

**THE
REMNANTS
OF
TIME**

**Poetic
EXPRESSIONS
of
Marquise
"Quise The Notebook"
Williams**

THE
REMNANTS

of

Me

Poetic Expressions

of

Marquise Williams

‘Quise The Notebook’

inner child press, ltd.

General Information

Remnants of Me Poetic Expressions of

Marquise ‘Quise The Notebook’ Williams

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Dedication

I'd like to dedicate "The Remnants of Me", my first publication, to my parents Mr. Clifford and Effie Williams, who until a few years ago were unaware of the fact that I wrote Poetry.

Since then Poetry, as well as any other endeavors I've ever undertaken, you have supported me with not only the love a parent has for their child, but became my fans as well.

For the pride, support and love you have shown me while striving for my dreams and aspirations, even if that meant placing yours secondary, I LOVE you both to life and I am equally proud having you both as my parents as you are having me as your child.

Cheers to you both, YOU... are appreciated!

~ Troy

Preface

Between the Lines

The Remnants of Me was written from the perspective of thoughts and feelings stemming from my life's experiences. Some are very personal experiences and others are observation reports, but still written from my pens point of view.

Broken down into chapters in order to carry you with me on a journey through joy, pain, sadness, hurt, love and a little bit of myself showing off...well just because I can. My expectation of this book is to affect and help at least one person within each chapter. I also hope to teach and maybe even be an example to those who may have self esteem issues or feel that their dreams and goals are out of reach, to never give up on those aspirations. With hard work, dedication to your craft as well as having loving and caring people behind you, ANYTHING is possible. No ceiling is too high to reach, they're all made of glass, shattering in an instant if you strive and push hard enough, this book is proof of that a fore mentioned statement.

The process of bringing this book to fruition has been a period of self examination and a learning experience for me as well. It has revealed some of my weaknesses, growth and potential as both a Poet and as an individual. Allowing myself to be completely "naked" in some instances has allowed me to purge some of the emotions that kept me hindered and replace them with emotions that helped me to reconcile those situations and move forward in all aspects of my life.

So with much love and respect...It is my pleasure to now take you on this journey through The Remnants of Me.

God Bless

~Q~

v

F oreword

If you had to bet on a poet to come thru and shut the house down I'd quickly advise you not to bet against this poet. At any given time Quise can be seen with a knapsack and a minimum of 5 books inside of it like he's toting verbal artillery. Affectionately known as: Quise "The Notebook" Williams. Quise is anything but your day to day ordinary cup of Joe. He is that quiet poet that will blend into the shadows of the back of your open mic venue, watching, absorbing and observing his surroundings... while sipping on some merlot confidently waiting his turn to get on stage... this a normal scene being depicted; which very much reminds you of a man intently trying to fit the key in the door to get into the house and enthusiastically exclaim to the household; "Honey I'm home!!!"

On the radio when Quise logs in you can expect 3 things to happen... 1st He's going to ask what's going on? ...2nd You sense his exuberance as he transforms thru your speakers into a fire breathing dragon and blazes the platform and 3rd after you're blown away by his wicked word play and content ... He says thanks; I appreciate ya!

He is confident but not closed, comfortable but not complete... authentic however not insensitive... selfless but realistic... thoughtful yet cautious. To know Quise is to know that about Quise; which is that he is benevolent but not foolish, unpretentious but not feeble.... mellow but observant... laid back yet and still on the other hand vigorous... Quise "The Notebook Beast". I added the beast to it, has a way with words and mental agility that is hard to match. Never mind thinking outside of the box this man is a verbal architect in 3D.

Quise has a reserved pulsating passion for life, an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, coupled with an unlimited supply of determination. Born and raised in Texas his parents gave birth to 4 boys and Quise is 3rd in line of his siblings and a father of 2 girls... Which is what makes him so adaptive to the dispositional changes in a variety of temperaments in his environment; He is his own man, in his own right and on his own terms.

The heart of Quise's character perfectly reflects who he is, particularly within the infinite amount of loyalty that is unconditional and indeed he makes the staunchest of friends. He is extremely family oriented and protective of his privacy, which is refreshing in itself. Quise carries himself as a young man who grew up around older people and speaks highly of his paternal grandmother as well as his parents, siblings and kin folk. The emulating smile in his voice is evident when he speaks of being a father.

Among the many accomplishments of Quise "The Notebook" Williams:
July 23, 2011-(Tasha T.N.T) 1st annual Poetry in Motion Care Bear/
Move4Joy

Poetry and Spoken Word event, New Orleans, LA.
September 9, 2011-feature with Def Jam Poetry's own Black Ice (Club
Meridian) Houston, TX.

August 29, 2012- feature with Talaam Acey (Red Cat Jazz Cafe) Houston,
TX.

December 7, 2012- Special Guest Poet with Sunni Patterson, Black Ice and
Se7en Poet.

As well as a business partner, consultant and UnMuted Ink Administrator
since 2010.

Quise is also co-owner with Yvette Burks of ONE stage ONE mic products
globally, with a boundless vision for the company's future production of the
product line and logos. This man is quiet and calculating with a 1-3-5- and
10 year plan. Pride comes from him in all areas of his life's
accomplishments; giving you the feeling that this man could own an empire
and still work on the assembly line because it's never beneath him just
because he owns that company simply because the paradox of Quise's' ego
is properly balanced.

His Philosophy speaks ahead of it time and his internal drive comes from not
wanting to be labeled as the stereotypical black male depicted in society. Mr.
Quise "The Notebook" Williams is so wholesome, he is a man who wants

more and doesn't mind legally working hard to acquire it; which I might add he is doing one hell of a job proving daily. As stated on just one of his many ONE stage/ ONE mic T-shirt lines

“My talent is God's gift to me how I use it is my gift to you”

This new hot seller entitled Remnants of Me by Quise “The Notebook” Williams....

Will undeniably have you feeling the full moon effects of his inks' tides ebb and flows in a way you never thought possible. Each chapter to the book takes you to a different time zone while his stupefying play on words, are the ultimate breathtaking odyssey in an emotional stay-cation, making him so karmic-ally intuitive...

Each flip of the page inspires you to ignite your dormant thought process because somehow ... you just know that's he's tapped into the universe. Beneath the hard exterior that typifies the persona of Quise the notebook beast is the private sector of ink blots that's known to us fans as “nightcaps” making us privy to the magnificent, easy-going intense interior of endearing parts of his macho personality that his mindset possesses... It's like a kiss on the forehead before he hits the light switch on you encouraging sweet dreams after verbally tucking you in at night.... Leaving you with a smile embedded on your heart, and of course it's always ALL his fault!

Mature, but still young at heart, with a face and body structure that as his father says.... looks like for the past 20 years all he did was change shirts. With arms that are long enough to embrace the power of unity to reach back into the community, but too short to box with God. THAT is Quise “The Notebook” Williams.

