

THE AGE BEGINS

Oneal Walters

THE AGE BEGINS by Oneal Walters

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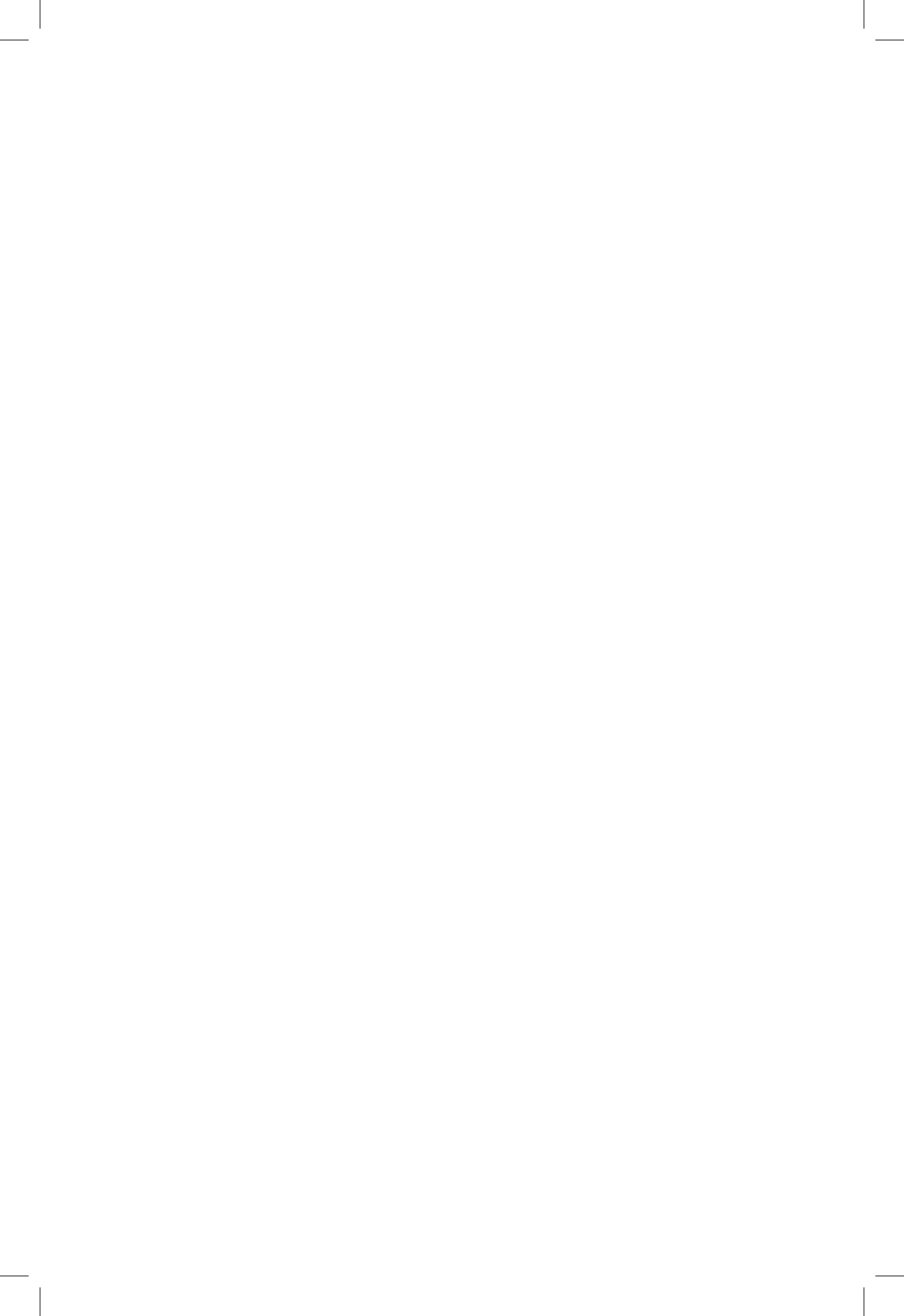
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THE AGE BEGINS



