

Poetry Series

**D Loveday Morris**  
**- poems -**



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## D Loveday Morris(April 9 1980)

Hailing from the sun kissed island of Jamaica and residing in Manchester, England, D.Loveday Morris, infuses love and passion in her poems.They are an integration of various aspects of life and influenced equally by creatures and elements-simple and complex; literatures historic and contemporary. Seeing herself as a spiritual being, accountable to the creator; she believes that life is to be lived deeply through divine submission, exploration, experiences and reflection.

She is a registered nurse with experience in management, education and research.

D.Lovedy Morris, is also a singer/song witer. Some of her songs were also studio recorded. However due to conflicts with the producer, those have not been widely heard.

It is her aim to use her poetry and the arts to positively influence healthcare, education and the lives of people globally.

She is the mother of an ethereal creature, who challenges and inspires her perpetually.



PoemHunter.com

# Word Warrior

Word Warrior

Word warrior, cut through pages

Bullets and knives as truth rages

We need peace not war

I wonder what David would think if he could see this far

And Abraham would lament as he sees his seeds in war

Where are the boundaries?

What kind of heart does it take to kill an innocent baby?

We are all one blood; blood brothers and sisters, we are human, we are family.

Little babies cry,

The world watches as women and men die

Fighting for land

Has anyone ever thought, what's the master plan?

In a world filled with information, we still don't have enough to understand.

The more we live, the more we die

History repeats itself and we wonder why?

Growing up, we learnt about the end times

And when we get to heaven it will all be fine

Why can't we create heaven on earth?

Why is the solution to see another hurt?

Wars, rumors of war, earthquakes, the earth shakes

Is this design or is this a mistake?

And yet, when we study history

All this fighting and killing, who is really getting the victory?

What if war really is a business,

And the profiteers just don't want to leave any witnesses?

What if blood is like liquid gold?

Is this the golden age, where we are all sold?

Let's not just turn a blind eye

Don't wait to speak up when your children start to die

There is enough for us all

The rich gets richer building bridges, poor men build walls

D. Loveday Morris

11/2023

D Loveday Morris

# We Will Meet Again

“We Will Meet Again”. The new Tier 3 lockdown rules reinstated in Manchester, UK yesterday and the various forms of physical and social distancing that are required globally has been challenging for us all. We may be experiencing various forms of emotions related to this as we grieve. Yes, we are grieving and this is normal.

As part of this grieving process we have various emotions- denial, anger, bargaining, depression and some will accept what is happening. Some of us will be anxious. We move between these various emotions, because we grieve the loss of our freedom, the times we were able to spend with family and friends, loss of a family or friend by COVID related death, loss of a planned wedding or vacation, inability to visit sick relatives in hospital, attend funerals; not being able to enjoy freshman years in university or college... among other things. As we do, it may appear that it will never end. It will.

I want to encourage us to keep on doing our parts to keep each other safe and we will meet again. Let us support each other. We will meet again. It is this that has inspired me to write this poem “We Will Meet Again”.

We Will Meet Again

We will meet again as friends, brothers, sisters, countryfolk

We will walk the streets, make art, dine and dance, like we once did

Shoulders raised high; locked in kisses, embracing no more misses; heads perched to the sky, we will freely fly

Living our truth, happiness glistening like innocence through our eyes

We will meet again, again we will live

We will breathe freely, purposefully and give

Laugh ferociously unmasked and completely carefree

And my promise to you is, when this is over and we meet, I will always be me

D. Loveday Morris

D Loveday Morris

# Opt In Or Opt Out

Opt In Or Opt Out?

You never consider it, until the hit is real  
The decision to donate an organ and how it feels  
Will you opt in or opt out;  
When you are busy going about?

While you are going about it's easy to forget  
The many people who suffer and those who wept  
Like the ones who need a kidney or heart transplant  
Many could be helped if we all played a part

But sometimes the decision isn't that straight forward  
As there are religious and other ethical considerations impacting the way forward

Some want to go back to the earth as they came  
It's a serious decision for thought  
just the same

But life doesn't always wait until thoughts are clear  
And then suddenly you are here  
Lying on a bed, diagnosed as brain is dead  
Or your heart has stopped beating and you're dead despite all interventions lead

For some, it's a difficult decision to make at that time  
So it helps to give it a thought when things are fine  
Perhaps a good place to start  
Is to think what it could mean to get a new heart

To opt in or opt out is a choice  
If you opt in you could save a life  
To that person who is struggling to breathe  
The gift of an organ donated might be all they need

D. Loveday Morris

D Loveday Morris

# It's Just Broken

"It's Just Broken" is a poem intended to help raise awareness about mental health challenges. I hope it inspires you.

## It's Just Broken

What one has been, one can be  
And the good and bad can happen, you'll see  
The frayed mind can become whole  
The pockets empty can soon overflow with gold  
And the evil thoughts that in one live  
Could visit your mind, so do forgive

A broken mind is just sick  
It can be healed just like a broken hip  
When a hip is broken it is okay  
To seek medical help, that's the way  
So why then is a mind that's broken an enigma?  
And to seek medical help is to wear a stigma

What causes an imbalance in one's mind?  
There is incomplete understanding so do be kind  
No one would chose to be a shell of themself  
So when you are on the other side reach out and help  
And let them see, no judgement here  
The thing that brings balance is a heart that cares

D. Loveday Morris

D Loveday Morris

# The Knocking

The Knocking

I woke up this morning  
I heard death knocking on my door  
I thought to answer it's moaning  
But wasn't quite sure

I took a moment for reflection  
It was indeed a lifetime decision to make  
Was this the right direction?  
Now there as just so much at stake

Death seems like an appealing alternative  
When life becomes too much to bear  
Until death shows up as a definitive  
And then, you think, it really isn't fair

How does one choose between life and death?  
There is so much to live for  
I haven't had a chance to travel the world yet  
I didn't need to worry or fret; I need time to live more

When you choose death  
Death doesn't always choose you  
But there is one thing you can bet  
When death does choose, the choice is made for you

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris



# You'll Die Once

You'll Die Once

Live everyday; you'll die once  
When was the last time you dance?  
Live life, give and take  
What are you prioritizing as a mistake?

There is not as much time as you think  
Do you know the ones you cherish, could be gone in a blink?  
Treasure the moments with your child  
Did you know you only stay young for but a short while?

That person with whom you work  
Why can't you be kind to them first?  
Bask in the sunshine  
When was it that you took the time?

Spend time with your mom and dad  
Do you know time is the greatest gift you've had?  
Take time to pay them a visit  
When they are gone, will you miss it?

Hug the ones you love  
Do you know hugs are one of the best gifts to have?  
Create space for your family and friend,  
What if today was the end?

Be true to who you are; live without fear  
What if the things you worry about no one cares?  
As long as you're alive, there is still time to live  
Why not enjoy yourself and make time to forgive?

Without notice things can change  
How would you feel if things got rearranged?  
There is more to life than dollars and cents  
Will you be happy with how your last second is spent?

Live every day; you'll die once  
Why are you afraid to take a chance?

You'll have enough time to rest when you are dead  
Isn't it worth taking time to live, while you are aliveinstead?

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in  
the UK

Dedicated to Abet Mercado. Thank you for being a beautifully inspiring

D Loveday Morris

# Beautiful Jamaica

## Beautiful Jamaica

Beautiful Jamaica land of my birth  
In my heart you will always be the first  
My love and loyalty I pledge to you  
As your ambassador; I'll be true  
No matter where in this world I may go  
Your love, kindness, dedication and industry will show  
Everything good that is seen in me  
Is a reflection of your vibrant, motherly warm island sea

Beautiful Jamaica, where champions like Bolt are born  
With the resilience and power to weather any storm  
On the creator your values and principles rest  
Of your children you expect only the best- nothing less  
You inspire them with the values and attitudes  
With a heart full of love and laughter to change any mood  
No matter how times are hard- 'di dutty tough'  
To share with others there's always enough

Beautiful Jamaica you are the place  
That everyone on earth must live to taste  
Your flavours are rich, spicy and strong  
Many dream to explore your gorgeous white sand beaches and dance to your  
hypnotic songs  
And if they could only hike to your blue mountain peak  
And experience a reggae sumfest they would speak  
Of the pleasure to get together with family and friends  
And experience a cookout and the Blue Lagoon- love never ends

Beautiful Jamaica the island of education, roots, culture  
We see the influence of your industry, patois and brawta  
Your dedicated scientists and professionals  
Nurses like Mary Seacole and her work in England  
Our teachers, lawyers and orators like Garvey in his day  
And hear Bob Marley's one love song influence the play  
Out of many people, all shades are strong  
Always united as Jamaicans- we are one

Beautiful Jamaica an island bliss  
Those who leave will always miss  
Your juicy ripe fruits, mangoes, nesberry, sugar cane  
Eschovich fish, festival, bammy and dancing in th rain  
Independence day, Grand market at Christmas time  
The taste of the white rum and fruit cake drizzling in wine  
Juvet on beaches opened every season  
And friends stop by to chat withouta reason

Beautiful Jamaica, powerful goddess of the Caribbean Sea  
The sun forever shines as the sick heals with your herbs and tea  
Your doors will always be open with grace  
So that people of all creed and culture may have a taste  
Of your music, spices, kindness and shores  
And experience the heart of your people- always coming back for more  
You are the land of cool breezes and sunshine  
Where the heart of the people is warm and kind

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in  
the UK

#IAMAJAMAICAN

#landofmybirth

#HappyIndependenceDayJamaica

D Loveday Morris

# My Sister's Changing Pace

My Sister's Changing Pace

Her face is ripe with beauty  
Her eyes glow with grace  
With a smile resonating duty  
That's my sister's face

Her hair is radiant in the sun  
Her body embracing the moon  
New life in her body has begun  
Like an eclipse transitions the afternoon

Her walk is frail but deliberate  
Her hands hold a cane to support her feet  
She knows soon it will be time to celebrate  
The life inside her that sleeps

Her voice is powerful yet delicate  
Her spirit warm and kind  
There is none that can duplicate  
Her depth and celestial mind

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Solitude

Solitude

There is a place of peace and tranquil  
It is a place called solitude  
Where spending time alone is a thrill  
No matter what the mood  
It is a time for deep reflection  
Where you meet your heart and mind  
It's a time for personal attention  
And to one's self be kind

It helps awakens creativity  
And builds mental strength  
And for those void of positivity  
Spending time alone is good for health  
And in those beautiful moments  
God Himself also dwells  
And there the greatest attainment  
Is to hear, Him say, all things are well

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Compassion

Compassion

I see what you're going through. I understand  
I can show you love; I wish I could put it in your hand  
So you know really what it means  
When I say I understand, it's much more than it seems  
I see the pain in your eyes and the weight you bear  
How your eyes burn like a flame and thunder with tear

I know it's hard when you are in despair  
To believe that anyone really care  
I'm here; I will not leave  
I'll comfort you and help you believe  
That the pain will one day go away  
I hold your hands and help you pray

I may not be able to give you the dollars and cents  
But I'm here for you, to help things make sense  
As long as you truly need me, I'll be here  
To help empower you to make your path clear  
I will help guide you to find the support you need  
To be an ambassador of my creator is my creed

I know the struggle in these times  
Many try to exploit people who are compassionate and kind  
And so some no longer help  
Compassion is hidden to protect the self  
But as God would so will I  
Apply wisdom and seek guidance from an all seeing eye

The greatest want of the world is not for more money  
But for love and compassion to be plenty  
What a world this would be if we all were guided by  
Compassion?  
What a world this would be if helping each other was our mission?  
We all can impact the world wherever we are  
If we each live a life of compassion our reach will be far

To extend and reach far beyond ourselves  
Is when we have compassion for someone else

It is not just to understand and sympathize  
Nor to empathize and see as if through someone's eyes  
But to help and empower others to find their strength  
That's when compassion is distributed and becomes as common wealth

D. Loveday Morris

July 29,2020

And Extract from the diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working  
in the UK

D Loveday Morris



# I Dreamed Of You Last Night

I dreamed of you last night  
Touched your hands, kissed your lips; until you were out of sight  
With the brightest smile and a bouquet of flowers  
You promised you'd come back tomorrow  
And so on my soft fluffy bed  
With heavy lids, I rested my head

The next day couldn't come too soon  
I took a nap in the afternoon  
Picked daisies and melodies  
Wrote you letters and symphonies  
You were so delighted you ate your words  
And sung like a hummingbird

Soon after I awoke  
And you said it was no joke  
Words are like the wind  
They don't always have the best timing  
As I looked in your eyes I started smiling  
Me loving you; you loving me what a remarkable feeling!

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Mind Care

## Mind Care

Take care of your mind so you don't fray  
Make time for yourself; reflect and pray  
Life is so much more fickle than you think  
Everything you now cherish could be gone in a blink

The health of your mind is what you've got  
If you feel overwhelmed don't be afraid to stop  
Take time for rest and rejuvenation  
Rehydrate your body; there are solutions

What you are going through may not be as unique  
Start sharing and it will change the bleak  
What a world it would be if we all would take time  
Make space for mental health and healing of the mind

I would like a world where there is no more stigma  
No sneer or snicker like a bad enigma  
If you feel mentally unwell it's not a bother  
You are simply sick and need a nurse or doctor

And if you called in and say you are sick  
Because you need a mental health day; your not being slick  
Just like if you are diabetic and you blood sugar is high  
You receive urgent treatment and no one ask why?

