

Poetry Series

devon da poet
- poems -

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Like A Wild Fire

Like a wild fire you've gone astray so many times, running away from the truth.
You believe in yourself, that's great, but there are more to life than self-approval.
All I desire is that you think a bit harder, try to discover the inner man.
There's someone way more significant, someone you can know more about if
only you take the time to understand him better.
He is waiting, he is knocking, and he is calling your name.
He wants to be a part of you again.

□

Like a wild fire, you've burned your way through the great hills of denial.
Rejecting the one that you once knew.
In your own pursuit for success and good name, you've abandoned the great
one.
He longs for restoration, but only if you insist.
If the rain didn't fall yesterday, how closer could you have arrived to achieving
those mighty goals of yours?
And if the sun has ceased to out pour its rays of light what food would you have
eaten to survive through those nights?
In your own strength, you're nothing but emptiness.
Your courage is feeble without the inner man.

Like a wild fire your heat have melted away all that were good in you.
Now you walk as a vagabond. Just like a scavenger you strive to devour the rot
and dead.
Like a viper your aims are of malice.
You have adopted new practices.
As you burn the tree of life in you, you become more and more reprobate
Your mind has been infected with strife and hate.
You don't love and appreciate the inner man any more.

A great man falls and get back up on his feet
A greater man stands up and face his disasters
To fight against a wild fire you must pick up your extinguisher.
It's the only way you can escape.
When your heart begins to pour out huge gusts of smoke.
Just cover your nostrils and flee from it.
For a wild fire never give up so easily.
When you prepare to fight also prepare to struggle, with the intents of triumph.
For those with a warrior spirit will overcome even the hottest obstacles.

devon da poet

Lily And Rose

Lily and rose are two of a kind,
They're both so very beautiful.
I met lily at the parking lot
And rose near the shopping mart.
They were both in full bloom!
I love lily and I love rose,
I wonder if that's a bad thing.
If I got to choose from them both,
I'll do it with my eyes closed.
Rose your petals are worth fantasizing on.
Lily your sepals are admirable.
The very first time I've seen you rose, I couldn't help it but stare.
Your shape and curves are like diamonds.
You glitter in every way.
Your redness are like crimson.
Your smell is redolent.
Ready you are rose.
I can see with me you want to stay.
Lily I don't want you to be lonely anymore,
I'm here to rescue you from you despair.
You take pleasure in the way you portray yourself.
There's leisure in your posture.
Lily if I say you're a flower, it's just an understatement,
But if you really were, I wouldn't let you wither.
There's a lot of nectar in your heart lily,
And I'm thirsty like a bee.
Lily, thou art my love!
I need you and you need me.
Lily and rose I need a bouquet of.
If only I can have this much.
But just you two are good enough.
I'm content with what I got.

devon da poet

Lioness

Golden uniform, neatly compiled
Vigilant eyes, ears of great size
Sharp white teeth: canine and incisors
Nostrils are small but can scent from miles
Paws of a warrior; nails of razor
A roar of terror alerts the transgressor
Swift and patient: slow to attack
Aggressive and progressive no turning back
Ancient adoration: blood of royalty
Indifferent to defense is an abnormality
Unity with a lion; the love you comprise
A kind of woman i entice

A lazy, ole lion but a good companion:
I love you woman you're good to rely on.
I can sleep and rest and eat what you tackled
Food in the nest you set an example
Awake me in your trouble: your bodyguard
Edible rebels running out of gods
How can i be humble, I'm the king of the jungle
Mark my territory or suffer the scars
A king nurture his queen and aim for the stars
A peace keeper: the starter of wars
This lion love you princess,
This lion adore you empress,
The strength of a lion,
The courage of a lioness.

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Living Water

Alive in the midst of the deep;
I feel like an ocean
When my heart starts to weep;
I'll flood a whole nation
But you won't drown;
'cause you're a good diver
Though my tear drops rise high, you'll be a survivor
Water can only devour rebellious people
Like 'Noah and the Arc' you listen to my heart
Why are we still single, let's be wet couples?
A nice moment to mingle, we'll dry up in the yacht
The first time I saw you, I knew you were mine
The sun was in my eyes; someone wanted me blind
That's why I love the water; I did pray for the rain
But if it showers forever, we'll be soaked all up again
Life in the wet; I feel like the liquid man
Ain't no terminator could deter this mission
As the wind blows, my love goes to and fro
But ain't no wavering; I'm consistent, I'm secure
Now all we got are a canoe and a pair of oar
I'm the living water; you'll sail on me as I flow

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Lord I Worship You

Lord I worship You with every part of me
My spirit part, my soul and the carnal me
Lord I worship You with every aspect of me
I worship You the way you art to be
I'm as humble as a sheep, I need You desperately
Yea, but I ain't weak, there's a Lion living on the inside of me
I worship You formally not casually
Lord I worship You professionally, its like I need a suit
I'll broadcast You internationally
I think I need recruits
Lord Jesus Christ I give You my all
I'll even worship You naked like David did
And don't think i'm being lewd
Remember what happened to Michal
Lord I worship You for who You are and not for what I want You to be
I worship you for what You've done
And not what You can do for me
I worship you because your word is irrefutable, and capable, and reliable
Lord I worship You because You're able
And I write your name upon my label because I'm a product of you
Lord I worship You in spirit and in truth
I worship you with all my heart, with all my soul, and all my might
Lord, I worship you tonight
And when the morning light
I'll still be on my knees
Not physically!
My spiritual knees
And if I fall asleep o Lord awake me please
'cause my flesh tends to stray from what my spirit needs
Lord I worship you like I'm just about to fight battle
But I've already won the war
'cause you're my mantle
I worship you Lord 'cause you cover me like the wings of an eagle
And I won't depend on meat nor milk 'cause You're my cattle
Lord to You I'm humble and submissive
And I wont mumble or fumble
When you ask me to give...
You worship
'cause to worship you I live

