

Poetry Series

**Crystal Tutson**  
**- poems -**

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# Crystal Tutson()

## **.pain.**

Pain—sharpen but yet dull and painless.

So numb to the pain given to my body that instead of rejecting it, my heart automatically accepts the pain.

Like medicine to the soul, pain seems to be my healer.

Pain seems to bring together life and death.

Pain seems to soothe the soul because without Pain I would be weak: timid: short: and unfulfilled.

You see pain is needed to make a person stronger.

Pain is needed to make a person un-afraid of hurt.

Pain is needed to make a person stand up, be proud and walk tall because they are more certain of the future.

Pain is needed to make one feel more fulfilled.

All because of these feelings my heart becomes full but it brings me back to the root cause: PAIN.

This 4 letter word causes hearts to be crushed relentlessly. It dishevels emotions once grounded and bruises egos. Pain.

Pain. My painkiller.

Pain. My happy endings.

Pain. My way out.

Pain. My life.

Crystal Tutson

## ? ? Questions? ? Unfulfilled? ?

No one knows what its like to be me, they interpret and try to duplicate but its only one you see.

Life feels like a rejecter warehouse, an assembly line but once passed down through the hands of many, you're still incomplete.

Fear and sorrow right outside my organ that's trying to spread what was given to me to others around. Many look upon it and smile but some see differently and frown.

Am I misunderstood because I was set apart or do I take things wayward with no cruel intentions in my heart?

I want to be more like Jesus but am I, in an effort to get closer, pushing others away? How can I learn to listen, to be cool, and to pray?

What was I placed here for, this I want to know? My friends are in a drought, a shortage, they tend to come and go.

There are so many questions that I may never know the answer to...

So how can I know which way is better or which way to go?

Questions Unfulfilled!

Crystal Tutson

# A Friend Indeed

Cheerful, elated and supportive are descriptions of you,  
Or sun coming out after the rain to block a distraught view.

Caring, compassionate, and motivating is how you get down.  
When I need an ear or shoulder you are always around.

I've told you secrets that no one else will know,  
You've told me things that make my spirit and soul grow.

Some things are replaceable, transferrable, or generate able every now and then,

But nothing can replace, bring in, or generate a trustworthy friend.

A place in my heart is there just for people like you.  
Be all you can be in life but most importantly, Just be You!

Never let this world get you down to the ground.  
Walk around knowing you're the daughter of the King with the ultimate crown.

You are beautiful just the way you are so change for no man.  
Love being the person you are, there's no other so stand.

□

Thanks for being such a good friend and helping me in my time of need,  
Thanks Udwa, for you are truly a friend INDEED!

Crystal Tutson

# A Home In Thee

A mere existence is not my being,  
but living life to the fullest, Praising God while I sing.

I was born a free soul but it was captured by God above,  
He brought me all the way, anchored it with His love.

An humbling wisdom given from God to know how to trust in Him.  
Being aware of false prophecy, confidence in His mercy, seeking only Him.

A God who catches me before I attempt to fall,  
He answers my prayers, runs to my aid, and propositions all my calls.

You can't tell me that His love doesn't free me from my sin.  
He's a just God and cleanses me from within.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.  
Lord, be with me, wherever you send, I'll go.

It was His bloodshed and love that brought God to me  
because without it I would be lost and unruly free.

Thanks for loving me in spite of me.  
Thanks for letting me live within thee.

You are God and You've been God alone,  
Thanks for your security; With you I have a home.

Crystal Tutson

# A Letter To My Ego

I'm so mad at you! Falling so easy, feeling so breezy!  
You're not even trying to protect your heart  
Instead you're running around here legs in part  
Yeah ok you wasn't ready for love but you fell into it  
Man you better keep it 100 and cover that ish  
These niggas ain't gone hold you down because they're too busy wearing an  
undercover crown  
They just as weak as you, all in their feelings and sh\*\*  
Man what's really the deal, I'm supposed to be but you're acting more like the  
b\*\*\*h  
Can't control the b\*\*\*h so they fall in line  
But girl you knew this stop playing blind  
Next time be like August and tell them no love  
You can go between the legs with lips and a glove  
Respect what you have and respect will come  
Stop playing around with them like you dumb  
It's a cold cold world when being true is no longer the game  
You have to be cold-hearted and make these niggas say yo name

Crystal Tutson

# A Recipe For My Soul

Lord, its me coming to you to be made whole.  
Lord, its me asking for a recipe for my soul.

Blend in some patience, what I need to handle my home.  
Mix in your comforter sent that I might not be alone.

Stir in some love needed to show the world that I am of you.  
And Lord don't let me forget to shake in your word, the truth.

Lord, crush in my heart forgiveness needed to live a healthy life.  
Shake in some righteousness needed to live right.

And Lord, where you see fit throw in some of your mighty rewards,  
and give me some strength, enough to keep up my guards.

Lord, be gentle in sparing the storms given to me.  
For I know to suffer in Christ is to reign with thee.

And after all is said and done and the recipe is all complete.  
I pray that in your sight, I'm right, and accepted by thee.

Crystal Tutson



# A Sinner's Prayer

Lord, its me again coming to you to talk.  
I'm being torn away from you by my walk.

I am constantly going in my own way,  
but Lord I need a healing, right now, today.

I am in a bind that I know is not right.  
I'm hindering others by not showing and shining my light.

I am being seperated from you by this thing called sin.  
Lord, I need you to cleanse me from within.

Help me to be more of what you want me to be.  
Help me to open my heart and my eyes to see.

That the way I live has to really change.  
So my kids want grow up and look at me strange.

Give me a way out so I can go on.  
Give me some strength, Lord so I can be strong.

This is my prayer crying out to you.  
Please help me Lord to live holy, faithful, and true

Crystal Tutson

# A Twisted Love Affair

How can you continue to love me when I continue to shun you?  
Even when I'm not at my best, blessings still come out of the blue.

This love affair has gone all wrong on my part.  
I have love for You deeply but does it only show in my heart?

My outer appearance doesn't always reflect You,  
My mouth and attitude aren't always telling others what You do.

I step out of line many times but yet You continue to stand by me.  
Oh God, how great are You and my presence in thee.

Greater is He that's in me than he that's in the world.  
Time and time again You continue to prove that no matter what I will always be  
Your girl.

I've fallen in love with a man, who knows all my needs,  
He gives me some wants and for my life His blood He bleeds.

I will never find another man that will love me so.  
In You I want my life to be, to live, to love and to grow.

So it's no longer a one night stand or a twisted love affair,  
I'm all in with you God, so take my heart and love it bare.

Crystal Tutson

## A. Pierced. Heart.

An irreparable hole dug in my heart,  
emotions escaping tearing me apart.  
I never thought our paths would end this way,  
I was excited about you, I was literally gay.  
My heart pounded when our eyes contacted each other  
because I had laid eyes on one fine black brother.  
Who told me things my ears itched to hear,  
I longed to feel your lips and your body ever so near.  
An opportunity came and I wanted to seize  
but in reality you didn't; my thoughts 'girl please.'  
My mind is spinning while emotions drain from my heart effortlessly  
I wanted it so bad it wasn't meant for me.