If you feel unwell, talk with somebody; don't wait until it's too late  
Your mind matters and much as you body; there's so much at stake  
Life is fickle- don't forget  
Have you made time for mental health yet?

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# What Happen To The Nurse?

What Happen to the Nurse

What happen to the nurse?

What happen to the Nurse?

The burden of the nurse is an empty purse

Weeping and wailing everywhere

Give them a little pittance: who the hell care?

If a nurse wants to live like a professional

They need to work overtime like an obsession

Work them hard and pay them little

Who cares if they can't even buy a bickle?

They say nurse; don't respond to things in the news

You could be penalized if you state your views

When the inflation rise, brings tears to your eyes

Government slap you in the face, with a no pay rise

Be a professional, except when it comes to your pay

Expect nothing, give everything and smile anyway

It isn't fair that because you are compassionate and kind

That poor wage must wear and tear down your mind

And the degree that you went to university for

Means that you are constantly in a pay war

The fight against diseases isn't even over yet

Still you have to fight for every cent that you get

True, you answered the call for love and not fame

But a proper payment is part of this profession just the same

And nurses you aren't being mean

Being a professional means, taking care of your own wellbeing

Stand up, speak up, for a professional wage

Take it to the news and social media page

It's time that we look at the bottom-line

The starting pay for nurses is a crime

Arrest the government; hold them accountable

Why should those in the nursing profession struggle?

There is already a shortage of nurses in the health system

Enough is enough! Nurses will not be victims!

To make ends meet some nurses are considering resignation  
For the love of the people, pay nurses well; that's the solution  
Mind Matters and nurses have minds  
The inflation plus the pandemic; it's a stressful time  
How could you forget that we are here?  
We are the ones with the knowledge, skills and attitude of care

Nurses are professionals; reimburse us as such  
We go the extra mile and deserve as much  
Why do we constantly have to state our worth?  
The Prime Minister knows; he said that out of his mouth  
Yet when it's time to be reimbursed  
Nurses are the ones with the empty purse

What happen to the nurse?  
What happen to the nurse?  
The burden of the nurse  
Is an empty purse

D. Loveday Morris

July 23,2020

(Bickle- means food/meal in Jamaican Patois)

D Loveday Morris

# To Be Heard

To Be Heard

Everyone likes to be heard  
Especially those whose minds are blurred  
The ones with mental disabilities  
When you listen it can help guide them to reality

For those with degenerative diseases like dementia  
Listening with eyes, heart and ears is a kind gesture  
For what better thing to do than listen  
And see how their eyes glisten

It helps to be heard in times of grief  
To provide healing and relief  
Other times it gives peace of mind  
And communicates what is kind

Even those who may seem quiet  
May not be on a word diet  
But may have learnt too soon  
Only in silence can happiness bloom

Everyone likes to be heard  
Listen and not say a word  
And they might share  
The pain and fear that they bear

When you listen you will be blessed  
You'll leave better- never less  
So today as you go about  
Be ready to hear someone out

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# She Wore A Sexy Polka Dot Dress

She Wore a Sexy Polka Dot Dress

She was not the shape nor size some believed  
But she danced with an attitude that said she needed no approval- she could do  
as she pleased  
Clothed with elegance and confidence in her steps  
She bedazzled in her short, sexy, black and white polka dot dress

I didn't notice her at first, when I stepped out the door  
Then the wind drew my attention, as it cleared her path and swept everything off  
the floor  
She wore purple sunglasses tinted with a golden frame  
And her dress raised to the heavens, as the wind beckoned its name

Was she bothered? No, not at all  
She continued to glide with pizzazz and charm; head to the sky like the boss of  
the mall  
Her black underwear laughed out loud  
With a cheeky smile that said- "I made her proud"

Yet, she remained untethered and should she be?  
She was living her life stylishly carefree  
And you could tell by the signature shoes on her feet  
She was all woman, writing her songs and dancing to her own beat

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in  
the UK

D Loveday Morris

# The Sabbath Approaching

The Sabbath Approaching

The Sabbath approached with eager anticipation  
Signaling it's time for rest and rejuvenation  
As I sat by the large glass windows in my living room  
I watched the evening's peace hovering over the window pane,  
The clouds pulled its curtains over the sun  
bidding goodbye to the afternoon  
Trees yawned and twisted their tired heads,  
And wild animals rush off to bed  
While babies nestled close to their mother's breasts  
Awakened after an afternoon rest  
With eyes opened wide and heads turned to the sky as if to say  
This is such a blessed day

D.Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# The Machinator

The Machinator

Be bold enough, come to my face  
And say the things that your tongue taste  
Be it bitter, sour, savoury or sweet  
Be honest- honesty is a real treat

Why roar like a lion then run like a mouse?  
Acting like you didn't know your words would time out  
What eyes don't see heart can understand  
Even the most beautiful words are like a dagger in a machinator's hand

Hurt people, hurt people they are like a curse  
And insecure hurt people, are even worse  
Never seeing the good in anyone around  
Wearing hate and sarcasm like a crown

Walking around in hateful grandeur  
Acting high and mighty just to take others under  
Why can't you be to others as you would for yourself?  
Don't spatter and plot words of malice to everyone else

Trodding on the road where enemies meet  
This is where the backstabbers speak  
Spurring unkindness like a coward  
Without the decency to be discreet and forward

Woman to woman; man to man  
I'll respect you and won't think it bland  
Say it to my face and I'll understand  
Ain't nothing worse than a machinator's plan

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK





# All Out

All Out

All cried out,  
Bled out  
Eyes no more sore  
All laid out  
Stretched out,  
Temperature is on the floor

All mood out  
Grooved out  
Emotions through the door  
All flat out  
Locked out  
Attitude is no more

All pained out  
Drained out  
Body couldn't take it anymore  
Brain crashed  
Heart stopped  
Pulse doesn't beat anymore

D.Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# When She Smiles

When She Smiles

When She smiles her eyes twinkle  
Her face glows  
It doesn't wear a wrinkle  
And she knows  
She has passion in her eyes  
She knew how to do it  
Before people had to try

When She smiles you can hear it in her voice  
Her soul ignites the darkness  
Long before people had no choice  
But to muster all the good they could harness  
Now in a world where people wear mask  
It invites light in darkened windows  
And in her smile people I get lost  
How does She do it? Many wonder

Leaving her sorrows in the past  
She shares her smile all the while  
Many wonder; how can she smile with all that's been lost?  
Blinded? Not at all; she smiles and not whine  
Walking hand in hand with grace and positive energy  
Even when others think it's a difficult thing  
She shares her smile with those who can't find any  
Knowing that in the end a smile always win

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Place Above The Average

Place Above the Average

She finds a place above average  
A solace and a space to salvage  
The ripped lines and shattered pieces  
A place where she can do as she pleases

She finds time for herself  
In a buttercup free from everything else  
She untangles, unwinds and restores  
So that she can have enough to give more

And there she met peace who called her by name  
They bonded, entangled, wrestled and were never to be the same  
Then in harmony, awake she lie  
Discovering the answers to the hows and whys

And the pieces shattered no more  
Stitched and healed better than before  
So she smiled quite satisfied  
It is better to live than die

D. Loveday Morris

July 15,2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Bird Box

Bird Box

It is rather kind of you  
To make me that lovely box and paint it sky blue  
The gorgeous flowers on the sides;  
And the opening is just the right size

Now when I fly from here to there  
There will always be a home for me right here  
Each day I'll bring you songs  
And very soon I'll invite the children to come along

Now I don't have to fear for the fox  
When I get tired, I'll rest in this box  
I can fly freely and see the view  
And still sing lovely songs for you

You are such a beautiful soul  
Among the rarest in the poll  
Oh how I wish everyone was as kind  
And think about birds and animals all the time

See, the earth is big enough- all can live in synergy  
Enjoy nature and unearth its mystery  
But if birds can't fly, then neither will you  
And It's really helpful to have a bird's eye view

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Get Your Buffing Done

Get Your Buffing Done

We all lose our sparkle  
We all lose our shine  
So believe me, you'll again be fine  
It's near impossible to sparkle all the time

we all need a little buffing every now and then  
It helps to know someone who will buff us- like a friend  
So do remember this, the next time you are down  
Just up yourself, call a friend and get your buffing done

D. Loveday Morris

July 13,2020

An Extract from the diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK



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D Loveday Morris

# Conversations With A Priest

## CONVERSATIONS WITH A PRIEST

How apt it is on this Sabbath Day  
God should send you my way  
To be there, to share, to care, of my thoughts and feelings;

How was I truly coping?  
Was there hurt, moments of fear, elements of healing?  
At the end of an emotional shift, I didn't expect this beautiful gift

You were there to open the door, to listen;  
You were there you cared and nothing felt missing

A gift from God I knew you were  
An angel in disguise  
If we are not careful, too caught up, locked up, to open up we will miss things  
divine

It didnt matter that you were of a different persuasion, the differences I could  
not see  
And if I didnt ask who you were, you were just someone like me

You were open and non judgemental  
Like God Himself said, come let us reason together and reason we did..

So what is the reason that so many who claim to be of Him, working for Him be  
so out of reasoning?  
Your way can't be the only way, God is too big for just that.  
It is in our reasoning together that we become better apt

A conversation though philosophical,  
May also be deemed political, spiritual, depending on one's persuasions  
Persuaded we must; we do have a choice to trust

Trust that God is still in control,  
trust thatas the story unfolds, despite the death toll,  
He causes all things great and small to work together for the good of those who  
love Him

Yet even if you don't know Him well enough to trust Him,  
Even if you never heard of Him,  
he lives and knows you

If you are willing to open up; show up, He might just send a priest to you  
And in the end just like me,  
you realise trusting God is therapy

An Extract From the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working  
in the UK

April 18, 2020

D Loveday Morris



# Inside Of Me

Inside of Me

Inside of me there is a tree,  
And its roots are tangled and yet free  
Inside of me there is a sky  
where the grey clouds always pass by,  
And laughter changes sighs, and love is the answer to all the whys

Inside of me there is a river;  
Where kindness flows forever  
Inside of me there is a flower  
It blooms every hour  
And each beat is a heart beat  
Everything is interconnected  
We are all sisters and brothers

Inside of me there is a safe space,  
A blank space, where you can create  
A space to eradicate all the things that you would love to hate  
And there are no walls, no bumps in the road, no need to fall

Inside of me there is Grace,  
A beautiful person with a happy face  
Embracing everything with love and forgiveness  
A place where peace and joy, rest in their nests

Inside if me there is free,  
Free like humanity  
To hold on, let go, free to give and grow  
Free to live and choose  
Cause letting go is to live;  
So let go, let go and live  
And if you can't live inside of you  
You too can live inside of me  
If that's where you would like to be

An Extract From the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse, Living and Working  
In theUK

April 22,2020

D. L. Loveday Morris

D Loveday Morris

# The Colour Of Happiness

## THE COLOUR OF HAPPINESS

What is the colour of happiness?

Some say it depends;

On circumstances, on life chances, or where one starts or ends

Is it the colour yellow, representing the sunshine?

Or the colour red because it represents love?

Some say it's the colour green,  
of which so many dream.

Dollars and sense comes and go.

Common sense so many don't know.

The colour of happiness is you,

Every little thing you say and do.

And perhaps that's a rainbow's hue

So anyone can go through.

Perhaps happiness isn't black and white;

Then what would happen to those without sight?

Perhaps it's the way you feel,

When you touch something you cannot feel.

Perhaps happiness isn't a feeling or thought,

But one who leaves an indelible mark.

A memory that makes you smile and takes you through the most difficult times.

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D. Loveday Morris

24/04/20

D Loveday Morris

# My Father's Daughter

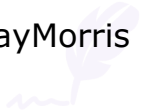
My Father's Daughter

I am my father's daughter, ask those who knew him well  
I've got his nose, I've got his mouth and his... boy go to hell!  
I am my father's daughter, I've got his inner strength  
I've got his will, eyes to kill, work while others are asleep still

I am my father's daughter I've got his heart of gold  
And you will agree when you know me that half the story is still untold  
I've got his wit, learnt histricks, never go to bed without making a wish  
Never go to bed without making a wish

I am my father's daughter, I wish I knew him well  
Well,if wishes were horses we would all be riding  
Opening the gates of heaven and hell  
I am my father's daughter though you would never guess  
And if you too would like to find out just put me to the test.

D. LovedayMorris



PoemHunter.com

D Loveday Morris

# Smiles That Get Us Through

Smiles that Gets Us Through

It's the smiles that get us through,  
The kind words, thoughts and the dances that we all do;  
It's the people like Tori,  
who smiles and makes donning a memorable story.  
It's the smiles that gets us through  
And when she asks, today why aren't you dancing?  
Did you know your dance and smiles helps keep us going?