And Lord, I prepare my heart for the upcoming obstacles
'cause I cannot only rely on the grace you gave
'cause faith without works is dead
Lord, to me, everyday is Sunday
I worship You seven days a week
And Lord before I end this poem
I thank You that I'm meek...
And receptive
So I can fully listen to your voice when You speak
And receive...
My full blessings even when the devil is pressing at his peak
Lord I give worship where worship is due
Lord Jesus Christ I worship You.

devon da poet

Love Don't Get You Love

I loved but you loved not.
I'm hurt but you're hurt not.
But you would've been hurt if I've only loved not
So I guess I loved to be loved not.□
I stood near a fire furnace that was as cold as a refrigerator.
Her heart is like ice.
But she looked me in the eyes too many times that I saw not her evil devise.
So I loved as my mama loved.
And I thought it was wise to be nice
But I thought not of hurt.
I kept walking closer to that cold fire in pursuit of warmth
'Cause my soul needed someone for comfort.
As I strolled forward I never realized that I was closer to demise,
So I proceeded.
I let my love hover with my heart uncovered thinking I was clever never
expecting the roar of danger.
Like lions to flesh my love was devoured.
I guess my predator had a gigantic appetite,
But my heart starved.
Love don't get you love it get you wisdom,
And I needed some to move on.
I'm loved not and you love not,
So I guess we're both not loved.
And if I have to love again it won't be the same
'Cause I've learnt that love's not what it seems;
Love isn't what love is!

devon da poet

Love Is Like A Rainforest

Love is like a rain forest, it is kept concealed underneath the fallen leaves on the forest's floor until it's all flooded away by a rainstorm.

Love has really lost its savour, there's no more looking out for each other.

Love is like a deserted land, like the amazon, no one really live there anymore.

Love has been dervoured by leopards, snakes, wild pigs and crocodiles.

I don't love you and you don't love me.

Love is rich but still so poor.

It's like the wealth that lies in the jungle but cannot be exploited.

Love's like green vegetation, without it there will be an erosion.

But if I love you my heart may be eroded

Love is like a water hole, it can quench the thirst of many creatures.

Love is like a mighty oak tree, it can shelter one and all.

My love has been dried up by the heat of so many sunshine's.

It's hard to love anymore.

Love is like a lizard, it always changes its features

Sex today, fight tomorrow, because we do love in the wrong way.

Love is like a monkey, it is full of wiles and deceit,

You promised me a ripe banana but you gave me a huge caterpillar.

Love is as sweet as the pollen of a flower but if I attempts to seek such, I might be stung by a bee.

Love is for some people, I'm not too sure if love is for me.

Love is like a spider, love look calm and friendly,

But love will tie you up with webs and make a brand new recipe.

Love is like an ancient tribe, love has a long length of history.

Love has lost its sense of purpose, now love lives with you and me.

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Love Letter

Love is like a flower in full bloom
Love is like vanilla ice-cream.
Love is like a hovering balloon.
Love is beautiful and sweet.
I've heard about a love that's gentle.
So many pray for a love that's true.
Love, love, love, it's what make us who we are.
Whisper love to another.
Let you heart bell ring.
Bring the lovely things together.
Then a lovely song we'll sing.
The world will spin smoother with love.
There'll be joy, smiles and happy cries.
Let you love light shine brightly and illuminate the streets.
Keep your love beneath the sheets.
I thought love was abstract but I've seen love.
I've seen you love before.
I've seen love in your eyes.
Wipe your frown away and love, love, love someone today.
The baby needs love, the girls next door, the poor old lady and the guy that you know.
If the whole world learn to love, there'll be no sin, no hurt and no regrets.
Love can turn the ugly worm into a butterfly.
And the duck into a swan.
Love can give you all the things you desire most.
So love without a cost.
Your love tank is over flowing.
Love will keep your heart intact.
You know that you wanna be loved, so love, love, love.

devon da poet

Love Me For Who I Am!

Babe love me for who I am!
Who am I?
I'm joint heirs with Abraham
I'm very wealthy
Vanity is no problem
I owns a promised land
And millions of dollars worth of assets.
Yes babe!
I'm a millionaire
I got the latest cars and the latest gadgets
I'm a superstar, i can buy you a supermarket
worth of groceries
And a mall worth of clothes
I'm the son of a minister;
The seed of a governor
I got a mansion in the hills
And a villa near the seas
With swimming pools
And good cuisine food

Baby love me for who i am!
I'm poor in the ghetto
With a prosperous future
I'm talented and optimistic
i have a robust stature
I know statistics, economics and agriculture
My Dad taught me politics
And a little of His culture
I'm not superstitious, I'm profound
I'm not religious, I'm sound
in Christ Jesus
I'm strong and humorous
Handsome and hilarious
Nevertheless I'm focus
I got an eyes of hope
And a mind of assurance
I've learnt to cope
With love and romance
Love me for who i am!

devon da poet

Love Means Let Our Virtue Enlarge

Let our virtue enlarge, let us love forever.
Let's live with patience and peace.
Let's keep our purity until marriage.
Let's love with no barriers.
Let our love hover over the stars.
Let's love as if we were in mars and we need each other to breathe,
I'll be you oxygen and you'll be mine.
Let's create a love that's divine.
Be my fruit and I'll be your vine, let us be intertwined.
Let's take a stroll under the palm trees together.
Let's Rock and Roll to the hard breeze as the bird sings.
Let's sleep together with our clothes on.
Let's swim together with no harm.
Let's enjoy the scenery, there's always a spot that's just right.
Let us be best friend in love
Teach me how to dance and I'll play you the guitar.
Just give me a chance to make you quiver.
Start the fun then I'll take over.
Let's close our eyes and try to read each other's mind.
Loosen your thighs, relax by my side.
Tell me all you secrets and also tell you mine.
My first is I love you.
Let me help you tie the bow in your dress.
You can help me by massaging my chest.
Let's go hunting together,
Then we can roast the catch underneath the moonlight watching our love light
shine so bright.
Give me your baby finger and take mine.
Let's make a promise that I'll always be yours and you'll always be mine.

