

Poetry Series

Dalton J Brown II
- poems -

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Dalton J Brown II(11-27-1961)

Benevolence

I learn from you; You learn from me.
I give, you receive; You give, I accept.

You are my friend as I am yours, sharing and caring. Communicating regularly,
staying in touch;

Friends, friends, forever we'll be. Closer and closer, Together we grow, Friends,
friends,

You and I.

Dalton J Brown II

Continuum Of Love

Time passes like sand
Thru an hour glass
My love constant still
remains

My heart yearns still
your love
My soul desire still
your passion
My mind vision still
your beauty

Seasons will forever
change
My love constant still
remains

Dalton J Brown II

Dispiritedness

Today as I walking I found a picture of a little boy as I stared at this picture I began to experience pain in a way never before. I found it to be extremely hard to walk away with a smile. I write these few words as I stare at the little boy in this picture, I could feel the hurt and pain he must have had in his heart as he stood and cried.

I continued to stare and to my amazement I imagined myself stepping into the picture and speaking to the little boy. Tears will last only a little while yet pain, hurt and misery will last it seems like an eternity. We must continue to journey through this world filled with anger, bitterness, hardships and heartaches yet as we journey we will make very many mistakes. Some of these mistakes will be embedded in our hearts and minds for as long as we live and with each mistake we make we also must learn to forgive.

As I stepped out of the picture the little boy dried his tears. Though hardened by pain he seemed to say to me your advice has changed my life and those few words have added to my years. For this Little Boy was begging and pleading for courage to go on, asking Jesus for his mercy to be strong.

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Dalton J Brown II

Dominion Of Sin

The world has been under
The dominion of sin
For thousands of years

The races and nations
Have changed over time
But the spirit
Has stayed the same

Contrary to the laws
And statutes of God
The world is polluted
The air, water, earth
The minds of men

We must declare judgement
Through the word of God
To put an end
To this dominion
This sin

Dalton J Brown II

Inevitability

The predetermined course of events
The trials of ones actions
The tribulations of ones life
The being of ones fate

Birth is a beginning
The essence of ones soul

People will go through this life
Some blaming their troubles and sins
On everything and everyone
Other than themselves

But until they can open their eyes
And see that they alone
Have created allowing their own
Perdition to become their damnation

Their lives will continue
Continue to cogitate within
The torment of their own creation

Death is a destination
A sacred journey to life everlasting

Dalton J Brown II

Lamentum

The essence of his soul
Convey still the sorrow
The existence of his being
Endure forever the shame

The torment that became his entity
Has now become his misery

Mind vision still the distress
Memories so painful
Images so dark

Heart wreak still the pain
Behavior so atrocious
Emotions so frigid

The introspection of his feelings
Will forever taunt him
Scars forevermore remind him
Retribution for his sins

Dalton J Brown II

Love And Pain

As she lay by the silent river,
gazing at the stars above;
listening to the sounds of darkness,
and the cries of people who are
without love.

A burning desire of passion rises
over her, as she reach into the night,
but no love is there, clenching her
hand as she squeeze the air, wondering at
the passing stars in the loneliness of
endless time, stumbling through the
corridors of her soul.

Her mind in a whirlwind drifts toward the
light shining from the moon. Begins to
query and reflect on the enigma of truth.
Trembling, taunted memories, nightmares
beckon within her. The still of darkness has
come to claim her, effervescent, ever present.

Out of depths silence, she hear the
echoes of his voice, it draws near;
it comes to blame her. Like a shadow,
it follows through her journey of life.
Drawing closer, so close now, it comes
to shame her. No escaping its emptiness,
nowhere to run.

Redemption is gone; its luster how faded.
her soul is now damned; her heart ever jaded.
The darkness is upon her and breeds cold
emotion. Hope, faith, and love; untemplated.
She lay here knowing, always knowing.
She is truly alone.

Dalton J Brown II

Melody Of Sin

The intoxicating taste of her kisses,
leave me so very breathless and weak.
Musically awaking from my slumber,
conducting my symphony of sleep.

