

Poetry Series

Jimmy Walker
- poems -

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Jimmy Walker()

Ashes & Memory

There was a light dusting today...
scattered your ashes
wind blew away your spirit
But left me with
Memories of you

There was a wind swept memorial
Your ashes
floating into nothingness
but your memory
settled in my heart.

There was a moment
that I felt your spirit
beneath my feet.

Jimmy Walker

Obscurity

I'm amazed
at the many things to see
Looking around me
 the visions
 within
Without
To know..the realm
 of observation
with clearer eyes
That see
Past
Obscurity
 what shadows lie in the darkness
struggling
 to be seen
in other forms
than dreams
 I am amazed
 By what my mind conceives
 what my heart
 believes

Jimmy Walker

Poet In A World Of Misbelief

Honor the word
struck by pen on paper
tying together the reasons
Of love
 seasons built on hope
 wisdom dangling
 to a thin rope
Mastering the line
in meter
Not necessarily rhyme

I am looking for the farther corner
beyond the reaches of grasp
fear disappears from moment
to moment existence
where silence crosses over
the border-lined by pain
stained by grief
what is to be seen as truth
what is truth beyond belief?

Which road is the path
of our journeying
 Does the eye plot the
course
does the vision steer our way
does night separate the moments
 having experiences
within light of day?

Or still are we the clay
molded house of desecration
That houses more than words
Thoughts or feelings
Seeking peace & relief

Oh word that falls from thought
to page/rages a fire and burns
a memory

into our souls reaching for
Truth.....
truth as we believe.

Jimmy Walker

Tourist

I

I'm a tourist
In your grand old city
Look around canals & water ways
Did you find my bicycle
I left floating here years ago
Or the boom box I use to play?
Never mind the tea leaves in the tin cup
I drank those up.

II

I 'm a tourist in your grand old city
Dodging bullets
Where chalk marks up the sidewalks
Did you find my gun in your sewers
Or my grafitti pen I used
To mark up the walls of City Hall?
Never mind the tea leaves in the old tin cup,
I drank those up.

III

I'm a tourist in your grand old city
Walking up and down your halls
Did you find my Congressman I voted for
Hiding in the closet
At the Washington Mall?
Did his voice & votes matter at all?
Never mind the tea leaves
I've read the writing
On the wall.

Jimmy Walker