devon da poet

Lovers Night Out

Can we go out this summer, I asked her?
Can we hang out together? I was awaiting an answer.
I was a bit frustrated with the tight study schedule.
I needed some time to free my mind.
I needed to be away from school.
A lovers night out I thought would be kool.
She also insisted.
Neither of us could've resist such an intriguing moment.
A moment of synergy and serenity.
I'm the loving type, and she knows just right.
I love making my girl happy whether day or night.
So we'll spent the whole day together loving each other.
Let me take you to the movies or to the gift shop!
I love it when you say "I love that...! "
I'll buy you whatever if it will make you smile, I love to see you smile.
I'll give you piggy backs when your legs are exhausted.
I'll lift you up in the air as we make fun.
I'll take care of you, you my sugar-plum-plum.
Then we can go shopping, you can ride on the trolley as I pick the grocery.
We can go dancing in a pub, we can rub-a-dub-dub.
I can bring you skiing, swimming or shooting after telebears.
Whichever you prefer, is ok with me.
I can take you horseback riding or canoe peddling.
I love boxing, will you mind watching me throw a few punches in the gym?
I love gaming, women keyi yiqi wanr?
I can speak Chinese babe!
It's no doubt she'll love my charm,
And the romantic person that I am.
Wo feichang langman.

devon da poet

Mail Me Your Heart In An Envelope

Record the date that you fell in love
Lay down the address of your heart
Tell if its really intended for me
Dear Honey could be a start

Mail me you heart in an envelope
Write me your thoughts so I'll know
Tell me what's in the aorta
Baby just pen me a love letter

Scribe me the facts that i do not know
Scribble the talks that we did not spoke
Jot down the lines that you've never wrote
Draw me words that you've never quote

What can you say before leaving me
Are you mine truly or sincerely?
I will enjoy reading the signature of you heart
I like white envelopes with red oval-shaped dots

devon da poet

Me!

I've waited patiently in a lonely place
For nine long months with little space
I've stayed silently in warm embrace
No light was there to shine my face
Darkness! Or so i guess.
It's hard to recall the actual case
No one was there; not even a germ
I haven't seen anyone since i was a sperm
As time proceeded I've learnt to adapt
I kept on learning, i couldn't stop
I've matured from experience,
Endured with perseverance
Though so many trials,
I've fought with resistance
My life was at its peak
But was still at its minimal
The thousands of words I've spoken
Could've changed the world
Can I do it? Can I? Can I?
Can I still be victorious in this race?
After all, I've twisted and turned, fed and slept
Until i was forced with vigorous haste
A mother's cry, a nurse's patience
Has brought forth my existence

devon da poet

Mediocrity

Do not be conformed to this world,
But Be transformed by the renewal of your mind!
Stand firm upon the texts on the scroll
From the heart comes those things which proceed out of the mouth
The tongue will be the first corrected
Thoughts of evil were inherited
Unearned, undeserved, unmerited favour: grace
Unconcernedly, none observed who bared it:
The deliverer's blood perspired from out of his face
Lack of validity and dignity
A state of relativity and passivity
The double minded receive not from God
Mediocrity displays uncertainty
The devil loves a vulnerable and fragile prey
We're all capable of honoring what the bible says
A new covenant: easier than before
Maintain consistency to witness growth
Your identity is important
Your hard work is impotent
A smart believer responds and resists
A mediocre speaks words of beseech

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Middle Man

You're at an end where I can always be your friend
Standing in the center of you makes me feel defended
No need to pretend about my booming trend
I've sold so many products; you provide enough to spend
Every entrepreneur loves a good business
I do take risks, but it's my responsibility is to ensure that you're fixed
I'm no producer but I guarantee a good commodity
I buy from the best; ☐
From the one who've created everything in all varieties
I got a huge warehouse but welfare is my focus
Quality over quantity; for better or for worse
My distributors are dispatched all over
My service is second to none; in fact it worth some hallelujah
In a failing economy I'm still successful
You should come invest with me;
Let me re-do my schedule
Most consumers can only indulge what they've bought
But a real customer always comes back
It's about time I recruit a new employee
Need someone to help me manage this company
You could be right next to me as I sketch this new plan
When you need a promotion I'm your middleman

devon da poet

Mistakes Taken For Perfection

I reckon she's the one;
the one for me.
O, what Perfect eyes and lips; comely?
Her voice reminds me of a soft charming song.
A fantasy in reality.
As she cried tears of joy my mind was tickled into laughter.
And my heart was compelled to float along
her warm temperate water
of attractiveness
as a crater lake in the midst of the amazon.
She's perfect I implied,
as I was swept off my feet
by her sweetness and her natural ability to make one obsess.
Gently she walked on hills that sparked the pavement
into a burning fire.
The texture of her raiment
were silk and velvet,
as smooth as her skin were.
Perfection I've seen!
Silently she spoke words that provoked my judgment
and my ability to think consciously.
As her smiles transformed into dimples,
my heart was simply defiled with purity,
as it raced ninety miles per hour and jittered unusually.
She was perfectly controlling my emotions and exploiting my compassion
as i became a vulnerable prey.
Together we were like love birds
sitting and caressing
to the music of her silence,
as she whispered in my ears.
A kiss I've missed was no perfection,
as her history couldn't be forgiven.
I've had a misfortune in my desperation;
Mistakes taken for perfection.

devon da poet

Mosquitoes

O devil and demons
You're no different from mosquitoes
Your voices annoy me
From my head down to my toes
You sing a song that only you could understand
Murmuring a chant to enchant
As mosquitoes flies to and fro
So thou likewise
Your punctuality and presence
i despise
You're a scum on the face of the earth
Floating around without any worth
You're a nuisance, just another disease carrier
Soon you'd be cut out of existence
Burning in the pit of hell fire
O mosquitoes why thou seek to devour my blood?
Can you not sustain your own life?
O reprobate foes
My hands are big enough to shred you
I shall keenly demonstrate your demise
No one loves you
No one wants to be your friend
You were continually hated;
Since the day of genesis
And you're hated once again
O nocturnal creature,
Why thou attacks me in the day?
i'm not out for slaughter
Go find some other prey
No insect shall triumph over me
I'm covered with an undrinkable blood
Though i may look like sunday's supper
I'm protected by the Lord.

devon da poet

Multiplication

Few fishes, five loaves
Jew's speech multiplied more
Five thousand stomachs filled
Twelve baskets of fragment yielded.
One loaf: one body,
For we are of many.