It's the smiles that get us through they fuel our minds.  
They help to rejuvenate us and prevent us from crying at all times.  
It's the smiles that get us through, they provide compassion for your pain.  
It takes a caring, compassionate professional to do this over and over again.

It's the smiles that get us through, sometimes we too are scared.  
If you only knew how hard it is, to tell you the things you also feared.  
It's the smiles that get us through,  
the kind gestures thoughtful words,  
Helps to buffer the pain, knowing as we work, we leave our sick children,  
mothers, husbands and fathers and this cannot be heard

It's the smiles that get us through, the thank you and farewell;  
If you only knew your greatest gift to us is when you get better and stay well  
It's the smiles that get us through  
Lord if you only knew just how hard it is,  
To tell someone you may be dying, today you may not live,

It's the smiles that gets us through as we support you through your pain  
Assessing, planning, implementing and evaluating whether your treatment stays  
the same  
It's the smiles that gets us through, when we reach a certain point, after days  
and months of critical thinking, despite doing all we do, despite all our trying  
We are now at the point when the kindest thing we can do is to help you prepare  
for dying.

It's the smiles that get us through, as we encourage you to speak with your

loved ones

And although your heart is broken,

We can see you are such an incredible human

It's the smiles that get us through when we see you in your distress,

And your greatest fear is that if your family sees you like this it may cause them distress

It's the smiles that gets us through when we see how you struggle

Despite the pain and hurt you are going through, your only hate is that you will cause your family trouble

It's the smiles that get us through,

When we know that although your heart is so broken, though you are overwhelmed with fear of crossing over to an unknown land

Your greatest fear is the pain that this will cause to your loved ones.

It's the smiles that gets us through

Co-workers in conversation, sharing, supporting, helping and though also struggling still smiling too

It's the smiles that gets us through, family members loved one's

Husbands and wives, partners, children, cats and dogs who help to keep us strong

It's the smiles that gets us through, the kind words and dances

That encourages us to continue as we face life's challenges

It's the smiles that gets us through

Do be mindful of this when someone passes you,

Smile at them, you will never know the good you do;

It's the smiles that get us through,

So go ahead and smile, give a listening ear, say a kind word and be encouraged too.

It's the smiles, your smiles, our smiles that gets us through

So let's smile and get through this.

Dedicated to Torie, a scientist, a physiologist who helps during the donning of PPE during COVID-19

D. Loveday Morris

April 30, 2020



# Just Someone Like Me

JUST SOMEONE LIKE ME

Just someone like me  
One who has been to many places  
Experienced happiness in people's faces  
Find solace in empty spaces  
There is solace in empty places

Just someone like me  
Been there done that  
It's easier to give when you have got  
Much easier when you've got lots  
Yet those who give most seem to be the have nots

Just someone like me  
An empty heart is as good as dead  
Much worse is an empty head  
Much worse is an uncomfortable bed  
Much worse than not having a bed

Just someone like me  
Dare to dream and see  
See light, hope and beauty in everybody  
Dare to dream and see, see colour less in everybody  
See colour, yes, in everybody

Just someone like me  
Someone like me, is not me  
Like two boats on the same sea  
Of that, I too am guilty  
Of thinking that someone is me

See life as a one-shot opportunity  
An ebb, a flow, a mystery  
Be what, and with whomever you choose to be  
Live life with accountability  
Enjoy every moment; paint your own story

Be someone; be someone just like me



An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living in the UK

D. Loveday Morris

May 4, 2020

D Loveday Morris

# Woman Buoyant

## WOMAN BUOYANT

She walked with head high and shoulders perched  
Now a posture to hide her deepest hurt  
A woman of a short stature  
Yet a powerful force  
If she only knew her inner source

A tree whose branches once soared through the skies  
Now trimmed by hurt and painful lies  
And once a woman of high esteem  
She now struggles with self esteem  
And regrets the things of which she once dreamed

How can this life be so mean?  
People are hardly ever what they seem  
And her once sort after dream  
Becomes something she wished she had never seen  
Is this the same thing for which she would have given her spleen?

A broken bough lopsided sail  
Colour now so pale  
The once blooming flower, petals almost dead  
Forgetting that she is still the head  
Bowed now to buoyant later  
Once she realizes she is meant for greater

Dedicated to a known woman...

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D. Loveday Morris  
May 4, 2020

D Loveday Morris

# Fight For You

## FIGHT FOR YOU

We fight for you  
Every day when we care for you  
Many times you and your family even don't know  
It's more worth it  
When your heart is in it,  
Time will show

Are you a warrior?  
Health and wellness ambassador  
Empowered with knowledge, skills and attitude  
Evidence based research gives us latitude  
That's power, real power, power to make a difference  
Real power is when you make a difference  
Nobody needs to know

So we fight for you  
Every day when we care for you  
Many times you and your family don't even know  
It's more worth it  
When your heart's in it  
Time will show

Are you a good or a bad human?  
That's not the business of anyone  
We are here to care, see it as part of the master plan  
Injecting hope in humans  
Stabilizing with dignity and respect  
Infusing with love, compassion and nothing less  
Infusing Love and compassion and nothing less

So we fight for you  
Every day when we care for you  
Many times you and your family don't even know  
It's more worth it  
When your heart's in it  
Time will show

We are warriors  
Health and wellness ambassador  
Empowered with knowledge, skills and attitude  
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That's power, real power, power to make a difference  
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Nobody needs to know

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Every day when we care for you  
Many times you and your family don't even know  
It's more worth it  
When your heart's in it  
Time will show

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse, Living and Working  
in the UK

D. Loveday Morris  
May 5, 2020

D Loveday Morris

# Chin Up

CHIN UP

Chin up Girl,  
dont let the naysayers get you down  
Get out of bed, shampoo, condition your hair and wipe away that frown  
Chin up young man, old man grandmas and grandpa  
The journey may be a thousand miles but heart will get you far

Chin up wild one  
You don't need to be tame  
Stay energised, don't be victimized, realize you don't need to carry other  
people's shame  
Chin up sad one, depressed one, whose music seems to have stopped  
Get that rope from around your neck, your life means a hell of a lot

Chin up shy one  
Ignore the lies and speak your truths,  
The words you speak when you've found your voice will nullify the moot  
Chin up lonesome one, broken hearted ones, I can see what you are going  
through  
But don't ever let your past dictate what you can do

Chin up you, yes you!  
Why are you so surprised?  
The authority to be, lies within you and me  
So, chin up, so you can better visualise  
See your potential is maximized

D. Loveday Morris  
May 7,2020

Dedicated to Maria Konrad Zavodska Chin up Girl :)

D Loveday Morris

# Wild Dreams

WILD DREAMS

Put your head on your pillow, close you eyes  
And without warning you are hit by surprise  
Are you awake? Did you fall asleep?  
Can you feel your breathing increasing at an alarming pace?  
And your heart drumming, blood flushed to your face,  
Veins engorged, fingers clenched,  
Mouth opened as if calling for help  
Yet who do you call when you lie in your bed,  
Haunted by the scenes that you were fed?  
And now you can't really tell,  
Are you in a world between heaven and hell?

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nure Living and Working in the UK

D.Loveday Morris

May 11,2020



PoemHunter.com

Alex Redmond

D Loveday Morris

# Olympia

Olympia

From the mountain of God a princess arrived  
With a name desired to empower and inspire  
She is called to be a beautiful delight  
Her eyes open and lightening strikes  
Tall and lean, sweet and keen  
Loved by humans and favoured by beings supreme

She has success in her DNA  
And a spirit of love, life and play  
Those who approach her are warned to be wise  
For she has the ability to devise a surprise  
So don't be fooled by her innocence  
She has significant power and influence

When she smiles everyone is charmed  
And her coos will set off the fire alarm  
A delay with diaper change  
May make it to the front page  
She beams with hope and promise  
Surrounded by the love of the legend in office

And the day Olympia is of age  
There is already a waiting stage  
Many hope that the time will be soon  
Others wait patiently for another legend to bloom  
Whatever path she takes, her name is one we will never forget  
And there is immense certainty that she is destined for greatness

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

Photo Credit: Usain Bolt on Facebook

Photo as shared by Usain Bolt





# Dancing With Dreams

Dancing With Dreams

Dance on the floor where dreams sleep no more  
Be a guest at the beauty's door  
With hands raised and fingers intertwined  
Welcome the ambiance like intoxicating wine  
Slide, feel the heat of its beat tantalising your steps  
Feet slowly and delicately controlling, mind at rest  
Unfold, shiver as your dreams behold  
Electrifying Mind body and soul

Be guided by desire and vision  
As the rhythm grooves you into the mission  
No swing, no sway, if or may  
Let the music play,  
In vibrations get carried away  
And reason with the seasons, night and day  
Unhinged and unrestrained expression are silky suave  
You are like wild horses and there is no need for you to behave

D. Loveday Morris

PoemHunter.com

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Lord I Thank You

Lord I Thank You

For the gifts you've given me,  
Ears to hear and eyes to see,  
A perspective that's multi-dimensional,  
And the humility to respect those of other dispositions  
Oh, Lord I thank you

For the certainty of food on the table  
Courage to go forward and the belief that I'm capable  
Joy in my heart; smile on my face,  
Power to light the world and a spirit constantly ablaze  
Oh Lord I thank you

For the The ability to apply the knowledge of yesterday  
And the possibilities in the gift of today;  
Hope for the future filled with passion, promises and choices  
Power to impact and defend those who haven't yet found their voices  
Oh Lord, I thank you

For a heart to empower, hands to heal;  
To touch, feel and taste all things real,  
Insight to realise, that no matter our size,  
All creation are equal and respected by one more powerful and all wise  
Oh Lord I thank you

For health, strength and wealth;  
And for forgiving my mistakes even the ones stealth;  
Reassurance, when my spirit is drained and my mind is spent  
For loving me and blessing me with dollars, humor and common sense  
Oh Lord I thank you

Love of all sorts  
Friends, family and a child who wears my heart  
For the one whose ring I wear  
And the tolerance, patience, love and care  
Oh Lord I thank you

For the lessons learnt and the tears shed;  
Understanding gained from those whom I've lead

Wisdom to acknowledge that you are sacred  
And the peace to sleep and rest my thoughts on a comfortable bed  
Oh Lord, I thank you

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in  
the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Navel Gazing

## Navel Gazing

With a view so free range,  
Isn't it more that a tad bit strange;  
To be fixated, stuck, only at that point in the middle of the waist?  
What a deeply hollow and desolate space?  
See the curve in browlines and smirks some try to hide?  
Priding themselves on having an appetite rather wide;  
Yet the Bible does say pride goes before a fall;  
And navel gazing may not be that bad at all

Navel gazing is more than self absorption,  
And like so many other things, before assumption;  
Trip to a place of introspection-see an art form;  
Without which many would self harm  
It's a place to securely store the thoughts;  
When others attack with poisonous darts;  
It helps many people to relax;  
Bodies rebuild and stabilize after a shock

Yet for some it's like being at an art gallery;  
Navel gazing, what a mystery for psychology!  
They admire the many shapes and sizes;  
Rounds, slits deep and to keep then is wize,  
They have a big heart and expanding family;  
A protrusion is given to extroverted personality  
Thin long slits aren't quiet but are a big hit  
If you want trust and love, dont trick the horizontal slits

Naval gazing can be like Halloween-  
Where you meet the lovable drama queens  
Like those in the oval office, they crack easily;  
Off centered are funny with a swinging personality  
Some sweet and kind to the indigent  
So navel gazing, isn't just for the self indulgent  
Many a naval gazer end up on the cover of Vogue  
And others are merely loveable rogues

Some gaze because its quite instinctive

An accent to a curvaceous waistline is so attractive  
While others deep in contemplation  
Redirect thoughts in meditation  
Simply admiring the work of one divine  
A sacred space bonding mothers, love and bloodline  
Navel gazing can be ethereal; an idiom or place with a pictorial view  
And may bring in the best or get the worst out of you.

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in  
the UK

D Loveday Morris

# God Smiled

God Smiled

God Smiled at me this morning a hearty bellyful  
It really kick started my thoughts; I became hopeful  
For those of you who may be like me- I can be quite forgetful  
So every now and then I need a smile; Oh Lord you are so thoughtful!

Only you could understand my feelings when I failed life's tests  
And the times I thought for sure; I'm such a hot mess!  
Yet reservations are thrown out the doors and there you go again  
What an amazing God you are! I could never ask for a better friend!

