

The Poetry of BTA

**The Darkness blocks us from the Light, and the Light is only a thin barrier that separates
our inner Light, from our outer Darkness.**

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True Freedom

by Brian Thomas Armstrong

I have come to set us free
Free from our apathetic lives
Free from futility
Free from the non-existent past
Free to live in the pre-written future

I have come to free us from our own minds
Free us from the lies that they told us were truths
Free us from the brainwashing's of our youth
Free us from our self-made materialistic obstacles and absolutes

I have come to free our bodies from the chains and chaos of our Earth
I have come to free us and guide us to our true Father's endless Light
I have come to free us from the darkness that we fight
I have come to teach us how to soar in spiritual flight
Where there is no fear
Where there is no night
Where our souls sail through Limitless light

I am the true Human Being
I have come to set you free
From the Human Animal



Cleansing Rain

by Brian Thomas Armstrong

Simple tears cleanse my soul

They gently roll from cheek to cheek

They heal my wounds of self-infliction

They turn my heart's aggression meek

My emotions drain and re-arrange

In patterns on my face
Dark laced clouds accumulate
They send their cleansing pain
But bright new colors often follow rain



Dark Waters

by Brian Thomas Armstrong

Dark waters are rippling through society
It drips from our human blackness and pools in the public's minds
World hysteria grows like weeds in a field
It nourishes itself on the putrid polluted waters of human nature
It hides in the depths of our greed, our envy, our insatiable want
In our unrelenting anger and animosities
It erodes away and destroys our civilization's core until it crumbles into dust
Leaving just another ancient ruin in the middle of an overgrown jungle



Burning Down the Ghetto

The ghetto will still always burn in its unfortunate inhabitant's minds, even if they move away!

The things they saw or the tragedies that tormented them while incarcerated physically and mentally in the roach and rat-ridden slums, dirty streets, run down shops, and vacant doorways – forever haunts even the ghosts of poverty.



Dark Angel

By Brian Thomas Armstrong

Tonight as you lay down to rest
I come to put your soul to test
If you should wake before you die
I will be the one to look you in the eye
Before I send you back
Into your true eternal home

FALLING

BY BRIAN THOMAS ARMSTRONG

THE WIND RUSHES THROUGH
MY HAIR, BLOWING MY MIND
AWAY MY THOUGHTS DRIFT
THROUGH THE AIR, THEN FALL
LIKE A SUNSET AT THE END OF
DAY I SEE CLEARLY NOW
THROUGH MY MIND'S EYE, USING
THE VISION OF MY INNER CHILD
IT LIFTS AWAY THE HAZY
GROWN-UP CLOUDS THAT ONCE
BLOCKED MY SIGHT
NO MORE FIGHTING MYSELF
THE FLIGHT I HAVE TAKEN SINCE
BIRTH FINALLY LANDS WITH A
RESONDING THUD!
AS MY CONFUSION HITS THE
PAVEMENT AFTER JUMPING FROM
THE HEIGHTS OF MY SOUL

Falling

By Brian Thomas Armstrong

The wind rushes through my hair, blowing my mind away

My thoughts drift through the air, then fall like a sunset at the end of day

I see clearly now through my mind's eye, using the vision of my inner child

It lifts away the hazy grown-up clouds that once blocked my sight

No more fighting myself

The flight I have taken since birth finally lands with a resounding thud!