I asked for wisdom
Wisdom was given me.
Wealth, Possession and Power;
Three times what i've asked for.
Silver and Gold as common as stone
One God sits upon the throne.
Cedar as plentiful as sycamore-fig trees
The shining stars understates the blessings God has mandated towards me.

An oath confirm my heirs with Abraham
One man, one father: many sons.
I was called a dreamer!
I was given a coat of many colours
A pit in the wilderness i abode
For twenty pieces of silver was i sold
I interpreted pharaoh's dream
I was promoted to serve the king.

Though i speak of suffering in my story
I'm a heir of God's glory.
After a rough day at sea my caught was naught
I was taught to cast my net on the right side of the boat.
A miracle! alas, my nets did broke
A vast quantum; he did the undone.
I wasn't steadfast, i thought i was desolated
But they that be with us are more than they that be with them.
In His own image and likeness was i made
Though the devil devise deceit, he can not comply with our rebirth
Be Fruitful, and Multiply, and Replenish the earth
For my God is a God of Multiplication!
Thank you Lord! for i am one with infinite worth!

devon da poet

Music And Poetry

The guitar strings may ricochet the words I convey
But my acoustic writing style is more than just poetry.
The music piano and keyboard exhibit lies in the ink of my pen.
The lyrics I disseminate has been diligently orchestrated,
Written with the intent to please all men.

A saxophone I admire deeply.□
I write with keys and melody.
I like conch shells and African goat-skin drums,
So I write about my ancestry.
The trumpet may take wonderful notes.
I applaud the relaxing sound of the flute.

One can listen to the timbres in the various genres I portray.
The resonance of the mouth-organ appease the ears
But my composure soothes the soul.
The steel drum may be a bit noisy but I like the rhythm.
My thoughts might be a bit fuzzy at times but I write with freedom.
The violin literally sings music!
Though simple and traditional, the tambourine's unique.

The pitches in my scripts are as sweet as the voices of the vocals.
The bass, soprano, tenor, contralto, baritone and alto can all be found in my art.
I also love steel pan, clarinet, trombone, ukulele and French horn.
In every rhyme a chord is formed, in every line there's a sweet song.
Poetry is music, music is poetry.

devon da poet

My Father

I never knew him, I never saw him, he was always there, though i never grew with him

Never needed him, succeeded without him, at least that's what i thought, was like a weed without him

My vision was my mission, everything was in position, nothing could of went wrong, i had the power in my hands

was trapped in my illusions, colored imaginations, everything was so vivid. I couldn't be his seed!

Kept following my shadow, the straight road was too narrow, 'yeh! I'm on the right track and I'll still be here tomorrow'

No! These words didn't come out right. I was hiding from the truth, i couldn't face the light, nor the noisy sounding flute.

Is he here somewhere? Somewhere in the sky, somewhere in the dirt, or somewhere passing by

where is he? Has anyone seen him? Is he invisible or somewhere deep within?

I couldn't stop pondering, i was looking for answers. I kept on searching; i was gazing at the stars.

I had no one else to turn too, mama knows it all, and I had to confront mama even if I was small.

Mama where is dada? i stared in despair, she didn't know it neither her heart was filled with fear.

I said 'mama why are you crying'? She didn't say a thing, but the expression on her face was something I've seen.

she came right up to my face as she wiped the tear drops from her eyes, she said son there's something that i want you to know and please do not deny

I said sure mom I'm ready for whatever surprise it may be, she said son your father is in heaven looking down at you and me.

devon da poet

My First Time

I remember when I rode my first bicycle
for the first time,
and I fell down for the first time,
and was being laughed at for the first time,
and was abashed the first time
Yea, I hate first times!

I'm shore Justin Bieber had a first time
even Usher, or Trey songz or The Black-eyed peas
or Donnie McClukin, or Kirk Franklin, or Micheal W Smith
I'm shore these weren't fun times!

I remember the first time I tied my shoe laces,
and tripped and almost landed on my face
I remember the first time I had alcohol
and the first time I smoked
and the first I choked and gasped for breath
I remember the first time I was arrested
and the first time I was sent to prison
the first time I prayed to death
'cause my heart was upset...
for the first time.

I can recall the first time I came to church
and everyone were staring at me
as though they were seeing me for the first time
and i remember the first time i sinned after i was born again
the first time my dreams were torturous
and the first time...
when I was just being obnoxious
the first time I looked someone in their eyes and said... i_love_ you
and was just ignored
but i also remember when jesus spoke to me and said
come, come to me my beloved son
for the first time.

devon da poet

My Life Story

A heavenly spirit has open the womb of my mother to form my soul.
I was only seconds old.
For life's sake I was born,
And my mom forsook not her son.
I was handsome from day one.
Mama wrapped me in a warm towel right after birth, ensuring that I wasn't hurt.
I have certainly cried I imply, thus taking sight of her eyes.

How speedily I've grown,
A boy with so much energy and agility, climbing tree at the lunch bell,
Only settling for the lower branches of those sapodilla trees,
As I still remembers vividly.
My friends were a bit braver,
'Dry cow' and Daniel were their names.
They were my two best friends.
We laughed, ate and played together.
O how I miss those marbles, taps, tying grasses in the pasture, thus attempting
to trap our friends, and playing a lot of other fun games together.
Iya and Larris was also my besties, grade 4,5, and six was off the hook!