Love





Long Anticipation Needs Attention

*I watch her
Her lips, she's kiss-able,
I listen to her
Her ideas, she's adaptable.*

*I pull her to the corner.
My hands roll up her shirt,
I lift her breast out of her bra
Massage her caramel.
I touch it with two fingers
Light, small circles around it.
Her nipple swells.
I slowly rub it.
She steps away.*

*She makes a fist
And rubs her chest
Tightly over her heart,
"This is too much for me." She says.*



Born Again

*I'm behind you
Whatever you need
I'll support you.
But nothing from my pocket
Will go into your book.*

*He accepts my ideas and creations
But won't advise me or promote it.
He expands my avenues as a writer
But does nothing for a young author.
Word of mouth sells books,
Sign copies and gets interviews.
He sits and watches.*

*Different publishers reject my mail
Passing on what's Toronto.
They publish cold poems
Prefer bronze poets.*

*T.A.B accepts me.
A scribbler turns writer
Becomes their first author.
I hold the poems together
And force a friction out of non-fiction.*



Passionate

*He's mistaken.
Spirit to spirit connection
Through words on pages,
I highlight and fold pages
Revisiting ideas, settings
And characters months later.
I demand the best flavour.
I'm aroused by interactions
Accept or dislike characters,
Try to understand their moods.
Books are the medium,
Spirits gather to these pages.
Perhaps this is what you call 'talking',
Perhaps when unseeing writers write
Books become loveless.
The best avenue for reviving
Breathless books is to
Feel the inward cries of people.*



Finding Pleasure

*P*oetry journals,
Magazines
I read them both.
I search for words
Through ideas
And enter scenes
With interacting characters,
They struggle in their world.
It's like watching a movie
Seeing the performance
Feeling the emotion.
But it's not adulterated
By distracting characters.
Each person contributes,
It's a creative journey.
This works perfectly
When poems like labels
Stick to spirit on contact.
It's not easy to find this.



Same Way

*I had a fascination with libraries
Reading poetry journals.
Now I subscribe to issues
Reading and circling page numbers.*

*I had to admire Layton,
His writings lure my spirit.
Now I have two of his books
Rereading them often.*

*I had to love Ms. Angelou
Black and honest
Brave and very strong.
Her writings are historical.
Now I have her poetry book,
I feel her words within me.*



Really Close, So Far

*I'm not calling her cell,
Not adding another message.
She's outside of Canada, on a trip.
My days are incomplete
Without hearing her voice.
It's been three weeks, too long.
I sit by the phone.
No ring, no answer.
The lights are off.*

*I remember her face.
Her long black hair
Black complexion,
Blinking eyes.
She rubs her chest,
She can't breathe.*

*I look at the phone
Pick up the receiver
Hear the dial tone,
Hang up.*

A Special Proceeding

*This proceeding
Is not by the Publisher
Or the Publishing Company (T.A.B)
This is the express view of the Writer:*

*Attention, attention
Thank you all for reading,
This is a special moment for us.
I have an envelope from Oneal.
(He opens the envelope
Pulls out the letter)
It reads:
"The title of my next poem
A Seeing Generation."*



A Seeing Generation

*Auden wouldn't understand my generation,
These poems give a dream to the ambitious
Many accept these words and put 9 to 5 second.
A few did escape broken families healing their sight.
The middle class makes everything happen.
Auden just wouldn't understand.*

*Auden wouldn't understand my generation,
These poems give warmth to females
Who were 'Unloved Cargo'
And now find love.
These females must be complete
To attract and keep another's love.
Auden just wouldn't understand.*



Flourish Please

*sexuality equals popularity
avoid this, a disrespectful plot,
it loots and spoils our females.*

*She thinks:
uninterested American society.
i must be sold like clothing
its talent versus beauty.
Isn't this always the solution,
the reason you adore me?*

Will you answer me?