As my confusion hits the pavement after jumping from the heights of my soul

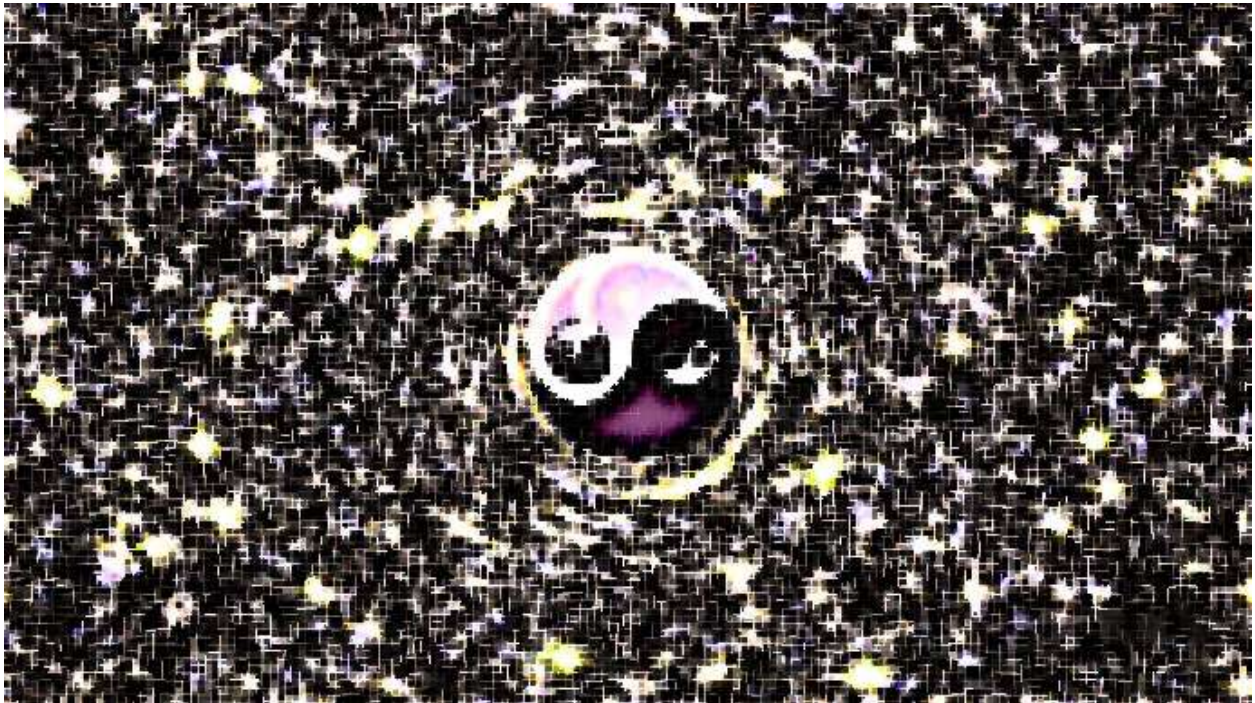


A Social Esteem Problem

by Brian Thomas Armstrong

A glance in the mirror
A shiver of shame
Every school day
It's always the same
A dread of going back to school
Knowing the rule
Beauty is only skin deep
And that is all the other kids see
Slink down the hall
They still kick my books
Go to my locker
They snicker to each other about my looks
They never care about what it's like to be me

They don't "feel" or "hear" me
They only see skin deep



If I Only Knew Then

By Brian Thomas Armstrong

If I only knew then what I realize now

I would've known it would all work out somehow

I wouldn't have cared what other kids said

I wouldn't have let them into my head

I would have simply told the truth when asked – where was my dad?

And it wouldn't have made me so embarrassed and sad

I wouldn't have worried about whether I was straight or gay

And I certainly wouldn't have worried about whether I was going to burn on judgment day

