

Poetry Series

my Words my song
- poems -

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my Words my song()

American Dream

Who came up with that theme, the American Dream?
Because the american dream is far and few in between
For people like me, trying to rise above the bathtub scumline
of Poverty.

This so called american dream it seems should be a reality
for each and every individual that comes to be.

Favoritism stifles and the stench of greed rifles through
the veins of the priviledged, unfeeling and unconcerned.

Yet when the muddled masses huddle and seek a revolutionary
rebuttal will the elitists start sensing the burn.

The burn for equality, where every child has the option to be a scholar
for the sake of humanity, not just for the dollar.

Watch, listen and be heard, this american dream scheme is completely
Absurd

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At Winter's Door

Soft leaves float gently carpeting your path as we strolled in the Fall, when you fell into my arms of wanting.

Like a lifting gentle breeze that swirled amongst the leaves you whispered a warm love upon my ear, which is inclined to hear your soft echoes.

Standing hand in hand one woman, one man, hoping by some circumstance we radiate as the Sun. Shining force of light ignites hearts embered with passion as sun slowly sets on the venture.

We pass over the evening still tingling with the seasoning of an autumn time. We cuddle our cups of cocoa and wait breathlessly while we knock on winter's door.

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Bread

Whose bread is this?

Sliced and prepackaged, fresh and neat; is it for you or me to eat?

In whose domain claims this whole wheat grain?

I saw it first and what's worse is you didn't seem to care until you saw
the twist-tie laying over there.

I relinquish and let you have the first slice; what wasn't nice my friend
was leaving me the butted end of the loaf, you ravenous oaf.

Whose bread was this?

my Words my song

Christmess

Christmess

by mywords mysong

Confusion over the holiday.

Lights, trees, parties, cards, presents, Happy Holidays or Merry Christmas? People are confused about this whole Christmas thing. Supposedly it signifies JESUS CHRIST'S birthday whereas HE entered into the world. However; theologians and scholars alike would argue that HE was not born in December and certainly (if you could discern from the reading of HIS actual birth place and time) it was not a wintry season. So that myth of the 25th is smashed right there.

The wise Ms Jen pointed out some interesting points about the holiday traditions; ie, the decorating of the trees, Santa Claus, mistletoe, and candy canes all of which have nothing to do with CHRIST, (except the symbolic candy canes) . Of course, Christmas is a magical time for families to come together for sharing and fellowship. Churches use this occasion to introduce to non believers the SON of GOD from a biblical viewpoint. As far as i have read, JESUS didn't celebrate HIS birthday (at least there is no record that i know of) and HIS life was a living testament of how believers should conduct themselves. Everything HE did or said HE attributed it to HIS FATHER, never taking credit for anything or glorifying HIMSELF before GOD. Therefore it is my belief HE didn't actually celebrate HIS birthday, (like we celebrate our own birthdays, except me) and that HE didn't mean for HIS birth to be more significant than HIS death and resurrection.

When believers take communion at church, they do so in remembrance of HIS death and subsequent resurrection. It may seem morbid to celebrate a person's death even if it is of the KING of KINGS; however had HIS death not been so, there would be no redemption for man. There is rumoured that supposedly a jewish influence created this Dec 25th birthday for purely retail purposes. What better way to soften hearts to spend money, than to have a saviour's birthday party? I believe the gift giving of Christmas was inspired by the fact that the wise men beared gifts to the baby KING, thus we give each other gifts.

Yet, if Christmas surely is HIS birthday, why are we giving gifts to each other and not HIM? Gifts to HIM in the form of helping, feeding and sheltering our

people in need and not just at Christmas time. It's easy to be in the 'giving' mood during some specific time of the year, but that mood is long gone after the holiday cheer is over. Celebrities and politicians use Christmas as photo ops; portraying to the public their 'good will' towards fellow man. So the question remains; why do we celebrate Christmas and how should we celebrate it? I feel that for those who believe in the risen saviour, do use this occasion to celebrate HIS birth along with all the other christmas hoopla. Then you have those who could care less about a christ and merely celebrate because it's a festive, traditional thing to do.

I don't believe GOD cares that much whether believers or otherwise celebrate HIS birth with holiday traditions like the ones previously mentioned however; i KNOW he wants us to incessantly recall if not celebrate, HIS death. So as for me and my house, we celebrate CHRIST without the mas.

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Friends

Seven letters makes 'friends' divine

i was meant to be your friend, you were meant to be mine

will you end being my friend or will our friendship last until the end?

Seven letters say it, without words our relationship portrays it, an

everlasting bind and still then.....

Friends

my Words my song

God Blew On A Snowflake...

GOD blew on a snowflake and blanketed New York

Unleashed a blizzard of epic proportions; a snow storm

Completely uncorked

Cars covered, shrubbery smothered, New Yorkers muttered

because the city was unprepared

Traffic stopped, emergency vehicles locked, leaving residents feeling stranded and scared

Could you imagine snow stacked 6ft high which exploded from the sky in an arctic blast

Froze the Apple to a complete halt; a city that's used to moving so fast

So many angles of stories will be reported, officials trying to explain what they simply couldn't begin to contain and GOD is still to be exhorted, when HE blew HIS breath on a snowflake and made a city shake

How did i become such an expert witness minute by minute?