*He thinks:
it's truly not me versus you
not male versus females,
not watchers versus objects,
it's objects magnifying ideas,
she's attractive only by shape.
It's understanding and seeing
a healthier depiction,
this will flourish much more.*



Industry Predator

*You prey in our markets
Have us pay from our pockets.
Anthologies, more anthologies.
“Show off your talent to your friends.”
Our words precise, a pianist keys
We share our music globally.
We always for hire but you spoil it.
I’ll flush your magazine in the toilet
Or ask a flourishing female to burn it.
I’ll remove no more from my wallet.*



Wonder Now

*The people don't receive your poems
And your age isn't the problem*

*The reality of being older
Doesn't reject your art,
Your reality is of questions
Your world has no answers.
I read through your images
And you produce fear.*

*The people don't receive your poems.
Sympathy can't replace quality*

*Tears can't sell your books.
Money, we won't earn it to lose it.
That book, only you will read it.*

*The people don't receive your poems.
An author's role can't be to blind
And since you have no answers,*

*You are my new question.
Spin in a circle if you like
Fade into a failing role
It's time to go. Wonder now.*



A Strong Female

*I'm on 'that bus'
Emotions jumping
Over weaker emotions,
These legs built to leap
Like grasshoppers' legs.
I'm near the last stop.*

*She's a pond of intelligence,
My mind scoops like a bucket
Her levels of understanding.
She reads novels
And lives in Aura.
After classes we meet.
She tells her friend to wait
And spends time with me.
We head to the stairs.
As we kiss and rub each other,
We listen to hear if anyone
Comes from above or below.*

*This is not marriage,
It's the stop before that,
It's appreciation and respect.
This is not passion,
She likes her steady job
Prefers to follow orders
Wants a normal life.
I ring the bell.*



*This is not a single smile,
Not a single kiss on her lips.
She's a female who meets me,
Mentally gives and has no dreams.*

*I'm on 'that bus'
Emotions jumping
Over weaker emotions,
These legs built to leap
Like grasshoppers' legs.
I walk through a crowd
I exit before that stop.*



Never, Never More

*How many will write?
I find myself quite weary
I speak aloud to myself,
“Never, never more”.*

*Poems about ‘peddled shores’
People in faceless conversations.
No identity within their characters
No urgency in reading more.
I’m spitting on their landscapes.
Green descriptions in poetry,
Forget it.
I push through another week
CV2 is coming in the mail soon.*



I Continue

*Someone whispers to me,
"I'll show you
If you don't know".
He never comes to help
And doesn't offer it again.
So I get the information myself.*

*Someone asks to participate.
He receives a small duty from me,
Quickly answering,
"I'll do it in two weeks,
I have too many things to do."
So I do it myself in an hour.*

*I'm not a burden to flesh.
I do find and keep the questions I ask
And my concerns expose answers
And I confront my mental trials.
I see assistance as a gift.
I'm never helpless.*



Separate Ways

*She sits on the bench
I sit beside her
She moves to a second bench.*

*She looks at me,
I look at the street.
I see a couple laughing,
Having intimate looks.*

*I sit on the second bench
A lot of space is between us.
We sit in a park under a tree
Flies swarm my face.
I swat at a group.*

*She says, "Your wrong.
Girls and guys can be friends
Without sexual motives."
I disagree, "Females are not
My friends, well except one
But that's something else."*

*She looks away.
I look at my watch.
“I have to go soon.” I say.
“You just got here.” She says
“I have things to do.” I say.
We walk outside the park
Into a mall, downstairs
Where every store is closed
It’s Sunday evening.
We hug then I leave
“Bye”.*



Explain Love

*To explain love
I would have to explain life,
Life is to be in constant giving
To strive to lift up another.
To welcome another's success
But not allow it to threaten
Your own success
Love must be seen, felt
Not constantly told
Though much given
When one is clearly told.
To love is not to be broke
Or be a slave to another,
To love is to inspire, heal
And to embrace
The innermost parts
Of the spirit one wills to please.
To love is to share
To bear one's spirit
And as naked, except
To be clothed by another.*

Giving and Receiving

*I like us together
Disagreements a few
No fighting
Money always shared
Giving without counting.
A lot of jokes,
A lot of personal jokes.
Problems we absorb,
My pain is yours
Your pain is mine.*

*I'll see you tomorrow,
We'll talk for a while
And in a private place,
I'll give you warmth.*



Trustworthy

*Now the book sales
Sway my way,
Overcome with T.A.B,
I will today.*

*Overcome he did yesterday.
Layton his intense intimacy
His female characters
I admire his poetry.*



Lonely Spirits

*Soft sweet gentle girl
Slowly holding lippin'
Each, in darkness, other
Window blinds tilting, closed
Night falling on us*

*Worries, separate story
Upset mother angry
Strange boy alone danger
Daughter maybe holding lippin'
Boyfriend, alone room, might be*



Love or Weakness?