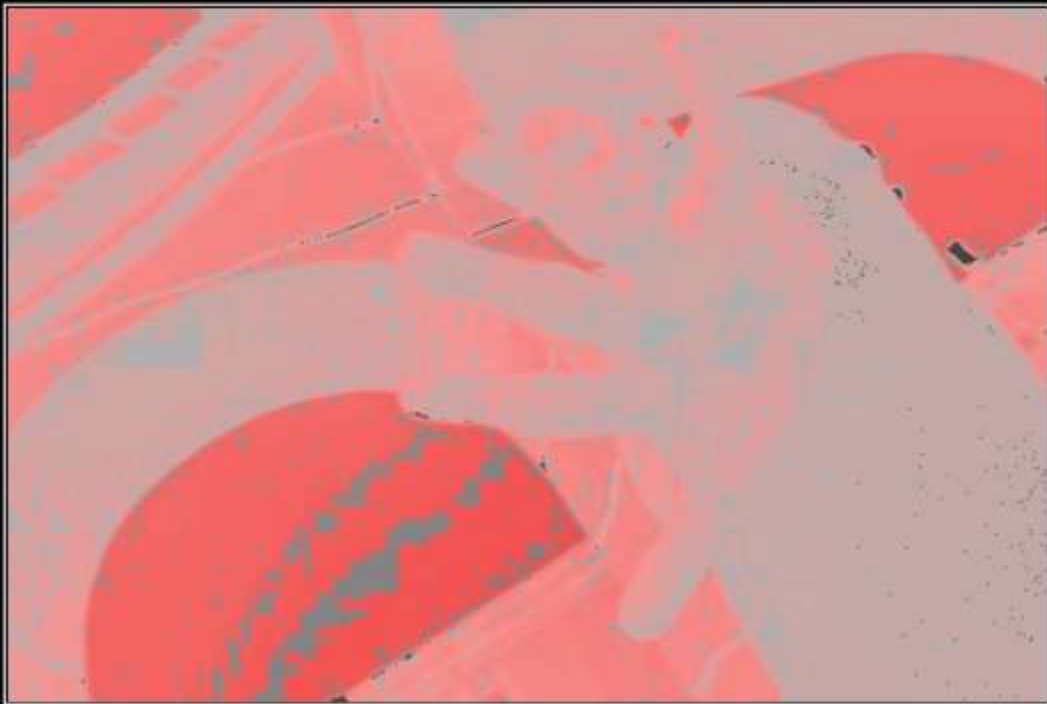
I would have told myself not to worry about the future or the past

I would have told myself to live in the present

And to make good memories that were meant to last

I have so much to say to that kid of my youth

And I would jump at the chance to replace so many lies with the truth



BACK OFF!

(BTA)

Why we Push Away

We push people away because we are unsure of ourselves

We tell ourselves we do not trust others because trust is earned

But in reality mistrust is learned and taught to us at an early age

Don't trust the stranger, he is out to kill you or worse

Don't trust the government

They want to take what little you have away from you
But in reality we have nothing but mistrust to take or give
We are shells of mistrust with an empty center
Never letting anything enter us
Fearful that others will take away our precious nothingness

KNOW THYSELF

The ones who think they know you best seldom do
The ones who don't know you very well, usually think they know all about you
The one who truly knows you best, is yourself
But most people refuse to face or acknowledge the hard truths of what they know
About themselves. (BTA)



The Evil Thrones of God

By Brian Thomas Armstrong

Regrets are things you can repair

If the ones you wronged are still there

To the ones that passed you can explain
By passing on yourself to see them again
Regrets are spider webs that cloud your mind
Cruel jokes from Gods that neither care for cruel or kind
They just laugh upon their lofty thrones, and then make you explain their jokes
when they call you home



If
by Brian Thomas Armstrong

If age was the mark of a wise old sage
Old men would not start wars
With a young man's rage
If wealth was the only mark of riches

The richness of love would then be worthless
If class was the only social standing
Then there would be no valid social understanding
If fighting is the only way to freedom
Then our kingdom will never be free of war



My Inner Quandary
by Brian Thomas Armstrong

Of all the words I hate to hear
None is worse than comes to ear
Through rain and thunder

It still rings clear
Like gigantic tears that fall on
dried skin leather drumheads
Ever beating
I love you
But do you really hate me?