Crystal Tutson

# Adversity

To know adversity is to know me,  
For it is the underlying pain inside of me.

Each day brings forth something new.  
Its as if adversity has nothing to do.

Once I complete the running course,  
Adversity comes along with a stronger and harder force.

It tries with all its power to capsize my life's boat,  
Not knowing that on my boat I was given a float.

Adversity tries to send the winds to make me alarm,  
But adversity forgets that I was given the power to calm the storm.

Because of adversity, pain has become a friend of mine.  
Pain can no longer sneak up on me because I'm no longer blind.

Adversity brings pain; pain produces life's tests; tests give us a testimony.  
I am stronger because of tests and able to withstand the trials of adversity.

Crystal Tutson

# Am I Going Too Fast?

Did I jump into this too fast thinking things would be good?  
Cause the vibes were right, our personalities clicked and we talked all we could?

Was I led to believe that it could really be you and me?  
Or did I jump to conclusions when you said you wanted to 'fill me? '

But I ain't crazy and something's not right cause you disappear on the weekends,

Come back on Monday and try to explain it only when it depends.

The distance between us is becoming the determining factor,  
Maybe that or you're just a darn good actor.

But to play with the emotions of a person you say you want to know,  
Just ain't right, I bring it to your attention and you shrug your shoulders or say  
so!

So what's it gone be cause time is running short and I have to leave,  
Either you want my hand in marriage, either way the right one will come indeed!

Crystal Tutson

# Behind The Mask! !

I am the definition of black and strong;  
The underlying force of how to move on.

When my enemies try to make a feast of faults,  
On bending I fall and their laughs instantly halt.

You cannot destroy me because my back was meant to bend.  
I wont be a slave of the useless mentality now or then.

Who am I many people seem to ask?  
Who is the elated woman behind the mask?

Who smiles when things are often broken and distorted?  
Reframes from foolishness; Operations aborted.

Cruises in the lane of happiness and joy;  
Elevating my head above resenting coy.

Who am I people seem to ask me?  
A strong black woman jubilated and free.

To be who I want to be on this rigorous and unstable walk.  
Capturing the minds of many with my flamboyant style of talk.

I'm blessed and favored highly by God above,  
So much so He deluges me with His love.

Who am I some continue to ask?  
A mother; a soldier; a timid girl behind the mask.

Crystal Tutson

# Bitter

An endless circle of let downs and defeats  
The ways of your actions are beating up on me

My mind is telling me to run away and hide  
But my heart stops me and reminds me of the passion inside.

Each day is different; each side shows me something new.  
But when will I actually see what's really you?

I apologize that this ride doesn't have many loops, turns, and tricks  
It's simply controlled by my heart and not just mere joysticks.

And unfortunately you didn't make the ventriloquist of the year award  
You simply caught me with my emotions off guard

And no the Milton Bros wasn't soliciting a new game or creator  
It would have failed at the first stage as "worst Stimulator"

Who informed you that what you do is so great?  
It is because I let out a scream and the cream came late; let's debate!

How you switched it when you need a good nut!  
The feeling was so good it came from the uttermost part of your gut.

But when you don't need one it's hard to get a word.  
This is my experience not something I overheard.

Am I bitter? I just might be.  
Because the ni\*\*as I let in were unworthy of my peach-tree.

Am I bitter? You doggone skippy I am son! !  
But what goes around comes around and it's no longer fun when the rabbit has  
the gun

Crystal Tutson

# Body

It tingles, it shakes, and it gets butterflies inside  
It pumps, it loves, and it has a lust I can't hide  
They get weak, I can't walk, and I stumble at your sight  
They tremble, I'm nervous, but I'm holding on with all my might  
They are soft for the day but they harden at your touch,  
It rises at your fingers and you don't have to do much  
My body reacts to your presence and heats in your midst  
It longs for your goodness that makes my girl bliss  
My body is your entire playground  
It's your see-saw that goes up and down  
Whatever you want is my body desire  
Fill me, hold me, and love my body entire.

Crystal Tutson



# Breathless

My interest was piqued

My hormones started raging

My blood pressure rose

My stomach began to flip

My heart beat enhanced

My toes began to curl

My eyes became watery

My lips started to quiver

My hands began to shake

My legs started to tremble

My skin became bumpy

Once he placed his hands in mine

His lips to mine

Then his arms around me

His pelvic to my pelvic

Then all of a sudden

BREATHLESS! !

Crystal Tutson

# Broken Friendship

If it was meant to be then I guess it would have stayed  
Would it still be apart of me had I kneeled and prayed?  
People come and go but I would expect sisters to never leave  
Yet I'm sitting here moody and crying like I am bereaved  
I felt like I lost someone who should always be there  
Was our friendship anything? Did you really care?  
Was it a cover-up to mend a brokenness inside of you?  
And when the healing was finished I was done too?  
To throw away so many years over something so small and repairable is  
something I don't understand  
It's not like I stole money, fought you, or slept with your man!  
Nevertheless life is full of make-ups and unpredictable break-ups  
It's full of fill-ups and split-ups and take-ups  
So I can take-up my mat and walk with my head held high  
I tried to mend the friend to no end but somebody said bye! !

Crystal Tutson

## Can I Be A Witness?

A CHURCH MEMBER AND HIS FRIEND ARE SITING ON THE PORCH WHEN THE FRIEND ASKED, "WHY HAVEN'T YOU EVER WITNESSED TO ME? "  
HASN'T GOD BEEN GOOD TO YOU, GAVE YOU A NEW SONG AND SET YOU FREE.

WHY HAVEN'T YOU TOLD ME ABOUT THIS MAN THEY CALL THE ALMIGHTY GOD?  
HE HAS CLEANED YOU UP, TURNED YOU AROUND, AND EVEN SPARED YOU FROM THE ROD.

ALL THIS CHURCH FOLKS, EVEN YOU, GOING AROUND KEEPING CHRIST ALL TO YOURSELF,  
AND HERE THERE ARE TONS OF PEOPLE, EVEN ME, YOUR FRIEND NEEDING HIS HELP.

THAT'S ALL I KNOW TO DO NOW IS WITNESS SO PEOPLE WON'T DIE AND GO TO HELL.  
GOD HAS GIVEN ME A COMMISION AND I HAVE MY OWN LIFE STORY TO TELL.

I THANK GOD THAT HE HAS SAVED ME AND GAVE ME A BRAND NEW TALK.  
NOW I DON'T CARE WHO SEES ME, I'M NOT ASHAMED BECAUSE HE HAS GIVEN ME A NEW WALK.

THE CHURCH MEMBER RESPONDED IN THE BEST WAY HE KNEW, BECAUSE IT WAS WHAT HE DID FOR YEARS.  
HE WAS A SINNER LONG AGO AND WAS SCARED TO TELL HIS STORY AND HIS FRIEND'S REMARK BROUGHT HIM TO TEARS.