O finally! Secondary school came with no surprise.
We were so unseparated, some went to other schools and others of my friends
remain at the school prior to reseat their test the following year.
I was so broken-hearted.
The new friends I made weren't so interesting.
I managed to cope with the circumstances anyway.
I forced myself to last form in no time.
I had defeated the obstacles of high school... yea.

A stranger at college, my life was so sickled.
My clothes wasn't all, and my hair wasn't kempt.
I was the loser of the county, a secret I won't bother to keep.
A daily torturous journey to and fro school,
I was ridiculed in the streets hiking rides and abashed in the classroom.
I was so nervous at class that my practical exams was a disaster.
My soul was not cherishing those tortures.

I finally ended my voyage through college offer three long years.
I got saved somewhere through my termination.

I then prayed for a job. Yes I got through, in Jesus name.
Unfortunately, I was displeased with the time structure.
Another job seemed hesitant during the near future.
Anyway, I never idled my time.
I got right away to Bible College and Math, and part-time jobs in between.
Finally, I was chosen to study freely in china.
That's my life story,
Through all the landmarks, there were torture and laughter, and pain and gain.
I have never regret persevering, even when my waters seemed higher than my
shoulder.

devon da poet

No Push On The Swings

How am I supposed to push myself forward all alone?

In my head it stings, no push on the swings, no hug near the stream and no kiss for a dream.

I need to be self-motivated I muse, but I'm confused by life's complicated things. And it seems like my life is falling apart, a shipwrecked heart and a lonely soul I got.

What's non-constructive is so hard to forget, and I'm all upset all alone on the swings.

I keep thinking too hard to find a way out of the mess that I'm in but I remain discarded and saddened, thus reminiscing.

The toil I've been through don't help one bit, in fact, I'm grieved even more.

I'm enslaved by myself, by my hurt and my losses.

My past errors is like a horror, they're scars in my mind.

I wish my wounds would bleed the stale blood away.

I wish all pains would one day fade away.

But as far as I can tell, I'm stranded here.

My past is always my present, how do I let go of such devastation; a distorted imagination?

I'm like a river with no mouth, I flow to and fro but has no destination.

I try to keep calm and stay focus, thinking positively.

I'm swinging alright but it's so difficult for me,

'Cause I keep losing momentum.

At times, I feel like an orphan, sometimes like an abandoned baby.

I feel like me, 'cause nowadays I'm starting to believe that's what I really am.

One push would've changed it all.

One push would've made me swing forever.

□

□

devon da poet

O Lord Jesus, I've Dragged Your Name In The Mud.

I've devalued your temple.
I've lived my life in absurd, not thinking on the value.
I lost my ways and love.□
I pursued the wrong things
Living my life the way I pleased.
My life I tried to cease!
Lord, I love you now that I'm broken.
Now I have no other way.
I love you now that my life is weary.
Yes, it's now I love you for true.
I despised the power of your spirit.
I mocked the power in your name.
Now that I'm high and dry I cry out in shame.
My mind needs your comfort.
My life needs your touch.
My eyes need your vision.
Please lord take me there!
Take me to that place of restoration!
I long to be restored.
I'm as sorry as can be.
My heart is hurt and sore.
My skin raise in fear, now my life is troubled.
My body needs a love like yours, one that is unconditional.
I am a wicked wretch o lord.
I had no sense of godliness.
I was seeking pleasure and approval when my life was slipping away.
Now I'm like a dog with no bone, I come hungry and in need.
I long for care and shelter, Lord please be my refuge.
Lord please forgive my folly!
Take this thorn from me.
I'm a lost sheep in a foreign dwelling, Lord help me to find my way back with you.
O Jesus, Abba Father, I need a divine intervention.
I am like a withering flower, I need your healing touch.
I sit like a coward.
I stand like a rocking chair.
I kneel as though I have no power.
I'm like a crab with no hole.
My anguish and travail are severe.

My life is in despair.
My solitude is so enormous, Lord give me peace today.
My love I'll cast forth to you.
My joy I'll give to thee.
My strength I'll give to you in shouting.
Songs I'll sing to you.
I'll write poems to your glory, and I'll praise you in the dawn.
My life I sympathize so severely.
I love you Jesus, please have your way in me.
O thank you Lord.

devon da poet

Open Up Your Umbrella Young Lady

The clouds have darkened, pitch black.
The sky has opened, drip drop.
It's raining in your heart.
Why not take a shelter, open up your umbrella.
Let love dry your pain.
It won't hurt to love again.
Why shall such a beautiful young lady like you stand all alone in the pouring rain?

Soaked and cold, lonely and isolated,
Invite me under your umbrella, my little Cinderella.
Cozy Suzy why undergo such torture?
Let me dry your heart and keep it safe and warm.
Don't stand there anymore Rapunzel.
Prince charming is here.
Allow me to rescue you from all your griefs.
Let me take you to my love palace.
Let's get away from the pouring rain,
I promise it won't be the same.
All your worries will be adjourned.
All your sorries will be of no more.
Open up your umbrella this very moment,
Every second counts.
Let's not get caught up in the moment,
Every lovers cant.
Let's move to a better place,
A place where you won't get wet anymore.
A place where you'll have no more sorrows.
I know you want to be there, don't you?
Why not confess it?
You don't have to protest it
Because it's ok to be honest.
I'll love to see you all smiling again,
Out of the horrible rain.
Just open up your umbrella,
And I'll love you like my neighbour.

devon da poet

Plantation Mentality (Realist Talk)

Every politician has their own philosophy
Just another strategy to deceive you and me
Some claiming if "it's work you want it's work you're going to get";
Another speaking bout good governance and transparency
But we all know that Jesus Christ is our only answer
We won't be fooled by their hypocrisy☐
For years upon years they been down pressing the youths
Yet still there's no employment in this country
There is no room for recruitment
Too many Associate Degrees and high diplomacy
The amount of money we've spent on education
We may never get back in a lifetime
Yes Lord!