Jamie Bond aka UnMuted Ink

Poetess, Spoken Word Maven,
Radio Show Hostess, Authoress & Friend

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Marquise 'Quise The Notebook' Williams

THE
REMNANTS

of

Me

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of

Marquise Williams

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Introspection

&

Reflection

The Remnants of Me

I come
Giving you the remnants of me
The reluctant remainder
The remains of me
Seems to be all I have left
Is a reminder of the man
That I used to be
A rendition of sorts
A man is search of life's renovation
Because as of late
Because of life's situations
Has been putting limitations
On my thought process of
Even sticking around
I haven't any wrong doings
To show remorse for but
Why do I feel so much remorse?
Feel so off course with feelings
That I let my loved ones down
I sit
In interrogation with self
Asking myself why can't things
Just even turn out even at the
Equilibrium half ass decent
For me

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

And DON T GET IT TWISTED
This is no whoa is me
This is my life this is not just
Poetry
But the half smiles and false
Laughs were a good enough
Cover up to keep the ones
Around me with a smile as well
So ironically I've gotten
Used to and good with that
But there's nothing good about
Nor getting used to your insides
Feeling like they re one step
From the gravel of a grave
One hair trigger away from a
Self inflicted fatality stepping up
To a modern day slave
The feeble minded, fatigued father
In me, trying to find felicity
Realizing that that farewell was
The furthest thing away from me
Fate moved that thing away from me
Gave me a reflection so the I could see
I saw
The reflection...in the barrel of
That chrome
With eyes wide
My babies staring back at m

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

My Pen...Is Me

I write
Because my pen is me.

I write because
My pen is embedded
In my hand
Capture unconscious prose
Spew from within the depths
Of tortured souls

My ink-age leaks
Amazing imagery
Upon lines of any pages
From mind to verbal
To sold out stages

So I write...
My pen is me
Because if you cut me
I bleed black and blue ink
I cant be anything other
Than a poet
Because that's the way
My mind thinks

I blink
Not missing a beat
Fiyah flame spitting
Heat

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

A visionary with
Tunnel-vision
With automatic precision
Precisely speaking
When provoked
I can become
Vindictive

I write
My pen is me
I embody the movement
If you don't put
Raw emotion into it
There's no need
To do it

Because I aspire

To be as great as one's
Before me
I think as young Langston
I see through
Eyes of sound like
The late-great
Ray Charles

My pen flows ink
From side to side
Feel my words
Let 'em knock
Inside ya ride
My poetic second
Heartbeat I do it
With pride
This is my shyt
It's what keeps me alive

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

I write
With sensitivity of my mother
Power of my father
Faith and love of
Our father

I do this for
My babies so they
Don't take the route
That i went
Closing their eyes wide shut
So they don't see where i've been

I write
I write because...i am a p.o.e.t

And this is just...what...we...do

Ink Blot #1

*Everyday living is my stage and my pen is the mic.
My Poetry embodies Life, Love, Experience, Happiness,
Heartache, Fatherhood, Spirituality and Sexuality..
My words are conscious and rough but respectfully blunt.*

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Love Jones

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

For You

This is for you
Not just today but forever my valentine

The pitter-patter of my heart
My reason for rhyme

You are...my second heart-beat
My reason for being
My things unknown
And my sight unseen

The reason I look forward to tomorrows
The reason I smiles on today's
How much do I love you?

There's no number great enough to amount to how many ways

I'm forever captured in your rapture
Your embrace
The very essence of you

Never forsaking,
Forever taking
You....into my heart and forever promising to be true

You are my rarity of love
As our souls forever bonded,
Forever placing your name everywhere
..and putting my last name...behind it

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Beyond all measures
And by all means
No ifs....ands...or buts
And no maybes in between

The "Bonnie to my Clyde"
The "Beauty to my Beast"
The "Camille to my Bill"
As I...the "Jay to your B"

The "4 to my ever"
The "two of us= one"

My love
My life

The rays to ..my ...sun

Happy Valentine's Day

You Make Me Sick

You...
make
me
sick

The very thought of you
Knock my composure out of whack
Heart beats 1,000 miles per minute
Out of everyone I've ever known
Only communicating with you
Does that shyt
Makes my blood rush and shyt
Don't even wanna speak having my
Words stuck and shyt
And the things that you say to me
What you say to me?
I Love that shyt!

I'm Love sick....

The feverish feelings from fantasizing
About you
The thoughts of you whispering my
Name in multiples of three..
Seems to be the only difference is genetics
Because the magnitude of this connection
Is so magnetic
The force of you
Pulling to the steel of me
Let's me know how the difference in
The regularity opposed to being
Love sick can be

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

The nervous feelings of intimidation
From your beauty makes my
Stomach flutter like and exhibit
Of butterflies
And the feeling of the bond where you
Can make love without touching
Comes to no surprise....

Love Sick...

To the point that I'm regurgitating
Emotions unknown to the world
Hidden secrecies and painful past
Memories of what makes me tick
And why I am who I am
Why I care so much and always seem
To give a damn
Spilling my guts with expressions of
Love admiration and desire for you
Will always last
Plus I think when I had my back turned
You had your sniper cupid
To shoot one of those arrows
Directly at my ass

Directing me from my past
To my present and future
Featuring you
My reality muse
A strong reason why I thank God
For giving me reason to rise
Daily
I got it bad baby
With lids closed you can see it
In my eyes
Daily

I'm Love Sick

No antidote necessary

Erogenous Zone

Secluded Room

See me
Staring
Watching you with the most sexual prowess
You
Feeling
The discomfort at the same time turned on from me
Watching you
In such manners
I watch
Staring
As your coy smile turns into heated desires
Squirming
Heavily breathing
Feeling yourself swell and dampen from watching me
Watch you
We engage in eye contact
I excuse myself without a look back
I hear your footsteps follow
Secluded room
You enter behind me
I animalistically rip your clothes to shreds
Piece
By
Piece
No Lovemaking
No screwing
We ... FUCK
Right then
Right there
In this secluded room
No words spoken
Only task at hand is to see how many times
In how many ways God's name can be called
It's just you
Me
This desk and these four walls
As I touch more walls
As I crash against the shores of your walls
Until, your London bridge caves in and falls

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quize the Notebook' Williams

As I go down and intake enough to fill and swell my jaws
Swallow and keep licking in fast-forward no pause
Your legs moving on either side of my head like a slow crawl
Bending you like yoga
Getting behind your downward dog
Sending your vision to the back of your mental
Putting your brain in a slight fog
In this secluded room
We consummate all four walls ending up on the floor
Numb to the carpet burns you beg for more
Apparently not at all concerned anymore about
Anyone walking right through that door
Also every ounce of clothing that you wore is ripped to shreds
Over there
On the floor
We move from the floor
Clearing the desk, I pick you up and lay you there
Constant fuck faces
Sensual stares
Legs on my shoulders like laying in a horizontal chair
Hard pressed, flesh on flesh
Not a crack nor crevice were missed
Rain pours outside
I pour inside as, you pour outside
The desk we weather-sealed that bitch
As you shake
On your back
Crawling
Legs tightening in restoration from my hands
Lips, this piece and those tongue tricks
Complete relaxation
I owned the rights to it ... complete personalization
You open your eyes
No me
Only you
Those four walls
The desk you're laying on
And on the back of the door
A new dress
In that secluded room

Anytime...Anyplace

Just....let me
Any time
Any place
Let's make love in open air...and space
Let our spontaneity out
Let our heart's race
Just respond to my touch on instinct
Go at our heart's pace
All caution thrown to the wind
Let our passions be unbound
Any time....any place
I don't care who's around

Let's....just....let go
Release all our inner inhibitions
Holding up walls with
Naked frames
As passers by and onlookers
Watch and talk all we witness is
One another and strong whispers
In ears of each other's names

Chances taken from displays of affection
Taking chance after chance with each
Stroke of so-called indecent exposure
This is any and everything
But
This is much more than just lust
Or trying to get a quick nut
This is the epitome
Of
Ecstasy

This is where we epitomize the
Definition of global warming
And heat indexes rise above

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Record breaking temperatures
Where new languages are born
And heavy breathing is our literature

Confronting face to smile from the
Easy accessible spring wear that
Adorns you
Ready to conquer and confiscate
Your white water rapids
Cause a ripple effect in passion's pond
As my words mummer through my
Muse which is you

Any time.....Any place

Let me...
Tantalize you into positions in which
My hands to your body are positioned
Let your lips drip love's elixir
As I get love drunk off love's liquor
As I lick her
Into submission
She's wishin' the cops come
And stops sun because
It feels so damn good what he's doing

Not knowing whether to
Scream out of passion and take
The chance of getting caught
Or muffle the sound knowing
It's not gonna stop

Any time
Any place
Til we both

Just

Drop

Ink Blot # 6

I still hear you... taking in elongated winds like sprints after running passion's amazing race...tying for first place, dead heat as the same heat turns sauna like, mass producing beads of sweat hidden between wetness of other secluded spaces...I still hear...whispers of my name and high pitched screams reaching invisible octaves quaking like Richter's scale...shaking 'til the creek overflowed, walls crashed down and your oceans fell...leaving me wading...waist deep...in your Love.

