

SEABE



my first poetry book

Charles Banks

SeaBe

My First Poetry Book

Charles 'SeaBe' Banks

inner child press, ltd.

GRATIS

General Information

SeaBe

My First Poetry Book
Charles 'SeaBe' Banks

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Dedication

To those who have helped me grow
more precious than GOLD:

MoM
the platinum
you will always be in my life
Love

Briana Banks
Love
Continue striving
for those Dreams
continue the Chain

Tyrone Banks
like no other
Love you

the Banks Clan
Life of Love

All my Black Planet
Artist Lounge
Alum

(Jill, ToBan, PoCo, Watcher13, Justina, DEE, JuneBuGG,
Jh Poetry, 2B2B2, ICANPROVEUWRONG, Margueritta
Kamone , Tria, Lionheart, Los, HeartspokeNiecey, Wrii Ten,
Wize Dom, Russell, In the Rain, Kissy ,.. and many more..)

Each of you inspired me in so many ways Bless you all!

StaRR Poetress
Thanks for all Your Support and hard work
Love

Face Book
Family and Friends
to mention a few
(Jamie, ToDD, Renata, MizzFab, Kellz, LeelEE, Shihi,
Arnita,.. so much more the list goes on)

My coworker Buddy Cedric Wynn
thanks DuDe
for not laFFing
When I told U
I was writing a poetry Book

And Last
To
Bill and Janet
for the opportunity and Love you shown to me and the
World of Poetry

Foreword

I met Charles aka SeaBe almost six years ago . When he joined The Artist Lounge. He and his poetry entered with breath of fresh air! His style is effervescent , intricately detailed cinematic story telling and animated delivery are second to none !Taking on the comical to social conscience with equal zest .

I have been honored to watch his gift of word and abstract art flourish. On a personal note SeaBe is the epitome of friend not just when the sun is shining but, when torrential storms hit as well. SeaBe is a respected artist in the art/poetry community. A gentleman that is a role model for me personally and society .SeaBe leads by example never competitive , combative , judgmental or crass .He supports his fellow artist and treats everyone with respect. SeaBe's talent and soulful spirit uplift and inspire .

Jill Delbridge

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‘SeaBe’

Charles Banks

SeaBe

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Family Love

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natural nature man....

A natural nature man....
smell the earth
in his open hands...
solid as a rock
stands on Mother's
sands..
a breathe away from
deep brown skin..
musky scent covers you..
shore line stroll ..
waves wash the clean away..
toes in golden sand play
He speaks in earthy hues
laughs in watery deep blues
eyes bright as he listens to you
as the SunSet colors the sky
for just you two
the nite has just begun
for natural nature man and you.....

Inspired by a beauty in Lady of Words

The Skeptic

the Measuring tape is.... my....God
A field ...a scale....an effect... a sum
no weight on scale
nothing to discuss
Scientific Method....Logic
ann the Sun
If it Bumps in the nite
How can that be?
A Stressful mind playing games on me..

my past catches up....with....
Suddenly! I see things I shouldn't see
Suddenly! I hear things I shouldn't hear
Suddenly! I see things that shouldn't be

My Mother who died Long Ago
Seizes a hold of me
Ghostly hands I shouldn't see
Started to run..then laugh instead
fall down the stairs
and break my head
I'm laying dying... she touches mind
takes me to a boyhood time
takes me to a childhood divine
takes me to a.....

Inspired from the movie of the same name

A Mother's Day Undone

To Be the One
 Who's love's unDone
the tickin of the Clock
 from BaBe to toddler
Preteen to Half-Grown Stuff
 In Sickness and Health
puttin all before self
 A Gradual thing
one day a year brings
 Love Heaped on
To Last all year long
 Wishin you a blessin'
this Day and 364.. ..
 More
each one..
 for love sent..
and never returned
 Love's Undone

Soldier's Love

A Poem for the Soldiers coming back from the War. Wrote this doing a exercise for a Poetic Love Group.

Soldier's Love

to touch you ; to view you
without arms; without eyes
still feel you.. in the morn
when you rise, no surprise
your scent; your sound
so sweet; to my ears
all fears....melt away
i hear,, your salty tears
as they roll,,down tender face
those same tears.. wet my chest
in my scars.. they now rest..

silent sob

As i hear; your voice say
"How you sleep?"

shakes my head.. alls i say
soft lips..wet mine
all fear melts
away.....

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The Orange and The Stripes both Show

He's in a world of trouble
my friend
look what he's been do-in'
all wrapped up in sin
While his wife cares for his children
he's been dip-pin' and flip-pin' them out
as fast as they come
media ann wife
got him on the run
not havin' much fun
those days r behind him
same still...it's his will
strong in one way...weak in the other
it's power and \$\$\$
got his ding-a-ling humming
with all the Good he has done
for some it's now.... none
Good deeds still stand for something
lately.. all he's been through
he's stop act-tin' a fool
to take care of what matters
let's leave him alone
to patch up things at home
we've make mistakes
our own
it's what we do after it.....
Good Luck Tiger!!!