HE WAS ASHAMED THAT PEOPLE WOULD BRING UP HIS PAST WHEN HE TRIED TO WITNESS.  
THAT THEY WOULD GO TO THE 'REMEMBER WHEN'S', SAYING DO YOU REMEMBER THIS?

BUT NOW HE KNOWS THAT EVERYBODY HAS SOMETHING TO REMEMBER, THINGS IN THEIR PAST LIFE.  
AND THAT HE HAS TO WITNESS TO PEOPLE BECAUSE ONLY GOD CAN MAKE IT RIGHT.

Crystal Tutson

# Chess Game

It's like I just wasn't enough  
All along I'm pretending trying to play tough,

But the truth of the matter is I'm hurt.  
You came in and treated me like I was dirt.

Something that you trample on and then disregard  
like trash, used me up and then discord.

I never knew that all along I was like a pawn in your chess game  
A small piece to the puzzle: one of many: a small name.

My moves were straight-forward while like a bishop you crossed it up.  
You can only do so much crossing so with that I wish you luck.

One thing people forget is that when the pawn reaches the end  
you can become who you want and ultimately win.

The moral of the game is treat every piece like it's a queen,  
up close, valuable, with truth and respect: only sacrificing it for the king.

Crystal Tutson

# Colors

So many people are caught up in the color of GOD.  
Yeah, the one who led Moses and the Israelites out of bondage with a rod!  
If He was a color, why wouldn't He be red?  
This is the color that saved us from damnation; the blood that was shed.  
If He was a color, why wouldn't He be black?  
It represents sin, all that He removes from our heart to keep us on track.  
If He was a color, why couldn't He be white?  
Glowing in dark places and shining His marvelous light.  
Let's try another color that our GOD could be,  
How about purple for a King; representing royalty?  
If GOD had to be a color, why couldn't He be orange?  
He gives happiness and encourages you when life leaves you hanging on a hinge.  
If GOD had to be a color, why couldn't he embody blue?  
Since we only call on Him when we are sad and down or its something we need  
Him to do.  
Whatever the color of GOD, Our Father, maybe,  
His son's blood, crimson red, is what He sees when He looks at me!

Crystal Tutson

# Coward

That coward had the nerve to take my precious jewel, my virginity,  
then expect me to be 'Christian' about it and forget he did that to me.  
How can one get over the pain that he maliciously put me through?  
And to then tell my love ones, like my grandma, who said it couldn't be true.  
That coward had the nerve to speak to me like nothing was wrong,  
and no longer was I looked upon as pure because my virgin-ness was gone.  
Imagine in your mind, a joyful and elated 6 year old girl,  
who has no worries, living life like royalty in my own world,  
Until my uncle comes and shatters all my hopes and even my dreams.  
It's like he gave the devil a high-five to be welcomed to the team.  
That coward was sick and he wanted me to fall as well,  
to keep all the hatred in my heart so I could burn in hell.  
That coward didn't know that I was predestined to be great,  
that he could physically rape me but my soul he couldn't take.  
How could you repeatedly take something so precious from me?  
And then expect me to go on and just let it be!  
Hatred in my heart, like a disease, is what I want to give you,  
but imma take the 'coward' road too and say, 'I forgive you.'

Crystal Tutson

# Crushing

is it naughty or nice?  
Am i gambling with the dice?  
i dont care how it is  
i just got this feel  
when i speak your name  
my thoughts go insane  
i want you more than  
a window wants its pane  
my body needs your touch  
we dont have to do much  
just speak a word to me  
its everything off you see  
ive been feeling you for far too long  
the hour is wells spent; time half pass gone  
so lets not waste any more time,  
im your crush; will you be mine?

Crystal Tutson

# Desire

If I told you once I've told you twice,  
My desire for him is fierce, it's nothing nice.  
My vibes grow easy when I'm in his midst.  
I get chills up and down my spine when our lips kiss.  
His attention to my body leaves me wanting more.  
His gentleness and swagger are things I both adore.  
The way he holds me tight against his rhythmic beat,  
Makes me warm and fuzzy inside that I craved and desire the heat.  
But things have changed and the desire is slipping away.  
It's as if he woke up and said "I don't want the desire today!"  
I can see the desire in his eyes and the thoughts in his head,  
But the consequences will be too much so he ignores me instead.  
He looks my way and he peeps my game,  
He wants me deeply but yet never calls my name.  
His body language tells me that he placed a restraint on his heart,  
That even though together it feels right, we're much better apart.  
Why can't you remove what was placed there,  
So that we can enjoy ourselves with no barriers; bare?  
I want to forget how it all started and try to start again.  
The only thing blocking us is you're not my man.  
What did we get ourselves into or what's so hard to let go?  
The mere fact, we desire what we already know.

Crystal Tutson



# Deuces! !

You played me like a fool  
worked me like a mechanic that dont use tools.  
How could you peel my heart like it was a mere potato  
better yet sliced and diced it like it was a tomato?

I was more to you than you will ever be to me.  
I was the roots that sprung up your tree.  
But now you got what you think is 'status quo'  
you wanna go around and pick up every\_\_.

You're a frog going around trying to be a prince,  
you're not even welcomed in the palace so you scatter from hence.  
Get it together my brother I was the best thing you ever had  
but now that you're gone its all smiles, i cant help but to be glad.

Deuces

Crystal Tutson

# Did You Think We Were Together? ?

How you gone get mad at me?  
We aint what it is or ever suppose to be?

Did I say that I was committed to you?  
Or did you just think that cause you a fool?

When I first met you I told you I wasn't ready  
Did you think I changed my mind because we talked on the phone steady?

And if I decide to skip a day in calling you,  
Remember my phone works just as good as yours do boo boo.

So dude haven't I got news for you and you might not like it,  
I aint your girl and never signed up for this, so you are dismissed.

So don't get it twisted, misconstrued, chopped, or diced,  
If you can't deal with me then you better scatter like scared mice.

Crystal Tutson

# Feelings

Im feeling you; each and every part of you,  
but for some reason the feelings arent mutual too.

Your swag is on point and I can see myself as your girl.  
I can see us together both in the mental and physical as you rock my world.

You approached me first to get to know me better,  
but now there's distant only when we're not together.

Your hugs make me want to melt in your arms completely.  
I am falling for you, head over hills, deeply.

I wanna feel what you have in your candy store,  
every time I think about it I grow anxious even more.

I know you want me too, you've said it repeatedly,  
when we are together we tend to jump each other immediately.

But where is this going I really need to know?  
Are we merely testing the waters or together are we trying to grow?

Either way I'm down, you know what they say at that,  
curiosity is what killed the curious cat.

Crystal Tutson

# Get On! ! ! !

How many times must I ask you to cuddle and stay?  
You might not know it but your rejection is pushing me away.

Right into the arms of another man who will treat me right.  
One who will love me, hold me, and tell me there's no one more beautiful in his  
sight.

I don't get it when I should be all you need.  
Help me figure this out because I need a breath to breathe.

I try to hold on and act like I don't care,  
and in all of this you are never there.

You are tired and I need to realize the fact.  
Get out of my life, look, step back, you're wack.

You'll never find another woman like me.  
So if you don't love me than my brotha you're free.