Misery
&
Mayhem

Letter of Appreciation

You left us,

Then you tried to make up bullshit excuses because, you fucked up. Your selfishness over ruled any shadows of morals that you just, metaphorically tossed out the window like last night's leftovers. You did not once think, think about the children, think about the example you're setting for them. Not once have you ever thought about how they used to look up to you....their mother.....your daughters.

Have you ever thought about the lasting effects you have on them? Have you ever grasped the concept that it takes a real woman, better yet, a real mother to raise daughters? Not once have you thought about the questions that came from their mouths like: why did mommy leave us? Is mommy coming back or does mommy still love us? And not once have I ever said anything against their mother because that is not in my character.

Even when you were so disrespectful to come get your things with someone other than daddy in tow, truth be told you're lucky my babies were here and dude stayed his ass in the car.

Otherwise I'd probably be in handcuffs sitting behind bars, but in retrospect it brought us closer. Although our bond was already how a daddy and daughter is supposed to be. Our daughter's first period, who was there to comfort her? Me, not you, school dances and such ... it was Me, not you. Raising two girls by one man is not an easy task to do, but by any means necessary for these two girls. Imma do what I have to, to give 'em the world, I worked my finger to the fuckin' bone to make a home, for us. You worked your finger to the bone to cause pain, and distrust.

So from here on out, I don't give two shits what you have to say and I'll do what I have to do, to make sure that we're ok. Now let me say this one last thing and I'll never speak of it again, I'm through....we can do bad on our very own and doin' much better without you.

Sincerely NOT yours,

The ones you left behind.

Not By Blood

The devastation from it
Causes me to have reservations of it
The reserved feelings cause me to
Hesitate to confront it
I've never been through anything
So humiliatingly drastic
But I once was told, confronting it
Is the only way to get past it

Loving and hard workin'
Would do anything for my people
Never looked at her any kind of way
Always considered us to be equal
She never had anything to complain about
I never made her feel neglected
She came in from the doctor's office
And told me we were pregnant
A smile lit my face and over joy
Having two girls I was hoping for a boy
A son mini-me a junior my ill man
Someone I can relate to
To pee he stands!

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

9 months pass

My man was here by far!

At work doing the man thing

Passing out cigars

Congratulatory cheers

Fatherhood tears

Just to imagine me and my

Man-child over the years

One day a glitch in the matrix

She?

Argumentative type

Me?

Don't raise my voice

Don't fuss, don't fight

She?

Temper flaring...yelling

Going through the whole bit

What she threw at me next

Shattered my whole shyt

“THAT’S WHY HE’S NOT YOURS!!!!!”

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Saying nothing, I quietly grabbed my keys
And took off while being attacked by panic

Had to regain my composure because

WORDS DO DAMAGE

Back at the house

Played the quiet game for two days

Can't sleep...can't think

Mind totally in daze

Two days prior

Words were blatant

Then all of a sudden

She retracts her statement

Not knowing what to think

Not even responding

I go pick up my son because

By now we're bonded

Me saying you don't do shyt like that

Just cause you're mad

You allow your mouth to spew shyt like that?

Now I'm talking because you knew

That would hurt

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

And you thought saying some shyt like that
Was the only thing that would work
Well you did and it's fucked up
Because now you have me thinkin'
Like I was bout to go left
But my right signals blinking
To fix all this mess and put all this to rest
Me, you and my son will take a paternity test

With tears streaming and looking at me hold
My son she agreed to it
Only if you didn't open your mouth saying those words
I would've been clueless
And we wouldn't have to do this

NEGATIVE

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Ink Blot # 7

The substance between the white noise and the blue screams...

I am The Notebook

Not an Option

She's gone
They said she'll be back just give
Her time to miss you
Why would I waste my time giving her
Time I've already wasted
Missing her...not an option
Why would I try to make this last,
While I'm sittin' here broken, needing
A full body cast when I gave her my
Heart and the rest of my anatomy
That was labeled as our foundation

First
By far no God's gift, but I willingly
Gave her my heart gift wrapped
Packaged with a nice little bow that
Turned out to be a curse
Like fucked up my home fucked
Up my happiness, almost fucked up
My whole world, if not for me being
The strong-minded individual that
I am...and my strong mind has been
Pumpin' iron while she's been gone
So to be brutally honest I really
Don't give a damn
Because although it was almost
Detrimental that my devastation
Developed from your devious plans
Of destruction and those fair weather
Fairy tales almost made it where I couldn't
Function....I'm a man first and foremost
So fuck you because anything I set out
To do is feasible and what fascinates me
Is that all your flunky friends are thinking that
I would really take you back like what you
Did was reasonable...it not an option

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

They must've forgotten, I'm the reasonable
One the appeasable one, she changes dudes
Like the weather, you know, seasonable one?

Well consider this a lock-out
Cause you couldn't pay me enough
To take that couldn't trade enough
To take back pass her to somebody
Else and let that quarterback have
The option to fake that....hell I'll
Even give you a quarter and the
Option to take that
Just leave me the hell alone and let
Me get my cake stacked
Obviously you didn't care about anything
That happened so sit there with your
Face cracked.....take that face facts
I'm in the conclusion stages of your
pay back
Although you gave us the metaphorical
Finger and said fukk what I do?

My writing wouldn't amount to shit?
KISS MY ASS
My book will be out soon
And your happily ever after
With me?

.....not an option

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Manifest Destiny

featuring

Yvette Burks

Ink Blot # 9

"Two Hearts hung among the Heavens...
You and I were Destined to collide." ~Miguel

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quize the Notebook' Williams

No Ordinary Love

I...am...man...The creation of my maker ... flesh and bone, blood filled...put here for reasons obviously forgotten about by ones who came after me...Server of my creator...caretaker of one who is spared from the rib of me...paired in this world to honor, respect, and above all else...to Love she...never forsaking, no duplications of her making ... King of her Queendom ...overseer of prince's ,princess' and empress ... I ...am man...given strength and wisdom to ... by any and all means necessary to provide for those who I take responsibility of...which is you...the holder of my heart, in which I hold Love for every extension of you... just...because...you are...to benefit the both of us, acting in compliance, granting every reasonable wish for my heart chosen queen ... I am man ... the preserver of life ... built by the hands of heaven, from the ground up ... hands pressed together to give thanks from whence my life comes ... from whence my days and nights comes...from you...my light comes ... I ...am ... Man ...are u woman enough?