We're still living in a plantation society
And yet they're claiming democracy
But my people living in the ghetto
It's time to rise up and live by what we know
Forever we would lift up the name of Jesus Christ
Cause he's the only way to victory
Nuff ah dem politicians head dem tied up
Chester Humphrey don't even believe in a thing
No wonder why our economy's all dried up
And the PM says he can't do anything ... about it
He claims that it's a world recession
But after a recession it's supposed to be back to hard work
In contrast, it seems like dem wanna stay out and play forever
Like dem nah wah get back inna the classroom
Look at how many ministers that have recently retired
The Opposition Leader is hungry power
Like dem nah know power belongs to Jesus
If they conceal that they are sure to fail
Now the big talk is about the New World Order
Soon the Anti-Christ will prevail
I wish I won't be around in them times
To see my people struggling in the streets
If we keep depending on men for our needs
We would be vulnerable to the mark of the beast
I beseech you to trust in the Prince of Peace

He will never leave you nor forsake you
He's the highest of all high priests...
Yes Lord!

devon da poet

Pure Brilliants

Yea I'm brilliant, I'm a very clean mouse.
I'm a smarty pants, I'm Bill Gate's house.
I'm a super computer, I'm satellite.
I'm a Published Author, I'm an Astronaut
I'm a rapper or rather a poet that utter words with grey matter.
I'm a Philosopher, I'm an Entrepreneur.
I'm a Lecturer, I'm an Actor.
Listen to my writings, can you not hear them speak.
Aren't they fluent or rather eloquent?
Don't I write with confidence?
Try picturing me on a stage in front of an audience.
Picture me through my writings.
Can you not see me well dressed, slick and neat, in jacket and bow-ties?
Can you not see me speaking on a platform with a mic in my hand?
Aren't my words tantalizing?
Aren't my rhymes worth fantasizing on?
Now picture you on an island!
And my words being the sand, see and sun.
Isn't that pure brilliants?
Let my words blow your mind!
Yea, I write like the wind.
This right here is the wind blowing through the hairs on the pores of your skin.
These words are penetrating your inner being.
Can't you not see brilliants?
Can't you not feel acuteness?
This is music without instruments?
This is music without vocals?
This is lyrics being transmitted through an imaginary rhythm.
This isn't the so called melody from the songs still being amplified in your
memory.
This is a hymn being cleverly exhibited on an inaudible frequency.
This is a pure brilliant artistry.

devon da poet

Radical Truth

Have you ever ponder on the contrast between Society truth and Biblical truth?

It's alright to lie if the truth is offensive
Curse and fight, imply it's defensive
Steal from the rich to feed the poor
Confess your sins to the priests; don't let anyone know
Politics is evil: theology is optional
Education is the key: the key's still in the schools' doors
It's okay to smoke and drink at eighteen
Feel free to consent at sixteen
Marriage doesn't mean anything
Water and spirit baptism has no meaning
Homosexuality is not an infidelity
I was born this way: you're straight and i'm gay
Jail all of them pedophiles
Cremate the rapists
Love war: hate terrorists
Lottery is not gambling
Lets advocate tattoos and body piercing
Wear anything; it's your body
Dress untidy, support nudity
Equal rights for everyone;
Worship idols even though its wrong
Speak hypocrisy and gossip: it's the way we communicate nowadays
Stop the worship, stop the praise!
Blaspheme! call the Lord's name in vain
Every man is their own king
No need to repent: for none has sinned
We don't need a saviour; our hearts are clean
The earth has just big banged itself
Man came from monkey
Horses came from donkey
Listen to yourself!

Is this the truth you've accepted?

devon da poet

Rain In December

Precipitation is precipitation! You get snow, we get rain... say woh?

Drought weather from January to November
Tan God! fah rain in December
Wipers swashing, wind-screen whitening
Black umbrellas ahn children in rain coat
Drains overflowing wit rushing brown waters
Remembering school days and dem white paper boats
Shoes bottom gone; hulahoop sandals wah gwan
Poor ting man, no money fah storm.
Ghetto galvanize leaking water
Droplets ah fall in skillet pot and huge container
Mud outside so de kids cyant play
'Stay allu ass inna corner! '
Nah much clothes fi wey
Me now cut the yard
Look how dem damn grass grow up again!
Me 'weedeater' broken and dah cutlass is pain
Me affi go in dah garden dreds. Dah weather look nice!
Me woh harvest some sorrel to boil wit de spice
'Stay dey ahn doh gwan boil yuh ham early while dem wood still dry! '
You fi puh it on stove ahn mek you husband cry?
Like bed only feel good when rain fallin gal
Wake up, turn around nah! How ah gwan so darlin?
Me wonder wah dey ah show pon tv bwi
Like dem station broke down or the remote ah try trick de i
Me cyant understand! Like only December dem give work?
Dem wah me do trauvore in dis wet ole muddy dirt
Whole year pass place dry like ah nut
Dem say recession ahn ah now dem call me out
Christmas round d corner and de money nah seal
Ahn ah sure dem ole teef in GRENLEC aready start printin bill
Wah de hell rain does fall in December?
But ah glad fah de little rain eh, me jus vex wit the water!

devon da poet

Recognition: "who Knows Who? "

If I say that the world is spherical and not flat, you'll say contrary.

But in fact, the bible said that the world is round way before Christopher's voyages.

If I quote from the book of Acts that we are justified through grace and faith,
And not by works, you'll mock me.

And in contrast, you'll come short every single day and pray repetitiously.

It's too bad that I'm not as smart as Plato nor Aristotle.

Because in this world it's "who knows who? "

I'm certified but not recognized.

I'm qualified though I'm victimized.

With a true heart and a burning fire inside,

I stand bold and fearless to convey the good news.

In the last days the foolish things will be seen as wise.

But those who thirst and hunger for righteousness will be filled.

The doctors are recognized though they cannot cure diseases.

Lawyers are recognized though their intents are of beguile.

