

POEMS FOR JOUJOU

I Am

I'm the breath of life into a mound of dust,
I'm the cool air that rustles the leaves as the wind gusts.
I'm the last piece of sand that falls in the hour glass,
I'm the harsh teacher testing first with the lesson last.
I'm the goosebumps you feel when you catch that sensation,
I'm the light bulb the stroke of genius the sole inspiration.
I'm the truth that you hope you never have to see,
I'm the one with nothing but greatness in his pedigree.
I'm the baby's first cry and the elder's last laugh,
I'm the CEO, the President, and all the rest of the staff.
I'm the question, the answer, the subject, the prose,
I'm the cons that are there to balance out the pros.
I'm the heat check when the aim is on fire,
I'm the one that you dread and the one that you desire.
I'm the just defendant and the crooked prosecuting attorney,
I'm the beginning of the quest and the end of the journey.

Trumpet Vine

In many way life is like a trumpet vine.
A vine that can grow and grow and grow.
Given adequate terrain it can thrive.
In full bloom its flowers are magnificent.
The color so vibrant it can be the envy of others.
You may perchance see hummingbirds flock to feast on its sweet nectar.
Its ability to thrive and grow is a feat of nature in it of itself.
However this is its gift and its curse.
For it is up to the gardener to tame the vine.
The vine can nurture itself on the basis of sustaining.
But if left unattended its roots will spread.
Before long it can destroy the vegetation in its path.
The vines growing tall taking over buildings and trees.
It's roots travel far to claim more territory.
Before long the same feat of beauty is a ravage beast of a plant.
Its shoots are everywhere and the task to tame it seems near impossible.
For this plant there are no limits.
It is up to the gardener to control the plant.
Its lush flowers are the surface reward but the stalk and limbs wreak the havoc.
In many ways life is like a trumpet vine.
There are many aspects of our lives if not controlled can wreak havoc.

For some there are no limits and ultimately pushed to the fatal limit.
Are you the vine or are you the gardener?

The World is Warming

The world is warming the water's rising,
The time is now no compromising,
Green new deals and global climate action,
We need radical policy not plastic bag taxin'.

The world is warming the water's rising,
Can we withstand when the shore comes to reclaim the land?
Mankind a gift and a curse,
With all this tech the upper crust uses it to stuff coffers and purses.

The world is warming the water's rising,
I just married the love of my life,
Worried for the world a seed would enter from my wife,
A generation left us a planet that need renovations.

The world is warming the water's rising,
We're experiencing one of the greatest mass extinctions,
Beware our numbers could rival the death tolls seen by President Lincoln,
Let it sink in, it's a real fear that got me thinking.

The world is warming the water's rising,
They cutting up the earth's lungs down in Brazil,
Oklahoma quaking from greed as they drill baby drill,
The Caribbean cries when hurricane season comes to a still.

The world is warming the water's rising,
We can shift the tides by revolutionizing,
Break the chains capitalism put on us,
The time is now before we return to the dust.

Unconditional

The words to describe the love my mom had for me is hard to describe.
Like, when a mother loves their child they will move heaven and earth for them.
Her love was warm like an August evening with a relieving breeze.
Her love was strong like an elephant in its majesty and sheer power.
Her love was swift like a dolphin gliding through an ocean's current.
Her love was sacred like the reverence we have for our Creator.
Her love was patient like the kind only a mother can have for their child.
Her love was pure never faked never forced.
Her love was consistent she was always no less than a phone call away.
Her love was nurturing, giving me the ability to stand up in this world.
Her love was revolutionary, a black woman raising children against all the odds.
Her love was radiant everyone and anyone could sense her spirit.
Her love was true never a doubt about how she felt for you.
Her love was special there are not many people like that in this cold world.
Her love lives on through me and any person she touched in her life.