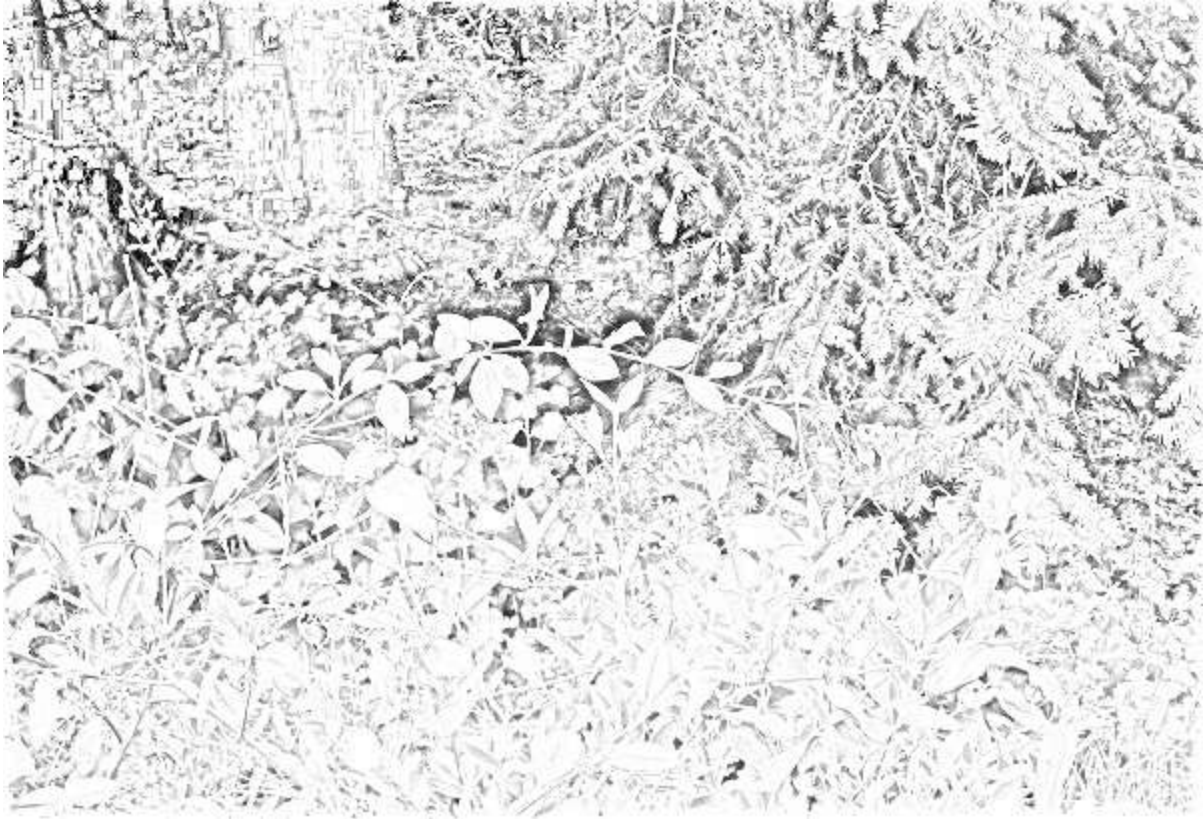
When we are alone
Together
Feeling whole
But somehow incomplete
Enclosed within me
In my little piece of eternity

Unspoken words, they start to march upon me
Their boots are stomping on my brain
Their incessant cadence feeds my fears
Their resounding rhythm shakes away my thinly veiled facades

Its invasion rapes what is truly dear to me
It breeds with what is slowly bleeding in me
Reopening my inner wounds
Then encasing and becoming
what now is running free

Marching ever closer to my hidden thoughts
I still refuse to speak them
I will not hear or meet their lies of truth
But it echoes anyway beneath their falling feet

I truly hate you
But do you love me?



The Twelve Disciples of Summer

By Brian Thomas Armstrong

September's rotting beauty in falling red leaves bleeds

October brings into our minds a frosty mental freeze

As Jack O' lanterns decay in the breeze, bringing a tease of November's cold

November makes us think inside ourselves

And clears the way for Decembers elves

January returns our mental frost

And reminds us of past summers lost

February is like January but only drunkards really care

March is when nature rises again as we stare at April's rain

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