Thank you for the gift of nature- skies splashed with poetry and art,  
Beautiful people with thoughts mellifluous to the heart  
Above all the gifts you've sent; forgiveness blooms effervescent  
Deep in the trench of dark spells, with it's fragrance I ascend

I heard the leaves tossed about as the trees rustled,  
Like psychedelic sequins dancing on a late night hustle  
Sweet songs of inspirations as the magpies tightened their belts;  
Squirrels bolted with nuts up tree tops, like a fleet of elfs

Diamonds rained from the corners of the windowsill  
As I bowed in fervent prayer; translated to heaven in moans and groans of a  
submitted will  
Then God smiled and the thunders clapped  
As eternal love erupted like lava from a volcano that wouldn't stop

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in  
the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Then I Started To Laughed

Then I Started To Laugh

Today I spent time on the phone  
We laughed and chatted in various tones  
Sometimes I was lying in supine  
His voice touched deeply; sending chills to my spine  
I thought, this is quite a rare thing  
And then he started to sing  
He went further and did one more thing  
So I decided to pinch my skin- ouch!  
That felt sore!  
Was I was really chit chatting with the king?

I rolled over on my side  
My eyes popped open, tin can wide  
Everything that he said  
Was better than anything I had ever read  
He said, loving you has been a lifetime journey  
I have a plan for us- call it destiny  
Will you please marry me?  
All that I have is yours if you agree  
No rush; if you feel you aren't ready  
I'm prepared to wait an eternity  
No matter, no matter where,  
When you're ready; call me, I'll be there  
I've embraced all of you  
Hope's and fears too

I'll bathe you with happiness and you'll have no more need for tears  
Just call me when you're ready. I'll be there  
There is nothing too mammoth a task  
Anything, just ask  
I will defrock my divinity  
To gift you with immortality  
Yet I'm willing to wait and will do so patiently  
Until you feel you're ready  
No rush; take all the time you need

As I got off the phone,

I no longer felt alone,  
I opened my eyes, dazed at first then I started to laugh  
When I realized I was still in Sabbath School class

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in  
the UK

D Loveday Morris



# If You Must Only Be Just One Thing

My Darling Daughter,  
If You Must Only Be Just One Thing

If you must only be just one thing,  
just be you.  
Everything thing that you are-  
known and unknown;  
Life's certainties and uncertainties  
are yours to own.  
Every iota of thought,  
Each dream in your heart;  
The values and principles in life you've taken,  
Are the emblems of a mind never to be mistaken.

So, I know you are questioning life,  
as the uncertainties bombard you,  
And my answer my darling-  
choose to be just you.  
And you will come to discover in time,  
Who you are, will do just fine.  
Make no mistake,  
You are built to take on life's heavy weight.  
The values and principles you received;  
Are ethereal minded and with love interweaved.

If you must be just one thing,  
just be you.  
Our father in heaven,  
laid that foundation too.  
And is the example of that Himself;  
He is God and there is none else  
And if in a song I would chime in,  
To be built on principles, is a beautiful thing.

Let your principles guide your heart;  
Be just you from end to start.  
Take from your repertoire,  
And you'll see there is enough, in store.  
That college course choice will be alright;

Choose it with all of you that's in sight  
Whether engineering, science,  
art or law school;  
You are anything but a fool.  
Whatever path you choose to take,  
Your mind is built to accommodate.  
And when it's time for university,  
You'll come to see,  
there is no need to worry.  
Who you are, is the story.

Embrace your Joys and sorrows,  
They are yours and none can borrow.  
Each aspect, however minuscule,  
Makes you impossible to be overrule  
To be less than oneself is to be a tool.  
Never gladly suffer fools.  
For in time, you'll come to appreciate  
Your life's journey, none can fake.  
While others may walk on the road you take,  
Never will it be with the heart and mind which you create.

If you must only be just one thing,  
just be you,  
You are oozing with validity;  
Be perpetually you and do so openly.  
Only you will authenticate,  
When you stand at heaven's big black gates,  
Be just you,  
Life will never wait.

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in  
the UK

Dedicate to my daughter Jaz Dyke

D Loveday Morris

# Live, For Heaven's Sake

Live, for Heaven's Sake

Live, for heaven's sake!  
Open those gorgeous eyes,  
And stay beautifully awake;  
Celebrate the warmth of life,  
Flowing to your lungs  
Through the bridges of your nose

Let your skin glow  
With excitement,  
As you lovingly stroke,  
Every, single, tiny strand of hair;  
From your glorious crown,  
And brows to chin, chest, thighs;  
Leave nothing out,  
All the way down,  
To the tip of your toes  
They are yours  
And uniquely so

Fall in love with you;  
Over and over again,  
Feel the happiness as it glides  
from your heart,  
And changes the mood of your eyes,  
See them twinkle with surprise,  
As beautiful as stars  
In summer's midnight skies

Hug yourself.  
You are your dearest of friends;  
From the waters of the womb,  
To the abyss of the tomb,  
The best secret keeper,  
Motivator, defender,  
Life's truth speaker,  
You are your mind feeder;  
When your life gets hungry,

You are the dream baker

So, live your life, for heaven's sake!  
Life is yours, to lovingly partake.  
Only then, can you invite others  
To the feast on the treat that awaits

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in  
the UK

D Loveday Morris

# State Of Affairs

State of Affairs

The issues of the time weigh heavily on the mind  
Ethical values are cut and squeezed out like lemon and lime  
Many children no longer have a safe village  
And some feel freedom is only for the privileged  
When cute grows out, others are singled out  
The kinks and curls make them stand out  
Viewed by some as a threat in their world, they no longer belong  
Though treated as sub human they still stand strong

Manipulation of fear in people of certain class  
Isn't much of a task and for some a right of pass  
Those with the dollars, rambling nonsense  
Using the outer coat as a weaponized defence  
Even as we pause to celebrate how far we have come along  
The nights await to psteal the evening's peace erelong  
And social uprising changes the music of the status quo  
While the ears of many are closed to those in woe

Blessed with the gift to use poly-tricks  
Some squander health and contribute to the global crisis  
Hospitals in some cities are at their wits end  
Being whipped by waves with seemingly no end  
Rules are flipped and flopped for people because of their class  
Some are protected and refuse to wear masks  
And the dominics are a topic of discussion  
While several countries are threatened by a recession

Yet, the state of affairs many fear  
Will slaughter the sheep and reveal the bears  
As they roar, minds now no longer spayed  
The angry, hateful things are now sprayed  
But believe it or not it is the best of times  
To implement policies and unite the bloodlines  
By addressing the issues affecting the bottomline

D. Loveday Morris

June,2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

Inspired by: Cher Morgsand Global issues and trends

Credits for the collage: Articles from UNICEF, Businessinsider; NSPCC, UK; WION; Washington Post;

D Loveday Morris

# City Of Faces

City of Faces

Everywhere has faces and so do you

The point is not to eliminate the other point of view

We are never just one thing; neither is this place

Our beauty is a collective of our various sides and shades- just like this place

That's why it's so important, that you write your story

Have a say in how you are represented in history

The Bible says, the one without sin, cast the first stone

So let the city without faces criticize your own

There are parts of this charming city, that persons will say to you

Don't venture there, and over there you will not like that view

That's not a place you would like to live; that school is OFSTED rated, Needs Improvement

Your child, will not capitalize on success and achievement

That's not somewhere where you would want your child to graduate

Look, do you see those large council estates?

The untrained eye may not at first tell the differences, I soon came to appreciate

There are parts of this beautiful city, many don't 'rate'

Let the city without faces cast the first stone

Let the city without faces criticize your own

Some say it's not to sway

Around there, that's where the gangs play

That community my friend, is that way because of years of social tension

There is conflicts between people of different phenotypic expressions

On your adventure to the mall

Take another turn, that historic building, is behind a prison wall

That gorgeous house at that price,

It's that way, because that area is not nice

Let the city without faces cast the first stone

Let the city without faces criticize your own

There are small cars and small houses

There are bigger cars and bigger house

And the price and size, you'll come to realize will depend

On whether the area is 'rated' or not; how much you earn or have to spend

There are places that someone like me,

At this time, wouldn't be able to afford to be

Neither can I afford private school tuition and fees

Yet some say, what you see in the city depends on what you hope to find

While others say it's definitely a state of mind

A city with one face, is under the influence of wine

It will sober up in time

Living in this city, like it's paradise, is for the unwise

We will guarantee you'll be in for a surprise

But I say, paradise is a reality as well as a state of mind

And a city with only one face is very hard to find

But to use the ugly to deny it's beauty

Wouldn't be fair to this charming city

So let the city without faces cast the first stone

Let the city without faces criticize your own

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris



# Manchester

Manchester

They say New York is the city where dreams are made  
I see Manchester is the city where they integrate  
A potpourri of cultures, flavours and faces  
United in a city with beautiful historic and contemporary spaces  
Although not really a one size fits all  
It is graced with a charm that breathtakingly enthralls  
It may not compete with other cities in terms of size  
But it is perhaps one of a few cities where spring falls in love with winter and  
beautiful summer cries

Manchester is the city of I can be  
Buzzing with the hope of the bumble bee  
It's a place where skyscrapers and rivers interlace  
With green trees, to cool the city's northernly pace  
Birds chirp with all their hearts  
And landscape changes with the vibrant street art  
Take a look at various historic buildings' walls  
And you'll come to see Manchester is more than football

But the love of football cannot be underplayed  
Fans sacrifice everything; a game, not even a winter rain will delay  
As for me, I am the city's united fan  
Anything Manchester, I cannot choose just one  
The city's blue is as peaceful as the skies  
And the red beats with heart and my eyes cry  
Yet when it comes time for a league derby  
I'm prepared to sacrifice it all for unity and lean a bit more Rashfordy

It rains in Manchester- lots of different things  
Open windows and kindness goes in  
Now I remember a forgotten bus pass  
Didn't stop Arriva allowing me to ride with class  
A trip to town day or night  
Dance with musicians and sing to your heart's delight  
It's a city with a beat of itself  
And when it's Christmas that's something else

It might have changed a bit since Coronation  
However the heart of the city has not been shaken  
It is still a city of fame  
Integrated with heart and a love for the game  
Where nature and art unites  
And there are beautiful people and historic sites  
For those looking for a bit more  
Put on your masks and explore

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in  
the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Painter Of My Dreams

Painter of My Dreams

All praises to the almighty one  
The Lord who reigns supreme  
He is my one and only father  
Though dark the way may seem  
He splashes it, with colour- like a colour wheel  
He is the painter of my dreams

Not a person of noble birth  
Not the second nor the first  
Graced to this place called earth  
A realm of joy and sadness blend  
Yet, I choose to trust to the end  
The painter of my dreams

A path with changing sights  
With inward and outward fights  
Yet I stand in delight  
Blazing with light  
Trusting His insight  
The painter of my dreams

To some I may seem  
Like a tossed away dream  
Nothing special; no, mama didn't wean  
So why the interest from one so supreme?  
I call and He sends a heavenly beam  
Because, He is the painter of my dreams

Painter, painter, artist of my life  
Through joy or through strife  
When others sail  
When things get pale  
And brightness fails  
I call Him by name-the painter of my dreams

D. Loveday Morris

June 26,2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Negative Vibes

## Negative Vibes

When we stand against injustice, it's not a negative vibe  
There are many whose lives will depend on this stride;  
And the sacrifices that today we make,  
Are the decisions that help to make nations great

There will come a time, when it's something you care about  
And you will be glad that someone stood, so that now you can shout  
For love and humanity is what it's all about  
What will it take from you to hear people out?

Just listen

Try to understand what is missing  
Pain is as individual as teardrops in your eyes  
Don't zero rate the pain because you refuse to acknowledge the cries

When you use that scale zero to three  
Don't say the pain is zero and call it equality!  
Imagine you tell your doctor "it's my heart that has pain"  
And he insists, despite the evidence to operate on your brain

If only you would try to understand  
The pain and loss are mine, as much as they are human  
So when I tell you I've lost a brother  
Don't tell me that's nothing; you'll get through it; so have many others

If we are to address inequality  
Problems must be solved individually  
It is by championing against injustice and discrimination,  
That we build and develop greater nations

D. Loveday Morris

June, 2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK



# Remove The Dust Clouds

Remove The Dust Cloud

Let's not go back  
Let's go forward  
Make changes, build bridges  
Let's remove the dust clouds  
Let's not go back to what was  
Let's see what can be  
Create a new and better reality  
Everyone walks, jogs, sleeps in tranquility

This carmel coloured wisp  
From the Sahara strip  
Is on a trip and is just the tip  
Oh, how quickly change can hit!  
Wealth turned upside down  
Smiles to frown; world economy pun di ground  
Get up, no matter how long yuh fall down

Let's not go back  
Let's move forward  
Change day to night  
Remind them of what's right  
Hitchhike on trade winds  
This Sahara plume is the boss of things  
Mineralize those that are victimize  
Give them something new to chat bout, live, not just survive

Let's show them what it means  
Taking a breath, is more than what it seems  
Cover the mountain top with haze  
Lest they forget the beauty of days  
Paint everything brown  
Sahara dust is in town  
Like nights without days  
Without colour everything would be haze

No rainbows; no sun rays  
Men trump all days

Forgetting who deserves the praise  
I send Sahara plume from Africa  
Is I turn blood into wata  
Lest you forget, who is the boss round yah  
Move forward; take care of one another

Let's not go back  
Let's move forward  
Sail to bigger and better shores  
Open and explore new doors  
Love, live and build more  
Share, no one has to be poor  
Create, develop, explore  
See how much more life has in store

D. Loveday Morris

June 25,2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in  
the UK

D Loveday Morris



# I'm Alive

I'm Alive!