Thanks Mr. B. for the inspiration

Bus StOp!!!

Cats & Dogs
fall from the sky
It's Rainin' so
She Pulls little Him along
her one for his 2
Groceries slung in
every available
space
She loves him so
Bus pulls up
there splashin'
aways to
go
puddles of dogs ann cats
they walk/run through
fEEts soakin' wet
what else she gonna do?
No ride no man
all alone
her ann the little man
she loves him so
he watches her
from his safe dry ride
finger
on
the button
pushhhhh!
window glides
over the sounds of cats & dogs
"Need a Ride"

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she stops
looks
judging
little man splashin'
by her side
Judging weightin'
What's on his Mind?
She Decides...
"Thanks My Bus is Here!!"
turns to continue stride
Bus wheels slowly away.....
BUS!!! StOp!!!
her one for his two
She Loves Him So!!

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Conscience

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Blackness Born

We must regress to progress...
Adaptable minds take some....time
Reverse it ..to find
Blackness reborn in the presentence
So let's go Back... to Black
As the hands on the clock back stePP
Before the first Black President...
Tick
Before Soul Train n James Brown
Hit the pavement..
Tock
Before Slavery affected an entire RaCe
Clock
Before Civilization
Was Civil- Lies
Click
Before the Black Caveman
Looked up with staRRs in their eyes
Question-net
Rock
Before Suns n Worlds were born.
Dreadlock
Before the Universe was torn..
Between Dark n Light
Shock
BlackneSS was there
No clock
Everywhere
Deadlock..
Ages would pass.. in the lonely Black Expanses..
So in need Blackness created a Woman and a Man
Who Loved their Blackness loved their Life
Black fEEt to stand on Black colored land

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These Mountains these trees..Seas
Oceans steams filled with Black Beings
Black Love created the first born...
From a Black womb ...
Built upon it the Race would Flourish...
Built upon Civil lies..
Blackness would perish..
Blackness reborn again the again...
Now in our presentence...
Be Blackness
For Black is not a color but a state
..Bold Blackness..
Bright BlackneSS
Include all in BlackneSS..
For we are all born from It....

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Xmas canceled Technically

A Dr Seuss inspired tale

What ifWhat if....?

The President And all his Big Shot Crew

Got on Television

Sooo.. many they had to leave out a few

No smiles on their Serious Faces

So many Microphones They ran out of spaces

U hear the President say

"In order to Save this Country"

"I'm passing a LAW" "Xmas is Closed"

"Xmas IS CLOSED Y'ALL .."

U..and the reporters Just sit there and stare...

Then like a Sonic boom ... LOUD

Protests from everywhere... WTH!....i'm callin my
momma! WTF!

The President...

waits for .. The noise to die down..

Than he speaks...

"Look" ...Now Listen..."

"Here's What we found..."

"The Chinese and Wal-Mart too"

"They've make a Big Big mistake.."

"All the Xmas Cheer is ..."

"Radioactively Laced..."

**"That includes all the Décor, all the Food Gifts Toys
Jewels..."**

"All the Xmas cheer has been touched"

"Even the Xmas Lunch...!!!"

The protests n noise start again U sit there thinking...

Then U see at the bottom of a lone TV screen

A ticker tape rolling...

It reads the the peeps who dig up dirt n such

Yeah that's right the Archaeologists !!!

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They found an Ancient Scroll Deciphered it...
And it told...
Forget what the other one's Before said

The Mighty Son was.. Born on August eighth instead...!!!!

What would you do?.....OR

What if you had no \$\$ or no roof over your head..

Like a lot of folks these days do?

Would Xmas be closed?

Technically would it to U?

What is Xmas all about ?

Is it this? Toys gifts fOOD...Or that? Family Love or a
BiGG CaDillaC

Where does Xmas live at? Does any one no?

When Sharing Caring Do we Share from Outside or from
Within?

Is Xmas closed with U Technically or not?

When I Wish you one... What am I Declaring...?

This is all I got... It's all I can Say.. so....

Have A Berry ,...Merry....Ve ry.. Son of Mary.. Verily

... The Fathers Man,... Larry say we, Merry, Ham n

Cherries,...Cranberry...Goose with

**Rosemary,...Sherry ...Bloody Mary ,..Dingleberry(*Igot
one*) Tooth Fairy,...HoLLy Berry.Hay a...**

Budgetary...Calamari...Black Cherry...yeah...lips like

Berries..*gimme* HuckleBerry,,*DuDe*...,...Extraordinary,

Virgin Mary...Interplanetary,...Revolutionary....

Imaginary...Tom n Jerry....Military... *Welcome Home*

Missionary *Oh Babe*... Monastery...prayin'

y'all,...January ,...February ...and all thu the following

year say we... every day.....

