-TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

True Religion

Spirituality is a personal
Relation with the divine
I am my own religion
That why i believe in
Myself
Prosaic fashion how you
Relish my mental wealth
Selfish how you deprive
Me of my worth

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Mind Breaking

I am inquisitive on the concept of evolution
What are we evolving to when kids are dying
And depression is trending
How can we think out of the box when the box
Is made out of Siqareri shield stolen from the
Masai Warriors
The truth is a human in a world full of zombies
and vampire.

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

XXX

Your presence was like a
Deity of my existence monotheism
Was my doctrine
My mind contemplated
Immortal love line
But reality showed you
Were never mine

To pursue i abdicate.
Your cynical efforts
Were pessimistic
I must say they were mettlesome,
Vocal beyond paralinguistic
Led to me being a misfit, no love could ever be real
Numbing the pain for i can't feel

-TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Young Black Girl Rise

**She hides a thousand problems behind
An innocent smile
She is inquisitive of her safety
Her large heart is empty
Her mind is cogitating
Destroyed by those who bring
Protection**

**Her destiny changed in a second
Misogynists relish her purified soul
Pain grew like a mole
Mentality sap and depleted on its own
Finally she is grown
In the castle of her mind depression
Sits on the thrown**

**She hides a thousand problems behind
An innocent smile
She consumes narcotics in search for
A lust high
Happiness has declined
Suicidal plots she might define
Execution she would walk a mile to
End her life
Young black could never rise**

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

True Religion P2

**Counterfeit wisdom
Religion is fake
Fragile souls choreographed
Desperation impinged on
While supreme high power hated on
When you die you were born
True theology is far gone
Who is my God?**

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Untold Stories

A fickle mind automatically
Enslaved its host
Traumatized by her own
Actions at most
Making love with a ghost
I know the shadows have hope
Character wackiness to the
Murder of his heart
Guilt creeping up in the dark
New age love contradicts who we are
A generation of lust.

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

Heaven

I see heaven in your eyes
Deep in the darkest of days your vision
Is my light
Burning fire that sparkles my mind
Your warm heart deconstructing cold nights
I see hope in your eyes
Contemplating is time wasting,
Irrational and heart breaking
No one can ever be placed for the
Heart is never vacant.

My biggest mistake was to bottle my
Emotions in a container, as it associated me
With failure
I am not good with math but I know me minus
You leave no remainder
So in my lone nights I thank the creator
For your soul
I see heaven in your eyes

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Mint

You're like a star from afar
A creation of all my scars
At a point of dehydration
You are my reservoir
Dripping odorless substances
In path so I never lust
Mind bright like a cubic crystalline
Form of zirconia
Resulted to the desire of you only
Being superior
Heart shaped like a moissanite
Love given so passionate

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DEAR POETRY

**Poetry my only appurtenance
To you stanza I am subordinate
With every meaning my mind
Consolidates
Pain is just an accessory
Liberal views my adversary
I need not a polygraph for honesty
With you I express feeling
Ideology is given life
Poetry my soul you revive
Poetry for my soul to survive**

- Tilldeath.do.us.art

EARTH

**Hearts burning like the amazon
Souls dying like coral reefs
Happiness is out of reach
The man in a suit is greedy
Guilt heating like Antarctica
Tactics on fire like arctic
Brains crashing like the ecosystem
Modern ways of living**

**Milk never richer than the World Bank
Black societies crashing like the permafrost
Tears dry, pain is dehydrated
Everything that is costing our peace
Is proving to be too expensive
Despair accelerating like emissions
Tensions boiling like the modern oceans
Greenland is melting**

- TILDEATH.DO.US.ART

Inevitable

**Subjecting your existence in examination
Rather than acting on impulse
Disallow society to drag your soul like
Wild horses
Socratic discussions with the self to
Understand mental wealth
True love is admiration
No book in existence is greater than
The book within you
With every stroke of breath you are the
Greatest story ever told
Judged by your cover do not ever conform**

- *TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART*

Dear poetry P2

**I never found love on earth
Until to my horizon poetry was birthed
Deep in my mind it found wealth
Deep in my heart it blends well
You walked in like an inception and
Changed my whole perception
Could it be that you are a creation of
Life's greatest complexion
I am in love with the ink that utters
Descriptions of emotions
I am in love with the fingers that hold
The pen to stabilize molding of the truth
I am in love with the page that received
Every thought of humanity in all
Spectrums
Poetry my only appurtenance**

- TILLDEATH.DO.US.ART

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