



Eve, Oh Spirits

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Lost

Loving the thought of last time,
How in the world do birds wipe their tears?
If all the bull is for the birds,
Are they winded?
Pressing every button.

Push,
Until the bears, chimps, and skunks,
Make love in the damn,
How do we become one near the lamps?

What's the price Mr. Ape?
What can I do here-
For my soul not to taint?
For these lows to escape?

Got crabs climbing trees,
Giraffes near the leaves,
Sharks in the shade, near the shady old souls,
Snakes, in the place, where the grass never grows,
Venom in the soil,
Pain under my toes,
Evil in the winds,
Wicked people win,
Atmosphere,
Whispering, "Don't you let them in"

This right here is wow,
This right here shows why my mind is shut down,
This here, teaches why I never turn around.
They say, you're slowly rising,
Then they say you're slowly dying.
Then three little birds sing,

And I reply, "Yeah, I'm trying."

Where are the eyes to witness?
Gifted little pigeons,
How in the world do birds wipe their tears?
I'm so lost.
Aren't you too?
Cover my eyes,
Don't get lost,
I'm rooted in you,
This love don't cost, us anything. But two minds.

3:40 AM

On this day we become legends,
Let's get high, in our dreams,
So high, we bring our promises,
So when, gravity joins,
We can censor the profits then,
We can pop a shot for the progress,
Since the process of these nightmares make no sense?
Get it? Ha.

Knock knock,
Who's there?
Siah, he's on the train now,
Memories down the drain,
Not Santa but my Messiah.

Christmas ain't the same no more,
South Carolina,
Where I came from,
Love making creations,
Pine tree kissing behind the basement
What's a mistletoe?
We missed the snow, in California,
Where I'm stationed now,
No PlayStations,
It's either playground or gimmie the loot, please don't shoot,
You helping moms with the wage now.

She said, "I hope you take a break for Christmas, Mr. Workaholic."
That's when I remembered,
Man, tomorrow isn't promised,
So I'll just hold my commas,
Keep my conscious nice and calm,
The calm is coming,
To be honest,
I'm so numb.
I'm not working til' Sun-

Someday, I picture the sun,
Wishing on a star,
I don't remember, where we are.
It came too early.
They came too far, but went back. Siah sigh.
Sometimes, I wish I could go back,
Then, I cry inside.

Christmas won't be the same this year

Faith Foul

Why are men so unfaithful?
Smoother than marble, sneakier than snakes
Why are we so ungrateful?
Why don't men appreciate?

What's good?
The female, who tries her hardest to smile and impress him,
She tests him
When she's the baby to his python,
Just as sneaky as him
On the low low

Lust is the reason
Why he smiles, when she teases
While she's thinking of him, he's off with another
And we all know he's the bitterness in every cry, which she weeps in

You know that he's the reason
For the high tones of speaking!
She got a best friend, and he preaches it like a preacher
But he's sneaky too, his only intensions, are to sweep her
Like a thief in the middle of the night

See her best friend is just the anaconda to this jungle of grime
The smooth criminal, behind the bushes committing the ultimate crime
So tricky, yet I understand it so well?
Maybe...I am the best friend...

Maybe I am faith foul
But I show a pure heart
Anyone can tell a good lie, still
I'm surprised you couldn't tell...

Why are we so ungrateful? Why don't we appreciate?

Thursday Nights

Sometimes you hate to leave somebody,
Grab my body,
Slowly taunt me,
Cold winds taught me,
This, is everything.

We were both 17,
5:17
The sun was gone,
The vibes were strong,
The rides were long,
The right was wrong,
But it, was everything.

Not Wednesday,
But Thursday nights,
When lips greeted another,
Hunger,
Became addictive,
And that became ambition,
And we could never lose,
If the two, of us were in this,
Together.

Warm winds came when you smiled,
Too wild,
Through crowds, blue clouds,
Grey skies,
Wait why?

Thursday,
Souls swing; hearts play
Gold leaves decay
A tour is eight more,
Trips through the same door,
We came? Sure.
Before, it was too lame
Too late on Tuesday,
Winds strong on Wednesday,
They calm down on Thursday,
We mistake the light,
Pipe down,
Enjoying the thrills
Right?
Now.