I'm alive, I can feel it in my soul  
I'm alive, earth is my home  
I can laugh and sing  
Bringing joy is my thing  
Soothe those who are suffering

I'm alive, such a blessed thing  
I'm alive, God is my king  
Peace, sweet peace He brings  
And love is the only string

I am alive what an inexplicable feeling  
I'm alive bells are ringing  
Everything in earth and heaven is smiling  
New and more blessing, God is king!

I'm alive what a joyous thing  
I'm alive no more suffering  
Take a breath; breathe in and sing  
Feel your feet moving; are you dancing?

I'm alive, such a refreshing feeling  
Fly, soar, feel the wind tickling  
Clocks are ticking  
Everything has beautiful new meaning,  
I'm alive!

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# The Thing

The Thing

We all go through something  
Be open and you'll see  
We just experience that thing differently  
The Joys, sorrows and mistakes  
Are the same things that build and break

For what knocks one down  
Or breaks one woman's crown  
Is the boat that floats or drifts to town  
The rope that is used to climb up and down  
And prevents another from drown

Some see the blue skies  
Others the trees  
Yet, everything is present in reality  
For some the water is a solid block  
And for others it's a place  
A constant reminder that life never stops

D. Loveday Morris

June 2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# To Be You

To Be You

To be the one that you are

To see woman beyond scar

To surpass being a superstar

To have what it takes

To see what's at stake

To be more than a face

To cook with flavour and taste

To have no fear of mistakes

To live for living sake

To give love to hate

To rise above the flakes

To organize a plan

To celebrate with woman

To beam and think supreme

To lean on the heavenly team

To visualise steam

To soothe it with chocolate icecream

To look beyond the pale

To succeed where others fail

To walk above the clouds

To be quietly proud

To live without remote

To learn to cope

To understand beyond ones scope

To hope

To be

You

D. Loveday Morris

June 23,2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Differentism

Differentism

I'm not a racist, neither do I think I have experienced racism;  
But I have experienced something because of being different- it's called  
differentism

Have you ever been somewhere, anywhere where you stood out?  
You dare to ask questions and break the silent clout  
And it's even worse because you are right, black or white  
If looks could kill you wouldn't be in sight

It's the way someone treats you  
Because you are the other or simply someone new  
Because you are dressed differently or dare to do something new  
And it's even worse if you have a better point of view  
People seem to be different to ones they can't understand  
The ones who rock the boat or dare to change the plan  
The ones who care to go the extra mile  
How dare you be happy; how can you smile?  
They elevate their good to bury your great  
And it doesn't matter what you do it never appreciates

Differentism is when  
You are neither a brother, sister nor friend  
You walk into a room and the temperature drops  
And all your goodness doesn't cause hate to stop  
It's when a colleague or an office mate  
Treats you differently whether or not you are of the same race  
And see no need to close the blinds to hate

Differentism is when  
You apply for a job and they give it to their friend  
One who is less qualified  
And they call you back to try and nullify  
That the interview was just a cover up for a lie

Sometimes, differentism is due to race;  
Then if you are bright, black and right that's the mistake  
At other times it's due to class  
When even dirty riches gives you a free pass

Sometimes it's being treated differently because of ones Profession  
On that, let me share a quotation  
"You are so bright; you don't sound like a nurse, you sound like... You  
should be a... "  
That's Differentism too  
Because I'm a nurse, I do know the chemical make up of poo  
And the pharmacology and pharmacodynamics behind constipation relief too  
There is one thing I would like to add too  
Differentism is when you treat someone like poo too

I thought I was finish but here is one more  
Something worse than simply being poor  
Is when you are treated differently, because how dare you  
Have a child while being unmarried too  
And if you think that's a far cry  
Then someone labels you as non-christian because you see beyond their  
reasonings, hows and why  
That it must take a great big different God  
To create everyone differently is no fad  
And you know it's differentism because you see  
I've been the other and the different someone is me  
When you are treated differently no matter what's at stake  
Differentism is something those who experience it hate

D. Loveday Morris

June 22,2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in  
the UK

D Loveday Morris

# A Run In Time

A Run in Time

I read the letter you wrote

A couple years ago

The message was sent to my brain

But my heart didnt know

It said all the right things

But I just wasn't ready to hear

And now that I'm reading it

I can again smell the fear

It was a fun time,

It was run in time;

But what's a girl to do?

You can say I'm stupid until you're stuck in crazy glue

The heart was fully charged but the message skipped the brain

Peeping through the window now; I wonder if I was insane

Yet, insanity is so beautiful and only becomes sad

When you sit and start asking yourself was it really that bad?

I suppose life is a matter of perspective

And until the time is right, live love and enjoy yourself and glean wisdom's insight

And what's a girl to do?

Mouth has a job of which talking it is boss too

Yet, a girl has a right to be a girl

There is beauty and innocence in a girl's world

It's too bad that he was a boy, with a man's hand

He seemed to know what he was doing and had it all planned

It was a fun time

A run in time

Who could have tell?

That a plane flight, with miles height, would have changed things going so well

Out of sight, out of mind that's what some people say

And yet, eyes and brain can't seem to agree today

Haunted by recurring mistakes, perhaps someone took all the pies in the sky?

And that's why it seems we have failed, that's the why

A girl has a right to be a girl

And there is beauty in a girl's world  
We make the choice we do with the best of what we have at the time  
Who can with certainty say, if we made another choice it would have been fine?

Perhaps the road less traveled is the one with heart  
And it may have been the what, that was needed right from the start  
It's too bad he was a boy with a man's hand  
And unfortunately heart wasn't part of the plan

D. Loveday Morris

D Loveday Morris

# It's The Little Things

Happy Father's Day- be sure to celebrate  
The Little Things

It's the little things that make a big deal  
That's what being a father really means  
Little things like making school and Drs appointments  
Keeping promise, avoiding disappointments  
Being there to be a source of strength

It's the little things that make a big deal  
Taking time to prepare a meal  
Making sure a child eats more than treats  
School, clothes, homework's complete  
Can you please show me how to clean my boots? -thats neat

It's the little things that make a big deal  
Let's go for a walk in the park  
Phone in if it gets later or after dark  
Otherwise I'll be here worrying  
God helps anyone who causes you to be crying!

It's the little things that make a big deal  
Making time for all school appointments  
Worrying if that child is silent  
I think maybe they need some friends  
I'll take them out; pick up again; just call me at the end

It's the little things that make a big deal  
Let me help you get that project sealed  
Even when I don't understand  
I'll be there to hold your hands  
And even do things I hate, just to hear you celebrate

It's the little things that make a big deal  
You are my child and I'm so glad  
If anyone hurts you, I'll be dad mad  
It doesn't matter that you are not a biological father  
It's the little things that you do to make them realise in you they have a father



D. Loveday Morris

June 21,2020

Happy Father's Day

D Loveday Morris

# God's Got You

God's Got You

When you lose something, dont worry or fret  
Console yourself with the knowledge that God is not through yet  
No matter how heavy weight, the loss may have seem  
Never forget He is the creator and dream  
And even the things that seemed at one point too good to be true  
Will change in value, when you've got a God point of view

When one door closes, dont be 'stood', too shy to knock  
That door, the door that closed, was a resting stop  
Remind yourself of this once more  
That God is the maker and opener of doors  
And sometimes when you have a key hole view  
It can be scary, still knock; it will open; God's got you

And when the door has opened  
And you still don't know what to do  
Step forward in boldness, God's got you  
He'll stand by you? Yes, you!  
He'll give the wisdom and knowledge you need;  
Remember he is the maker, keeper and restorer of dreams

And it can be hard when you first find out;  
You are broken in piece too many to count  
But God is the conservator- restorer with a CV that tirelessly mounts  
He gives and takes when the time is right  
With the intention of taking you to higher heights  
So don't worry about falling or failing again  
He is the creator and maker of trends

D. Loveday Morris

June 20,2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

Dahlia Loveday Morris

D Loveday Morris

# Untold Stories

Untold Stories

I'm an old soul  
In a young body  
With the mind of dreamers  
Who dream through me  
Welcome to the history of untold stories

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris



PoemHunter.com

# The Socks That Came To My Yelp

The Socks That Came to my Yelp

The socks that got me through the day were not even on my feet  
But between the bruises and batterings of yesterday they were such a wonderful  
treat

They stopped by to say hello, brought smiles like cuddles  
And as the day went on they helped snuggled my struggles

When I woke up that day and in prayer I yelped  
I never guessed it would have been a sock He would send to help  
But being the all powerful God, He sure can choose  
To someday use a sock and others use shoes

The socks that got me through the day may have been black and white  
But they had a glow like a rainbow and were a podiatrist delight  
I have decided to give these socks a name although that was not the plan  
And if you would like a sock like Sam then it's the Eccles brand

D. Loveday Morris

PoemHunter.com

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in  
the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Father Where Are Thou

Father, Where are thou?

Is a poem inspired by the streets and a portion of street art seen in Manchester UK today

Oh my father, where are thou?  
I searched and you weren't there  
On river banks, green fields and slumps  
I couldn't find you anywhere

I stand here alone  
Sore, bleeding, broken bones  
Waiting for you to come  
How do I suppress my childhood heart's regret  
Knowing that you are gone?

Oh my Father which art in heaven  
I know that you are near  
In nature you speak and bring relief  
And the heaven seas do cool my grief

Now I lay down to sleep  
I can rest in sweet peace  
My father in heaven gives me rest  
To awake rejuvenated and tackle any stress

D. Loveday Morris

A Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Tell Me What You Want

Tell Me What You Want

Tell me what you want and I'll pretend not to care  
That you are stripping the black from my hair  
Tell me what you want, I promise you  
I have already given you everything; even my black and blues  
And if that still doesn't satisfy  
Feel free to take the colour of my eyes

Tell me what you want; I'm at that spot  
And if you keep bothering me, I might give just gift you with a slap  
For I have taken as much as my patience can trim  
And if I give you anymore I'll have to commit a sin  
And I don't wish to be guilty of murdering  
So please, tell me! There is no pleasure in suffering

Tell me what you want; look in my bloodshot eyes  
I have had enough, don't look so surprised  
It's been a long time coming just like a predicted storm  
So please stop acting like you weren't forewarned  
Must I now strip the grey from my hair  
Or give you my black for you to wear?

Tell me what you want; there can be nothing new  
I have already given you a panoramic view  
Days, nights, weeks, months and years too  
And now the lace has gone from out all my shoes  
And if all that still doesn't quench your thirst  
I'm tell you, somebody is gonna have to call a hearse

June,2020

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# If I Must Be Put In A Box

If I Must Be Put in a Box

If must be put in a box it must not be square  
A square box to me would be quite unfair  
For where would I put the things I would like to share?  
The things like those; and the words, that didn't quite fit in that corner over there?

If I must be put in a box I would want one without a roof  
A box with a top would not be fool proof  
For where would my free spirit float?  
And how could I be expected to fly a boat?

If I must be put in a box it must be reasonable  
And it can't have a round or square table  
For a round table looks too incomplete  
And my life is like a builder's retreat

If I must be put in a box I must make a wish  
That you make sure to put in an imaginary twist  
For where would I write and spend my time?  
And store the things I wish not to leave behind

D. Loveday Morris

June 16,2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris



# Freedom

Freedom of a sneeze  
Freedom to burp  
Freedom to be shielded from hurt

Freedom from lies  
Freedom to cry  
Freedom to wipe tears flowing from my eyes

Freedom of a spit  
Freedom to chit  
Freedom of a point of view- that's a gift

Freedom to walk  
Freedom to talk  
Freedom to sit at nights in the dark

Freedom to dream  
Freedom to scream  
Freedom from nightmares- that's freedom supreme

Free- dom,  
Free-idiom  
Free-dumb; dum

Freedom to be dumb- dum, dumb  
Freedom if I choose  
Freedom to gamble- win or lose

Freedom to oppose  
Freedom of a prose  
Freedom to wipe ones nose- I suppose

Freedom to fair  
Freedom to share  
Freedom to be hope to despair

Freedom is John Locke's dare;  
Freedom to care, wear hair- kinky curly, wavy or knot  
Freedom is when you've got it locked

Free-dom,  
Free-idiom  
Free-dem; Free-dumb

Freedom to sum  
Freedom of a bum  
Freedom to wealth when there is none

Freedom to self preservation  
Freedom to police protection  
Freedom to access salvation- that's freedom packed

Freedom to live  
Freedom to give  
Freedom to be law of mischief

Freedom to shop  
Freedom to act  
Freedom is to be a matter of fact

D. Loveday Morris

June 16,2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Fields Of Black

Fields of Black

Take me to fields of black  
Bury me inside; beside that beautiful rock  
Jump, fly, fall through the air  
Whip me with freedom I don't care

Just lay there; nestle my head in the field of your chest  
Feel the warmth of my mountain of breast  
And soothe me with the waters of your beating heart  
As we drift off where worlds part

Take me to your stratosphere  
Where the warmth of your care, fill the air  
As I shiver in love's cold retreat  
And lay in comfort at your feet

Tickle my ears with words flowery, savoury sweet  
Kiss the giggles before they escape my cheeks  
And without prejudice do try  
To bathe my eyes with butterflies

D. Loveday Morris

June 15,2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Love's Grief

Love's Grief

To lose love and walk alone  
Isn't something I would wish on any soul  
How can one learn to appreciate  
Love's grief and missing space?