*I want to scream out,
I share $\frac{3}{4}$ of my secrets
Now suddenly silence.
I open your mind
Welcoming you to my world.
I do because loving is giving.*

*Crying without me is wasting tears
I'm not finding comfort in your pain,
You'll never be alone. I'm with you.
Now cry out loud. I'll hold you.
Cry all our mistakes
We make in loving.
I'm clever cause this time
I say, "I'm sorry". She forgives.
When will we be complete?*



Explain Touch

*To share is to anticipate hurt,
To watch another not receive
What you offer to them freely.
To touch is to take without concern,
To know exactly what you need
Without questioning another's view.*

*I touch her smoothness
And excite her with my fingers.
We stand in a doorway in a shadow
My back is towards the university hallway,
My eyes face her lips and we kiss.*

*To not share is to accept defeat,
To lose a battle that gives growth.
To not touch is to abandon experience,
To know exactly what you need
But never willing to take to succeed.*



Oneness

*She has his chain on
As if that makes them married.
They have oneness and openness,
She observes his strengths and weaknesses
And from a height of safety
She bends and watches him
As he straightens up.
She listens to his dreams and efforts,
She listens to his clues that includes her
Into his future efforts and she smiles.
She relies on their conversations
And depends on his words.*



What I Love

Stay with me

Sit

Listen to me

I share my inner rooms

With you

Not fearing that you tell

My secrets or hate my life.

I open $\frac{3}{4}$ of rooms completely

Sharing my words with you.

I like talking with you

We spent a few hours on the phone

Then I leave to sleep to wake up to write.

You lie to me

Lie to me

I ask you why

And you say "no reason".

I ask you why again

And you say

"You didn't believe me,

I said what you wanted to hear."



Strongest Female

I get on 'this bus':

*She listens, she's patient
She demands my best.
She gives without wanting,
Asking, anything in return.
She's taking a few courses,
Pursues, what might be her career
And uses her free time to meet me.*