I don't want to keep a man who don't want to be kept.  
But you best believe that in the long run you'll need my help.

So take your sorry, weak, no good a\*\* on,  
I'm a black sista I was made to be strong.

I'll make it don't you think I won't boy,  
Get out of my life, I'm a woman not a toy.

Crystal Tutson

# Have I Learned Yet? ! !

Let him go, he wasn't supposed to be mine  
I had him for a little while but now I'm out of time

The rebound chick, the chick that was the ear but didn't have a right to give an ear is what I signed up to be  
But when it all boils down to it, when the end comes, he will always follow his heart indeed

No matter how much I wanted it to be and no matter how badly I need him here,

I was the other woman and the end causes for me to shed a tear

My heart won't let me cry too much but my mind is overflowing with questions and reasons

Like why didn't he tell me sooner because I was the ear, maybe he knew about my fragileness and didn't want to commit treason?

Why didn't he tell me that months ago he proposed and that soon marriage was near?

Oh I know the need that he needed from me would soon like water to vapor, disappear.

No worries, in life people are used and I won't sit here like he only used me because that's not it.

I needed him to fill a void that was present just didn't realize my heart would be captured in the bull's ish.

So where do we go from here? Do we continue to speak? Do we stop all forms of communication? Do we look each other's way? Do I look away when I capture you in your mesmerizing gaze?

Life is crazy and sometimes sends you in circles until you learn your way. I ran from one horror of a situation only to be caught up in another complicated maze!

Have I learned yet?

Crystal Tutson

# Hello Happiness! !

Hello to all the things that try to go up against me  
To all the things that try to defeat me, corrupt me, injure me, or side track me,  
You can no longer have access to me.  
You're cut off and not entertained,  
Grounded by the suspense of my pain.  
So hello sadness, manipulation, pain and sorrow,  
I no longer want to hear from you or borrow.  
My strengths will outlast and my fears I will overcome,  
So get ghost out of my life, do you know who I'm from?  
A child of the Most High God known as the King of kings,  
I've given Him control over my life and all my being.  
You can't stop me because greater is He.  
So stop trying to knock at my door, I've released you, you're free.  
You are no longer wanted or appreciated in my midst,  
But instead I say, Hello Happiness! !

Crystal Tutson

# Hesitant Heartbreaks

If I could wave a wand and rewind the past, in a heartbeat, I would.  
But is that logical? You learn from the past but in the future I wish I could.

Sometimes we cause pain upon ourselves while thinking we are doing what's right.

Sometimes I think, only after the mistake, that it wasn't so bright  
But I've grown and I wouldn't change my past to understand my present  
Because its my present that keeps me grounded yet hesitant.

Hesitant to the future and the thoughts that come  
Hesitant to the what if's, the wishes, and #theBombs

Hesitant to the love and even more to the fake  
Hesitant to the aftermath of the inevitable mistakes

Hesitant to the feelings that come and go and the good loving we seem to make  
Because after the hesitancy gives in to the love, in the end often comes  
heartbreak

Crystal Tutson

# His Pain My Gain

pain and sorrow  
human borrow

guilt and shame  
a beginner's game

love and lust  
a sinner's must

turmoil and hate  
a flaccid state

his pain my gain  
my savior's name

weak and distraught  
yet i'm bought

with a shameful price  
blood shed from Christ

happy and elated  
pain and sorrow dissipated

joy and meekness  
my soul's stableness

pride and glory  
a reformed story

love and lust  
no longer my must

turmoil and hate  
is left at hell's gate

blessings and favor  
a moment to savor



his pain my gain  
my savior's name

Crystal Tutson

# Honey Nut Cheerios

When I wake up in the morning my stomach begins to growl,  
I am on the hunt to satisfy my hunger so I began my prowling.  
My eyes scan the cabinets and lands at the top,  
My favorite sticks out amongst the rest; it's the 'golden box.'  
My taste buds eagerly anticipate the dripping honey,  
The sweetness, the crunch, I'll spend all my money  
Just to get my hands on this 'golden box'  
That makes my stomach full and my tongue pop.  
Honey Nut Cheerios is one of kind, in fact it's the best, completely blows your  
mind.

Crystal Tutson

# How Much Longer?

The touch of your hands  
the strength in your voice  
the spirit in your soul  
your decisiveness in choice.

Your wonderful image of a woman like me  
your readiness to give, your readiness for love  
your captive edge has caught me but  
your freedom is symbolic of a dove.

The sultriness in your eyes  
the arch in your smile  
your perfect structured chest  
is where I want my mind and head to rest.

How much longer must our souls dangle,  
how much longer must our words tangle,  
before we know the way to move ahead  
or should we stop, pause, and see what else lies instead.

Crystal Tutson

# I Got Something That Doesn'T Make Sense

I made it through some storms of life.  
I made it through some heartaches and strife.

I GOT SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

People don't understand my story,  
They look at what I have but to God be the glory.

I GOT SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

I ask God to make me strong so he sends me a struggle,  
I beat the same devil they did with less education and a much harder tuggle.

I GOT SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

I wasn't supposed to make it across the stage because of my background.  
Graduated with honors but yet to my family I'm nothing but a hound.

I GOT SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

How can I have what I have coming from where I came from,  
I'm supposed to be a welfare dependant, on drugs in the streets, living like a bomb.

I GOT SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

My family I love but don't quite understand them.  
The wrong things I do are right and the right things they condemn.

I GOT SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

I thank God for the Holy Ghost and teaching me the way,  
I want to get better and grow stronger each and every day.

I GOT SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

They don't understand my pain, my guilt, my lies, or my shame.  
I've turned a new leaf, got things I never dreamed of, so who's the blame?

I GOT SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

I'm a child of God, a king who blesses me ridiculously  
I gone places, seen things that another child says are unthinkable.

I GOT SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

So what do I have? I have a way out the hood, something that doesn't make sense but God has made for my good, I know it was God who blessed me so, no I don't have it misunderstood.

He's been by my side and loved me while in my mother's womb,  
Better yet he thought about me a long time ago while he laid in the tomb.

So don't hate on me because he showered on me his love  
Cause the same God who gives to me is sitting waiting on you up above.

I GOT SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

Crystal Tutson

# I Made It Over

In rough times how can somebody make it through,  
when everyone is rooting for you to fail and the pressure's on you?

How can one live up to the life that another expects of you?  
What is it that I can say, what else can I do?

My life has been a living hell and it seems that nobody cares,  
but one man who's been with me and is always there.

It's by the goodness and mercy of the man up above,  
that when in hard times showered on me with love.

I often sit down and look at my life,  
I think about the ups and down, the misery and the strife.

I thank God for all he's done and because of that I'm bolder,  
through it all, through it all, thank God I made it over.