.XMAS

Ole men -Rifles ann Whips

Surfing the Internet...some months ago
I came across this photo of a Blackman in a
Confederate Uniform. I didn't understand this
at the time, but research helps and,
I needed to know more, which inspired this poem
~ (looking back in time) ~

~~~~~

Ole men march in Gray uniforms  
proudly they's step, Blues greet them  
by no means  
in the summer of 1915  
sleeping on straw mats  
they meet in remembrance  
A War long ago, burned in their minds  
separate but unequal...still  
our bleeds and wounds don't heal  
but never equal the Northerns say  
Ole men still proud of the Gray.....

~~~~~

kill in' for home an side, take pride
in shoo-in' white hides.....(1865)
Norths, foreigners don't live here.
cook in' fer master and tend in' his needs
Soon he needs for me to bleeds
I's no no others.....

~~~~~

freedom's a sin, They say  
caught runnin'..away  
fEEts cut (1859)  
hands in a bind  
pains a thing I's seen  
whips a comin' that's never... nothin'  
sing in' pain again and again.....and again....

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9s

(BOOM BOOM click a click)

(BOOM BOOM click )

(BOOM BOOM click a click)

(BOOM BOOM CLICK)

Strangers break N in the middle of the nite

Kick the door open not looking for a fight

9 Gun's raised taking all I love n own

By the sweat or my brow—Killin' Family Stone Cold

Gimme Dat!! ,...I'm taking That!!

My Wife Screamed

Gimme Dat!! ,...I'm taking That!!

My KIDS Bleed

( Pause)

(BOOM BOOM click a click)

(BOOM BOOM click )

(BOOM BOOM click a click)

(BOOM BOOM click)

Somehow I live,.. if that's what it's called

Looking 4 dem 9s ...is all I'm living now

(BOOM BOOM click a click)

(BOOM BOOM click )...x2

Meet one 9 in the dark Alley nite

In the end he saw my 9's gun lite

BLOOD RED COLD N DEAD

dat's what I said

BLOOD RED COLD N DEAD

(pause)

(BOOM BOOM click a click) x2

(BOOM BOOM click )

4 more 9s Fuzzy and Black

All I no is I broke one 9s back

(BOOM BOOM click a click) x2

(BOOM BOOM click )

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The other three 9s  
I carry their faces with me  
Revenge pumping Heart  
Wishing I could stop.. but ...can't.. see

(pause)

(BOOM BOOM click a click)

(BOOM BOOM click )

(BOOM BOOM click a click)

(BOOM BOOM click )

Catch one 9 sittin' on the commode

Fold the paper n... his face 9 bullet holes

(BOOM BOOM click a click)

(BOOM BOOM click )

(BOOM BOOM click a click)

(BOOM BOOM click )

Paper Red Cold n Dead

Dat's wat I said

Paper Red Cold n Dead

(PAUSE)

Track this 9 out with the Fam

Kill him dead .....family seeing Red

(BOOM BOOM click a click)

(BOOM BOOM click )

(BOOM BOOM click a click)

(BOOM BOOM click )

Feeling shame...going insane

No one to blame.. i'm insane

Going sane

(pause)

AH....EEEE AH...EEE UH....

Last 2 9's Drinking @ a Bar

One 9 run ..he ain't runnin' far

(BOOM BOOM click a click)

(BOOM BOOM click )

(BOOM BOOM click a click)

(BOOM BOOM click )

One more too go

I Hear in my head

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“Kill.... Him.... slow  
Nice and slow  
Real... and.... slow”  
AH...EEEE AH...EEE UH....  
Out of teeth for my Gun 9  
He out 2  
Face 2 Face... Bloody.. Broken... Fight  
(pause)  
(BOOM BOOM click a click) x2  
(BOOM BOOM click )  
Rolling thunder...break him under  
Blood stained rain... Stomped.... In.... Head  
We.... R.... dead  
AH...EEEE AH...EEE UH....  
(BOOM BOOM click a click) x2  
(BOOM BOOM click )  
9 of 9...blood.... All... spent  
Then..... IT'S..... TEN....  
B O ...O..M B O O M Click  
5/22/11 seaBe

## Poets

where do poets come from?  
with their washed full eyes  
leakin' hearts  
Damn the Broken Damns  
flowin evermore...  
the whispers on paper  
crumbled and stained  
Voices Loud with Quiet  
Timbers in the forest  
alone...  
fallen leaves crushed  
like tin cans...  
the  
footfalls  
however  
softly  
still bring attention  
~  
I stePp away from dat and look  
~  
where do poets belong?  
to the silent wet rain  
to the World's gone insane  
Damn the Broken Damns  
flowin constantly evermore  
~ ~ ~  
to the people poets bring  
a together-ness  
a soft caress  
a same cry  
a eye to ear to mind vibe  
spoken rings true..  
i stePp forward and ask...  
where can one find a poet?  
in Hearts that Beat true

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watch for the busted Damns Flowin  
constantly~ spiritually~ violently  
their there... could be U  
make the connection...  
free feel wat your Heart whispers  
in the nite ~ by the bright of day  
take note of joy  
pains may be Deeper  
quicker to stain paper both ways  
it's a journey...i know  
but your heart is there with your mind  
no path is complete without them  
poets travel light...

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fish out of water

like a dish...  
just washed.....  
~~~~~drippin' ~~~~~so sad!!!  
flippin' from
~~~~~one element to another.. ~~~~~tragic!!  
0000ooogaspin' 0000ooo  
for what's not there...helps on the way!!  
~~~~~floppin'...^./..\...\.. /..\.  
...hopin' can't catch a break ...hold still!!!!
~~~~~wishin' to fall n'  
what has been  
can't adapt to the new scene.....  
From...Scales....Legs ... Tails .....