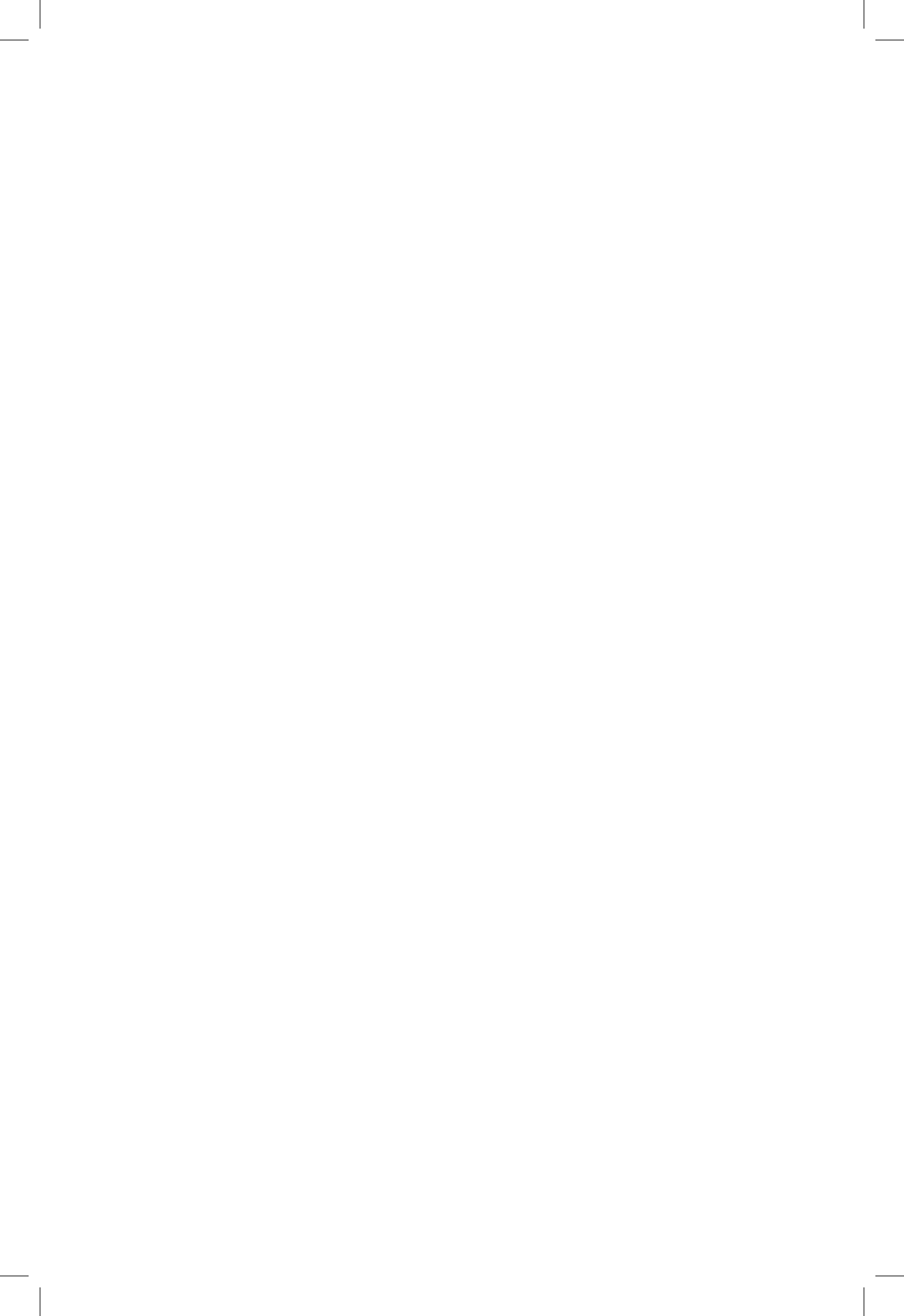
*She's raw with words,
We joke a lot.
We analyse each other.
We don't know when to stop.
We always say, "I'm sorry"
When the joke hits deeply.*

*She shares her passions
But loves to listen to mine.
She listens to my day at work,
Listens when I'm mad at the world.
She worries when I'm hurting,
Tries to help by offering advice.*



*I'm leaving this bus, one last time,
She's 'the one' I said a few times.
Understanding her makes me happy
Accepting her strengths inspires me.
The bus passes more stops.
It arrives at the second last stop.
I'm sitting comfy.
Before the last stop, I ring the bell,
I stand then walk through a crowd,
Past females, I relive our relationships.
I step down. The bus slows down.
I'm ready to get off this bus*





Mis-Justice



Bruised Hearts

*The sunlight shines on my right
It heats the right leg of my jeans.
In the air, I see no birds flying
In the air, I hear no birds chirping.
On the street, I watch cars passing.
On the sidewalk, I see people walking
On the bridge, I peek over a wooden railing
Knowing that if I went over, I'm dead,
I think about a female, I know.*

*She's home alone,
She invites her boyfriend over.
They sit on the basement couch
They hit each other, smile,
Then he kisses her.
"You're moving too fast." She says.*

*He's silent.
He pins her down
Onto the couch.
He drags down her clothes
Then lowers his jeans
And boxers.
He repeatedly pierces her.*



*I stand. Looking over the railing,
To climb over and fall means death.
I remember listening to her words.
“My mother screams.” She says.
She saw ‘what he left’ in the trash.
“She blames me for inviting him over.
She doesn’t want to see my face.”
“No one believes me.” She says.
“I hate myself!” She yells,
“I want to kill myself!” She ends.*



Can't Find Love In Arguing

*He yells, she yells
He yells more.
He pulls his hands back
Extends them forward,
Open palms hit on contact
She falls backwards.
He says, "I'm sorry."*