Crystal Tutson

# I Wasnt Ready

I can't even consciously be mad at you

For breaking it off and turning cold out the blue

I put myself in the position when I knew you didn't belong

Now I'm the one singing this lacrimoso sad song

The tears are in my ducts but my pride won't let them fall

At the beginning of it all I was looking closely and anticipating the last call

Each time spent together I knew we were getting close to that final last time

And even though I felt it I still hadn't prepared my heart or my mind

You said I should find someone who could be there like I need them to be

But if I remember correctly, after we left off, you then came back and pursued me

So even though the signals are confusing I won't look for an solid answer

Instead I'll accept what was given to me and not be a prancer

The last memories I have will last long in my head

The night we vaguely went at it and decided to skip the bed

It truly felt good but I knew it would all come to an end,

But if I knew it was on these basis, I would have just simply kept my friend!

Crystal Tutson

# I Wasn'T Suppose To Fall....

How could I let this escapade be?  
I wasn't suppose to fall for this, you see?

Just a thing to do to rid my time  
but as much as I hate it, you have my mind.

My heart is aching and feelings are so distraught.  
Drums pounding in my head, tears forming in eyes, because I was taught.

That you reap what you sow, yeah I already know.  
But the fact remains that I see you everyday and feeling are starting to grow.

It still doesn't change the fact that your vows wasn't made to cherish me,  
So this is why I wasn't suppose to fall for this, you see?

So where do we go from here is the question I ask?  
My heart was 'set-up' by you just like old dude from my past.

I fell for the okie doke knowing nothing would come from this.  
I'm ready to love, so why did I play the game, I'm not built for this sh\*\*! !

So I will go on my way and you go yours too.  
From here on out you belong to your wife and not me too.

So we can wave and speak and things can go back to the way they use to be,  
Cause now I know more than ever that I wasn't suppose to fall for this, you see?

Crystal Tutson



## If Only You Knew...

If only you knew how much I love you, would you look at me strange?  
If you knew you hurt me would that have made you change?

If you knew how much I felt connected to the rhythm of your heart,  
would you have consider that awkward or regarded it as a piece of art?

If only you knew that one day, awhile ago, I contemplated your last name,  
would you still have been eager and ready to play this foolish game?

If you knew that I didn't want to take another breathe,  
without you by my side, would you have stayed or kept to the left?

If only you knew that without your voice I couldn't mutter one word,  
would you have performed a soliloquy so that I could be heard?

If you knew these things and how I have so much more to say,  
would you take my hand and lead me along the way?

Crystal Tutson

## If These Walls Could Talk.....

If these walls could talk, boy wouldn't they have a lot to put out.  
About the things that went on behind closed doors, no doubt.  
Times when we thought we were hiding our secrets from the world,  
And in our minds trying to justify that we were just being a girl.  
Not to many of them came but most sure did pack up and leave,  
Taking along the most vital organ like they were sharing a sleeve.  
If these walls could talk, embarrassment will be written on the forehead.  
And all the emotions in the storage will escape leaving us near dead.  
Love, where did you go when we were out on the dance floor?  
Desire, why did you flee when I was tired and said no more?  
Fulfillment, why haven't you shown up to do your part?  
Was I too forward or just too opened with my heart?  
Satisfaction, what happened to the guarantee that comes along with you?  
Is it only for the 10 minutes and after that you are through?  
If these walls could talk boy would they have a lot to say?  
About the jokers that came and went and how they can't get anymore time of my  
day!

Crystal Tutson

# It's A Beautiful Day

Its a beautiful day  
a time where I can have fun and play.  
The skies hold the precipitation away  
Its just a beautiful day..

Its a beautiful day,  
I daydream about life as I lay.  
The trees, how they gently sway,  
Its just a beautiful day..

Its a beautiful day  
I have enough money for my bills to pay.  
God rained down some blessings and paved the way,  
Its just a beautiful day..

Its a beautiful day  
the breeze is fresh like flowers in May  
horses chewing, engulfing the hay,  
Its just a beautiful day..

Its a beautiful day  
I woke up again, I can talk and say,  
I can move about my limbs, im loved; im gay.  
Its just a beautiful day..

Crystal Tutson

# It's Too Bad

It's too bad you saw me as a threat,  
That you put all your money on a win and lost the bet.  
It's too bad I took something you thought was exclusively yours alone  
That the trust you had intimately had been tampered with and now gone.  
It's too bad you feel a need to hate on me in any capacity  
That belittling me could possibly make you happy  
It's too bad our friendship couldn't grow from the thorn in our side  
That we couldn't get over the bump and walk together in stride  
It's too bad that lust came in an unidentified package  
Not even UPS or FEDEX were able to pinpoint or track it.  
It's too bad that life can sometimes be too bad  
But at least I know that it was something that I desired and had!

Crystal Tutson

# Letter For My Pastor

Dear Pastor Bradley,

First off, congratulations are in order for making it thus far,  
A milestone in your ministry and a better person you are.

Many cannot know what it takes and means to be a leader better yet a pastor,  
Just like the disciples didn't know the blessing they had while walking with our  
master.

It takes a man of God to stand tall, firm, and lead his people.  
Faith, the size of a mustard seed, to fight temptations and all evil.

This journey wasn't easy and I admit I didn't make it any better,  
But by the grace of God I've grown and we can be in the same room together.

Not only that but when you came about 1yr and half later you lost your mother,  
But it was encouraging to me to see how you leaned on God knowing he sticks  
closer than a brother.

This journey to success, who said there wouldn't be any storms  
But just like on the boat, He can speak and instantly it's calm.

I must say, to your children you're a good father, to your wife you're a good  
man;  
You're the glue to our church which completed God's plan.

Pastor you have been such a good inspiration to all God's sheep,  
I'm just glad I can call you one of my peeps.

I pray that God will bless you and your ministry indeed.  
Numbers are not your #1 priority but the person's soul and what they need.

Shiloh could not have prayed and asked God for a better person than you.  
For you are diligent, caring and loving in all you do.

But now on a funny note, something about your clothes then I will end,  
you've upgraded to a Master's, so no more Wal-Mart you can go to Target to  
spend.



# Life Without You.....

Life without You.....

Is like an actor without a script  
Or the phrase hop without the hip

Is like pain without the meds  
Or a consistent life on the run from the feds

Is like the ocean minus the water,  
Or the clay short of its potter

Is like the writer without a story to pen  
Or a Twinkie without the filling within

Is like a ship short of a sail  
Or the utter most bottomless pit; hell

Is like a plane without its wings  
Or a guitar lacking on its strings

Life without You is an experience of storms on a tossed sea  
So I will make sure that my soul is anchored in thee! !

Crystal Tutson

# Long Gone

Times got so bad I had to change my sheets  
because I could smell the scent of you in my sleep

I'm over here with thoughts running through my mind  
about the actions we shared and where I went blind

Its confusing; the part that you once played I'm in that role,  
playing now for your heart but I can't win because a thief is on the stroll

No matter how in love you are with her, will she ever truly be?  
She dropped you once to spread legs with another 'he'

I can't hold on to the 'hope of you' for much too long  
I just hope when you come to the conclusion I won't be long gone.

Crystal Tutson



## Look Upon Your Face.....

A broken heart that's torn asunder,  
how can I go on or come up from down under?

Oh my master, the Lord of Lords and King of Kings,  
oh God, you are Lord and you can do above and beyond anything.