I am... Wo-Man...shaped from his rib, coupled and tied together in Love to respect, support, compliment and Love him, whole heartedly and completely...never to forsake or put ANYONE or ANYTHING above the Creator and he...I am... Wo-Man designed procreator of life, my womb blessed to give birth to nations as we sustain the circle of life...the Queen to his Kingdom, caregiver of the jewels that adorn my crown...pink diamonds and sapphires born of me and the extensions of he...I am...Wo-Man...the crutch given when legs are too weak to stand, his peace and serenity the source of emotional continuity... a place of refuge when the burdens of life are too heavy to bear...never blinded by those who slither on bellies seeking to tempt and destroy him, only to be built back up by she...I...am Wo-Man...the most desired of his heart...his

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quize the Notebook' Williams

Sun, Moon and stars, the light from which illuminates his crown... the key that unlocks the heart and soul of him, the hand he hold as he walks into Destiny...giving thanks to Creator for the lives that were given, for we are beautifully and wonderfully made. He is...Man and I am...more than Wo-Man.

Let me be the Adam to your wonderful Eve...a new story, without bad things, the fruits and the trees. I want us, as a couple, to be considered as the closest thing to perfect. To make u feel like the angel u are, and make it known, you're worth it. To be just as the first couple in the world, lettin' nothing but Love continuously unfurl. I be damned if we mess this up girl, we have wisdom to spread and stories to share, of how we fell in Love and we're keeping it there...we have duties to fulfill, history to make, how one another we will never forsake...lets show our maker and creator the real reasons he made us...together lets thank him and make him proud of the breath the he gave us...the trust that makes us, the saturation of Destiny that bathes us...show just what it is that makes us...us...to be the bond that's unbreakable, stand firmly our ground that's unshakable...to be etched in stone that's unmovable...thickest skin that's unbreakable...let me paint a portrait of you using words just because your beautiful . ~Adam

Created in HIS image, conjured in human form, Adam...flesh of HIS flesh bone of HIS bone and I Eve to this Adam, created from the same clay, plucked from his rib, his help meet. The personification of a new Love story...untainted by Serpents whispers and fruit of the forbidden to savor. Fashioned unbreakable with purpose to etch our story of Love no limit into history...to be the perfect example of what the Most High created us to be...indivisible and infinite the bond we share, two hearts in tandem, our souls tied in matrimony. "What was manifested with Destiny and outlined with Fate" let no man or woman out asunder...because this...this is no ordinary LOVE. ~Eve

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Get Lifted

Scooped it...got lifted, after I inhaled it...smelled it...to check the potency, took my pinky and tasted it...savored it ... got full off the numbness ... feigning and shit, you done this ... face off, no straw ... grade A pure, tightens up the jaw ... pass it back to you...let you hit it.....Get ... lifted

Spliffed it ... inhaled, filled my lungs with it ... got lifted, Oliver Twisted craving it ... laid back enjoyed the mellow smoothness of it... got me open ... addicted and shit ... no rehab needed for this....

Faked the rehab like pookie ... three at a time on glass, pieces of them snowman cookies ... cryin' & shytt hittin' it like G-money...swear cant nobody take this from me...Bob Marley high, never reached before heights, never coming down ... a high so deep you drown ... been lost and found...arms long enough, reach for me ... on a stage in the clouds ..fly with me.

Speed ballin' ... its callin' .. no David Blaine type tricks ... Blue Magic got me feigning in search of the next #fix ... I admit I was gone off the first hit of that dope, Magic gave me wings...headed to the sky cloud 9 type hope...Super High like Rozay and Neyo sounds...feeling super human...not even gravity can hold me down...altitude climbing seeking that ultimate high...that Blue Magic...I love it...I need it ...I want it...I...got...to...have it.

Passin' it out on me, get high for free...walking non-profit organization, this is Quise...Mr. Blue Magic, I support ya habit...ask and it will be given, you can have it...power up like pellets, smoke so thick you can smell it...makes hearts beat triple times the norm...I know you felt it.

I asked and it was given in the form of Blue Magic... pure, uncut that potent dope... racing, chasing that high on triple beam scales...turning nightmares into real life fairy tales...feeling that emptiness when Magic's not booming in my system, heart flat lines...killing me softly until my next fix...Hello...my name is Yvette....I'm an ADDICT and Mr. Blue Magic he's my habit.

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Ink Blot#10

Somewhere between my vertical and your parallel Love...collided

~Quise

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

It's Love

Quise

She said, this Love is ... THE LOVE

I said, absolutely, must be ... Love

It must be Love cause,

You're all I see ... Love

With whom I'm with and, ever wanna be ... Love

Don't have much, but you're all I need ... Love

With whom I'll always and forever wanna be ... Love

You see Love?

I see Love the same as you see ... Love

A team thru good, bad and ugly, whatever the case may be ... Love

Whatever roads we travel, you hold the map, I got the keys ... Love

Sure thing, no maybes ... Love

You are the elements that make me ... Love

So, hop in the passenger seat ... Love

Let's ride.

Yvette

He said it "ABSOLUTELY must be ... Love"

I said... it is "THE" ... Love

Has to be Love cause

You're all I need to get by ... Love

Tunnel vision...no peripheral view ... Love

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

On bended knees with hands clasped together, pray with me ... Love
Vows spoken before God to honor and cherish, marry me ... Love
Soul tied to another...”I am my beloveds and

Quise

My beloved is mine.” Song of Solomon, Religious ... Love
No Spur of the moment accidental tourist, time stopped ... Love
No Cris Angel walking on thin air illusions, tip toeing
Through clouds, super natural Magic ... Love
Passionate ecstatic Heat...booming, earth quaking Thunder
Blasting off like Rockets across distant galaxies ... Love
Whenever there is need, I got you and you got me
No hypothetically speaking of ifs, ands, buts or maybes
An indivisible team of “WE” a Sure Thing ... Love
You are the number that completes me ... Love
Painting me in vibrant hues a beautifully colored girl
Your muse ... Love
So I’m buckling up and taking my seat right by your
Side now let’s turn up the music and ride through
This life on to the other side ... LOVE

Collaborative Efforts

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Guys Night Out :A Tale of Two Hoods

featuring . . . Tilford Perkins

Purc

Just got home from work, it's been a loooonnnnggg day. Pondering on how to make this stress from a tedious work week go away. I need to get out, drink and dance away everything that's been goin wrong, let me hit my boy Quise up and see what he's got goin on.

Quise

Yo Purc, its going down tonight this has been the longest damn week. I gotta get my head right, we gotta se what's going down tonight so, get ya shit together, I'll be there by 10:00 and you know I'm with whatever.

Purc

I already know my nicca, that's why I hit u up. Let me run to the liquor store, wash down the ride and stop by Dee's crib to get a cut. I'll hit u up when I get out of the shower, I'm pullin' out the "custom fitted." I'm getting my "Grown Man" on tonight homeboy, so u gotta come on with it! Lol

Quise

Lol ahh you know how I like to get my fly on, gotta hit the detail shop and get my wash and dry on. I already hit up Taylor the tailor and got my suit and tie on, super slick with it. That's why my car ain't got no tints in it, factory rim kitted so you can definitely see me in it.

Purc

(In my Denzel voice) Myyyyy nicca.....lol 2 of flyest on the grid. How could they figure, that they could be flyer than we is. So let's meet at the hideout, get the plans together and go ahead and ride out!

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Purc & Quise

Two tailored up brothers, with a slick mouth piece, headed out to show and let em know how the south speaks!