~~~~~Stay ...Here...!!!  
Failed Once...!!
Gave In...!
~~~~~now just fishin' /.....!  
Fish Out of Water...! FISHING...!!!!????!!!  
wat!!!!????!...sea.....10/24 /10

## pEtEr DepOsiT

on his way to the Bank  
she so generous  
in regards to her rank  
peter deposits for U  
that's wat he tell her!  
peter deposits nots all that's due  
in 9 months the interest is paid  
he be paying til an early Grave  
30 peter deposits all came thru..  
30 peter deposit are Due  
he should have wrapped it up  
but he wanted to feel dat stuff....  
now he can't pay enough  
30 peter deposits all due...  
and he needs help from U  
Did U help push it thru?  
are dem BaBies n Ladies Hollarin'4 U  
they all lined up in a row...  
hands out snotty noses...  
he's run out of places to hide  
the bloodhounds sniff his backside  
he can't run he can't slide  
pay dem deposits or jail-time...  
the judge says it's not make a deal- time  
yo peter deposits cum thru!!  
Pay up DuDE!!  
U let yo Peter Think for U..!!  
a peter don't no bout Cash

## Charles 'SeaBe' Banks

now U payin' out yo a\$\$  
peter pecker popper beater  
pay yo life away~~ a zipper would've kept her  
lock down pants down face frown U on the ground  
pay up shudd up pants up...dick down...don't play if  
U can't pay...  
stay in school.. school is Cool...cool with books  
books rule....rule with yo mind...not your behind...  
time plays with no one ...plan ahead to have a good one...

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## DeaD- Man's Clothes

Found twistin' in the wind  
Dirt Dust sweat wearin'  
In order to keep livin'  
I wear DeaD MaN's clothin'  
Suited for another  
Battle..  
Worn ..  
So U no  
Livin' in DeaD Man sleeves  
Strapped up belief  
Lifeless Belt pulled tight  
Fortified steel I'D sight  
Street clothes DeaD those  
So I could live with sum feelin'  
Who would believe  
Lookin' from the outside IN  
Penetratin these I'm wearin..  
Those...  
Heavy deaD-ness  
No placed to be living  
Boots I'm walkin'  
Souls Hold N  
Unfamiliar wear  
Worn wears n tear torn  
Death pounds the Duality  
Who says it unbecomin'  
To me  
Disheveled from within

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Been a ruff year  
Shad (shed) a skin a time or 2  
Appearin' unfamiliar  
Skins new born...those  
Gatherin' storm clouds...  
Reflect thru Dark eyes  
Drawn collar walkin  
head upward  
straight n  
DeaD man's clothes

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## WayWard Bound

I Got Black fEEts  
Walk with Cold Blue ..Blood  
From the Richest Hood  
Where stePPs serve as ..  
Tables and Chairs  
Park Benches Bus StoPP 4 sleeping  
I live on the Edgethe cut the corner the curb the  
Alley.....the street..  
Anywhere warm...

Walk the roads looking for  
Hands out to eat..  
Everything  
That  
fEEds  
my the me needs

stands a intersection  
Hold my sign  
Can  
U  
Spare  
suM  
what U got sum??  
Ma'Ma  
With dirty scarred Hands  
I Reach

Windows  
R...O...L...L  
Before I can  
Speak  
Please  
&  
Eye

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nEEd  
somethin' 2 eat  
and I Hit Myself .. speak myself..beat myself..cut myself...  
pill myself..  
tryin kill myself  
drink myself

no ....help... myself  
those that profit be GonE!!!

I drift now and when to a empty foGG  
Mindself the cause and effect

Of circumstance  
Beyond those controls  
Blank look when told to move on!!  
And I ..and me and she  
yeSs she ... yeSs she  
Gots to Bed any man  
To have somewhere to rest  
A soft bed a bath..  
And soon she has to leave..

And cold GrEEts her  
And stares defeat her  
And alone and a bottle for her home  
And she and I and they and those  
nEEd a home

a purpose  
a way  
one time

some help  
a settled  
thought  
and shown love...

poetic question

Poetic Question....me wondering....  
when do you write your best...  
before or after a Great meal..?  
Fasting, Drink or Drugs  
Heart ache Love or just Sex?  
Injustice or Beautiful works...  
After Great thought,..or pen flows on it's own...

by Spirit larger then life...  
Remembering back on that Great pen...  
can you duplicate that..?  
inspired by claps and peers..  
does ego inter fear...  
or \$\$\$ talk that...  
poet's with \$\$\$ that's so funny..  
or is your pen the only outlet ...  
to scream PAIN at a World that...  
Hears, Smells, Tastes, Feels,..Lo's for Money  