Lord please forgive me for what I've done wrong,  
Lord, bless me indeed, for in you I want to be strong.

I thank you for being God and being God all alone,  
you are my Savior, the almighty King of my throne.

I love you God for the God you are,  
when my back is against the wall, I don't have to search far.

You've been my rock, my master, my bread, and my love,  
You've loved me, when I turned away, in spite of.

Thank you for mending the broken pieces of this ole heart,  
Thanks for helping me to love my children and giving me a brand new start.

You are a wonderful God and in your hands I'll be,  
Oh God, by and by, in the end it's your face I want to see.

Crystal Tutson

# Lord, Help! !

Lord, its You I'm calling on right now,  
I need your help and I don' want to let You down.

I know sometimes when you're looking down you want to frown,  
but Lord don't give up on me because I want a crown.

Lord, I need you to reach down and help your child.  
Help me to be like you, humble, meek, and mild.

Lord, I need you to reach down and help me.  
Shake me, make me, have me to be what you want me to be.

Lord, its Crystal and I don't know which way to go.  
Point me in the right direction because only you know.

Lord, you know my heart and I want to do right,  
but at times I get so tired of this old life.

I get so tired of the headaches, the misery, the strife.  
Lord, help me because I want to do what's right.

Teach me your way Lord and help me stay true.  
I love you Lord because it was only you.

Lord, the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much.  
Help me to kneel down and do just such.

This is my prayer and in your hands it'll be.  
Lord, its Crystal asking you not to forget about me.

Crystal Tutson

# My Heart's Melody

A longing so strong that I can't be away from,  
Knowing without it, I would be tender and numb.  
More of You, is what I want to obtain  
Nearer to You, is where I want to remain.  
For God You are so awesome and loving to me  
You open doors and my eyes so that I could see  
That without You I am not fit to take another breath  
You've been a doctor in the times of failing health  
You are amazing because my faults you didn't see  
You looked at my heart and saw my earnest plea  
Who could ask for a better Father than You  
A God so mighty and loving in all You do  
From the depths of the sea to the highest mountain around  
You are amazing because You lifted my head from the ground  
When I didn't know which way to go You became my guide  
You became my all and all; my love when I was deprived  
I thank You, God for being my rock; my help; my every thing  
It's because of You that I have a song to sing.

Crystal Tutson

# My Image Portrays Who?

My image portrays the One who made me,  
Someone I can feel but can't physically see.

My hair long and rough like the one who walked amongst us,  
A head that's big but can hold a lot of knowledge so what's the fuss?

My skin complexion is similar to the Almighty Creator,  
A smart tongue, which makes me a great debater.

Big hands to fight but I really don't need,  
Cause God defends my battle, for he is great indeed.

Long legs to walk around heaven all day,  
Joining my thigh and sheen, my knees to pray.

But why is this important when we all will be together?  
Each race, each color, each gender has made the world better.

My face, your face all portrays the Creator up above,  
He has no respect a person and showers us all with his love.

So don't get caught up with the color of our Saviour, Jesus Christ.  
Just remember, Red is the bloodshed, for you and I, and that was a costly price.

Crystal Tutson

# My Mother And Her Drug

Im in her shoes but I still dont understand  
how she chose to neglect us for a drug made by man.  
It had a stronghold on her that she just couldn't let go.  
She thought she could control it but little did she know.  
This drug tore apart a family in no time;  
took people out while they were yet in their prime.  
Had my mother sell herself for a momentary high  
and let this man take the innocence of her daughter; too early to say goodbye.  
How could you do this to us without the least bit of care?  
At moments like my graduation, I needed you there.  
You neglected me, so why shouldn't I abandon you?  
But yet I'm stuck to you closely like Elmer's glue.  
Even though my childhood was filled with ruthlessness and pain  
love from my heart I give, I can't restrain.  
God places us in challenging stages;  
thanks to God I'm able to quickly turn the pages.  
And even though this drug tried to destroy our being,  
we are the better and victory is our's over this thing!

Crystal Tutson

# My Praise So True

My life was given to me in order for me to give to You  
-a life full of worship and praise  
-to rear my children in Your admonition, I raise  
-an ever flowing worship of Your name  
-a realness in spirit and truth; not a game  
-an utterance of praise continuously on my heart  
-knowing that I was called; I was set apart  
-I give my body to You as a sacrifice  
-You gave Your only son as the ultimate price

My life was given to me in order for me to give to You  
My life so real  
My worship so genuine  
My praise so true.

Crystal Tutson

# My Prayer!

Lord, I need you to hug me until my body becomes sore.  
Tell me I will make it through the pain, the sorrow, and the disappointment.  
Embrace my tears and clear away the abrupt rapture of loneliness.  
Encamp around my heart a cushion so that no matter how many times it is  
thrown or bounced around it never breaks.  
Bury my heart in your heart so I can feel and embrace the love given to me.  
So that I can show the love given to me.  
So that I can live the love given to me.  
Let me find peace in your presence.  
Comfort in your comforter.  
Redemption in your blood.  
Save me from me. Let me not do harm to me.  
Let me follow the narrow path directed for me.  
For your ways are holy, your ways are righteous, Oh Lord!  
In thee will I live forever,  
Amen!

Crystal Tutson

# My Very Present Help! !

When I am searching for a friend to call on or to talk to,  
Who is always there when I come up empty? You!  
My hungers to be loved by many you fulfill that appetite.  
My constant thirst for attention you are always there without a fight.  
Why must I feel this love and go to dangerous lengths to acquire?  
When it's you who satisfy my needs and you are not even for hire.  
You represent purity and un-wavering stability  
But for some reason I haven't been free in thee.  
I seek after a tangible feeling degrading the essence of my being  
Without feeling the consequences; my eyes not open; not seeing.  
My insatiable appeal to gain the approval of those who fail me,  
Is boggling my mind but yet where ever I run or when I fall you catch me.  
When will I reach the conclusions that you are my all and all?  
My mind and heart agrees but my actions are at a stall.  
What kind of God continuously forgives me and loves me when I have it not for  
myself?  
The God who is my refugee; my very present help!

Crystal Tutson



# Nightmares! !

I here the pound  
The pound, the echo sound  
That's bouncing around  
Please stop the pound!  
My thoughts are on overdrive  
My arms have the 'hive'  
Am I dead or still alive?  
Why are they coming at me in overdrive?  
Please stop me from crying  
Stop my heart from dying  
Open my eyes, I'm trying  
Please help, I'm falling, I'm crying  
The pavement I can't hit  
The floor I want to miss  
Please, please, please stop this  
A touch from my mom I get.

Crystal Tutson

## No One Else...

No one else can hold me like you can,  
the strength in your hands, that of a man.

No one can smile at me and brighten up my world.  
No one can love me so tender and make me feel like His only girl.

No one else has kept my heart for quite this long.  
Together we are the better and closer we've grown.

No one else can make me get so mad,  
but minutes later turn around and make me instantly glad.

No one else has been there in the late night hours when my mind wouldn't let me rest.  
No one else has been able to pass the never-ending tests.

