

Music (is our Drug)
David D.

Music can calm you.

It can make you cry.

It can make you happy.

It can make you horny.

It's in every movie you like.

There's Hip Hop, Rock, Classical, Jazz.

There's instrumental and Children's songs.

You can't avoid it.

It's even on the airwaves. The NEWS has it.

Some artists you like.

Some artists you despise.

But there is one thing you need to know

You're born with it, we all need it.

It's our greatest drug.

The Haunted House Part 1 of 3

David D.

This haunted house,

Has eyes that see everything.

Tons of skeletons in closets, floorboards and in the attic.

Bats in the belfry.

Spiders crawling and making cobwebs.

Ghosts floating around and scaring people.

The pictures on the walls have moving eyes.

There's dust and mold everywhere.

The stairs are creaky and broken.

The lights are broken and spotty.

The mirrors are cracked and broken.

The original haunted house is our minds.

Our memories are the ghosts.

Our pasts are the other stuff.

Returning to the Haunted House Part 2 of 3
David D.

We return to the house.

The hallways are decrepit and dark.

The lights are still broken and spotty.

The mirrors are still cracked and broken.

The ghosts still float on by.

The rooms are big and scary.

The rugs are dusty.

The windows are broken.

The doors creak.

This time we brought our flashlights and batteries. Candles and lighters to light up each room with a different story.

From good memories and bad ones.

The library filled with the books from the past.

The smoking room is filled with the ashes from the past.

Each chimney is filled with burnt out logs.

The photos and painting are faded of lost loves.

The haunted house is still our minds.

The A.B.C.'s of Life By David D.

Always

Be

Curious

Defend

Everybody's

Freedom.

Give

Hope

Into

Joyful

Knowledge.

Love

Means

No

Oppression

Persecution

Question

Reality

Save

The

Uniqueness.

Valor

Wins

Xcitement.

Youth

Zealous

The Rose Bush

By David D.

Imagine a rose bush

Red, green and lush.

Outside in the rain and Sunlight.

Sleeps at night.

From the twinkling stars to the rainbows.

To placing first in the flower shows.

It's not protected from the bugs or slugs.

We put in splinters.

Cover it up in the winter.

It breathes fresh air and exhaust fumes.

It just shows us that we're doomed.

We are the Rose Bush

But in the end we are not as bright or lush.

Free Yourself
By David D.

Can't you see.

You are under lock & key.

It's all the rage.

To put your mind in a cage.

Don't demand, let your mind expand.

Don't emulate, let your mind create.

Just free yourself.