

Poetry Series

**Anthony Yorke**  
**- poems -**

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## Anthony Yorke(19-08-1988)

Anthony Yorke has been composing poems from the age of 11 he has a lot of unsubmitted work. Anthony writes with emotion.

# A Conversation With A Star

A pleasant goodnight shining star  
Well hello there how do you do  
I have seen a lot, traveled far  
It's an honor to see you

I promised I would visit again  
Yes and now you are looking at me  
Did I keep my promise then?  
Why yes I do agree

So tell me star any progress  
Nope not that I have seen  
So the stars are appreciated less  
Well at least the grass still green

I am sorry my twinkling friend  
Well I don't think you should be  
So do you think this is the end?  
Not for us maybe humanity

There values have faded extremely  
They have become consumed by greed  
Love and kindness we seldom see  
The things that we severely need

Anthony Yorke

# A Romantic Moment

I touched her face  
While gazing in her eyes  
Then we both embraced  
Forgetting all the lies

I whispered in her ears  
She said you do  
Then she burst into tears  
And said I love you too

I kissed her forehead  
Then her nose  
This might lead to a bed  
And perhaps absence of clothes

I kissed her so deep  
That I tasted her secrets  
She could have put me to sleep  
The magic, she has it

I felt her warm body  
Compressed against mine  
Never held something more lovely  
Since the beginning of my time

Anthony Yorke

# Christmas With My Little Sis

I will do all the painting  
While parang music play  
She will do some cleaning  
For soon is Christmas day

This is our best season  
I love when the ham bake  
And what better reason  
For sis to get her favorite cake

Oh what joy it brings  
For my sister and me  
All the carols we sing  
While decorating the Christmas tree

Milk and cookies she shouts  
And put some sugar in it  
Santa is coming no doubt  
He will be here any minute

We put gifts under the tree  
She says it looks beautiful there  
Then she looks up at me  
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Anthony Yorke

# For The World

Why do we violate our women?  
Beat and abuse our children  
The killing, kidnapping and raping our girls  
Life is turning into war of the worlds

Lies, deception and those who cheat  
Promises that we seldom keep  
The jail that is ever so full  
The gun that we are eager to pull

Our loved ones we tend to hurt  
As though their feelings has no worth  
Was this God's plan for us?  
A world where there is no trust

I am not a saint, oh no not me  
For I too have sinned terribly  
Do not think that this is a boast  
Because I lost the one I loved the most

The consequence of my actions were severe  
The cost was endless nights of tears  
There is no revenge like a woman scorn  
Especially when her heart has been torn  
This poem is not about me  
Well a little but not entirely  
It's about humanity misguided ways  
That will accelerate the end of days

Don't you think it's about time?  
That we live in a world free from crime  
Work together and tame the beast  
Live not at war but at peace

I had a conversation with a star one day  
Poor little guy was in such dismay  
He said we don't appreciate simple things in life  
Sadly I must admit he was right

My eyes are burning this late night  
Everyone is in their bed snuggled up tight  
Even the mosquitoes are under their sheet  
I must say a prayer before I sleep

Father I thank you for today  
And for all of humanity I pray  
If you don't mind please make the crime stop  
I pray that thing is different when I wake up

Anthony Yorke

# Granny Them Words

Make hay while the sun shines  
Don't be idle don't waste time  
Think before you talk  
You must creep before you walk

Idle hands find idle things to do  
Do unto others as you want done unto you  
Short cut leads to short life  
Every man needs a house for his wife

Go to school get an education  
For the world is full of corruption  
Birds of a feather flock together  
Respect your mother and father

Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise  
Like a song from a flock of birds  
These were Granny Theme Words

This poem is dedicated to my deceased grandmother Maude Patterson may she rest in peace.

Anthony Yorke



# Life Crimes

I lay on my lawn  
And gazed at the stars  
With my heart severely torn  
And my emotion in scars

Heartbreak is a crime  
That deserves the death penalty  
I say this in my mind  
But it should be reality

Depression should be a sin  
For I know him so well  
If my case should win  
I sentence him to hell

That bastard called loneliness  
Should be tarred and feathered  
He takes away our happiness  
And we seem not to be bothered

All these crimes  
I would make punishable by law  
Then probably with time  
Living won't be so painful anymore

Anthony Yorke

# My Dream Girl

Her hair as dark as coal  
Her eyes see deep in your soul  
Her voice so soft and tender  
Will put a grown man in a slumber

I must not forget her outstanding posture  
She is like a gift from mother nature  
Her skin as smooth as silk  
Her touch as good as mothers milk

Oh and that beautiful personnality  
When God created you he thought of me  
Yes i love your charming smile  
As precious as a new born child

How sad i am when awake  
And learn that she was all fake  
But i will travel to the end of the world  
If it meant meeting that dream girl

Anthony Yorke

# Sadness

Its 8: 00 in the morning  
Why does my heart feel so cold?  
The rain won't stop falling  
Where did my sunshine go?

The birds refuse to sing  
For grey clouds cover the sky  
Sadness takes over everything  
Then the roses begins to cry

Even the trees are bent badly  
There was silence everywhere  
The wind whistles sadly  
Even my dog shed a tear

Well back to bed I go  
Turned my fan back on  
Wake me up hmmm I don't know  
Maybe when sadness is gone

Anthony Yorke

# Silika Serrette

I think of her forever  
She is on my mind everyday  
What I want to tell her  
No word can help me say

I smile when she is with me  
And my heart sings a song  
You can tell that I am happy  
When my body sings along

I look at her picture  
Each and every night  
Say a little prayer  
And then turn off the lights

I love her more than life  
Although I sometimes forget  
The perfect trophy wife  
I love you Silika Serrette

Anthony Yorke