What's recognition without pursuits for solutions?

A humble and submissive heart ingests the word of God.

"Those with a noble character receive the word of God with great eagerness", in
the actual quotation.

Recognition! Recognition! Who's recognized?

Criticism! Criticism! We're all criticized.

What I share with you is done with agape love.

What I fear is "who really do they serve? "

Do you need experience if you got the Holy Spirit?

Do you need guidance if you got the Holy Spirit?

Do you need a Master's Degree if you got the Holy Spirit?

Or do you just simply need his company?

I'm not recognized but God knows me

I do not want recognition mixed with hypocrisy.

devon da poet

Sarcastic Love

There's red all over the white,
Red signifies love, white signifies light,
A lighting love in the night.
Silent and calm: an exciting sight,
A stormy weather: a peaceful plight,
Consciously right!
Simple and sweet; satisfying delight.
A single mingle; couples do tingle,
Twinkle, twinkle; the stars ain't little.

A divine feeling of harmony,
A harmful irony.
Patience: virtue, dreams came through.
Narcotic love: no addicts,
No conflicts: natural synectics.
Smooth and spotless: black attire,
The medicine required,
The description of our love,
Pain and anxiety transpired,
A desired prescription to have.
First love is always sarcastic,
Discreet and sweet,
Romantic like Titanic,
Sarcastic love is fantastic.

devon da poet

Secret Codes

A face I saw, filled with codes.
The lips and jaw, filled with codes.
The eyes had numbers, the ears were of letters.
Secret beauty hidden in codes.□
Fifty tombs, thousand swords, fifteen crowns, a head with scores.
Teeth and bones written in codes, kings and priests wrote those codes.
Papers and scrolls, ink in bowls, sixteen rows.
Layers upon layers, cursive penmanship, multi-linguistic.
The future written with fractions and the past being the product of decimals.
The present numbers were calculus, the most complicated picture I have seen.
Then the face turned into a clock, and codes were ticking as the hands of the
clock moved.
Then I saw a nose filled with golden digits of even numbers only,
Then cheeks were odd numbers, now that was odd,
Odd numbers of silver digits.
These numbers then formed together a different image depicting a face.
A face with no real appearance or form.
A blurry face I've seen with a sign.
A sign that tells a story,
But to tell the story means I got to start the story all over again.
Fire fell from the codes with the number 7.
A door was burning inside the face, then it opened and there was a room inside
the face.
A dark room first, then there was light.
The fire had lit the room.
There were then clothes hanged inside of the room with figures of thousands.
Every tag had a different number for the clothes were numerous.
The clothes were all white.
Then there was an equation.
And the door was shut.
A code was needed to be chosen to rectify the image.
A code that was so subtle.
Can you see the image?
The face is still hidden in the codes.

devon da poet

Selah

O, I can rejoice, I can lift my hands, I can stand and say I'm a free man.
Selah, my worries are adjourned, my hurt and pain is over, and my afflictions are gone.
I can cry hallelujah, I can sing a psalm, I can shout Abba father, and I can hum a chant.
Free alas, there's no more warfare, no more battles, no more fear.
I've matured through the persecutions, I've overcome the wiles.
I've restored my loss, I can forget the past.
I can now proclaim your name with confidence, worship in your presence.
I can say Selah. O Lord, how long have I been in torture and turmoil.
How long have I seen bizarre things and cruel smiles?
O, you've set me free, you heard my cry, and you've delivered me, selah.
The love you've showed me is substantial, the grace you gave is essential.
I can kneel and bow and give you praise.
I can lift my head up high towards the sky and say you are worthy.
Selah, I can write your name in my notepad.
I can inhale your refreshing smell.
You feel my lung with oxygen and my heart with nourishment.
Jahovah Elyon, your throne is like a tower, you seat on high.
Jahovah Rapher, your hands are like medicine, you heal my broken heart.
Jahovah Jireh, your rib is like Adam's, you protect me.
Jahovah Shalom, you give me peace in my times of hardship.
El Shaddai, there's no one mightier than you are. Selah.

devon da poet

Self Confidence

A silent night, an enormous crowd; preparation was intense
Practice brings perfect; hard work brings a viable product
Magnificent attire, glittering and loud; full participants, no absence
Success is sweet; perspiration is sour; need self-confidence and a little good luck
To aim is to achieve, fear is a deceit; the greatest tactic is to believe and never
stand for defeat
The power lies way deep inside; courage, faith, humility, patience
The same time you'll receive a tear drop on your feet
An hour will not pass by without The Ancient of Days' presence

Catastasis; suspense, no one knew what was next
An analysis of intelligence; everyone has common sense
With great anticipation everyone jumped out of their seats
A unique presentation; silence as we began to speak
Jesus Christ, king of all kings, above all people, above all things!
The last days, repent, get saved, be baptised!
'The Psalm of David' says make a joyful noise; with self-confidence we'll rise!
Disciples, ministers; altogether we are real life actors
The same script, the same story' the future, the history

Excellent, excellent, a round of applause
A well planned accident; someone yield
'Hallelujah'; a different accent; a significant increase in the crowd was never an
intent
Those who win soul are wise; the sick were healed
Through self-confidence, there was no beguile
Rejoice and give thanks, God's power revealed;
With the Holy Spirit the entire place was filled
Amen, thank you Lord; we have seen your will
By faith through grace there's hope that's real
With self-confidence the earth stands still...
Amen!