*She calls on the phone
He asks, "where were you?"
She doesn't answer, they argue.
He hangs up, doesn't call back.*

*She eats a box of ice cream
With her best friend
Cause he's mad at her.
They eat the ice cream
Every time he is mad at her.*

*They discuss how he
Doesn't want, any guy
At school, to talk to her.
How he gets more mad
When he hears
Of any guy talking to her.*



*They argue.
He pushes her.
She falls downstairs
About five or six steps.
He chases her
And says, "I'm sorry."*



Escape

*I did listen to everyone
And did what they said.
Many of the all
Formed stories that confuse
Blind and derail my motion.
Many, without useable help
Spoke impatiently as if
They could heal my sight.*

*I did listen to him
But 1/2 of what he spoke
Produced and controlled,
How I suffer, what I lost
And added more questions.
I did listen to him
Wanting his words to be true
And what is true will heal him.
There's pressure in keeping the truth
And this can make a powerful man
Act stubborn and motionless.*



Who I Am

*I don't avoid her tears
I listen and expand how she feels*

*I don't bury her pain
I write the language of a crying heart*

*I don't wrestle with flesh or blood
I speak spirit to spirit.*



Unloving

*A man changes who he is,
Not by improving himself
But by lying to the world,
He tells his new image
And what he does.
He meets a female, likes her
Gives this world to her,
His job, his achievements
And his struggles.
They marry.*

*After years of watching,
She decodes his job
His achievements
His struggles
And nothing is real.
She finds the real him
And confronts him
He denies it
She files for a divorce.*

She's afraid unloved.



*Heavier and heavier
She smashes her figure,
Decides no man will deceive her.
Decides to take pleasure from strangers
She wants rough hot passion
From faceless no ones.*

*'They' amuse her with chatter
Never want to listen to her
Or want to hold her,
'They' excite themselves*



Unloved Cargo

*He comes offering a world
And wants to give it to her.
He offers love and family
Rough pleasure and income security.*

*She accepts his words,
Overwhelmed by his world
Fantasies about his promises.
Changes her world
To absorb his thoughts,
She accepts his proposal
They marry.*

*They can't have children
Years of trying.
She didn't see his temper
Every time he's upset he yells
"No one will love you but me."
She finds his secret, a hidden life,
He didn't work where he said,
Wasn't doing what he claimed.
She left and divorced him.*

*He comes offering a world.
He mastered its appearance
And doesn't give it to her.
He gives pain and separation
Rough pleasure and cash insecurity.*



Obesity

*Chest, heart beat pummmmping
Flesh covers mattress that lies on the floor.
Physical pain in moving, unable to stand, job lost,
Isolated in a room, can't see the world outside.
A nurse feeds and maintains her flesh.
Her flesh talks faintly,
"I need help...to lose weight."*



B E T R A Y A L

*H*is wife gossips,
Criticises his lack of money
Complains against his ideas
And asks to borrow money
From her family,
After the bills are unpaid.
She opposes his job's worth.
Listening ladies condemn him
And reject his livelihood.

Financially,
He gives his wife very little.
He craves to carve his purpose
By pushing the plans he decides.
He tries to get more clients
Tries to go to the United States
To acquire contacts to work,
He arranges payment plans
For existing not paying clients.
But the tension tightly tightens
Cause ladies condemn his efforts.

*He verbally lashes his wife,
Divides their shelter into two parts.
His section is unavailable by a locked door
His interaction with his wife is small.
He sees her before he goes out for work.
He discontinues giving any money
Freezes his will to help his family,
He doesn't speak to his two children.*



Curse and be Cursed

*Perry is fired today.
He watches the time
To see if I will be
Fired too.*

*A week later
Perry calls me and asks
About my job and the others,
Only he is jobless.*

*Perry wants my job taken.
Thinks he is a better worker.*

*Perry, I hold no flame
Under your name,
Find a new job.*

*Perry we all lose
But you
Should stop here.
Don't call your friend asking,
"Are you still working?"*

*Think of your wife your son,
A new way to support them.
Think of the travelling distance
It's far. You can work closer.*