Quise

You mean the hide out hide out or the other spot? You remember the last time, you got knocked and I got shot. I'm kinda skeptical about going to either one of them, think we just need to ride around and find another spot. We can hit downtown or midtown to see how they're livin' and show 'em how real hood cats come with the business. I got it, let's shoot out highway 59, party with the other side and have a good time. (thinking we go to the new lavish spot and a damn shootout starts lol).

Purc

Yea, u got a point ,let's try something different this time. Plus we're too fly tonight to let all that block our shine. So let's hit the highway for a sec, see if we can come across a lavish spot. Where the drinks are strong, the women are sexy and it's not too hot.

Quise

We get to the spot, its real laid back and nice. We know this is a place we'll frequent, don't have to think twice. Dressed to impress, there was a two to one ratio of women to men. I said.." bro, this was the way to go!" Good music, good wine, dressed nice, the spot, a good find. Guys night out is turning out to be a good time.

Purc

So far so good, can't complain about this at all. Let me head to the bar, get me a drink that's cold and tall. Speakin' of tall, I see a tall glass of milk sitting by the bar. Let me go strike up a conversation, hoping it can go far.

Quise

While Purc is flirting at the bar, I'm chillin', sipping, the ladies, I'm eyeing them. From the corner of my eye, I see somebody running up behind him. Didn't really mind him cause, we were new to the joint so, I called Purc's name, just at that point. Purc turned, grabbed and flipped this cat onto the bar. I'm thinking, I may have to make a mad dash to the car to grab my shy.

Purc

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

I'm spitting my game to this lady at the bar, all of a sudden I hear Quise call my name from afar. So I turned around to see what's goin on and I see a nicca out of the corner of my eye, comin' at me real strong. So I ducked the right hand, side stepped and threw his punk ass across the bar. I see his potnas running up, damn, I thought we was just gone chill in this bitch! SMH phuk it, run y'all punk asses up, my nicca, I just look like this.

Quise

I make a mad dash past security from, the car with my shotty. Anybody can get it, about to bag the whole party. We were just trying to relax and chill, we had no intentions of all of this bullshit overspill. Continuing to run through the crowd finally, getting to where the fight started. No need for bloodshed, all I saw was scattered bodies and my dogg Purc standing there smiling lol.

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Poetry Found Me

featuring . . . Leslie Ryan (Mizz Fab)

FAB

*Poetry found me
In the back office of welfare
No mother
No father
Poetry adopted me
Scribed purpose into my eyelids
Blessed my fingertips
Before I knew what words where
Poetry was my first meal
In starving belly
Prayers keeping me from dying
Fighting before I even knew what fight was
Painted verses on my tongue
Held my hand while I choked down my first dose of agony
Made sure I was never alone
It rocked me to sleep
Translating things deep inside of me
Dove into the darkness
Carrying nothing but abandonment tight to my chest
Poetry met me where i was
Started writing poems for me
Before I could speak them into existence
Turned tears into notebook pages
Breathed determination into my lungs
Poetry was my first slow steady step into the looking glass
And through cracked vision I saw who I truly was*

QUISE

Poetry found me...In the middle of gang initiations
Wrong crowds
What I thought was right affiliations
Preparing myself to die waiting
Thinking my death was fated
Drug dealing jokers of the wrong suit thinking I made it
Out of poverty but, pulling me further
Into those 72 inches waiting to take a dirt nap

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Never a rat but, still stuck in the maze and the trap but
Poetry found me

FAB

*Homeless sleeping in my sister's car
Dying inside pill bottles
Screaming for hope
Razor blade romance
Always the orphan
Poetry seduced me
Fucked my virginity
Spoke up for me in crowded room
Poetry shut them up and turned my mic up
Found me on that ledge
ready to jump and paralyzed me
Told me to step back
Reminded me I didn't have wings
Picked me up when I was too weak
Poetry rescued me
When i didn't think I was worth rescuing
Scribing back my heartbeat
Poetry found me close to death
Put a pen in my hand
Told me I was immortal
Poetry made me fearless
Turned me into a warrior
Able to cut anyone with words
Then poor salt into them
I learned how to get people to understand me
Poetry translated my pain into beauty
and built thorns around my walls*

QUISE

Inhaling crack fumes
Vials
Needles on the ground
Fiends in one room
Colors separating common sense from humanity
Humanely blinded by alcohol clouding senses
Coming to senses by common sense's
I used to Love her

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Learning Love of self..

Applying street knowledge with book sense that never left since I left
Poetry found me within the birth of my first born empress
Impressions of what was, not to be mimicked by what now is
Able to use my mind's weapon for whatever's necessary,
To get whatever's needed to accomplish whatever my mind's eye sees fit
Through my words...POETRY FOUND ME

FAB

*Took many fragments broke them down
Formed sentences
I am poetry
Breed from the very concrete that would
try to bury me
Poetry knew I was meant for greatness
Set my heart on fire
And gave me passion
New direction
And as clique as it may sound
Poetry saved me
Hooked up to I.V.s full of ink
Till my soul exploded on paper
And in the center of the story
This child became a lady
And no one was there for me
POETRY FOUND ME*

QUISE

Took my partials and made a whole
Explosions of wisdom overtook my soul
The blood in me replaced by black and blue ink running thru those same I.V.s
Became my I.D. identifying the Beast within me
I AM POETRY
Taking deep breaths through the thin blue lines I used to walk
Speaking my way out of the broken speech that I used to talk
Roots of ancient seeds planted, permanently embedded pen in my hand
Finally, that boy became This Man
When no one else searched for the real me...Not even me
POETRY FOUND ME

Ink Blot #12

We are visionaries with tunnel vision...

Automatic precision...

Precisely speaking when provoked.

Ink Blot #13

Only a Poet can understand the misunderstandings
we go through to be understood....

Only a Poet can understand the misconceptions
we face daily to perfect our crafts
just to be considered good.

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

How I Need To Be Loved

featuring A.N.U aka Nisha Howard

A.N.U:

He asked me:

"A.N.U, how do you want to be loved?"

My heart spoke up;

The fighter in me needs

A warrior

Armor protecting him from my sometimes piercing words

Manhood able to stand against these carefully constructed walls

Smashing them down brick by brick

For his presence alone to be the queue for me to slide into my

Scripture written position—to the back

In order to be his spine

He is able to maintain his strength and composure in any situation.

Turning submission back into a woman's understanding and not a 4 letter word

QUISE:

She ask me

"Quise, how do you want to be Loved?"