Cause there is a place called Bed Stuy Brooklyn New York and i

was in it ! !

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Just A Dash

Here Lies J. Human 1917-1963*

The dash in between is the life that was seen.

Two dates signify the start and finish of a life heard.

With so much in a life the dash resembles the words; that described the laughter, the loves, heartache, sorrow and pain.

Discernment of seasons, heat, cold and rain.

The quality of existence here is a rich photo flash

Yet with all it's fullness gets summed up with a dash

my Words my song

More Change

Obama's campaign slogan.

Well change is slow in coming in the political arena, and may never happen for the so called middle class and lower either. Not significant measurable change, like what needs to happen during these still recessed days of this nation. We bail out numerous corporations whom have seemingly gone back to their squandering ways, there are new credit card scams cropping up with pay vendors whom are linked with banks, and the list goes on. So my question is why does Washington still waste so much money on things like pardoning a turkey for Thanksgiving?

Some ridiculous tradition of picking some turkey from some other state, mind you; flying it to Washington, bedding it in a five star hotel overnight and for what? Just to be 'pardoned' the next day as the nation's way of recognizing Thanksgiving! Stop wasting money on that foolishness. Then you have the christmas tree being flown in from some other state to serve as the nation's recognition of Christmas. All these silly, costly traditions at the expense of the taxpayers whom simply can't afford extravaganzas for the sake of show.

I thought this presidential administration in this country of America was about real change. Well, in my opinion 'real' change starts with the fundamental dismantling of unnecessary costly traditions performed by this nation. The argument may be of sentimental value for a lot of folks to continue these mundane practices, but who really benefits from it? Certainly not the taxpayer who has to work everyday, and therefore will probably miss one of these ceremonial blips anyway. If we are in such financial straits why is Washington still wasting money? Why is it that it seems to be so much energy put towards so much that has so little to do with so many? We had all better wake up before this government bankrupts us all. I'm not just talking about the current administration i'm talking about this style of government period. People that are already poor don't have much to lose.

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Poetic Appreciation

Thank you all for taking time to read my script

Some well thought out, some straight from the hip

And the pen slides back and forth from the loosening
and tightening of my grip on the end, your comments
you pen about my lines make me grin.

Thank you for your view and from some of you poetic
quips i laughingly ensue as my muse.

For my words you all have not refused and I'm thankful
it is my prose to read you choose. Much Love

TRP.....

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Poetry By Numbers Series I

One wish two dreams 3 promises four schemes 5 glances

six sights 7 depths eight lengths 9 heights

10 ignites.....

my Words my song

Powerful Words

Such power in words from substantive to absurd, in an instant; with a few strokes on the keys

can bring kings to their knees with resistance.

Once a word reaches print irrevocable after sent, with a purpose.

To elude or deceive, give love, possess power or greed on the surface.

Deep behind the mind from a sense of willful find a new horizon

From the plant that springs forth lipid pools of discourse words soon die in

Words are seldom felt in time before the written script of lines stop short

Yet with amusement and some confusion end report

my Words my song

Prayers For The Day

Thank you Lord for this day
Thank you for allowing me to pray

Thank you for the SON you gave
Who lost HIS life in order to save

I praise YOU for the life i live
I praise YOU for all the blessings you give

I hope to one day see YOUR face
To dwell with YOU in YOUR holy place

JESUS said 'Suffer the little children to come unto me'
'So that they may have life more abundantly'

JESUS gave HIS life so we could live
Along with HIS love what else could he give?

HE said, 'I am the Truth and Light of the world'
For HE loves every man, woman, boy and girl

From the manger in Bethlehem to the cross on Calvary
HIS mission in life was to make us free

HIS body is gone, yet HIS spirit stays
JESUS said, 'Lo, I'm with you always'

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Return

A vast wasteland of wanting envelopes a planet of fear.

From the dry crumbling crust of anonymity, breaks through gray monstrous mountains of mongering might, that loom over a deep azuric ocean of hope.

It's waters ebb and tide upon the shoreline of salvation, revealing puddles of piety, poverty and grief. Above this shore is nestled the sturdy dock of love; thatched together by eternal ropes.

Behind this dock stands a saviour's Lighthouse, its beam of light beckons to the childrens' vessels tossed about the seas. It waits anxiously like a mother hen for her brood, whom have gone out into the grassy fields plundering and foraging for food.

The fleeing fleet head for the shoreline but mountains of might began to crumble into the ocean, causing a groundswell of pain underwater that soon becomes a tsunami of despair above ground; threatening to capsize the floundering ships.

Some fall victim to the rocks of wrath, splintering their boats like an axeman splitting wood for the fire. Others are engulfed by the gulping treacherous tides that drench their tattered sails.