what kind of Poet are you?  
the SunShines on all kinds...  
Love or Hate Evil or Kind  
pen to paper...digits to keys  
thoughts to mind...words in the breeze.....

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Fun

## Yo Poems

(tune/ beat from a 60's DoGG food commercial )

♦♦ ♠ assignment# Jealousy ♥

My Poems Better than Yo-wen

My Poems Better Than Yo's

My Poems Better ...Cause They eat...

Kennel Ration.

My Poems Better than Yo's

in between the Sh\*t and not

is where my Poems Trot

But Theys not as bad as Yo's...

And on the Day's..

When my Mind tends to Grey/ Gray/ Graze

thinking bout a hot pocket..or

a bottom that's Hot..

I Read Yo-wen stuff..

wondering what she/ he..talking bout...

then it hits me..

Yo stuff Eat Kennel Ration Too..!!

making me Poems look like Poo...!!

So it's Yo's that Hot

and my Poems not...

I be cryin' in my RaGGoo.....

But still I be Preachin'..

2 myself and them

My Poems Better than Yo's..

and in the other ear..

I fear..

whisperin' tiny but clear...

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yo- Sh\*t not!... Burp...!!!. Fart....!!!  
So in the Degrees of the Sun..  
We all is the One

That Poetry Range .....  
From  
The Greatest Words Ever..... "BEHOLD"...!!!  
to  
something  
Frankenstein  
Drags in  
on the Bottom  
of

His  
Soles/Souls  
(SH\*T)  
Keep Pushing  
the Pen  
Cause  
we all AM  
Degrees of the SON

My Poems Better than Yo-wen....  
My Poems Better Than Yo's....  
My Poems Better ....Cause They eat...  
Kennel Ration.....  
My Poems Better than Yo's.....

## Half a "C" note plus 9

Body...? Mind....?  
Who am I?  
Time?  
Memories  
of the past  
of me  
Who am I?  
Shifting Constantly

Many Skins  
So I can See  
Who Am I??  
Physical...  
pushin' up on me....  
I'm past my prime  
Mental  
brain cells poppin'  
thinkin I got this down  
no strain cause I gained  
all I am Now  
Sexual  
doin' the do  
puts u in a space  
like Am meltin'  
away  
as the ole witch say  
(on OZ)  
Spiritual  
lovin' all  
no cents of  
material gain...  
unless IAM  
gets in the Way

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Who AM I?  
Cheeseburger Eatin'  
Love needin'  
exercise bleepin'  
pOv heedin'  
Who AM I?  
Poetry side writtin'  
Art pixel delightin'  
Love all that's not bittin'  
am I these?  
Who AM I?

lookin' back @ me

am I light?  
thru a reflection  
I see  
Me eyein' I  
one blink  
where did I go?  
who am i?.....  
breathin naturally is  
what I do best  
what is hard doin' a one sided breath  
Who.... am.... I?.....  
Dreams and Shadows  
R a part of every life  
Where do U go when U  
sleep @ nite?  
Who am I?  
"SOME ONE SAYS PICK ONE"  
I Am who I AM  
Say's I

Charles 'SeaBe' Banks

funny thing is Iam RIGHT  
with that I breath a .....sigh  
Wake Up...  
open one of three eye's

to see what I am yet....  
more than a one sided breath  
Who AM I?....  
I AM I  
and I say This!!!!  
This line of Questionin'  
Has Got me Pissed  
now that I've answered  
let me ask U this?.....  
WHO THE HEEL R U?  
I Know who AM I.. ...!!!

GRATIS

## Burgers & Fries

Burger ann Fries  
with a coke on the side  
I can't survive without my Burger ann fries  
Cherry or Apple pie with my Supersized  
Burger ann Fries  
Mikey D's ann Wendy's  
be pimpin' me.....  
I'll be Burger King's Queen  
just slip me..some onion rings

sex ain't that  
Good me Ladie say  
takes a Happy meal  
for her to squeal  
    call me her Big Daddy  
in the middle huffin' ann puffin  
need to refuel with a Chocolate shake  
or somethin'...  
in my Loney nite's  
surrounded by wrappers ann empty cups  
I roll out of bed,...can't even sit up!!  
a long mirror view....shakin' head  
stomach too...  
I swear in my mind standin' there  
Burger ann fries I'm through.....  
Just let me finish this Whopper  
it'll take a minute or 2.....

Charles 'SeaBe' Banks

## PUMPKin BUTT pie Sweet Potatoe Bootie

Wat U cookin? she asked  
I continue to stir

I thought you didn't like cooking?!?!?

I DiDn't say a word

Smells Good can I taste

gently push her fingers away

"I'm stirrin" ...I stir

You mad at me?!?

I aDD more ingredients

continue to stir

finally I say there a fresh batch

in the frig

but the box has a warning

reading:

careful if you taste it it cums alive

it's attracted to BiGG Ole BUTTs

and yours is the right size...

BuTT I read too late...

she had tasted

as the Frig and the