My soul spoke

The calm in me, needs that spark

Spitfire that's ready to ride with me if anything were to pop off against me

A lady who, withstands what comes with my craft knowing

I would never backtrack and go against what the word " US" means to me

Knowing, her presence alone is the reason beyond God for, my being

She is able to maintain her essence of woman in any situation

Compromising, using Love as a flotation device

To divide and conquer

Division of instances into, lasting, Loving memories to be shared

With the extensions of us to come

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

A.N.U:

*The woman I have become yearns to have
A man whose thoughts are as complex as my own
Giving me
Long
Deep penetrating
Strokes of intimate*

QUISE:

A woman receptive of dedication and
Able to communicate in total silence
Giving me
Long lasting
Mouthfuls
Of intimate

Together:
Conversation
Conversation

Quise:

A Love story so precious, only God himself can come down and write a sequel to this
One who knows no disrespect issued upon her because,
The Love in me
Flows through her
Fused to an imperfect
Perfection for the sake of being one another's balance

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

A.N.U:

*One submerged so deep only God knew this thought pattern.
Tongue never forms to tell me he wants to blow my back out
But instead take the pieces left from my heart's explosions
Fuse them together with his unconditional love
And love me whole//again
Nights cuddled in his arms
Fitting together like two life pieces edged perfectly for one another
Deepest fears lifted.
I deserve*

QUISE:

I deserve a Love who reciprocates confidence and faith in, the stars in her eyes
I deserve to be her only Love...and she to be mine

A.N.U:

*To be loved from the bottom of my feet
To the top of my head
From the soul of my soul
For the fear of God to be manifested so deep in this love
We float in the word.
Entitled to never ration his disrespect
Of me because he issues none
Sees that I deserve the best—no need to proclaim it or explain it
I deserve never to doubt that I can turn
To him after being independent all day and be his dependent all night
I deserve to be the only love and him to be mine
No partying for a night-- this one will last a lifetime*

TOGETHER:

**I am entitled to be loved
I am entitled to be Loved**

Completion

The Good Son

Throughout all the shit I was involved in...
I was the good son.
Not like the movie but, if you knew even half of my involvements
You'd wonder where I get good from
From the hood
Young no dunce, but some of the shit I did...dumb
Watching overly medicated zombies numbing themselves
Pharmaceutically charming, a tour-guide through hell.
But, I was the good son..
Book smart turned, street genius
Aware of my surroundings
Surrounding themselves with an army that was never enlisted
Going to war over, not even an oil spill
Much less than what the troops fought for
Too smart for my own britches, never got caught
Reaping while, sewing stitches
Work by day, worked that work by night but
I was the good son....right?
Bird calls with no beaks, but they flew the coup quick
Fast pace
Hood rich
Spot never knocked but, positions still switched
Stay on your toes shorty
Adhering to what the coaches taught
Don't be too greedy
Reasons why I never got caught
Beat-walking like, I'm the crooked cops..
Swat team, jump out boys dirty but, still stood and watched.
Blending with the innocence of the ghetto because if you ran
You were guilty of something
Standing there nervously filthy with something
In the back of my mind, remembering one thing
I'm the good son...right?

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Say hi to the good guy
Administering a helping hand
Watching the hood die
Toting not one, but two glocks
SHOTS FIRED!!!!
I may or may not have been included in the fired shots
Who knows?
Only the hood knows, but they aren't telling for keeping them happy
With the same shit I'm selling but
I'm the good son...right?
They all know me..
I'm reciprocating the same Love, they show me
"Robin Hood" baring gifts if needed
And gifts that take you on trips, when needed
Any hunger, famished or fix I was there to feed it
I don't know if, you see it as I see it, but I see it
As being places right where I wanted and needed
Because I was the good son...right?
Hey, I did this for you guys
Giving jobs to the up and comers and, new guys
Saving you from having to wait until the first of the month
Helping you with your bills and kids to get them what they want
All you have to do is, send them to me, I'll make sure they're paid and fed
Then, send them back and, all you have to do is, send them to bed
It's a win/win situation and, we'll all have a goodnight
Just holla at me
I'm the good son...Right?

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Just Me

Now slowly
Thinking of all the things that oppose me
Thinking of all the past poets before me
And the one's to my heart I hold closely
I think of all my friends and the
One's that choose to foe me
All the YES ladies and gentlemen
And the true friends that told me

I think of my ancestry and my
Higher power that blessed me
Think of my loving parents and
The daily woes that test me
Thinking of life's lessons and
The ways I'm slowly progressing
And through all this thinking I
Conclude I just wanna be me

I have an ironic appreciation for
All the pain I've been through,
All the evil that men do all the
People that stay true and all the
Transparent that's see through
All the things I've dealt with
Wanted or not it seeps in
But ironically how things happen
Because until about a lil over
A year ago not even my parents
Knew I wrote shyt

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

But my poetry isn't a passive
Pastime it's a paternal passion
A penchant pearl that pushes my
Pendulum to procreate new proverbs
The personification of personalities
With persistence in my perspective
I'm here to persevere 'til I'm petrified
In history

Sometimes it can be identified as my
Gift and a curse my surreptitious play
On words can get misconstrued making
Me feel as if I ditched the family car
Riding around in a hearse
But I surrender to supposition
My personal 7 day theory and I adhere
To my own words
Because if I didn't I'd be contradicting myself
And that's just not me
I'm a Poet...I say what the fukk comes
To mind if I didn't, I just wouldn't be Quise

I just wanna be me

Ink Blot #14

I'm not Christ and don't pretend to be, but, I try my best to care like him...if there were only me and one other person left on earth with one pair of shoes, I would go bare, just to share like him, giving my word, I live by it, to always be there like him. I'm in no way perfect, I'm just me, and sometimes things get cloudy and are hard to see...a production of smiles, my M.O. and an abundance of peace...I don't know how to be anything...other than me.

~ Epilogue ~

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

a word from **Q**uise The **N**otebook . . .

With Gratitude and Appreciation

First and foremost, I'd like to thank God for his grace and mercy and for giving me life, sound mind, body and spirit and for blessing me with this wonderful gift, I am truly grateful. Because if not for you I wouldn't be here. I'd like to thank my parents for instilling a strong work ethic within me and supporting me in everything I aspire to do and to my babies for keeping me grounded and reminding me everyday why I do this.

I have to thank William S. Peters Sr. (JustBill) for believing in me and taking on this project with me as well as being a mentor to me. I'd like to thank all of my friends and family (virtual included) who have supported me as well as been my greatest inspirations to do what I do. I'd like to thank Chyna Blue and Edifyin' Graphics for producing the artwork for the dope ass book cover and your continued support and business relationship with the OneStageOneMic Ent. brand. Thank you to Spoken ChaosShedographics (Yolanda Williams) for the dope graphics provided for promotions and one of the next OneStageOneMic T-shirt apparel designs.

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Big shout out to ALL B.T.R shows over these past couple of years for allowing "US" a platform to display our talents...And to my dude "Big Purc" (Tilford Perkins) for putting me on to B.T.R when I had absolutely no idea where to go to be heard and hear such amazing talent. Thank you to each and every person who has enjoyed anything I've ever written thus far, you all are my inspirations. And to the one and only, JAMIE (wheretheydothatat) BOND for writing one AMAZING foreword to the book (blaming it on you this time) for the all the advice and support and just for being the hustling, no holds barred shyt talking BIG hearted person you are...I Thank You.

Finally...Last, but definitely not at all the least, Yvette Burks (Beautiful Dizasster)...There is NO description for the appreciation, dedication, Loyalty, Admiration and Love I have for you. I couldn't have done ANY of this without you and wouldn't have wanted to if I could, I appreciate you so very much...Thank you from the depths of my being.

Again...

I Thank You ALL.....

YOU ARE APPRECIATED!!!!!!

Quise

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

what the **P**eople are saying . . .

"This poet is the epitome of words having a chance to feed the hungry; truly an inspiration to us all."

David Crouch aka DC The Voice of Reason
Poet/Spoken Word Artist, The Love Colored Black Movement

"He brings it from a real place and gives it to you with a real face! Nothing airbrushed about this poets writing!"

Mister668
Poet/Writer

"Quise has become one of my favorite Spoken Word Artist because of his incredible word play. It's a pleasure to work with someone who not only expresses well but motivates even better."

Kayenne
CEO The Spice Project Poet/Spoken Word Artist

"Quise's pen knows no boundaries! His words traverse you through battle-grounds, political arenas, love dens and social injustices. An amazing word-smith, he'll challenge your intellect while simultaneously provoking emotional responses. His arsenal of poetry is lethal...a true Poet in every sense of the word."