No one else is more precious than you in my love-spelled sight,  
No one have I ever loved with all my might!

Crystal Tutson

# One Accord

Don't tell me what I can and can't do!  
Because of my accomplishments, do I offend you?

Are you mad because the devil can't touch my body or my soul?  
Give your life to my God and show that devil whose in control.

Hold your head up high and don't be ashamed,  
for all are unpure and everyone has a blame.

Walk around like you know what you know,  
that God lives in you and to all man he'll show.

I'm the daughter of a righteous and wealthy man.  
So if you're my sister let's stop fighting and walk hand to hand.

We were all made in God's own perfect image.  
Let's put on the whole armour and give the devil a scrimmage.

Together we will defeat Satan and win the race,  
but let's be careful to thank God for his mercy and grace.

We are soliders on the battlefield for the Lord.  
So let's all stand together and get on one accord.

Crystal Tutson

# Paid In Full

Unstable creatures don't know which way to go,  
Paranoid chicks afraid to decipher the know.  
People are so relentless disheveling to get players on a team  
But just because you have a hundred plus what is that suppose to mean?  
The more you have doesn't always mean the better,  
I've heard of armies of thousands getting destroyed because a few stood  
together.  
Be careful about people, who eagerly take sides,  
Sometimes it means they have something themselves to hide.  
Running with the crowd doesn't always satisfy the soul.  
So if being right and alone is the only option then at least it makes you whole.  
Scantiness, backbiting, undeserving hatred and pain  
Is in the hands of the deliverer because you sow then you gain.  
Be who you are and the best person that you can possibly be,  
Your harvest will return back to you, always, just wait and see.

Crystal Tutson

# Priceless

The pressure to keep and love you more,  
So I give of myself something I can't restore.  
I don't feel any more worthy but yet disdain  
Look at my heart, rip it open and inhale my pain.  
Take a look at the hurt you've caused  
Take a second to look back, breathe, and pause.  
I'm falling in love with you and yet you're emotionless,  
My time \$150.00/hr, my gas \$2.50/gal., but my love: priceless.  
I wonder about the times we are together,  
You make me feel good but do I make you better?  
Do I fill any capacity of your stainless steel heart?  
Your useful less grasp at me is tearing me apart.  
My struggle to live on, my passion for life,  
has been shattered by your passiveness and given me strife.  
I can't go on and continuously batter myself.  
I must stand strong, keep the faith, and ask for help.  
To sustain my laughter, my love and my consciousness,  
So from here on out you're a distant memory without the bliss.

Crystal Tutson

# She Didn'T Teach Me...

She didnt teach me how to take care of myself,  
How to be a better me and how to ask for help.

She didn't teach me the fundamentals of being an only girl,  
or how to distinguish myself from the others in the world.

She didn't teach me how to love from my heart and how I feel,  
to forgive those who hurt me so that I can heal.

She didn't teach me how to protect myself from different men;  
that giving myself to them is a carnal sin.

She didn't teach her only girl how to grow up and be a lady,  
that men will say whatever to call you baby.

She didn't teach me that I could show love in another way,  
instead of opening my legs, with my lips I could easily say.

Momma, why didn't you teach me the things that would help me live on;  
how to smile, how to love, how to keep my head up and be strong?

I'm your only girl and I needed you then just like I need you now,  
to help me teach my daughter so she would know how.

To live, to love, to grow, to show pain, and to cry,  
to be all that she can be with no regrets or no sigh.

Momma, why didn't you teach me? !

Crystal Tutson

# Silhouettes

He was just not that into her but she made him her world,  
Infatuated with the mere thoughts of just being called his girl.

She let lust over-saturate her heart, loneliness be a catalyst for her promiscuity,  
and allowed lies to try and hide the pain,  
But once she settled into her worth, she realized that love isn't a beginner's  
game.

The complexity of her feelings had her wanting him everyday,  
And everyday she was thinking of that promising way.

He was literally a topic that embraced and accelerated her brain,  
And when she didn't hear the sweet nothings from him she reverted from her  
sane.

Nevertheless, she was in love and love wouldn't disconnect from her being no  
matter how hard she tried.

The longing to have him not just physically but mentally and spiritually  
marinated in her no matter how hard she denied.

She didn't know how to accept his masculinity but yet she craved him even  
more.

She didn't know if the love he said he had for her was real or if he just wanted to  
score.

He was perfect; she was physically available but drained emotionally yet the ride  
she gracefully wanted to enjoy.

Him and Her, He and She, Them and They, together forever, no matter how the  
mind contested and heart wanted to deploy.

Crystal Tutson

## Special One

You are my everything,  
my life, my love, my flower-blossomed in spring.

You make me smile when I want to cry.  
You have made my life pleasant when it once was dry.

I want you to know how deeply you have impacted my life.  
You're my king, you're perfect in my eyesight.

You are the reason I smile when things aren't so good.  
You do things that make me happy when others doubtfully would.

I never thought I would find someone like you,  
I really don't know what to say I have not one clue.

Every since you came into my life I feel some sort of relief.  
You just don't know how my life you've lifted from grief.

You are like the parachute that came out while I was close to the ground,  
You came and saved me no matter how crazy it sounds.

You are the king of my throne and I'm the queen of yours, too.  
I might as well say it.....I LOVE YOU! ! !

Crystal Tutson



# Sweet Goodbyes

It's about time for us to say our sweet goodbyes.  
You cheated on me so I have to ask why?

Wasn't I more than good enough for you?  
Why did you do it? Was it something I didn't do?

I don't understand because I gave you everything,  
All I wanted in return was your heart and a ring.

You constantly lie and I constantly cry,  
but my eyes are out of tears so I better say bye.

We had our fun while it lasted and laughed all the time,  
but we better leave it alone because I need a piece of mind.

What about the late nights you came in messed up?  
I can't take your mess, not me but your fu\*\*\*d up?

I love you for everything its worth,  
I don't see why you cheated, to your only child I gave birth.

So, I'm through with the lying and all my late night crys.  
We had our fun but now we can say our sweet goodbyes.

Crystal Tutson

# That Man, That Man

It's his appeal that makes me want to jump his bones.  
It's his approval that makes me want to walk tall and strong.  
The feeling I get when I'm in his presence is like no other.  
I'm like a teenage school girl and instantly his face I want to smother.  
His conversations are pleasant; they speak to my state of being.  
Only problem in this situation is, I already have a ring.  
How could I allow this thing to happen like this?  
I'm in love with a man who fills my life with bliss.  
The compassion he shares with me makes my heart melt.  
I'm in love with a man who may belong to someone else.  
I want to let him go but I need to let him know,  
That my feelings won't ever fade but my heart should never be played.  
So for now I must stay where my heart remains;  
Remove myself from the situation before my heart acquires more stains.

Crystal Tutson

# The 'Fat Girl' In Me! !

Ughh! Look at her, how did she let herself get that big.  
Now she at the table with a salad and diet coke and looking like a pig.

Then after she's done she wanna go walk around the track.  
But how, if she's this conscious, did the pound she pack?

Here I am overweight like her but haven't the courage to start  
To want to lose weight even though the doctors speak about my heart.