bowl

begin to Shake

Teeth Began to form

I's begin to wake

I Shouted Run! BaBe! Run!

She gave me a look.. but it was too late

with one swift move

Orange tEEth sank into

her BuTT Steak

She shook n beat

screamin' help me sea!!!!

useless I was holdin' a cookin spoon

n a can of pea's

Charles 'SeaBe' Banks

I watched with a look in my eye like

ILL make a Good Greatest America Vid or U Tube TV  
she ran around the house  
bouncing oFF the furniture  
by now i couldn't see her Butt  
orange TeeTh covered her...  
with a knife I found  
ran after  
misjudgin' my intent  
she ran out the Door  
Screamin'  
followed by a Trail of pumpkin orange teeth

Hoppin Choppin' for a Home Girl slice  
my neighbor showin' his ASS  
waterin' the grass  
dialed 911  
she screamin'  
me reachin' stabbin' but not connectin'  
OH! No!! PO PO 911 n sight  
DUCKed behind a Bush!!  
My BaBe Hollarin' Runnin' thu the nite...  
thinkin' i'll take a short cut  
to the rescue  
by where the Pushers and B Ballers play  
i no she'll go by there  
show nuff yeaH!!  
her runnin' with a orange tail  
has stopped dem Pushers n BBallers in their tracks  
They watch whistlin cawin as she runs by  
PO PO close on her back....  
around the corner licker store she run...

## Charles 'SeaBe' Banks

I grab her.... she gave me a smack  
not the Good one but the across the Face One....  
she smackin I'm holding she sQuirmin'  
tryin to get to her APPLe Bottom Backs

OranGe Pumkin Teeth on the ATTack  
Den with a Jolt  
I'm on the Ground  
TAZED  
PO PO standin in Blue  
me Dazed  
with a poke of a Shoe  
I watch as My BaBe  
hauled off in a blinkin box Car  
me with zip ties  
in the Back of a PO PO  
ride  
marked Po Po Police car

Red Flashing lights  
OFF I Go...  
That's What i Git 4 Buying SHYT  
from the Dollar store...  
Greatest America ViDeo  
NO!!!  
U TuBe  
nah...! MaYbe!!  
COPS!!  
That's for DAMN Show!!  
Happy HoLLow weeN PeePs...

## Mule's Git at Me

Sleeping good most nites  
not this  
a poke(hey) a whisper(ump) a kick (WTF)  
"GET UP BOY WE GOT SUMTHIN TO SAY" (n Mr. Ed  
Voice)  
Crack open one sleepy peep  
Close real quick but too late..  
2 long harry horse face Mules  
Face to Face..n my face  
Crank me head to see the clock time  
Says am 208

Take a new look Rubbing sleep focus sum

Grey Face long ears  
Giant I's  
Donkey Kong lookin'  
Mules git at me Yall  
Wat you fellas want?  
It's 208!!  
"GOT SUM THIN TO SAY"  
"GOT SUM THIN TO PAINT"  
Not this nite fellas  
Got to bed late!!

I roll over...but the Mules don't play  
Kick me out of bed ....**WTH**  
**"GIT TO WORK BOY"**  
For a min thinkin I'll take dem on...  
Then raisin "OK OK"  
( 2 against one am done- ain't no fun)  
(Gotta do what they say)  
Alright alright

## Charles 'SeaBe' Banks

Whose first?!?  
"Me" the poetry Mules says  
Can I ride this time?  
Helllll to the no  
He reply  
I'm ridding BuDDy Giddup !!!  
Stirrup n my side

Hay!...HaY! HAY!  
Got a poem where U sing a song  
Giddy up-..see that  
Dollar store here  
Yeah!!  
Go in buy this baby toy here  
Bag in hand  
I rode him home  
...hey..... hey hey hey  
A few short min's I am finished  
La La La  
One down he gone!  
Painting Mules pacing had a short fuse  
*Where you been dude?*  
Gather sum crayons sum cookies sum paste  
We gonna make a cake n paint n BAKE  
The work was long but by 6 he was long gone  
Tried n sleepy crawl into bed  
The alarm goes off  
It's 608 ...I'm late  
Help me y'all  
Mules git at me...HE HAW!!!  
8/21/11 seaBe

Love Of a  
Woman

GRAPHS

Pieces Of : **L O V E**

is all i got to give.....  
.....long ago my heart was whole..  
broken only to live.....  
.....I'm giving you a piece...at a time...  
hoping you'll ...use it...place it...mend it...  
hopin' it'll fit.....  
your own pieces of...  
.....pieces two Gather..  
again...  
workin' as one...we might have ...~ pieces of ONE~~  
works in the present tense.....  
  
.....two whole minds.....  
.....together One Love.....  
.....Pieces of Love.....  
.....Dat Fit.....  
seaBe 7/17/11

she wears...

She wears...

her Heart on her Right Shoulder..

waiting for Loves Fill...

shining outwardly.... Bright

inwardly... spoken God's will..

her treasures they speak of...

though not all material...

it's the sweet voice in her hands

it's the gentle caress her words feel...

In all she's a wonder..

men tread to get near..