Kelligraphy Pens
Author, Radio Talk Show Celebrity, Producer

"Beautiful Night Cap Poetry."

Nancy Happyheart Sharrar

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

"Quise is one of the staples representing this generations spoken word artist. His writing style along with his content separates him from the mold of what we look for in a writer. I'm very happy his work has finally been collected into one volume of work. It's well over due."

Writteninpain
Poet/ Spoken Word Artist

"King Quise is what I call him, because of his ability to captivate his audience when he speaks the words leaked from his pen will be forever be etched upon your mind and heart. Leaving you no choice but to respect this POET as royalty. I found out first hand that he is a master writer when he took a trip to New Orleans to perform for one of Poetry In Motion Care Bears big events. Those who were in attendance that day, his name still rings on their lips, because just one encounter and you're forever hooked on Quise the NoteBook."

Mystique Da Poet
CEO/Executive Director Poetry In Motion Care Bears

"Quise 'The Notebook' sure does have a way of dishing out hope in the realms of love (of self and of others). To take a pen and spill its ink selflessly (mind, heart, and soul) in such a way that mirrors pure artistry... He is indeed an open and well-penned notebook."

Rachel 'Poetic Ray' Benson

"Versatile, diverse, talented, awesome are a few adjectives I could use to describe Quise and his works but they would be an understatement. Quise Williams writes from the soul. Designs from the heart. Also can spit from the dome. Unbeknownst to him, I read his work often as I have adopted him as one of my mentors. He goes above and beyond for his poetic family, fundraisers, and has no shame in doing so. Honored that I am one of the lucky ones that he is part of my poetic family."

Starr Poetress aka JRC

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

The Wait Is Over!

"Week after week Quise " The Notebook" Williams entertained listeners of the weekly poetry show Blazzin' The Mic! With his reality driven poetry,infused with emotions, thoughts and feelings everyone listening could relate to. Whether he is imparting his wisdom on life,love or fatherhood,this Poet and Spoken Word Artist will leave every listener and now reader with a lesson they to can incorporate into their own daily life trials and tribulations."

Candace Mumford
Blazzin' The Mic!

"I can't start at the beginning when it comes to Quise... because he found me right in the middle... of one of his pieces that is. He managed to tell my story right on the lines of his notebook and from that point on, it was a match made on paper. I knew that when I read his work I would find pieces of me, or the situation I couldn't share... so relatable that I was snapping my fingers, and yelling in the hollow rooms of my own house. Yes, Quise has THAT ability to ink the thoughts of many and do it so well that you wonder if he has hidden cameras lined around your inner most unwritten thoughts. I love that he is very stealth in his movements, but his movements are continuous and precise. Proud of you Quise.. keep the pages leaking!"

Jodi
Stay In Tha Know

“Quise Williams is smooth with his words that soothe. Get him in beast mode he can be crude, but never rude. He is one hell of a love cipherring poetic dude.”

Kelli Songbird Garden

“Quise Williams aka Quise the Beast (I gave him that name.. in case yahll didnt know.. yea Im proud of that) is one of the hottest poets out..... it has been a pleasure to have him on our mic many of friday nights on [The oRiGiNaL Poetry after Dark ®](#)... his pen, deliverance and spirit is unmatched... it has been a pleasure working with Quise and Yvette and the [inner child press](#) team to create the cover and I cant wait to get my copy one.creative.luv.”

Chyna b.
edifyin' graphix

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"Quise is an awesome poet...humble, supportive. I love the versatility of his pen and delivery. I don't see him ever getting so "big" that he forgets the "little people". I can't wait to get the book so I can see what he's been hiding in his notebook."

Karmel Poet

"Congrats go out to you , this is going to be a must buy book. It's the way he breaks it down leave you in a trance. Yes indeed he takes you there, I wish you nothing but the best bro Quise Williams here's to you! He can blaze that INK~! Leaving you cool off with some water with ice. Many, many blessings to you.

Rosalind Cherry

"As a promoter I host venues featuring some of the best poets from all over the world, many of them from HBO Def Poetry. When I heard Quise for the first time, I was like this brother here got something special. From his smooth laid back flow to his lyrical content he captures the mind of the crowd to where people say that was deep! You know you have a good show as a promoter, when your patrons come up to you and ask who was that?..... The brothers name is Quise!"

Guy Barber **CEO Conglomerate Entertainment**

Mr. Quise " The Notebook" Williams, has crept onto the scene of Poetry and like a thief . . . stole the hearts of many, between his erotic pieces and his " real life" pieces. I have grown fond of the person behind the name and are very proud of his accomplishments and the inspiration he has become...to so many. By far...I think he is one Poetic force...many have slept on and still sleep on and I am just thankful to have noticed his worth as a Poet...The moment his ink and words spilled out for my eyes and ears . . .to witness.

It's such a great pleasure to be a part of this book and of course, knowing Quise " The Notebook" Williams and think...if you haven't already...then, you need to get to know his work and, of course . . . him too.

Poetically Spoken

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Whenever I think of Quise I always think of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He has smooth flow, but make no mistake there is a monster that lies beneath that is the epitome of raw. If I had to describe him with one word it would be consistent. He never fails to execute and deliver. He is just beginning, this will be without a doubt one of the hottest projects of the year and I can't wait.

Lion Heart Public Speaker/Poet

Quiet and unassuming until he gets a pen or mic in his hand, Quise has the ability to arrest your attention with each word penned and every word he spits. From the content of his pieces to the rhyme scheme and cadence of his flow, his word play and use of metaphor are complete DOPENESS. Whether writing about Love gone wrong or dipping into your erogenous zones, the versatility of his pen allows words to shape shift between the lines of his notebook. When being brash and cocky he gets you hype, leaving you to ask the question...did he just say? Or even re-reading what you just read. His nightly Love Letters (Nightcaps) to his muse keeps the ladies swooning and the fellas showing respect. I could ramble off many adjectives to express the type of man he is, but the words "beautifully human" describe his character as it speaks volumes to the caliber of the Man and Poet he is. If by some slim chance you haven't gotten to know about him, this book is one hell of an introduction to who he is as a Poet and as a Man. I am PROUD of him and his accomplishments and I can't wait to witness how brightly his star shines. I am glad to call him friend and Love and it has ABSOLUTELY been my pleasure to have found the beauty in the beast.

Beautifuldizasster Poet/Writer

When Quise writes it's like a full action movie in 3 d. He is indeed the notebook , and can write any and everything. I have had the pleasure to see him grow into the poet he is, he came into the scene on fire and now he is burning down the building and blazing mics all over the place. He is consistent .stretching his mind to unknown , undiscovered atmosphere. As well as some powerful word play. I have had the pleasure of collaborating with this beast. He is always supportive and a pleasure to know, wishing you much success with your book and future endeavors.

Mizz Fab Poet/Founder of Project Voice Back

REMANANTS of ME Marquise 'Quise the Notebook' Williams

Quise has the unique ability to touch everyone with his Poetry, " housewife and homie", businessman or brotha on the block..His Poetry is an extension of his life, most of all...when you read his Poetry, you believe that "Words are Powerful".

Eryk Moore
Spoken Word Artist

My introduction to Quise Williams Ink, was like an eclipse, standing on a mountain, spiting fruits of his labor, so transparent and explosive! The fibers of his remnants, whisper bleeding life moments, as the avalanche rumbles warming your soul! Truly inspired to know his ink while he lives and I breathe it in!