I inhale deeply the tantalizing fragrant -
scent of a forbidden passionate lover.
Very lightly she caresses me, creating -
an orchestra of fantasies undercover.

Seducing me with her harmony of fire -
songs of touch dance across my skin.
An instrument and maestro together -
composing and playing, a melody of sin.

Dalton J Brown II

My Best Friend: In Memory Of Terry Johnson Beloved Father, Husband, And Son.

You died Jan.26,1996.

On that day, time had no begining and no end.

I never knew what a friend meant until then.

That accident should have never occurred.

Looking back now it all seems so blurred.

I wish that we all could have been together
on that day. You, Dayna, Denise and myself.

Laughing and joking in our usual way.

I often think about you and see your million
dollar smile. I think of the day when we will
meet again. Until that day comes, farewell

My Best Friend.

We never know the cards we are dealt.

When a loved one's eyes in death are closed,

How deep the hurt, God only knows;

For we're never really quite prepared...

To release the one whose life we've shared.

Birth is a beginning and death a destination.

Life is given and taken at some unknown time.

Your time came too soon.

Dalton J Brown II

Perplexity

The essence of her soul
Are distant and aloof
Affraid to reach out
And find the truth
Although brash and outspoken

Surely not a token
The exterior is a mask
Hiding a spirit that seems sad
What is the truth
About this enigma that is you

What is the reason
Your feelings aren't more exposed
This enigma, this woman
From whom life flows
I see an intelligent mind

Abundant with ideas
I feel a sorrow for a love
That is left unfulfilled, who is this spirit
That now exists quietly, but once lived life
So intensely so brightly

Dalton J Brown II

Poetic Dreams

What does the poet see, while producing poetic art? Thoughts and ideas expressed in words can touch the reader's heart. Great events and things of everyday life though sometimes, some are sad, perhaps in a poem, there may be found written words that can make one glad.

Poets play a skillful role, in teaching to express, the words imaginations speak, and feelings we suppress. They're people with a common bond, to reach the hearts of all, they help us open up our minds, and how to take a fall. Poets live the lines they write and dream.

Each word that is written, comes from the heart of a poet's dreams. After all a dream is pure mind. I as a poet believe we, in dreams, are in a more open minded state that allows us to be more receptive to new and even abstract ideas.

The poet decided what can be seen in words profound and true, and we are glad to have read the words that through time are always true. The poem you read, in that one special card one line in that poem, you felt so hard. So, as a poet of today, and those who've not been heard, I'm passing on this simple line, 'a poem's worth every word! '

Dalton J Brown II

Poetry: My Passage To Freedom

Born of the day I wrote it for you
Its pages unfolded are fresh and new
Read this with your heart
For it will disclose
The greatest story ever told...
A poem

Poetry is a way of life, an art form, nature's way of expressing its desires and feelings. Poetry which can be inscribed in one's mind for the rest of their life. We live and love poetry everyday of our lives. We pass poetry on from generation to generation not only because we like it, or believe it to be educational for our children, but because it is the building blocks of life; our way of escaping the stress and disappointment of daily life.

They are our dream that last forever in a moment and stays with us until we meet the hands of God. Poetry my passage to freedom, when the pen and paper make contact, the words begin to flow, It's like something in the depths of my heart is unlocked. And the demons of my soul unleashed, now free to soar. Free to speak its words without facing ridicule or criticism, free to dream its impossible dreams and fears.

I'd like for it to be free for life, to fly forever, but with the cruel world we live in, it's not possible. If we want to last, we must embrace ourselves no matter how dark and painful it may be with a hard, impermeable shells. But inside we are nothing more than soft and scared children, hoping to be accepted, praying to be loved. But when the pen and paper make contact, there are no ties strong enough to bound my soul to this world.