it's the placement of careful-nest

it's the Heart her shoulder feels....

GRATIS

Charles 'SeaBe' Banks

birds fly away.....

unaccustomed to the mood I'm in...  
slammed your door for the last time.....  
again  
seems to me I've rode this path.....

left ....right....turn around.....be knockin' at your door  
I sit thinkin' this time not like before  
get up...  
turn... walk a new way...  
Birds Fly Away

GRATIS

## Hardy Hearts

Hardy Hearts beat agape  
ann love...  
Truely Hearted Hardly Loved...  
Hearty expressed ..barely jested.....  
scarcely beat-in'...scared fleet-in'  
nub circumstance.....  
Harden Hearts beat Harder for Love  
Hearts Homely...Harden n Homely for Luv  
Hardly enough Hearts...  
around here.....Seer....  
nor hefty enough.....  
Hardy Hearts both big n pure  
these Hearts R nary  
Hard or Blued.....  
Hearts Hardly Have any ..  
Hard feelin's....unshattered...  
beatin' Hearts..

beatin' Hardy  
beatin' True.....

GRATIS

## Action Applied

She say she love me  
But I've yet to see  
Action applied  
Her name is Sharon  
Although I see  
no evidence of such  
I wait for soul stirrin'  
Like the flower at Sunrise  
She speaks of Love in words..  
But yet no action applied  
We do what normal couples do  
Dinner shows the usual  
Somehow I still look/ see  
Empty-ness inside  
The Love she / I make  
Feels mechanical fake  
No real feeling  
Appling Action Takes....  
She goes Shopping...  
I Buy...  
Bags of self we ...  
carry home...  
she Models for me...  
those bright shiny things...  
My comments..  
she smiles.....pleases...  
and for all the right reasons....  
still empty inside...  
lately the fingers pointed...  
have turned...  
Every action has a equal  
But ...  
Have I Applied?  
M y Duty My Lesson  
My Love My.... Action.... Applied.....

## It Started with a Whisper

After Dinner  
In a Restaurant  
You sat close  
to me  
So we could  
Touch.. .....sEE  
U knew  
I knew  
We were both.....Hot  
Breathed in your.....Ear  
U were simmerin' .....;There  
Your essence  
whispered  
Give me all you got  
We.fit.so  
Closely  
Our hands were busy  
caessin' pressin'  
body parts...  
People were lo.okin'  
  
Knew we were  
Cookin  
Boilin' over the  
Top...  
Dropped my fork  
there... on my knees and  
Under the Table.....YEAH!!  
  
Dropped your pan- teaze  
Searchin' Searchin'....  
For the right spot  
L'eggs were open  
Inviting...  
Tasted yer HoT SwEEt SpOt

Charles 'SeaBe' Banks

U breathed----- p--l--e--a--s--e  
S--l--o--w--l--y  
Than Melted with eaze..  
    soon I was on Top  
On your back under the table/ chair  
The sounds we made  
The people There  
Were getting'..... getting' so Dam HoT

It started with a whisper

After dinner

In a restaurant.....

GRATIS

## The Beholder

eye's speak on Beauty  
with Brains and Mind attached

Treasures of various forms and depths  
Some eyes lookin lack

some eyes spy Blue Green waters  
Lush palms float

above sandy patch  
All bodies of Liquid  
Simmer

much beneath levels told....  
A True Observer

sees all surfaces  
Admirers all levels of Soul

Be true to your Beholder  
Look beyond surface folds

GRATIS

GRATIS

Epilogue

GRATIS



# ‘SeaBe’

Charles Banks

## About the Author

Charles Banks took a poetry class that kicked off his writing. Though Mr. Banks attended Devry University to become a computer technician, he has been writing since 1970s, going full time in 2008. Mr. Banks is also an accomplished Artist. Having a passion for the craft, he wanted something that would compliment his artwork as well. He is known by his peers as Charles 'SeaBe' Banks or SeaBe.

One can find Mr. Banks works throughout the internet and other publications. The humorous but serious poet is known reading others works to assist in his artistic growth. He currently resides in Houston, Tx.

# SeaBe's Links

FaceBook

[www.facebook.com/seaBe0604](http://www.facebook.com/seaBe0604)

Black Planet

[www.blackplanet.com/seabe0604](http://www.blackplanet.com/seabe0604)

SoundCloud

[www.soundcloud.com/seabe-1](http://www.soundcloud.com/seabe-1)

Inner Child Press

[www.innerchildpress.com/charles-seabe-banks.php](http://www.innerchildpress.com/charles-seabe-banks.php)

