

FERTILIS

In the Winter, when I am bare;
Rising high into the air...

After an adorably colorful Fall;
I hold my head and still stand tall...

Weathering storms;
In skeletal form...

Freezing nights;
Days of fright...

Waiting patiently for the Spring;
When nests on me begin to sing...

Lush green coat blowing in the wind;
For Summer is here to begin again...

To Touch Society

To touch society with my being and feel it in my soul;
explore every aspect, from pole to pole.

Walk the streets, or go to a park;
contribute something positive to make my mark.

Hang-out with some friends, party and talk;
visit my family and sit on the porch after its dark.

Meet someone special; window shop at a mall;
go to a movie, ahh just do it all.

Swim in the vast blue ocean, or run down a sandy beach;
bathe in the golden sun while gulls soar and screech.

Drive down the avenue, feel the wind in my face;
blow my horn at a pretty girl, appealing to my taste.

Watch the children running and ripping;
blasting my music, with a brew just sipping.

See the chicken frying in the pan;
eat my favorite foods umm, ah man.

Sleep in my own bed, oh what a delight;
touching society, even the dream is A L R I G H T !

B I G Sentence

Words that are easy on my ears, it appears that my pronunciation maybe wrong, so my fears to speak the eloquence I seek can never be obtained if I remain the same and do not change the frame of mind that causes me to be misunderstood, confined to the hood, doing little, or no good to better the conditions for me and my son, or the generation to come, just hum drum and mephitic, better off to just quit it, because the tenacious speaker is not bought--words are vehicles of his thoughts, one intangible the other in frangible but both are manageable when not persiflage by sounds that camouflage the meaning, or bug me with hugger mugger, sucker definitions and stymie perception with alexithymia because the cacograghy lacks stylography and gives horripilation followed by the inclination to pursue silence even develop a misoneism where phoneyism takes the form of a word written or heard.

B O R N

I came into this world not crying aloud;
The son of mistake not parents staring proud.

He ran away, she chose to stay;
There is no happiness on this birth day.

For him my conception was a moment of pleasure;
For her I became her most valued treasure.

Suffering, misery, struggle and strife;
These are the play-things of my life.

Just another Black baby to die in the street;
Where the game is played and where mothers weep.

Is Poetry

Inspiration to give?

Free flowing expressions of the life we live.

Motivation to rise from our past;

A present to share, a future to last and last.

Configuration of deep thought;

The clearest human knowledge that experiences brought.

Vibrations that you and I can feel;

Words from the heart to make the world more real.

Exploration of inner meanings so spilled souls;

To reveal whats concealed in ways that hits-n-holds

Sensations that reaches the depths of our being;

Crystallizing plights, opening eyes and seeing.

Recitation... Communication... Imagination...

Manifestation... elevation... Above and beyond

Realization to enlightenment and creation...

Creation... That's what poetry is:

Creation; sounds reverberation into creation.