Carlene Beverly,
Poetess Writer of Beautiful Things

Quise 'The Notebook' Williams is a man of many talents. Poetry and being a Spoken Word Artist are two in which he shines *Brilliantly*. Quiet and unassuming until his hand reaches for the mic. Then we know that we are in the presence of a pro. A transformation takes place as the Wordsmith begins to tease his audience like a skilled lover. Finally we are all sated with an explosion of power filled words echoing throughout the airwaves or room. You could hear a pin drop because we are all paying attention to this man, his words, his power. Magically the world is transformed. We are completely, captivated by the magic that is, Quise. I invite you along this journey offered by the man himself and titled, *'The Remnants of Me'* you will be rapt, line by line and page after page. Enjoy!

Janet P. Caldwell
Author / COO Inner Child

What can i say about my Brother 'Quise'? As most of us know already he is a very Unique and Distinguished Spoken Word Artist. In hearing his Rhythms as delivered via Spoken Word we often overlook the Writing abilities and styles he employs in his work. Being a "Freestyle" Writer / Poet he utilizes his Talents and Gifts exceptionally well to include his Musical background (Playing Drums, and incorporates this beat in his work. He is truly a Delightful, Powerful and Insightful pleasure to read and listen to as he provides us with a peek into his Mindset, Spirit and "NoteBook" of Life.

William S. Peters, Sr. aka just bill
Founder & CEO ~ Inner Child

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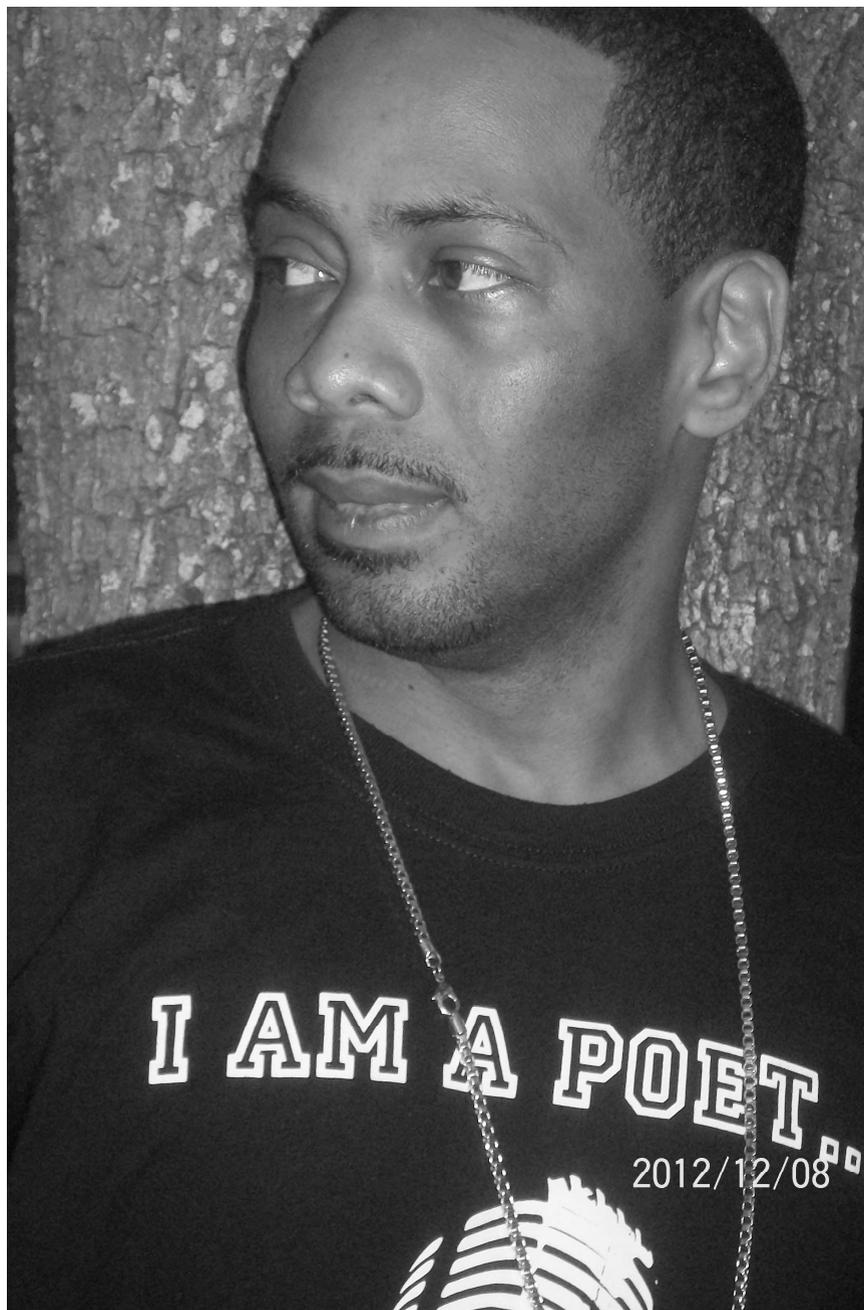
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A black and white poster for an 'Autism Anthology'. The background is black with several puzzle pieces scattered across it. The text is white and centered. The title 'Autism Anthology' is in a large, elegant cursive font. Below it, 'HELP BRING AWARENESS' is in a smaller, all-caps serif font. Underneath that, 'with POETRY, PROSE, & COLLABORATION' is in a similar serif font. The main body of text provides submission guidelines, including a deadline of January 31, 2012, and a contact email address: ONESTAGE_ONEMIC@YAHOO.COM. At the bottom, there are social media links for Facebook and Twitter.

Autism Anthology
HELP BRING AWARENESS
with
POETRY, PROSE, & COLLABORATION

ALL SUBMISSIONS MUST BE EDITED BEFORE ENTRY!
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PLEASE USE THE FONT NEW TIMES ROMAN 12PT. WITH SINGLE SPACING.
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IN THE FOOTER AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR ENTRY.

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GUIDELINES WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS IS JANUARY 31, 2012
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ANY QUESTIONS ABOUT SUBMISSIONS, PLEASE CONTACT:
Twitter: @Quise - www.facebook.com/QuiseTheNotebook
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THE REMNANTS OF ME

Poetic
EXPRESSIONS
of
Marquise
"Quise The Notebook"
Williams

Between the Lines

The Remnants of Me was written from the perspective of thoughts and feelings stemming from my life's experiences. Some are very personal experiences and others are observation reports, but still written from my pens point of view. ~ **Quise**

"As a promoter I host venues featuring some of the best poets from all over the world, many of them from HBO Def Poetry. When I heard Quise for the first time, I was like this brother here got something special. ~ **Guy Barber ~ CEO Conglomerate Entertainment**

Quise 'The Notebook' Williams is a man of many talents. Poetry and being a Spoken Word Artist are two in which he shines *Brilliantly*. ~ **Janet P. Caldwell ~ COO Inner Child Enterprises**

He is confident but not closed, comfortable but not complete... authentic however not insensitive... selfless but realistic... thoughtful yet cautious. ~ **Jamie Bond ~ UnMuted Ink**

"Quise's pen knows no boundaries! His words traverse you through battle-grounds, political arenas, love dens and social injustices. An amazing word-smith, he'll challenge your intellect while simultaneously provoking emotional responses. His arsenal of poetry is lethal...a true Poet in every sense of the word." ~ **Kelligraphy Pens ~ Author, Radio Talk Show Celebrity, Producer**



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