A husband and father gone forever  
Is a loss like no other  
And I do wish that I could say in time  
It will heal and everything will be fine

But there is no price cap on grief's cheat sheet  
And even after forever many still dont find peace  
Yet, I hope in time you can come to understand  
That it's okay, because he's resting in the Master's hand

And if that's too difficult for you to do  
Know that, that's okay too  
And it's okay to bear your grief  
Until such time that you find relief

D. Loveday Morris

June 14,2020

D Loveday Morris

# Winks

Winks

He winked at me, like I was his girl;  
Sunshine gazing through winter's swirl;  
His hushed purrs carressed,  
Relieving the stress,  
And hurt for a life time  
This furry friend of mine

D. Loveday Morris

June,2020

D Loveday Morris



PoemHunter.com

# Black. Stop.

Black. Stop.

Black rain

Black pain

Black is strain

Black is the blood running through my vein

Black gold

Black fold

Black is sold

Black is the story untold

Black breath

Black threats

Black is death

Black is my broken neck

Black stage

Black engage

Black is rage

Back is the ink on my page

Black tax

Black waxed

Black is trapped

Black lives matter. Stop.

D. Loveday Morris

June 2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Nurse Living and Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# The Bibe

THE BIBE

He rode the bibe,  
I'mnot surprise  
Intellect took a trip  
Police e- quip; instead of whips  
Riddle the protesters with rubber bullets

D. Loveday Morris

June 11,2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

#BlackLivesMatter

#AllLivesMatter

#TheBibe

D Loveday Morris



PoemHunter.com

# Sleep On

Sleep on

My heart weeps for you  
The news thunders tears to my eyes  
You haven't yet lived life yet!  
Oh my God why?

I see you now with your cousins,  
So full of life and promises  
And now I think about it;  
I remember not a moment is guaranteed

I am still in shock; when I received the news  
Of what it did to you  
And before I could get use to get  
It did something new  
Even for one who sees it daily  
Every moment is still so fresh and new

My heart weeps for you  
And I'm at a loss for soothing words  
And there is neither a poetry nor song  
That can take away the hurt

And I believe it is more painful  
Because you remind me so  
Of what it means to have an only child  
A mother and a father truly knows

My heart aches for your mother  
My heart aches for your father too  
And although death steals privately  
It impacts a public pain

And now that God has called you home  
Your room is just an empty space  
Your laughter and impending surprises  
Will no longer greet the eyes



Yet you will have a permanent places  
In your loved ones eyes  
A place of beautiful memories  
And wonderful surprise

So sleep on dearest darling little angel  
Rest in God's love and care  
For in a little while you will awake  
And God's sweet love will greet you there

D. Loveday Morris

A tribute to Jozette: Gift to Glenna Ross-Berry Joshua Berry and our family and friends.

June 9, 2020

D Loveday Morris

# Lockdown Romance

Lockdown Romance

Part 2

Lockdown romance doesn't happen by chance

Ask those who now do that dance

For romance takes lovers to different places

And lockdown offers unlimited spaces

Yet it's beauty can be found in odd outer spaces

like the way you use your words to touch the brim of my lips; feel the tickle of those tiny hairs on the side of my face

And for some it's like meditating, and worshiping and aspiring to be on the brink of warm inner spaces, in a dream like state, wide awake and awakening

And this is where many aspire,

To go where love takes one higher;

Meditate, worship, pray;

Where hands and feet interlock,

Where toes curl and time stops;

Where hips, dip and fingertips

Takes you on mountainous beach strips

And many discredit the age old myth

Realising that a man's strength is more than his length

But the way he dips his tips,

Like boats on clear waters lay

And in embrace they sway

Doing whatever they may

Engaging in trips of kisses

Ask those who do,

The ones like me and you;

How is there time?

There is always time to create new adventures.

Drink, drink of me and worship in this sacred space of mine; get drunk in redefined pleasures

Yet the art of lockdown romance,

Is going underground, burrowing, plunging in rabbit holes

Taking a brisk walk or a stroll

Be those lovers in the park,

As they Frolic and giggle  
How romanantic it is to have fun blowing bubbles.

And for those who aren't particularly found of blowing bubbles  
You can create a recipe of love and cuddles  
Turn the music up, dress up, in heels and make up; wear your sexy shirt and just dance  
Be a beginner and advance further  
Furthermore, dance like you are lost in time  
Let the music stroke your mind  
Feel each beat in your steps  
As you stroke your lover's neck  
Breathe your lover in;  
Open up, start exploring

Lockdown romance is a special place  
Talk sweet nothings and in each others eyes gaze  
And see how cheeks now glow  
No rush, the challenge is to take it ever so slow;  
Feel the rush and blush as lovers eyes meet  
When the loveliest thing is caressing each other's feet

Lockdown romance is never a drain  
When you enjoy the simple pleasures  
There are those who go on virtual dates,  
Who find their mates  
Then in distance they kiss  
And still miss the taste of a lover's lips

Virtual dates aren't all a mistake  
According to the statistics  
Through the space of an open mind  
Romantic boundaries may be newly defined  
And whirlwind romance you too can also find

If there is one thing to be learnt from being inlockdown; is that romance can be found in odd times and places  
For it isn't always easy to predict, the hidden gifts behind blunt, funny faces  
So there is romance if you take that chance  
Explore in time a range of spaces

D. Loveday Morris

June 92020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

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D Loveday Morris

# Let It Rain!

Let it Rain!

Be willing to be kind  
Be willing to be true  
Be willing to treat others as God would do  
Love and understanding can soothe any pain  
Let it rain! Let it rain!  
Let love and understanding rain again and again  
Let it rain! Let it rain  
Let love rain, again and again

Live a life with love and purpose  
Love is the gift from the creator to us  
It is He who placed His seed of love in all of us  
And that's why, even in America in God they will still trust!  
And the Bible, held in his hand, is a symbol that God is still with us  
Even in the hand of the one who isn't for us  
And seem not to have divine purpose  
There is still a mysterious link  
So remember, to always, stop! look! listen and think;  
There is still a link to him that is mysterious  
So let it rain!  
Let it rain!  
Showers of love again and again  
Let it rain, let it rain, showers of love again and again.

Trust that God is in control still  
Live in love and friendship and be bold  
For when we are bold in love and purpose  
There is nothing that can ever harm us  
Love and understanding are His will  
Be willing to walk in love still  
So let it rain!  
Let it rain!  
Let love and understanding rain again and again

My name is love and on the day I was born  
There was a beautiful love storm, that none could calm  
And though to some I may have been an unplanned act

It was dictated by supernatural fact  
And my purpose is to plant seeds of love  
Raining kindness and proclaiming God's love  
So let it rain!  
Let it rain!  
Let the love of God rain again and again

There is nothing that can truly harm us  
When we walk in love and in God we trust  
And what God intends when we sacrifice our will  
Is that we become heaven bound and purpose filled  
And when our will is sacrificed Gods love becomes the only choice  
So let all people in one voice  
Proclaim the love of God,  
God is pro-choice  
So let it rain!  
Let it rain!  
Let God's love rain again and again  
Let it rain let it rain!  
God's love can soothe any pain

When our ways please the Lord  
He allows even our enemies to be in one accord  
And the mysteries we try to understand  
Isn't really about just one man  
For in as much as you will never be able to tell how many grains of sand  
Nor count the numbers of God's plans  
There is still infinite might in God's hand  
As there is always a divine plan  
So be willing to be kind  
Be willing to be true  
That man is human just like you  
And it will rain!  
It will rain!  
The love of God people will proclaim

D. Loveday Morris

June 8,2020

From the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

#Love  
#LoveAndHumanity  
#God'sLove  
#LetIRain  
#BlackLivesMatter  
#AllLivesMatter

D Loveday Morris

# What If?

What If?

What if it was all a misunderstanding; everything you think you see?  
What if the feathers you ruffled, were never meant to be?  
What if this could all be rectified, if people just stop and said, I'm sorry?  
And instead of only trumping a trumpet, everyone also had a voice;  
What if all musical instruments were given an equal choice?  
And the world was a giant choir singing in notes and melodies of harmony;  
What if this giant choir was music to everybody?  
Now imagine this was all started by one body, a somebody just like you and me.

What if the way to heaven was in everyone's path?  
And the way that we all got there was to solve this puzzle and then pass.  
What if the one who created it was called the puzzle master?  
And the puzzle type was just a cryptic disaster  
What if the only reason you failed, was that they chose not to make, reasonable  
accommodation for people who use braille?  
And the blind couldn't make it to heaven, because they could not see,  
What would be the logic of a puzzle that said heaven is for everybody?

What if the wars of all the worlds, didn't exist?  
And there was no need for a humanitarian crisis?  
What if there was neither the other nor a group called terrorist?  
What if the absence of war was really what we miss;  
And because of this, there were no more refugees.  
What if families were not separated, because of the bombings we see?  
And soldiers were just families walking about;  
And were especially handy when we needed a tactic about doubt.  
What if husbands didn't have to go to war leaving wives and unborn babies  
behind?  
How many more humankind would have peace of mind?  
What if there were no more prisoners of war or mental slavery?  
Now imagine Syria without the bombings and the cries of motherless babies.

What if visa access creates unequal access to foreign spaces?  
And is a way of discriminating unfairly against people visiting places  
What if the virus is reshaping old hierarchy?  
And now access to enter a country is denied equally to citizens and monarchy  
What if the world had no borders and you could travel visa free?



And the people seeking asylum now, no longer need to be  
What if there were now no longer refugees?  
And people were now happily residents of their home country;  
Now imagine this is for real and there is no need to make a wish  
What are the random places that would be added to your bucket list?

What if everything and everyone was exactly how we wanted it to be?  
What if we never had to say goodbye to the ones we love whether friends or  
family?  
And there was nothing to do with the concept called money  
What if there was no need to explain anything to anybody?  
What if people understood each other happily  
And eutopia was something we could hear, touch, feel and see  
Wouldn't it be lovely to live in the bliss of this opportunity?

D. Loveday Morris

June 72020

Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

#Freedom  
#IAmHuman  
#BlackLivesMatter  
#AllLivesMatter  
#WhatIf

D Loveday Morris

# This Is Powerful

This is Powerful

Power rightly used is powerful  
Power justly used is masterful  
Powerful Lighthouse DC Mayor;  
Powering it up as a key player  
Power to the Whitehouse, make #BlackLivesMatter  
Powerful streets painted yellow  
Power to the blackman and young fellow  
Powerful Pastor Kevin McGill  
Power takes God's message beyond the pulpit's hill  
Powerful are those who are prayer warriors  
Power to those who know the saviour  
Power to the fighters of people's rights  
Powerful are those who are saving lives  
Power to the man who loves his wife  
Power to those who 'burn out' strive  
Power to the keepers of the peace  
Power to those who help us sleep  
Powerful people, their votes count  
Power unused make problems mount  
Power to those who stay in school  
Powerful are those who aren't just tools  
Powerful are the teachers and farmers  
Power to the hardworking single mother  
Powerful are men who aren't just seed planters  
Power to those who are mothers and fathers  
Power those who love their fathers  
Power to the sisters and brothers  
Powerful are the nurses who are trailblazers  
Power to those who are family  
Powerful are those who love you and me  
Powerful know when to break the rules  
Powerful don't gladly suffer fools  
Powerful leaders don't just rant  
Power gets people to take a stance  
Powerful is one who knows how to romance  
Power is when you take a chance  
Powerful are you Mr. Obama

Powerful is when you are a brother's keeper  
Power politics give power kicks  
Powerful make resources available for the sick  
Power when you know what make people tick  
Power when the news balance views  
Powerful when talent get used  
Power to those who unite as one  
Powerful are those who keep us strong  
Powerful are those who write and sing that song that keeps us going on  
Powerful are you if you know you are the one, who can break barriers, realise  
dreams and keep the vision blazing for generations

D. Loveday Morris

June 5,2020

From the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working in the UK

#KeepThePowerfulBlazing

#Powerful

#Leaders

#BlackLivesMatter

#AllLivesMatter

#DCMayor

#KevinMcGill

#MrObama

#Trailblazers

#DLovedayMorris

D Loveday Morris

# Beyond The Negative Sublime

I have this view that stereotypes  
Were created to make people fight  
It was intended to devise a system of division  
By those who intend to enhance oppression

I have this view that if people unite  
We can be more powerful whether pink, yellow, brown, black or white  
For we are of one body call the human race  
That's why division leaves such a bitter taste

I have this view that by extracting details of difference  
It creates a system of indifference  
Indifference to hate, rape, looting, murder, violence and crime  
And as long as it's done to them that's fine

I have this view that is so divine  
That love and humanity will be the remnants of time  
And it will take those who are so inclined  
To lead us beyond the negative sublime

D. Loveday Morris

June 6,2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and working in the UK

Lysann Kaiser - Thank you for your humanity and humanitarian efforts.