Poetry: My Passage to Freedom

Dalton J Brown II

Reality Of Love

Now I know you on light am
And each minute
I you breathe, you I live
Both in dream, and in a reality

No, nothing it is necessary to me from you
No, all that is wanted by I
Shadow on yours, having flashed ways
Some steps to pass

To pass.., not lifting eyes
To pass.., having left easy traces
To pass.., even time
On an edge of your destiny

Let, the absolutely short will be let
And sad seperation
Close from you to pass allow
And to remember a voice yours

You, now I know you on light am
And all of what is asked by I
Sunlight flash in a window
That's all, that is necessary for me

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Repose

The Death of our everyday lives!

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Requiem Of Dreams

I find you can get to know a person by what they dream, if they are willing to share. After all a dream is pure mind.

I also believe we, in dreams, are in a more open minded state that allows us to be more receptive to new and even abstract ideas of whatever kind.

But truly the personal ones, are a little bit of the
Soul of the Creator.

It satisfies the need to create, somehow belong, to say, in a sense, I am here, I am a part of this subconscious world.

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Solace

This pain of misery and torment
I can no longer embody

Soul angry desiring peace
Heart aches longing to be free

Mind wanders asking
What is my being

Is what I seek
Not of this earth

But in thy heaven
Am I to choose

Between life or death
Am I ! ! !

Dalton J Brown II

The Eyes Of A Woman

The eyes of a woman, so full and so bright,
I look all around me and there is no comparable sight.
The eyes of a woman, in all its splendor and glory,
If you look close in them, they will tell you a great story.
The eyes of a woman, so proud and strong,
She'll let you know not to do her wrong.
The eyes of a woman, so rich and so proud,
She can put her man upon a cloud.
The eyes of a woman, so tastefully done,
God knew what he was doing, for they are as pretty
As a Bright Morning Sun.

Dalton J Brown II

This Is How Love Grows

This is the way that love grows:

It starts out small and unsure unfolding its power in an image pure, It knows not of hate and fear through fire and storm, a beacon ever clear. Untainted, tender a petal all alone growing in life's garden among the thorns it must roam.

But this is the way that love knows:

Not by thought and wisdom of years but laughter in moonlight, whispers of hope, many forgiving tears. For wise is the spirit in such a soul, not known for itself, but two auras of a whole.

And these are the seeds that love sow:

Small as a presence harvesting strength as they grow true to themselves, but never alone. They become a peaceful passage of each day our hearts can know. I love you not only because I will it.

I love you because all things tell me to. In music, I hear the melody of your voice. In the flowers, I see your gentleness And smell your fragrance. In the breeze, I feel your soft breath. In the relentless waves of the ocean, I hear your name over and over. In everything soft I touch, I feel your hand. I look at other faces and all are blank, And I fill in yours. Everything around me is infused with your spirit.

My pillow always waits for your soft hair, to settle against my face. I do not think of you with unbridled passions that masquerade as love. I think of you with the purity of your whole being, And as all things tell me to. Everyday of my life, morning or night, You are my light.

What can I do? My world revolves around you. Wish to have your dreams and schemes as mine, Not part, but all of the time. My days are blue, If not hearing from you. Whether wrong or right, You are my delight. No one makes me feel as you do. Just want to see this through. I want my dream to come true. I want to be with you. I want to be in your life. I want you to be me my wife.

And that is how love grows!

Dalton J Brown II

This Is One Of Those Nights

This is one of those nights, one of those nights.
Unspoken poetry lingers in the thick night air.

This is one of those nights, one of those nights.
I search the stars to understand the light in darkness.

This is one of those nights, one of those nights.
I listen to fire and hear symphonies in silence.

This is one of those nights, one of those nights.
I touch the mountain to feel the earth move in stillness.

This is one of those nights, one of those nights.
I breathe fresh waters for scents of moisture in dry air.

This is one of those nights, one of those nights.
I savor the winds to taste the seasoning of calm.

This is one of those nights, I alone get to escape
to a world of my own, a place that I love, a poetic universe that is all me...

This is one of those nights.

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Yours

Yours are the eyes that shine
And light up my spirit

Yours are the lips that smile
And bring sunshine to my universe

Yours are the arms that comfort
And keep me feeling loved

Yours are the hands that hold
The key to my heart, mind and soul

Dalton J Brown II