She is walking around like its effortless and the skinny people look at her walk.  
I wonder what their minds are thinking or what they are saying when they talk.

I want to tell her she's my motivation and I wanna be her friend,  
But then she might lecture me to no end.

She's motivating me to forget about the others as well  
Because when I lose all the weight I will have a mighty story to tell.

That 'Fat Girl' in me is losing ground  
And the walking around the pavement I'm determined to pound.

No more big Macs and super sized fries being stuffed in my life.  
I can't continue to be a non-factor wife.

I hold the destiny to my dreams and my health.  
And in order to live abundantly, 'My health is my wealth.'

'Fat Girl' is gone and a better me will emerge from the excessive skin,  
No longer am I obese in weight but losing it I'll be happily obese within.

Crystal Tutson

# Thoughts

thoughts constantly erupt my mind  
I feel like im running out of time  
to escape this torture and this pain  
to elude the plague of the game

burdens enjoy their weight on my back  
when will all this be in tact  
where happiness is the ultimate thang  
and love is the place where all reign?

where depression is something of the pass  
and brown-nosing is no longer needed to save one's ass  
being real has never hurt anyone, not that i know of  
but being fake gets you under, never above

why must hating be in the manuscripts of life,  
but then again, why would one turn from the needle to the pipe?  
this life is full of rambunctious days  
but does that mean one has to have those ways

sickness and disease rapid on every hand  
militant guys dissipating, scared to stand.  
mothers killing children in unthoughtful ways  
carried them for 9 months, then shortened their days?

thoughts constantly erupt my mind  
i feel like im running out of time  
to escape this torture and this pain  
to elude the plague of this game...

Crystal Tutson

# Time

Time is like a snail  
Like a cold day in hell  
Slowly passing by  
Like watching a widow swing at a fly

Time can be like the thunder  
Rolling and echoing like anger from up yonder  
Cruel and heartless, taking souls before the hour  
Reminding us that even with our lives we don't have the power

Time can then speed by like that of sound  
Quickly aging the young ones around  
Before you look up you say there goes time  
Quickly to follow, there went my mind

But as of now...

Time is like a snail  
Like a cold day in hell  
Slowly passing by  
Like watching a widow swing at a fly

Crystal Tutson

# To Be Or Not To Be.....

Without God I Am.....

Desolate

Disarrange

Broken

Condemn

Expendable

Contaminated

Undesired

Perplexed

But With God I Am.....

Saturated

Encouraged

Completed

Upgraded

Valued

Immaculate

Smitten

Un-catechized

Crystal Tutson

# Vengeance Is Mine...

In the middle of the night the predator seeks his prey.  
He's ready to penetrate her freshness; he's giddy, he's gay.

She's a 12 year old georgia peach that's never been bruised.  
He's a 40 year old man he's on auto-pilot or cruise.

He reaches her doorway as she silently slumbers,  
not knowing she's in the world; the covers, down under.

She's awoken with a hand covering her screaming mouth.  
He's afraid but he doesn't leave, no one heard him, no doubt.

Without protection he enters her abruptly and rough.  
Not caring about her virgin-ness, he pounds it tough.

She's scared of her uncle but she's even more scared of being caught.  
To fathom the feeling of her blood causing her blood, who would've thought.

After 5 minutes of pleasure for him and a lifetime of her pain,  
she sees the world as black, dismal, full of nastiness and disdain.

She cries from the thought that God had left her alone.  
He completely left her, no where in the room, God was gone.

She felt the need to ask God so she fell on her knees to pray.  
She was so confused that she asked for an eternal lay.

God lifted her head and told her to fret not.  
He's the creator of the world, everything he begot.

God gave her the assurance that vengeance would be in his hands.  
The predator left the room feeling good about himself; feeling like a man.

He took some steps and fell quickly face to the floor.  
Life as he knew it would be no more.

A heart attack took him out at the age of 40.  
No more creeping in his nieces' room having a virgin party.





# Will It Ever Be?

Will It Ever Be?

I can't explain it but you got me caught up in you.  
Were they the words you told me or is this dream even true?

What have you done to make me feel this way?  
Waking up every morning and thinking about you all day!

A ray of sunshine has come over me since i started communicating to you,  
but at times i wonder if you are real about this, could we be, or am i just stuck in  
the blue?

Your stride, your passion, your ambition and the stories you tell,  
your charisma, your ego, your confidence, your carry them well.

I know the saying, 'what God has for me, it is for me.'  
and as much as I want this, i still wonder, will it ever be?

Crystal Tutson

# Writing

Writing is my medicine,  
Its soup to my soul  
It's the un-clogger to my arteries  
It's the sealer to my hole.

Writing is how I stay on the wall.  
It's how I hold tight to the rope.  
And even though I'm looking down I don't fall  
Or when I feeling down I can cope.

Writing is the sweet melody of a song to my heart.  
It's the sweet and tangy pop to my tart  
It's my way of surviving the game  
And even though I lose at some, I still remain sane.

Writing is my friend in awful low places  
It's who I talk to when I'm turned against  
It's a map of my journey; my life's traces  
There is no other feeling that can justly recompense.

Crystal Tutson

# You Got Me....

mesmerized by your ambience  
emerged in your essence  
swallowed up by your swagger  
a pierced heart includes you love dagger

You engulf my hurt and pain  
sweep away the sorrow and disdain  
you embody the sweetness of a plum or grape  
you're the decorations to my heart like a window has a drape

everything about you has my mind going wild  
your touch is gentle, effortless, and mild  
Your pleasure is smooth like going on a ride  
the high and lows, from the front and the side

Your world is the bomb and I'm glad I'm there  
My body belongs to you, this I won't share  
love me boldly never inflicting pain  
my body you have but my heart you will gain...

Crystal Tutson

# You Make Me Feel....

Oooo Baby just the thought of you makes my missy wet.  
I shiver, I get warm inside and I picture us on a beautiful set.

Each day with you is so much better than the other,  
You are one sexy and tender, sweet and charming black brotha.

Your smile and just the way your eyes undress me,  
Is just the way I imagine my lover to be.

You never appear insatiable but always pleased with me and what I offer,  
You look so hardcore and strong on the outside but the inside you're softer.

You make me feel so good everytime I'm in your midst  
I go and place checks off my 'What I Want In A Man' list.

The song comes to mind, 'The way you make me feel and how you turn me on'  
there's a smile on my face because all my lonely nights are long gone.

You make me feel like the most beautiful and sexiest woman in the world.  
And I'm so happy that I'll forever be your girl.

Crystal Tutson

# You Make Me Wanna.....

As soon as he speaks  
My knees become weak  
My heart starts to flutter  
My words become a stutter  
My smile spreads wide  
I began to walk with a stride  
My stomach turns flips  
I began to sway my hips  
My thoughts become cloudy  
My attitude boisterous and rowdy  
My girl becomes wet  
I envision an ocean-beach set  
This man makes me wanna  
Naw I think im gonnna  
Explode with a scream outloud  
That makes his ego grow strong and proud.

Crystal Tutson