*Perry I heard you again
You said, "Give me a call
When you get this."
Perry, get a job.
Leave my number alone.*



An Employee's Struggle

*Bedtime passing, I won't stop
Wake up early, I won't drop.
Writing shaping building, job lost
I won't work nights, for any cost.
Didn't like the last job but need a lot
Employee angry now he's stuck.*



Never

*Even when rumours start,
The lies blend with the truth
By those who can't stand me
To those who know me.
I'll never accept suicide.*

*Even when bills smother
A stack of past due notices.
I'm sending resumes out
My wallet is empty.
I'll never accept suicide.*

*Even when publishers reject me,
Take no risk to lift the industry.
Spent no time to grow with me.
I'll never accept suicide,
I'll fight and write smarter.*



IF I MUST PT2

*If I must die
Let it not be in darkness
Let the light shine
And whoever takes my life
Let their child forever
Be blind by darkness.*

*If I must die
Let me see first,
Young males freed
From their harness
Able to produce
And travel to any province,
Please, let the educated be free.*

*If I must die
Let it be known
I wait to go home,
Earn what you want
Don't crush what another has,
Education does begin with parents
And then society steals it from us.
So if I must die,
In protecting what I have
Please, let me always have this dream.*



Emergency Alert

Canada and America

Listen:

*Single females raising children
Isn't working,
She at school studying
After school she working,
At home she reviewing,
Her mom is babysitting.*

*As her son grows older
She tries to ground him.
I mean give him the balance
He needs to face against the world.
So instead of falling, he'll adjust to struggles,
Instead of being lost, he'll protect what he is,
Instead of accepting all, he'll oppose ideas.*



Enough Space

*We are helpful, selfish, and proud
We are willing, weak, and brave
We can have any occupation
But only after we are able to see
There is enough space for you and me.*

*We are diverse, young and strong
Thought sharing, trustworthy
Belief holding, book reading
Hard working workers.
We will be wise workers
After we unite 'educated' ones,
These ones will create a way out.*



Maturity

*Saved money
But wallet empty,
For three weeks
Not working.*

*Email resumes
In bunches
And no return emails
Or calls, no interviews.
I always avoid
Working nights.*

*On my mind
A short term relieve,
Take whatever to fund
My operations,
Further my goals.*

*The phone rings!
An employer offers
A midnight position,
“No thanks. Bye.”*

*I call her back
Accept the position.
I start tomorrow.*



Fear Exposed

*Midnight, moonlight, ambition shines bright
Not working, this way, rest of my life.*

*Supervisor forces the workers
To bend, kneel, and crawl by a stick
It's sick, how thick the fear of losing a job is.
How these workers so nervous make mistakes
When he is near, and stop talking before he passes.*

*He tags, knows their name, those who fear him
And uses the fear of termination to intimidate others.*

*Decent-family supporting-breathers
Bend to his kingdom, kneel for income
Crawl by command stare at his hand.*

*They moan, "no talking,
No washroom breaks before lunch."
I ask. "When is lunch?"
They moan. "Three hours away."*

*I don't ask the supervisor,
I go to the washroom.
I return and see him there.
I approach him. I stand.
Silence.
He's working on my duties.
I say "thanks" and he leaves.*



Survivor

*I*ntead of a windless forest
With direct sunlight
And creeping creatures
Underneath a wet fallen leaf.

Focus on people
The villains the victims,
The mistakes lovers make.
But a few magazines
Reject, won't publish me.
What is it, "I'm young, black
Educated, read a few books?"
It's difficult to be kind to all
So I won't, but I try and I survive.
And to him who is quietly against me
When the time is ready,
"Forget you."