Too FaithFoul

That's when my heart starts racing,
And my stomach starts aching,
Tripping over shoelaces,
Holding faith in two phases,
Two faces,
Too famous, of a story,
See the face of Alori,
When strings lace all around my face,
Two stories,
Building,
She sits on top of the building,
Fulfilling her dreams,
No longer scared of **the man**,
That's awake when **she** sleeps.

There **he** go,
Creeping round' the corner,
Too faithfoul,
Now **he's** crossing at the border,
Torturing **her** heart with a torch,
Back tracking,
To smile when **she** looks back in intercourse.

Of course,
That's when my hands start shaking,
And my promise is sacred,
And I watch **his** wife bathe naked,
There I go,
Doing things like David,
There **he** go,
Undressed, hiding in the basement.

Impatient,
But enough rhythm to keep the cadence,
He lost his steps,
Lip gloss and skin marks all across **his** chest,
His woman never wished for a calm confession,
She learned her lesson,
Now, **she** second guesses the messages sent from her "best friend"

There **she** go,
Heaven sent a smile so lovely,
A smile like honey,
A smile switching only at one speed.

“Touch me.” She whispered “What’s with the distance?”
“Friends don’t kiss.”
“I won’t stop you. But listen here, this is addiction.”
“If you’re with it, I’m with it.”
“You just don’t get it.”
“Hold up boo. This isn’t you!”
“This can’t be true.”
“Wait, I’m confused.”
“Don’t be. I know you feel lonely. I know the wrong can feel so right sometimes low-key. I’m waiting for you to show me.”
“Hush those lips... hold me.”
“I’ll hold you. There’s just some things I need for you to show me. Take off your clothes slowly. And maybe we can...”

Go deep.
Deeper and deeper I go,
There **she** go,
Creeping back, I guess that’s good for my ego.
As long as **he** won’t,
Call, asking for her when **she’s** here with me,
I hope **she** doesn’t call asking whose house is **he**...
All of sudden, loving is redundant,
As for me, my heart beats faster,
We both watch the phone ring.

“Hello?”
“Yeah, Yo! It’s me”
“Yo!”
“I think, I just saw **A** kissing on **B**”
“What? In the parking lot? In his back seat?”
“Don’t worry G, I’ll be there soon.”

“Get off of me”
She starts to scream,
One strike, **her** lip starts to bleed,
She swings back, **his** eye gushed,
Nobody’s looking up,
One look, was just another problem **B**.
Out the back seat,
He walked out, bound for apologies,
“I shouldn’t have,
I shouldn’t have,
I shouldn’t have chea-”
Bow! His knees hit the center of L Street.

Damn, that’s when my hands started shaking.

Fire Red Tea

*First they hate you,
Then they love you,
Then they will hate you all over again.*

She pointed to the grey clouds,
And started shrugging.
She knew none from the present,
So when presented, she loved it.
She stuck close to her good side,
Flipping through the scraps,
Dipping the dots and flicking the dabs,
Swallow the tea.

It ran like Olympic,
Picture the liquid behind her pigment,
In love with,
The things we viewed as disgusting.

Moonwalks over thorn bushes,
Picking her roses,
Sunflowers kissed the tip of her nose,
When she closed-
Her eyes, she was raped by the stones,
She heard Roman cry,
Ruhh, like a dungeon dragon.

She pointed to the water,
To put her foot in,
Wouldn't it be best if I couldn't?
The rest of her days were worse memories,
Never did she see,
Love on Sunday mornings.

She pointed at the demons like she was cool with them,
With one chance, she bounced back into ooh sipping,
Two pinned to the tulips,
Too frigid, of a lady,
Criss crossed on the two-steps,
Am I cool yet?

You bet,
The light shattered,
Her mind gathered, what she was missing.
Loving the vision before Christmas,
Fire red.

Eve, Oh Spirits

I hope you didn't forget why,
I hope your head remembers,
I hope you know,
Nightmares arrives the most in December
Stay silent.