# Endorsements

Charles “Seabe” Banks the man the myth the legend. Brings you burlesque poetry with haunting storylines that’ll find your soul then loose you as you ponder, contemplate, laugh, cry, smile and cuss under your breadth in-between prose and stanzas. This new book is one of the most highly recommended and anticipated collection of works on the UnMuted Ink up and coming authors list and The WKPJB Radios Indie Artists spotlight. Lotto says all ya need is a dollar and dream but I say Bank on Seabe Banks he’s a sure bet!! Your Library collection is incomplete without the magnificent works of this this poet Get the book! gEt The bOOk!!! GET THE BOOK!!

**Jamie Bond from UnMuted Ink**

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/jamie-bond.php>

Only one word can describe this master poet's style. AMAZING! Charles “Seabe” Banks is a phenomenal artist. He brings life to any subject with clarity; through his own unique and witty brand. The only thing I find more enjoyable than reading his work, is hearing him perform his writes live. Prepare yourself to experience the literary wonders of Seabe.

**Justina Wheelock** Novelist/Screenwriter/Poet

Charles Banks has a style that is unique to poetry. His words have a major influence on those that hear and read him. He takes a serious subject to project a message of what his spirit tells him to send to the public. Yet, in the midst of the message, people are laughing because his sense of humor has influenced his ink. Once the laughter has settled down, one would be like "his stuff is real". The messages may be about heartache, lovemaking, homelessness, and even street and/or family life. Though one may never be able to replicate Mr. Banks' style, they will always have a warm feeling and a bit more knowledge that assist them in their daily lives and outlook.

**Janet Renee Cryer aka Starr Poetress**

[www.lulu.com/jreneecryer](http://www.lulu.com/jreneecryer)

funny...amusing...witty...informative...entertaining...caring...inspiring and giving are only a few words to describe author charles seabee banks. you will want to add his thoughts to your collection and share it with others. i can't wait to get my autographed copy.

seabee, congratulations and much success on your book.

Sincerely,

**Todd Smith aka thelyfepoet**

author of the poetry book "lyfe is"

<http://bookstore.authorhouse.com/Products/SKU-000376733/Lyfe-Is.aspx> or

contact [thelyfepoet@gmail.com](mailto:thelyfepoet@gmail.com)

The Charles SeaBe Banks' book is an exquisite collection of some thirty extraordinary poems that should come with a disclaimer: "FOR TRUE CONNOISSEURS OF LIFE & POETRY, ONLY!" This anthology of incredibly energizing verses was written in a spirit of brilliant satire, putting human nature on a trial of public conscious and public sense of humor. (book title).....is a modern farce, so unmistakably witty and so cleverly constructed . It ridicules our inherent imperfections, in particular, and life's continuous perplexity, in general. I highly recommend (.....tile, again.....) for the originality of its subject matters and its distinctive style.

**Margueritta Kamone**

Charles "Seabee" Banks. What can I say well over the several years I've known him (5), to be exact I don't think he's ever been at a loss of words pertaining to any subject, from rocket science to dentistry he has an answer for you. Maybe not always accurate but his sincerity goes beyond measure. Now his talents that is a different subject. I feel his creativity is as unique as his personality, his creative mind either through his poetry or his art is astounding. You cannot deny when he applies himself to his craft he leaves nothing to ponder. I hope his passions take him to his highest heights and not one of dreams be denied. With the talent he possesses its only a matter of time.

**Cedric Wynn**

# Inner Child Press

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative “Written Work”.

For more Information

*Inner Child Press*

[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

[intouch@innerchildpress.com](mailto:intouch@innerchildpress.com)



I met Charles aka SeaBe almost six years ago . When he joined The Artist Lounge. He and his poetry entered with breath of fresh air! His style is effervescent , intricately detailed cinematic story telling and animated delivery are second to none ! Taking on the comical to social conscience with equal zest .

**Jill Delbridge**



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**Jamie Bond from UnMuted Ink**

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