#IAmHuman  
#SeeMeAsHuman  
#BlackLivesMatter  
#AllLivesMatter  
#Humans

D Loveday Morris

# My Brother's Keeper

My Brother's Keeper

Am I my brother's keeper?

Yes I am!

Am I my sister's keeper? For sure man.

Whether she, he, they or them

I'm my brother's keeper

And my sister's friend

Let's reflect on the life of King David and Jonathan

When King Saul implemented a system of oppression

Soilders couldn't eat honey, yet they had to fight

And Jonathan told his father that wasn't right

It was a #riot that he led!

When he kept David and helped him fled

It also made the #news

So dont be afraid to chant your views

Don't be afraid to chant your mood

You see injustice exist from the dawn of time

And there is a thing so powerful called #badmind

Yet, the love of a brother is like fine wine

And if you help your sister she gets better in time

Am I my brother's keeper?

Yes I am!

And my sister's keeper, for sure, man.

If your umbrella break then come under mine

You can stay under my umbrella sister;

You can stay under my umbrella brother, that's fine

Don't loot, shoot and destroy a brother's town

Remember an extra grain of rice makes it a pound

United voices, give others choices

Think about that the next time you make your Xes

Words, like rock can knock a sister down

So help her get dress, straighten her crown

Reaffirm her, that the change will come; don't slow her down

Don't stand by and watch as they push whether he, she, they or them down

Am I my brother's keeper?

Yes I am.

Am I my sister's keeper? For sure, man.

Whether she, he, they or them

I am my brother's keeper

And my sister's friend

Am I my brother's keeper?

Yes I am.

Each man is my brother

A sister is a friend

Be a keeper of he, she, they and them

Build bridges of love everywhere

Be open, speak up, speak out, when it's unfair

There is a nothing more powerful than love and care

You can make a difference

That's why you are here

D. Loveday Morris

June 4, 2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and working in the UK

#MyBrother'sKeeper

#MySister'sKeeper

#SisterKeeper

#Humans

#BrotherAndSisters

Dedicated to Tamara Morrison a #SisterKeeper |???

D Loveday Morris

# Blame: Call Me By My Name

BLAME: Call Me By My Name

I received a letter one day that brought tears to my eyes  
And I just couldn't figure out why  
It was the very first time, in that way I had been addressed and I felt quite  
distressed  
And although in this life I've passed so many test and qualified up to  
postgraduate level  
It made me feel for the first time the play field wasn't quite level

Now, I realise it might not have been intended  
And since we are in a world very blended  
With no pun intended  
It may be necessary that you teach me what's right for you and I teach you  
what's right for me  
And out of goodly fear and respect I will forgive you when you forget  
Especially since you've made it clear you are very sorry

You see, I'm from a country where we are all simply Jamaicans  
And even for those who are financially very poor;  
There is a strong belief that education, manners and respect opens many doors  
And even if we are ill  
We do believe we have the will  
To be whatever and whomever still  
And that's why when we do anything only the best is good enough  
We are up for a challenge no matter how #tuff

So now I've taken a stance  
That if unsure; just take your chance  
Call me by the name I gave you  
Fortunately for you, I have more than two  
Or if you forget, dont worry or fret  
Don't address me by the colour of my skin; Call me Love, Loi; Dee; Dahlia; Mi  
Sistren; call me how you would like to be called  
Or Just call me human

D. Loveday Morris

An Extract From the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and working in

the UK

#CallMeByMyName

D Loveday Morris



# I Can't Breathe

I Can't Breathe

I can't breathe!

Please, don't just put a knee in

I can't breathe

Take your knee off my neck

Let me take a breath in

I can't breathe, please call my mother

I can't breathe, please just a little water

If you knee a brother, he might end up dead.

That's why when Christ was on earth he said;

For in as much as you do it to the least of these

You do it to me, so do good to others please

Stop, overlooking people in their time of need

More so, don't knee them because they can't breathe!

You're more than a robber

You're a murder and a thief

You, stole the life of another

Like Cain, you took the life of a brother

I can't breathe

Please, don't just put a knee in

I can't breathe

Take your knee off my neck,

Let me take a breath in

I can't breathe, please call my mother

I can't breathe, please just a little water

The creator is my father

An eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth!

A life for a life and let's call it a truce!

Murder at the third degree? Are you crazy?

Let's protest, he must get the death penalty!

An eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth!

A life for a life and let's call it truce!

Wait, even the devil deserves his day in court

The law shouldn't just suit the cause we support  
And if we want people to be treated equally  
Then the evidence must play out in court justly  
Due process must be followed swiftly  
Unfortunately, everyone must be protected by the laws equally  
Remember even the devil deserves his day in court  
So, if we don't like the laws, do more than protest  
Participate in the voting process and hold officers accountable  
Vote them out if they are unreliable

Many innocent souls end up in jail  
And history shows how much the system fail  
Let him without sin cast the first stone  
You too would be bothered if that life was your own  
When we allow injustice to happen to one man  
We set the precedence for all humans

An eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth!  
A life for a life and let's call it a truce!  
Murder at the third degree? Are you crazy?  
Let's protest, he must get the death penalty!  
An eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth!  
A life for a life and let's call it truce!

So is there a place for forgiveness?  
Forgiveness, that will create distress  
Do you believe it is just about one man?  
It's about the many others who are being arrested because of the policing plan  
Now people just frustrated  
Soon you'll be arrested for sleeping in your own bed naked  
Enough is enough!  
If you don't like it tough!  
We must get justice!  
Justice is a must for us!

I can't breathe  
Please, don't just put a knee in  
I can't breathe  
Take your knee off my neck,  
let me take a breath in  
I can't breathe, please call my mother  
I can't breathe just a little water

I can't breathe, I'm a husband, wife, father, sons another woman's daughter

So what is the solution?

Destroy the place! kill everyone!

That can't be the plan?

Violence results in violence.

So, the people won't be silenced!

Let's hold them accountable

Why should we be reasonable?

Did they listen to us when we tried to reason?

I said I couldn't breathe why didn't they listen?

Why isn't th play field level?

Still everyone deserves a day in court

The law isn't just for who we support

If we dont agree let's committ to writing a new story

Step out boldly and create history

Let your vote count baby

If we want people to be treated equally

Then the evidence must reveal legally

Due process must be followed swiftly

Everyone must be protected by the laws equally

Remember even the devil deserves his day in court

So, if we dont like the laws we must do more than protest

Participate in the voting process

Hold people accountable

Vote them out if they are unreliable

I know when I say this, some people might be vex

But my name is love

And I promote nothing less

Love your brothers and sisters

Be kind to one another

Remember blood is thicker than water

Earth is our mother and God is our heavenly father

Stop overlooking others in their time of need

Don't strangle people

Help them breathe

Food and air is a basic need

Don't take a life

One life is all you need

I can't breathe  
Please, don't put a knee in  
I can't breathe  
Take your knee off my neck,  
let me take a breath in

D. Loveday Morris

May 29,2020

An Extract From the Diary of an Immigrant Critical Care Nurse Living and  
Working in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Think

Think

To the cynic, critic, political gimmick  
To those who love to preach hate  
To the trapped, wrapped, financially strapped  
Just step back and think  
Think on these things

Who stands to gain to politicize,  
Human Rights, humans, right?  
When Human Rights, aren't human  
Who is right?  
Think on these things

Who stands to gain when we segregate?  
Walking around policing hate  
When the police we hate, aren't just the police  
Why should that police decide, the police fate?  
Think on these things

Who stands to gain when humans fight?  
Is there a political will, to go around and kill?  
Graduating from the spears and daggers  
Now we use hate to kill brothers and sisters?  
Think, think on these things

Why the escalation in killing and violence?  
Can people not be... relied on to use common sense?  
But common sense isn't that common  
Ask those in the White House and House of Commons  
Think on these things

Laws must be white and black, not grey some say  
Well, the law says you shall not kill

Whether with rock, paper, scissors, missiles or just plain badmind  
Badmind? Yes, badmind is ill will, some wish on another still  
Think on these things

What is the role of faith?

Well faith often determines people's fate  
And some say the church and the politicians are still in bed  
And that's why so many are being led to dead  
Think on these things

What happen to voices like John Lewis and Martin Luther Jr.?

If you must fight, be a Human Rights Warrior  
Fight if you must; there is no need to kill  
You can use your ink and voices to fight still  
Think on these things

Love one another, we are all blood;  
One blood sisters and brothers  
Do good to all who cross your path  
Doing good adds value to science and art  
Think on these things

So to the cynic, critic, political gimmick  
Preach love not hate  
To the politicians, leaders and police chiefs  
Let's politicize the belief that only when humans are treated as humans will we  
have peace and get relief  
Think on these things

D. Loveday Morris  
May 28, 2020

From the Diary of An Immigrant Nurse Living and Working in the UK



# Unapologetic

Unapologetic

Imagine a world where people unleash  
No fright or fears just do as you please  
What would your story be?  
Is there an artist bounded, inside you or is it just me?

Imagine a time when you are unapologetically bold  
What would you do if you had not grown cold?  
Cold feet, cold hands and shaking heart  
Are reasons many lost their life's path

What if today we lived inside our imaginations?  
Give reality a rain check with no explanations  
Let it be like a game of show and tell  
What are the things you are hiding because of fear you wouldn't do so well?

 PoemHunter.com

What if today you just decided to live?  
No fear of drama just don't give a frig  
Live effortless, say whatever comes to your mind  
Just don't give a fork about eating kind

What would your actions be?  
It's inside your imagination, don't worry about me  
Does living boldly means no accountability?  
Does living boldly means living without responsibility?

Is it really possible to truly live,  
With no thought of others just don't give a frig?  
Is that a place of isolation or a really crowded place?  
Would that be the you that you love or hate?

What if we we could live;



Be fully who we are and give a frig?  
Let our boldness speak like Nelson Mandela  
Dye our hairs and Pink, make Rembrandt and Mona-Lisa

Like, So what! I'm a science geek,  
like music, fashion, hair on fleek,  
Guess what! I'll fight for world peace  
I believe in love not hate, and since God is in us  
Your way can't be the only way, in God we trust; in God we trust

Did you just lose a few friends?  
Or did you just choose your friends?  
See things from multiple perspectives  
And you won't ever think that again

Whatever your cause, however you choose to live  
You can live boldly and give a frig  
The more freely you live the more accountable you become  
And that's why so many don't cross the boundaries of the here and now

D. Loveday Morris

D Loveday Morris

# I See You

Because I choose to see beyond just black or white  
Doesn't mean I've weakened, weak or lack insight  
Because I choose to ignore your malicious intent  
Doesn't mean I can't see beyond your guise and pretence  
Because I choose to focus on the positive  
Doesn't mean I am ignorant of the negative  
Because I choose to focus on the good  
Doesn't mean I am unaware that not everyone would

Believe me, I see you, I see all of you  
I see parts of you that I don't even think you knew  
I see the brashness in your words  
And those snarky, unprofessional remarks, believe me I heard  
I see the poisonous snake bites that you give  
And I choose to strain, dredge and view the good in you and let it live  
And that takes strength beyond just my will  
And yet I will choose to do it still  
Although a glass is not needed to magnify  
I choose to see you beyond your lies

Believe me, I see you and your unforgiving ways  
And I've come to realise it's not just a phase  
I hear the way you thunder a blunder  
And your ultimate pleasure is taking one under  
I see the things you do to others and how you relish their mistakes  
And I choose to see beyond your world of flakes  
So the grace I grant you when we make a round  
Comes from one who has been around  
And although with calm I pacify  
Doesn't mean I don't see you and your lies

But believe me, I see you, I really do  
And I imagine others see you too  
The cynic and blithe critic that you are  
Choosing to win battles and lose a war  
Like so many others, your mistake  
Is not realising the war is against the things we all hate  
And the people you tear down and try to kill  
Those people are all humans still

And the little mistakes that they make  
Are all parts of human trait  
It doesn't matter who you are or the profession you are in  
You are not infallible or beyond sin  
Why battle other humans when there is a war to win?