Approaching L,
Now love smells like flowers,
Each hour,
I just continue writing

I hope you know Santa isn't...
Mindful of our silence,
Divide these gifts
And little boys and girls are not reminded,
To value little things,
Eve oh.

She can't see through the weed smoke,
The gas, gassing her up,
We die, as little people,
Beat by beat, heart to heart,
Left right left, we all fall down,
Like toy soldiers.

I'm cutting my conscience searching for closure,
Can't find.
What's closure in the land of magic?
Voodoo is how we decline,
Rewind, to when grandma taught us the meaning of love
Rewind, to when two cousins would fight and make up,
Rewind, to when mom and dad weren't arguing cause,
They rewind, missing the present,
Fuck a present,
We stuck, in the same box.

Eve oh,
I know you don't want to remember,
These nightmares arrive the most in the month of December.
Speak,
Let us know when voices taunt in your sweet dreams,
That I taught you better than that girl,
BE brave

Never Been

She say she...

Never been,
One with the winds,
Cold December nights were her best friends,
Menthol under her mental,
Never really been into,
Guys.

For her surprise,
She loved the nights in total peace,
When pain arrived,
She grabbed her piece,
And got deep with the bleeding.

She say she...
Love when she screams,
A razors kiss is relieving
And all the pain retrieving,
Leaves for a reason,
Tis' the season.

Art, is in her paintings... boom!
Lately, she's been smiling,
Caught her talking about the tunes,
She was oozing confusion,
She was moving,
With the burdens,
But her mind was elusive,
Then the tempo slowed down,
She was high, she was droopy,
She was kind've like Kanye,
In her eyes, it was gloomy,
She grabbed her phone...
And after a couple dials, she threw me,
The message,
She knew me forever but didn't remember,
Those nightmares come in December,
She was dreaming – of night terrors,
“Terrance help!”

opens the door
To see, a needle, razor, and a long leather belt
Tis the season,
Where pain is felt

Cope

How does a man cope,
While he thinks of using ropes to end misery?

How a does a woman cope,
When she loves shoving stuff down her throat,
To wash away her pain?

How does a teen cope?
Daps and pounds to all of those who did them wrong
Waving wassup, but never in touch, communicating?
Even when they say,
“I know, how you feel”
They don’t.

And for the girl with a broken heart,
How does she cope?
How does she ever turn to the word hope?
When every time she used it
He beat it, smashed it, and abused it?
If you were to pick up her heart
Would you still want to hold it?
Even after you stole it
Because her booty was big but her heart wasn’t bigger?
Would you drop it down, or would you heal her?
And I know the answer, she knows the answer
So I think we’ve both figured
The issue.

Betcha’ can’t answer
How does a boy with a solid heart cope?
After he, depends on pills to travel down his throat,
After he, rolls the weed and inhales the smoke
After he, boils crumbs on top of the stove pots,
I forgot,
He doesn’t.

And guess, who he turns to?
The pretty girl with the broken heart covered in perfume,
That makes him feel like loving,
Is the last thing to cover, his feelings-
She cares for his healing,
Only after the fact?

After he crashed,
After he passes,

After you laughed at how miserable,
He was, you loved, how unpredictable,
The dimmed lights,
Get when the vision goes bad,
How do you expect for him to cope with that?

How do you cope?
Hope do you know,
They aren't lying when they say they love you?
Not knowing if honesty is behind or if it holds you
Right near the angels,
Do you still question surveillance?
From lovers who master the art,
How do you fight the fact that though you're afraid of the dark?

Still scared that love will hurt you
Sooner or later deserve you
Bringing out the worst in you
Just letting it burn,
Is worse than acting like doesn't,
Even if love wasn't
Something worth touching,
Would you cope, or would your hand be in the cookie jar, BUSTED!

I know,
You'll feel empty,
And the feelings inferior
Make you feel you couldn't cope

Even if you held onto hope,
You wouldn't know
How it feels be filled with love and enrichment
Fulfilling the space with dents dead in the middle
Eyes wide open while you swallow pills.
Head on the pillow; thoughts in the gutter
Under covers sinking,
Dreaming of that someone,
To be there to comfort you
Dreaming of a lover who-
Isn't even there,
Ladies,
Way after you scream, after you bleed,
After the pain, after the steam,
Would you be able to cope?
Would you be able to know?
No.