Yet the ones whom held fast to the anchor of promise manage to avoid or withstand the catastrophic calamities. Their conquering compasses set on wisdom's North and sail towards home.

my Words my song

Since Before

Before the dawn of the very First Light

Against pervading darkness somehow full

Present and contained with a turbulent lift

The past, the present, the future its' blight

From heavens spirits transcend and pull

Out of seemingly nothing supplanted animation, a gift

To experience raw footage, interactive lesson

Of a time that once was, now is, and yet to be

Yet with no record of before captured in video

We sorted through existence with love and aggression

Seeking to find a solution or not caring to see

No written record to prove it, you just have to KNOW

Compelled by pity, suppressed in ignorance we forge on

Piling up history can't reverse the trend you see, but wait

A chance was given a redemption to accept

Down to the wire the story is now fullfold and quickly gone

Look no further for solutions of this world and its locked gate

Fill your mind with no regrets and walk through non suspect

my Words my song

Sleep.. (Zzz)

Sleep

What happens when you sleep, I mean that real deep sleep?

Where are you then? That unconscious lipid pool of non active thoughts swirling without rhythm or

rhyme or purpose. So how do you know where you are? You could be amongst the stars where

the celestial lights flicker and fizzes and whirls and quasars blast past the two mooned Mars. How

do you know you haven't been headlocked in Bangkok or in some prison cell straight from the

depths of Hell?

How do you know you're not being lowered into a crypt in Egypt

While 'round yonder wall ancient spirits whipped?

How do you know you're not embrowled in a meticulous tedious crawl

behind enemy lines in assurance and hoping to find the out?

You can imagine riding in a jeep in your sleep,

But how do you know it isn't really so?

Sleep

my Words my song

So You Think You'Re Free?

You've been taught since infancy
That born in America is being born free
So much omitted history abounds
Leaves us looking like clowns
From Every large degree

Secret orders in wide view
Have enslaved me and you
Imposed regulations and a subliminal mental curfew
Illusions hide the truth, skewered with ill repute
Of conspiracies and mysteries unsolved

Perhaps never will
'Enlightened' illuminati whose philosophy chops like karate
We're too ignorant to understand we were
Not included in the plan
Check the menu of today a new world order souffle
Even though we're stitched in tight at the seam

There is a way by which We can still be
Redeemed

my Words my song

Something

A vowel burst and dispersed from a cloud and landed in my hand and commanded me to stand. First shock then amused that me this vowel would choose. It lead me up a hill where collected letters live in search of a consonent. The guru of sentence not knowing what it meant to be sent; produced a consonent and with the vowel off we went. Running pass quotes, literary notes and unfinished poems and rhymes stopped on a dime. The letters pushed me back as they continued on track. They met around a pen and other letters started pouring in. They abbreviated my stance and hyphenated my glance; i heard a comma laugh as it danced past me, heading for the congregation of deeds. And i stood alone.

my Words my song

Sooner Than We Think

It's happening now. now is the time

Too many overt subliminal signs

Dont ignore the dread in store

Radiation is headed our way

Beheaded all one day, glowing without

Even knowing

Are you scared yet? Felt the stench of death

Suffocating your breath?

Not yet, sooner than you think.....

No worries don't scurry stop but keep going

Apathy steeped in misguided showing

We still don't get it.....what happens anywhere

We split it...sooner than we want...

Apocalyptic taunt is breathing on our necks

Entire villages shipwrecked what pattern will spin

Towards a crucial end.....sooner than we thought

my Words my song

To Live A Haiku

Once i choose to live

my mind lives and suddenly

life is worth living

my Words my song

What

One struck a pen strike construct
Don't amount too much
Three times i bent my vertical intent
To destruct, no such thing as luck
From a mind's eye an eagle fly
Lower than the depths of the valley
Six times it's swan song seemed wrong
as it lifted towards a mountainous high
soaring seven steep steps towards eternity

my Words my song

With This Pen....

I pronounce words and i man and wife.

Not for the sake of this poem but before, during and after my life.

The Original WORD that spake my existence and placed in me the love for verse; calculated, articulated, sometimes rehearsed.

I never hesitate to dance with my linguistic mate as we gravitate towards our common theme.

I am the sculptor of word infused schemes and she is the breath and soul in between.

Words, my eternal queen

my Words my song

Woman

Statuesque with flair and finesse,
you glow with a radiant smile, like a lone candle in
a cathedral of style. High and lifted up, graceful yet fully grounded
From the crown of a jewelled head, down to hips fully rounded

With air and flow so soft to behold, melts ice with raging fires,
freezes hearts more solid than gold. With supple, gentle whispers
causing tidal waves of emotions your devotion is to be full of
Love explicitly

It is your place in this human race to give joy, get joy, be moved
and move to a purer understanding.

Through you life began, and from that point led to an end, yet remain
the mystery of human history that she is intricately intertwined in.....

Woman

my Words my song

You Name It

Magnanimous proportions of infinitesimal infinity served on the dawn beyond
eternity still.

my Words my song