

MICHAEL'S STORY

The Seed of the Saga

Five original pieces of writing, spanning from a jail cell to the throne room — the true source material behind the 8-book saga. Written across a lifetime, they trace one man's journey from the edge of death to the discovery of a Word that changed everything.

[**Download PDF**](#)[**Full Line-by-Line Breakdown**](#)

This is Michael's story, in his own words — five pieces written at five different points in his life, each one carrying more of the truth than he knew at the time. Read together, they trace a single arc: a man written off by every system he passed through, who kept writing anyway, and who discovered — one piece at a time — that the words he wrote were never really about despair. They were about a Word that was already working on him before he had a name for it.

The Arc of a Life

Five pieces. One thread. Written across decades, in cells, in prison, with friends,
alone with God.

JAIL

The Edge. Written in a jail cell, waiting to be sentenced for the fourth and final time. A poem about the lowest point a man can reach — and the moment writing itself became the reason he survived it.

PRISON

Survival. Written behind bars. A rap that saved his life more than once — armor built from the system's own language, carrying something the system could never see.

AGE 19

The Battle. Written with his rap group, "Fact or Figure" — two friends and him, different backgrounds, one sound. Faster, harder, more direct. A declaration instead of a disguise.

CHURCH

The Turn. Written for a church talent show. No more hiding the words in someone else's language — spoken plainly, straight at the people who say one thing and do another.

PRIVATE

The Worship. Built from Revelation. Shared with almost no one — just Michael, God, and a handful of trusted people. Pure scripture. No performance. The clearest version of what all the others were reaching for.

THE LINE THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING

The jail cell poem ends with a sentence that turned out to be the key to everything that came after: "**Thoughts produce words and words produce reality.**" Michael was thinking about ending his life. Instead, he wrote a poem about it. The poem — the word — is why there was a life left to write about. He didn't know it yet, but he had just described, in a cell, the exact principle that would define the rest of his story: what you speak matters more than what you feel in the moment you're feeling it.

1. The Edge — Written in Jail

Waiting to be sentenced for the fourth and final time. Not a rap — a poem.

A razor is sharp like a double-edged sword, sliding down my arm, awaiting life no more.

The pain through my body feels like pure ecstasy as blood flows from my veins, drawing life from me.

Slowly drifting to a sleep that I'll never awake, gladly thinking thoughts it's my final mistake.

As my body grows weak and my sights grow dim, I'm sinning no more while my life slowly ends.

Within my final moments, what would be my thoughts? Probably who would think of me when I'm gone?

The people that I know would say, don't do it. Life may be hard, but you can make it through.

And if that was the point, would I be thinking of this? So what if I end my life? Who would give a shit?

Times and troubles are more than I can bare. I'm tired of running through life and getting nowhere.

Every day I live, it seems the worse that it gets. I want to end my life so I have no regrets.

Thoughts produce words and words produce reality. Soon, I'll fulfill my destiny.

The truth underneath it

This poem does not describe a completed act. It describes the thought — and the writing of it is what happened instead of the act. Every line carries a double weight: the razor "sharp like a double-edged sword" echoes Hebrews 4:12, where the Word of God is described the same way — the same instrument, aimed the wrong direction, in a life where nothing else felt real. "Who would think of me when I'm gone" is the cry of a man who wanted, more than anything, to be known rather than filed away. And the closing line — thoughts produce words, words produce reality — became the seed of everything Michael would later build his

life's work around: that what you speak has the power to change what becomes true.

2. Survival — Written in Prison

A rap that saved his life multiple times. Explicit on the surface. Armor underneath.

Written while incarcerated, this rap carried Michael through some of his hardest days behind bars. It was armor — the tone and language the environment demanded — protecting something gentler underneath. Lines about a "table waiting for a cup" and a "pearl on the tongue" carry echoes of Psalm 23 and the parable of the pearl of great price, hidden inside language that let him survive where he was.

Survival

Identity

Hidden meaning

3. The Battle — Written at 19, with "Fact or Figure"

Two friends and Michael. Faster pace. No more hiding — a declaration.

Written with his rap group "Fact or Figure" — the name itself carried the question that would define his life: are you a fact (a real person, known and true) or a figure (a number in someone's file)? This piece dropped the disguise. It's raw, aggressive, and direct — a young man declaring, in the only language he had, that he refused to be reduced to a number.

Identity

Declaration

Fact or Figure

4. The Turn — Written for a Church Talent Show

The Word spoken plainly for the first time. Straight talk, no disguise.

By the time Michael wrote this piece, something had shifted. The language of the streets was still there, but the message was no longer hidden inside it — it was aimed directly at people who said one thing and lived another. This is the turning point piece: the moment the message stopped being smuggled in and started being spoken outright.

Turning point

Direct address

Transformation

5. The Worship — Built from Revelation

Shared with almost no one. Between Michael, God, and a few trusted people.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was and is and is to come.

Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof.

Cause thou was slain and has redeemed us unto God by thy blood.

Out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation.

And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth.

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

Why this piece is different

This is the only piece built entirely from scripture, with nothing of the streets left in it. Pieced together from Revelation chapters 4 and 5, it's pure worship — no disguise, no code, no armor. Michael has said this went nowhere except between him and God and a small circle of trusted people. It's the clearest of the five, and in many ways the destination the other four were quietly walking toward the whole time.

Five pieces, written at five different points in one man's life
— in a cell, behind bars, with friends, in front of a church,
and alone with God.

Read in order, they trace the same journey the full saga was
later built to tell: a man at the edge, finding his way — piece
by piece, word by word — toward something he didn't fully
understand yet, but never stopped reaching for.

Every book that came after started here.

— **Michael**

[← Full Scripture-by-Scripture Breakdown of All Five Pieces](#)

[← Back to the Library](#)