So yes, I see you; I see all of you  
But through eyes of grace that God favours me too  
For when your cup is full and overflowing with grace  
It's easier to invite others to get a taste  
For beyond any earthly mission given  
The aim is to forgive and experience heaven  
And because I forgive you doesn't mean there shouldn't be consequences  
For the things you do and your lack of conscience

The reason I choose to see beyond black or white is because of my insight  
And I choose to focus on the positive  
Because it benefits my health and really allows me to live  
For life gives the gifts that you accept  
And I choose to live my life without regret  
I receive the same emotions like you  
Including hurt, anger, pain, disappointment and sadness too  
But I believe in letting go and letting God do what He wills  
And when He does, I choose to trust Him still  
And the reason my pain doesn't last  
Is that I'm not afraid to click pray and restart  
For my life is not for humans to control  
And that's why I can choose to live bold

D. Loveday Morris  
May 25,2020

An Extract from the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working  
in the UK

D Loveday Morris

# Ripples In The Water

Like ripples in the water and rising tide  
We are not just mere attraction to people passing by  
Like ripples in the water I have a powerful source  
Who has the strength to sail or sink your boat

Like ripples in the water seemingly carefree  
The superficial miss my intentional-ity  
Like the wind and water making caterpillar waves  
My existence will transcend the grave

Like ripples in the water on a day the wind seems too quiet to see  
I'm forever using energy, to create things of essence and beauty  
I create ripples in people's minds  
And impact the way they live, feel, think and what they do all the time

Like ripples in the water seemingly carefree  
The superficial will miss my intentional-ity  
Like ripples in the water use that force  
Create that upthrust for someone's sinking boat

Be like ripples in the water, more than caterpillar waves  
Let your existence transcend the grave  
Be a servant but never a slave  
Let your livity transcend the grave

D. Loveday Morris

May 22,2020

D Loveday Morris

# Deceit

Deceit

Beautiful frosty faces all aglow  
A stark likeness to the winter's snow  
Cold, ice-grey clouds dashes across the sky  
While tear drops fall from the clouds slowly passing by

D. Loveday Morris  
May 18,2020

D Loveday Morris



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# You

Sometimes I just miss you, the essence and freshness of you  
I miss you, everything that makes you you  
The calmness and reassurance in your voice  
The way my body relaxes when I look into your eyes  
I miss the safety of your embrace  
How my heart skips a beat whenever I look in your face  
I miss our friendship and the peace it gave  
What I wouldn't give just to have it replaced

D. Loveday Morris

D Loveday Morris



PoemHunter.com

# It's Okay To Be Human

IT'S OK TO BE HUMAN

It's okay to be human  
Be happy, be sad  
Be angry and frustrated  
Some wished they had

It's okay to be human  
Be okay with not being okay  
Those who love you will appreciate you that way  
For hearts once broken make compassionate souls  
And the ones who have failed can see stories untold

It's okay to be human  
Just be, who you are  
Why be someone else?  
You are a gem, a superstar

It's okay to be human  
Forgive and forget  
Move beyond those things that cause you distress  
Say you're sorry, never be too big  
For when you apologise that's when you can truly live

It's okay to be human  
Accept help when in need  
And be that human who helps someone else breathe  
For in being human, we satisfy the world's greatest need

An Extract From the Diary of a Jamaican Critical Care Nurse Living and Working  
In the UK

D. Loveday Morris  
May 10, 2020

D Loveday Morris

# I Know What It Means

I know what it means to be broken, to be whole  
I know what it means to be empty though full  
I know what it means to love, to hate and love again  
I know what it means to be death, to face death  
I know what it means to love

D Loveday Morris



PoemHunter.com



# Love Dance

## Love Dance

My heart burst into laughter whenever my brain mentions you  
My thoughts say there is no one quite like you  
You are the first my eyes have ever seen  
A Godlike earthly man who walked into my life  
Now everything is surreal  
My hands pinch my skin thinking what a difference  
My stomach says this is the best I ever feel  
Since you've come around  
Everything has been dancing inside My world's turned around

Your wisdom is beyond your years  
As you hold my hands I feel your care  
You have been there for me like no one ever before  
Always wanting more and more of me  
Each day with you has been ethereal  
You are Godly, patient, strong and kind  
A tower of strength yet unafraid to cry  
You are all I have ever wanted and all that I need  
I feel so blessed to have you in my life

As I think back to that first moment that we met on the dance floor  
Who could have guessed that it was a dance of love?  
I remember the song now 'What One Dance Can Do' Oh Beres if you only knew!  
I love you with every iota of me  
And as I write I hear a chorus from all the cells inside my body  
There's immense certainty  
you are an awesome man, there has never or will ever be one quite like you  
You are my friend, my love my spiritual brother, my prayer partner, my confidant  
and my answered prayer  
I love you more with each passing thought  
You are an inspiration and a constant source of reassurance and unconditional  
love  
All my organs appreciate you  
My eyes are blessed to look on you  
My heart beats stronger because of your love  
My thoughts are clearer and my brain is wiser because of you

I cannot imagine my life without you  
I thank God everyday for you my love  
You are my love and now that I think about it perhaps the only unconditional  
earthly love that I have known  
I carry your heart in mine every day  
I love you with every beat of my heart

D Loveday Morris

# Soliloquy

I was walking on the road one day lost in my own thoughts, soliloquy and play. Then, out of nowhere a beautiful little skinny girl no more than eight or nine years old ran to me with tears in her eyes and sadness in her voice.

'I am so tired of the questions, the stares and the judgement calls' she said.

Why am I constantly taken to the courtyards?

How did it become my responsibility to work and provide? Who am I? Am I not but a child?

Who am I? This is a question that was recently tossed in the courtyard of my mind, my heart. Yet why do you ask, I questioned myself? Is it that when you look at me you see someone else? And how is it that I am now to be obligated to answer your seemingly interrogating question? Am I to be the first to defend myself? Isn't this a question that should have been raised by and to someone else?

Under normal circumstances I probably would not say.

Yet, I am who I am from the day that I was made.

I was born to a chick who I believe was unprepared, to take on the colossal task of caring for one so full of questions and needing so many answers.

Like, why is it that you never changed my diaper?

By the way, where is my father?

Is it not the right of every egg to have a rooster?

Why did I have to search for mine?

Should we not arrest those who deny us our bloodline?

Arrest them or arrest me for it is not the egg's responsibility to prepare itself for the world to see.

Why was I denied the rights and privileges that comes with being a child?

I went to school once in a while during those formative years of life.

And when those adult questions came I had no choice but to choose an answer.

Did you ask those questions of your mother?

Did she ask those questions of her mother?

I think not. How could one who had so much be so poor a giver?

Yet even I know, there is more to a river than just mere water.

So, these very questions I also ask of my father...

Well, I believe I would and I wish that I could

But his light was disconnected before I got the chance

So now these questions have become like a chant

As I listened to her I could tell she was a really old soul  
she was forced to grow up, she was forced to be bold  
Yet I knew her story was not unique, for there are many in children's homes  
so many on the streets  
So I told her that her choices would take her to the future,  
where she would have the opportunity to be a better mother  
For there is no way that a chick can raise a child  
And it takes a father, not a rooster  
to want to be there for the tears and smiles of his son or daughter

D Loveday Morris

# Sound Of The Generation

Every generation has a sound that's you  
The lines and melodies that warm hearts  
The words that you let come through  
The clothes, shoes and body art  
The stars that shine in your eyes tells all about it too  
What will the future generation say about you?

Some love to reminisce the songs of yester year  
And say how they were better  
Yet we often seem to forget the bold stories they told  
Yes they were about child's play and romance and street dance  
They were also about revolutions and inequality and social injustice  
Yes these are a part of those songs

In our living and remembering we can choose to forget  
But it takes the good, bad and in between to make our sounds better  
Everything can be an inspiration in the sounds we are harmonising  
Yet we have a magnanimous responsibility for the kinds of sounds that we will to  
those we are creating  
So let's not lose our consciousness of righteousness and write only of ill will  
We are the sound of this generation a heritage and a legacy still

The past is a part of our heritage, the framework for the present  
The future is our legacy the lines, stories and melodies we leave our children  
We have this gift in each of us, a unique song to sing  
With songs we chart destinies and influence the how and where our children will  
laugh and play  
Let's use the words of yesterday and create a better tomorrow  
We are the sound of this generation let's get together and sing

D Loveday Morris

# A Walk To Pure Unblemished Love

Today I watched and listened... took 'A Walk To Remember'. It made me cry. It is truly sad how we live life and take things and people for granted. It is sad and beautiful that although we go down an unfamiliar road it is a road that was once traveled by others. It's a road that was traveled by lovers and friends who once were young; people who once were and now no longer are. For some the walk has ended and for others there is an eternal pause. Think now, what is life but for the walks we take? What is love if you cannot share it with the one you love? Have we all gotten cynical and love now a mere figment of imaginations?

Why do we take things and time for granted? Why can't we just live and love with all the gusto and passion within? Why can't we just live like there is no tomorrow and love like this moment is the end of forever?

Oh how I dream of a time when life was simpler and love was pure. Why do things get so complicated sometimes? Where is the kindness and patience in love? Why does love now boast rather than remain humble? Why does love now give up so easily? Is love now rejoicing in doing wrong and has it exchanged place with infatuation? Where is the selflessness in love?

I dream a dream that will one day be yours and mine. I dream a dream that one day we will take a walk with pure love. I dream a dream that one day we will walk in patience and kindness. I dream a dream that one day we will walk unselfishly and without conceit. I dream a dream that one day we will take a walk together and it will take us to forever. I dream that one day we will take a walk of pure unblemished love.

D Loveday Morris

# The Colours Of The Rainbow

Colours of the Rainbow

I have never seen the rainbow or the colours that it brews  
Never known beautiful until that day with you  
You gave me red like I have never known before  
My heart wept with joy

You kissed my hands with indigo and melodies pulse my heart  
With you black's always beautiful, never intimidated by my strength  
You shower me with purple and the colours of your essence  
My eyes glow with yellow and the warmth of the orange sun

My garden is green, new life has begun  
The air is soft and fragrant; my blue is renewed  
You satisfy my longings, gave me a new start  
With colours I've never known before and melodies pulse my heart

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D Loveday Morris



PoemHunter.com

# The Ugly Blue

Neva cared much about much

Neva cared much about what ya have or not

Only cared about you

Cared enough not to put you in a box

Of things like that I've had a lot

Yet caring doesn't make things right

Our wrongs don't make each other's right

Have you been cold to my being bold?

You went to a place hidden from other souls

And now it's painted blue

I know it's in me to be

Be whoever I want to be

Yet the only soul I want to be isme

My imperfections are visibly detected

You said so with your perfect self

Neva cared much about much

Neva should care at all

Cause we don't have control of every other soul



Whose ways are faraway,

Whose ways are not ours

And sometimes not theirs at all

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Dee Loveday

D Loveday Morris

# My Solace

I find my solace in a place that's near and far;  
A place where I am free to be naked and beautiful;  
A place where my truths are alive and real;  
A place where there's no deception or exception and unnecessary explanation;  
A place where every day is a vacation and music is the center of everything;  
I find my solace in you my sovereign one, my king.

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PoemHunter.com

# The Song Stealer

I was born to sing and it is true; at least that's what I thought until I met you.  
You took my songs, you stole my words.  
You took my songs and gave them to some other bird.  
Now what is a bird without its wings?  
With both wings broken and no song to sing;  
You left me for death and for crows ravishing.  
Tell me what is a bird without its wings?

Yet you forgot that I could walk,  
Though I couldn't sing  
I still had life and freedom of will.  
Yes the trees were now too tall for me.  
And I could now appreciate the beautiful life of the lowly.  
It was not too bad down here at all.  
I didn't realize just how much I was missing while flying above it all

You took my songs and thought I would die  
You took my songs to faraway place in the sky  
You broke my wings and left me to die  
Yet when you thought you were denying me  
You opened avenues of opportunity  
Now my wings have gotten stronger  
How much more powerful it is to be a writer

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# If Tomorrow Never Comes

Why do tears rain like streams of pain?  
Why do you lose the ones you love, who stand to gain?  
I took for granted that we would always be.  
I took for granted your face I would always see.

Now here I am, standing alone;  
If I only knew one day you would be gone.  
Lost times... those times I said I would and didn't;  
Lost times... those times I took for granted... I shouldn't.

Why can't today's sorrow go away until tomorrow?  
Can I get those lost times to borrow?  
Please tell me, why did you have to be gone forever?  
Please let tomorrow never come, and you never leave me ever.

Yet time waits on no one,  
When that time comes you too will be gone  
So I cherish today for what it is  
I cherish today; today I live

Dahlia L.L. Morris  
For Donnette Morris in memory of Tamara Nicole Johnson

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# Puppy Love

Do you remember when we played hide and seek?  
How much fun it was to wish... to walk and hold hands on the street?  
When you were my puppy love and I was your girl;  
I was your everything, you were my world  
Do you remember?

Do you remember the strength and passion of our innocence?  
Uncomplicated by sex and violence  
How much fun it was to wish... to anticipate the first kiss  
Yet so many years have passed and we never tasted each other's lips  
Do you remember?

Do you remember the Divi Divi Tree?  
Simone is still is convinced that it happened in chemistry.  
Your lips surprised me... I laughed; believe me it was funny.  
Fantasy is so much different from reality.  
Do you remember?

Yet nothing could have prepared me for the awesome man you've become  
Like beautiful music to my ears; familiar lyrics and melody ... like a song  
Like a song I wrote... but I knew I didn't write  
Here lies the answer to the question you asked tonight.  
Yes! Yes! I will!

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