

Poetry Series

Jo Anna Bella Bennerson
- poems -

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Jo Anna Bella Bennerson()

Jo Anna Bella, Poet at Heart resides in Maryland and has had her poems published in several anthologies. She is currently, working toward completing her first published book, Calypso's Longing, a Woman's Odyssey of Love, to be published later this year.

Jo Anna was born in Brooklyn, New York and grew up in St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands as Jo Anna Bennerson aka 'Jo Jo' and 'Style', attending St. Joseph's High School where she was 'Miss Joseph's'.

Calypso's Longing

Longing to capture you. Inside Me. Pouring your manhood into my eternity.

Oceans of turbulent emotions swelling up upon my shores.

Native creeks, plunging rivers rushing to engulf your sanity.

Grasping at your Achilles' tendon, hoping to find some cure.

Inspired by your burnt, sun-drenched skin moistened in my femininity.

Nsily suckling your buoyant strength through seeps in my core -

Gallantly rescuing my stalked heart - inside the fort - poised for the next Victory!

Jo Anna Bella Bennerson

Catastrophe

Could there be...are there any survivors?
Must target the roving bands of liars, thieves, loiterers.
What phenomenon garnered such abject devastation?
What ungodly creature dismembered God's own creation?

Ravenous rivers raging, onerous oceans oscillating,
malicious mountains moving, dangerous dams deteriorating.
Stalwart walls crumbling, bruised lips swollen,
tired eyes blackened, ardent spirits broken.

Who can survive this? If only
I had another wish....even if the damage weren't enough,
There's disease now, there's hunger –
everything is blessed with a curse!

Catastrophe - hurricane, typhoon, hardened lava,
tornado, gale force winds, tsunami, flooded areas,
Nauseous pillars, clouds of smoke,
frozen terrain; dying memories, crippled hope.

Heartwarming homes once stock full of love
stuck beneath acres of grudging mud.
Cherished temples honoring gifts from above,
floating; splintered in the muck of the flood.

Collapsing lungs, choked off by reeking fumes.
Battered arms, hustling to earth/unearth tombs.
Rescue squads lost, wandering aimlessly without a clue.
Hangers-on; praying, grieving, expecting whom?

One day Troy, the Philippines, Louisiana, Mt. Vesuvius,
one day, Montserrat, the Virgin Islands, Florida, Honduras.
Entrapment, middle passage, slavery,
confinement, loss lineage....*HUMANITY! *

How do I start over?
Is there enough fresh water to cleanse my wounds?
Where do I start, to put it all back together?
Who is this eternal name, throughout the ages, called Noah?

Catastrophe. What a coy, sensuous term
to express how our lives have been overturned.
What discipline, what inlay of strategy/ systems
will rescue me from the land of the condemned?

So like the life spent loving him,
So like the hurricane thrashed the light within.
So like the flood wrestled with the wind,
So like the tornado triumphs in sin.
So like the avalanche crushed my heart,
So like the volcano burned away every spark.
So like the typhoon ripped my vessel apart,
So like he scurried away so my demise could start.

Catastrophe.
So much loss, untold misery, forever agony...
All because - I chose... to love somebody.
How did the world turn on me?

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Josephine Is Her Name.

Josephine is her name.
She stuns you like Lady Holiday.
Not quite as outrageous as her namesake,
La Parisian, Josephine Baker.
NO! don't you approach her, the same
for you see, she's been anointed "Queen".
Men are quickly tamed for she executes fakers.

Josephine is her name
and does not simply imply, merely suggest,
instead "Josephine" radiantly manifests – Royalty.
And royalty marches on,
whether in the fiefdoms of Brooklyn,
or in the splendor of the Caribbean sun.
Her actions are too strong for mild terms like sin.

Josephine lives her name.
She carries trunks of jewels, clothes and shoes.
She's vocal! She's visual! She's regal!
Josephine lives fully, she need not impress you
but she does and you're consumed with it.
Her walk alone entraps men and diminishes women.
God rejoices in her – her voice, her presence, all too big – perfectly fit.