Differences (Left x Right)

And as for myself,
I watched her.
Resting with her right foot over her left
Hair slicked back to the left
Left her emotions
Before a wink with her left eye
She began to write her pain

Right about when her lover passed her mind
I made the right decision
As she, passed my eyes
Intercepting intentions, she wept.

On her shoulder, there they were, she kept,
It all imprinted like a lion had carved into her skin,
The darkest words, "I've been misused"
I was right, but left the clues
I missed my ques
On a question to find the comforting questions
I missed, those-
I suppose, I failed the assessment.

Her eyes screwed, proving she was a blessing for worse
Nothing less than a blessing, bless the mess of her curves
She looked through me,
Inside, she cried, "Who are you?"

"Who am I?
Don't you know? I'm right where I desire.
I would, stay this close forever, but you know forever dies
The wheels around your eyelids
Remind me of the times
We would dig to find a finer set of fire
Foolish minds
Impatient
Still fueled by all that we left behind

"Do you mind? I am peace"
Now, left foot over her right.
Hair held tight in a messy bun
Mind on a million bright thoughts based on love...
Piped down in night gowns
Left emotion beside her
Insider her, rested I
Riding all her pain away, she writes it all away

She hides; but it's okay.
So do you, right?

Right,
Lost within the lows of loves high
The difference,
Is just about every right - builds suspension
We missed our ques
Love struck while ducking intermission

Too focused on the mission
We stood at the buildings,
Building, fighting all of our feelings
Fighting this ride,
When really,
We were just riding along.

We would hide in the rhythm,
To find ourselves in the song,
And we would groove,
Until Luther started taking control,
Yes, we bumped with the bass,
Until the bass kissed our souls,
And finally, as it started to decrease its tone,
We moved confused
Alone together,
Together alone.

Now my right foot, crossed on my lap
Without a sad song playing,
Totally wrapped,
Baby, what am I saying?
Have this feeling over and over
Until it brings closure,
Without exposure,
The only reason left,
Is getting closer.
Besides dreaming, without nourishment. No teaching,
We can do it together,
Until the sun stops beaming.

So, let's get closer.
And find it all together,
Our answers are limited,
But our questions are forever

Don't question me.

Found

A wise man once told me,
In order to like it,
You gotta find it,
Actually that man was Morgan Freeman.

Silly of me, Denice to start thinking,
You couldn't make a fool of me,
While I was out scheming,
Grandma told me.

Don't walk around with cold feet,
Chasing the sounds,
Mama told me,
Love, is the sickest drug that's around,
And once you think you have it,
Boy, you have it,
Girl, you have it,
Either you down in the depths or upset,
You say you happy...
You can't lie to me...

I've lied so many times replying,
"Oh, I will be... fine"
Grandma told me,
"Quit that lying boy, it's alright to cry"
I cried when I watched her die,
Love in now in my sky,
I try.

To make love moral viral than it is,
Because people lose sight of - what it really is,
And when they drop it,
That agape, is never given,
So I give it,
Give in,
You are my witness.

I write for lovers,
Christmas feels different,
You feel the difference,
We grew near the evil spirits,
And if it kills us, then so be it,
We don't need it,
Just remember, we all need **JESUS**.
Tis the season.

*What
A year
We've
Gone through, eh?*

*To all the lovers,
I love you,
To all of my brothers,
I love you,
To all of my sisters...*

*Remember,
There is only one man above you.*

*#one**LOVE***

*This project is definitely dedicated to my grandmother,
Christine Eaddy,
May she be get the most credit as a woman on this earth,
For, through her very own actions, teaching me how to love,
And showing me what love really is.
She is definitely being missed right now,
Christmas is definitely not the same with her presence in absence,
I just want to pay her back by writing this project for her.
For she is the sweetest spirit that I have ever known.
Rest in Peace and Merry Christmas Eve, Grandma.*

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"Eve, Oh Spirits"
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