An Ear for Writing

*Conscience hugs the purpose of writing
A rescue, a ringing phone, a loud tone,
Nonsense to the heart without a heart beat
Writing, like breathing, is pure as whole wheat.*

*Eliminate agencies that move people like cargo.
Adult females won't use the washroom,
Hate their boss he supervises with fear.
This writer rescues. I'm a sensitive ear.*



The Life of a Police Officer

*Every young male is a criminal
Unless they act dress talk, like me
Everyday we stop all who we see.
We are their judges
If he hasn't committed a crime
We'll catch him another time.*



Landscape Poetry is DEAD

*4 million in Canada fed up about racism
If he or she is a racist, remember him or her
But don't let 'them' become your problem.*

*Police officers target young males
Is it how I dress or the car they drive?
Is there no reason but our skin colour?
They stop us and ask me stupid questions,
I'm not the driver, but the backseat passenger.
How am I a danger to the growth of society?
As I answer the officers questions
My voice becomes firm, a bit of anger
I can't go through years of university
And be treated as a downward stranger.
I will not accept his fear in young males
And place it within, I will not think others
Are criminals based on their difference to me.
I declare us innocent in this conversation
We will not assure his innocence
By accusing innocent people.*



What is the Issue?

*What is this, stick a charge
Based on verbal contact,
Force a conflict
With young males?
What is this, metals for arrests,
Promotions for collars,
Is it how Many can you get?*

*What is this, no rights for 15-29?
What is this, a flaw in your design?*

*What is this, no love for yourself
So it's tough for you to love me?
What is this, Kingston first then Toronto
All cities yearly studies,
While educated black males
Stopped and questioned
Facing targeting-charges.
Harassment by race
Can lead to a court case.*

*My innocence goes away
When two officers stop me,
They're looking for 2 white guys.
I don't match the DESCRIPTION.*



Is This Wrong?

*Educated in his country,
He comes to Canada.*

*He works for \$17 hour
Dealing with electronics
At the CN Tower.
He loses his job
After he refuses several times
To train his boss's friend,
Who will replace him
After completing the training.*

*He applies to several jobs
No responses,
He uses his savings
And opens a computer business.*

*Seven years of failure
Little local response,
He says,
"Our people don't trust me
To fix their computers."*

*He closes his business,
Goes to an agency.
He earns \$8.50 an hour
Lifting wired trays 8 hours a day.*



Wrong Description

*Sitting in the car,
Looking across the street makes
Eye contact with
Police officer on the main road.
My key inside the engine
Reversing out of the parking
Turning to exit the parking lot.
Police car behind. Police car behind.*

*Driving on the main road,
The police officer makes
Eye contact with
A guy sitting in a parked car.
He turns his car off the main road
Speeds inside the parking lot
And turns to exit after the driver does.*

*I drive on the main road
Approaching a school zone,
Driving slow
Entering a residential area.
Looking in the rear view, police following.
“Damn, they’re going to stop me.”*

*Crossing into a residential area
Approaching an elementary school,
He drives according to the law.
"He sees us, turn on the siren".
His right indicator flashes,
He pulls over.*

*Driver's window goes down
Two police officers approach.
They stand on each side.*

*"Were you around Tomken" he asks.
"No" I answer
"Are you coming from
The plaza?"
"Yea"
"Where you live?"
"On this street"
"Let me see your driver's license?"
I take it out of my wallet and give him.
He talks to the second police,
"We are looking for two white guys,
It can't be him."
The second officer whispers something.
I don't hear his words that window is close.
"It can't be him." He says to the second officer.
To me he says, "Have a nice day."*

The Second Ride

P *peaceful Times*

*Camels drinking before their journey
Their mouths descend inside fresh water
There is no authority around them,
Their riders stumble into the shop
They're laughing, talking and early.
They leave the two camels to drink.*

*Quickly transporting their riders,
The camels will travel city to city
Drinking fresh waters once there,
Never tied, able to rub each other
And find shade when it's hot.*

*After drinking they raise their heads,
They see different camels, some drinking,
Others wait while tied to wooden poles.*

*They move to the tied camels.
They rub each one,
They rub their opposite,
Then they go to find shade.*

True Times

*Their riders stumble outside
Moving towards the shade,
They mount their camels
And lead them out the city.*

*The camels move slowly.
The riders want quickness.*

*The camels enter a new city late.
Their riders dismount and
Unsaddle them.
Drags one camel into a dark barn
And ties him there.
The other rider drags the second camel
To a wooden pole and ties her there.
Their riders yell and curse
While holding money in their hands,
They walk into the shop.*



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