Josephine is her name
and she won't be confined to your 'french' prison.
Her kiss erases all emotions you've ever known before.
She comes so that sensations transform into seasons.
Poor Duke Clifford felt the sting of her lore.
Slaying the one whom objected that Josephine's name
was exclaimed at the impromptu moment.

Or so the legend goes
for Josephine is her name
and many myths, realities convene to create, embellish
the story but the glory is hers alone.
No offspring can rise to the challenge
whether nurtured or nourished, too overpowered.
All planets to her spectacular sun, they cometh.

Josephine is her name.
Too beautiful in youth to be shy, embarrassed by it.
Too willful with age to succumb to it.
Look if you want with admiring eyes
as did the island governor or neon city hustlers.
Crave her desires for your own, if you wish.
Do you have that built in "Josephine" to deal with it?

Josephine transcends her name
whether you pronounce it with a European, New York or Crucian accent.
She reads avidly, she sews...some say she prays
for the life we never knew she lived inside,
inside herself, her crowded apartment, her ancestral home.
They say while she was everyone's desire, she lived alone.

But Josephine is her name
so when you graced her palace with your entourage,
she served feasts surely prepared by chefs.
As fine garments laced her furniture, in her realm
a party materialized while your ego got massaged.
So you never wanted to leave
but like cancer under "chemo" pressure, you knew when to get out!
Still your mental senses crave what you once devoured,
craving it still now, in your body throughout.

JOSEPHINE...Josephine is her name.

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Love Me Now

Let your heart be free.
Open your pores, so the stale sweat come forth.
Vary the images your mind sees.
Ease into my arms, forget the hurt.

My feelings may be new but they're true,
Every part of my mind, body, and soul
 craves the essence of you.

No need to be logical, asking when, why, who?
One more chance God and I have given you.
Will you waste or treasure it?
 It's up to you!

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Most Astonishing – The Spirit Of Life

Most Astonishing, the love you have for me,
securing us in this well placed spot of the galaxy.
I cling to their man-made modern technology,
to the 4-billion mile away photo that sealed it for me.

They say, it's DUST, that ray of illumination
way above, far below, embracing both sides of Earth.
Why then is no such phenomenon associated with the other planets?
Are rocks, metals, ice, gas and yes dust, all they're worth?

Childlike me, sings, 'He's got the whole world in his hands",
but you argue that's not God, or our secured link to heaven.
Then, may I suggest it's The Spirit of Life, our 6 billion plus human energy
and all the energy of those gone and yet to come? The Earth's enlivened!

Put in the zen aura of the trees and animals and protoplasm, too.
For with the evidence of the fixed orbits, the sun's magnetism,
the earth's working internal furnace, a moon to tide and numerous clues,
I find it most astonishing LOVE, my GOD, designed the world with such precision!

Jo Anna Bella
Poet at Heart
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Service Destiny

"...I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind,
and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

Emancipation Proclamation

Abraham Lincoln

These words are not confined to a limited space and time,
rather they must govern every human venture sought.
It requires volcanic pressure to withstand the force of closed minds,
for every thought and syllable pronounced is fiercely fought.
Even bludgeoned, shot, despised; Righteousness is deemed your fault.
There is no rapid glory; no declaration made in the nick of time.
The truth of the ages ruptures through the ligaments of your heart.
Scripted words declare rebellion denied, throughout harmoniously written lines.
Does your fellow citizen believe in political art?
Will he frame your proclamation as evidence, as a sign
for the world to see that you never destined to harbor war?
How soon after the FIRST will humans finally bind
into the glorious brotherhood sanctioned by God?
Invoke, if you can, the considerate judgment of mankind.
Pray, that the gracious favor of Almighty God
will surround you throughout the annals of time.
For DESTINY, herself, eternally free, shall never be caught!

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Worldwide

I stretch my love wide,
You descend upon my thighs.
The earth shakes, I sigh.

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