devon da poet

Sex Before Marriage

If there's one thing i could ask God to revoke
It's sex before marriage.
Used to think it was something Jesus has overlooked
Guess i've missed average
Who doesn't desire to be entwined beneath the sheets?
To be wrapped and embraced
in the utter-most secret place
The sweat of emotions exalt
Sacred voices in repetition;
All came with imagination
What's so wrong about two persons just experimenting?
Some how we got to learn about how our bodies operate
From a feeling of attraction comes romancing
Whats there to isolate?
God acknowledges sexual intercourse
In fact he choreographed it
In the garden of eden
Jah created a woman to satisfy adam's plead (Gen 2: 18)
So, why's marriage of essence then and now?
Jahovah created Eve not because Adam was incomplete
But because he desired a help meet.
Then she became bones of his bones and flesh of his flesh;
They were as one, perfect and sweet (Gen 2: 23-24) .
In present, we all born again believers are members of the body of our Lord
Jesus.
Hence, it's shadow-like to be made one with a wife (Eph 5: 30-31) .
Sex is not the basis of a relationship;
It's a complement.
Just the same way as feeling's a complement of love.

devon da poet

Sigh Inside

Jesus I gave you my life
I found tears, aches and hurt
It seems like no one really cares anymore but You
It sighs inside!
So much hate and strife
In this world of turmoil
Why do i got to bare a fate of such?
Lord I'm excited about you
But I know not what to do
'cause it really sucks Lord
What I'm going through!
Lord you know my heart
You know I only wants what right in your eyes
But it feels as though i'm stumbling at the very start
of your marathon
or rather decathlon
Lord i know your grace is sufficient
And you've already done your part
But i'm naive and arrogant
To fulfill what thou art
Lord i pray not for me
But for who I love intensely
Lord bless me with the words and
eloquence to influence
her Lord
Lord I rebuke all of my pride
'cause my heart sighs deep inside
And i can no longer hide
Where i used to abide
I let go of my ego
And cling to you alone
Lord let your will be done
And if thy will is without me
Open her eyes vividly
So she'll see spiritually
O Lord open her eyes big and wide
so she'll sigh inside

devon da poet

Silent Night

The wind hushed suddenly
The stream flowed gently
There were no wave in the sea
The owls were quiet
The fowls were asleep
Crickets didn't whisper
When the baby wept

A virgin birth: a gentleman
Stars were in the sky
There were three wise men
An angel did appear
With a golden bright shiny light
To visit Lord baby Jesus in the silent night
A donkey stable was the venue
A heap of hay was his cradle
Worship began the very day
Jesus christ; came to be an example
Lived to die so we can live forever

devon da poet

Sixth Finger

There is love in the palm of my hands
There are extra hanging over
There is love in the palm of my hands
I think I need another finger

Where there's love there are footprints in sand
Read the wrapping from the mint maybe you'll understand
Where there's love there's ink on paper
red roses, red wine, candles melt into vapour

There is love in the palm of my hands
There are extra hanging over
There is love in the palm of my hands
I think I need another finger

This is love; this isn't lust
Straight from above just for us
This is kindness; this is care
A king, an empress out of despair
A journey to a far away destination
You're a flower, I'm a sisi bird: pollination
A twin born from separate mothers
A dream, a reality: identical lovers

There is love in the palm of my hands
There are extra hanging over
There is love in the palm of my hands
I think i need another finger

Just like an avalanche some of your love slide away
Like a river over flowing its banks your love will flood my way
Though my hands are small i desire all of your love
The way you stand, the way you stroll makes me want to see you fall in love
You're a walking mannequin let me take you to my store
I'm not talking flattering words i need you to love me for shore
If a lion could love a tiger
I need a love that worth a sixth finger

devon da poet

Skeptics

Your eyes are deceiving darling
But I'm too experienced to be believing.
The bright expression on your face is appealing
But I have a second feeling about you.
Were the words you whispered true?
The signs you conveyed, were they genuine too?

Why are you so subtle? I'm not Aristotle, dear.
You're like drawing the same card after every shuffle,
But I don't gamble. I detest chances.
I'm a certain person. I like assurance in my romances.
When I'm in two minds I back away.
I do not condone doubts and ambiguities.
That will deter my personality.

I'm clever enough to be aware of your cunningness.
Your guiles are effortless.
I've already figured you out!
You're that one dark cloud, in the midst of cumulus clouds.
You're like a black t-shirt amongst a row of whites, on a clothes line.
Even the blind can see your wiles.
Don't try to conceal your lies. I've already read your lines.

devon da poet

Slow To Speak, Quick To Listen, Slow To Wrath (Conflict Resolution)

Glass shattered into pieces and scattered in haste.
Just one piece left on the dilapidated frame with shiny, sharp edges,
sparkly reflecting a face that has been inflamed through strife, hatred and anger.
A face that has been frowned for eternity
and renowned for its hostility.
Staring at the broken glasses laying on the tiles in reddish glimmer,
he abruptly discovered the bleeding of the outside of his fingers.
Stop! Think! What have I done to myself?
What happened here? he murmured to himself, bandaging the wounds he has
just acquired.
Reminiscing on what has transpired,
he realized that someone else were in anguish as a result of this tragedy.
Weeping in her beauty and admiration,
what sympathy!
Your aggression and loosed temper has endangered her.
You're an advocate of fear; she woes in despair.
Her heart longs for serenity,
though she clings to solitude.
Listen to her every words.
nurture her emotions with love.
Be slow to utter; not one word!
You'll only upset her.
He shuffled over cautiously,
and sat right beside her.
In a mood of repentance,
he tries to edify her.
But the hurt and sore she has encountered was too severe.
He stared her in the eyes
pleading forgiveness.
To her surprise she couldn't refrain from his magical charms.
Slowly and gently he drew closer to her recuperating body,
and listened intensely to the sighing sound of her heart.
As she gasped deeply filling her lungs with huge mouthfuls of air,
he remained still as a leopard with his sharp long ears standing upwards openly.
She then responded with a whisper,
asking 'do you still love me? '
In a bit of hesitation he then replied 'i do, very much'.

She smiled as she exhaled her last breath of dismay and unforgiveness.
She then confessed her love and compassion towards her beloved.
In return she was comforted with hugs and kisses as they resolved.
For a conflict resolution there is no other alternative.
As written in James 1: 19 'be slow to speak, quick to listen, slow to wrath.'

devon da poet

Smiles And Frowns

When you smile I see hatred and scorn.
When you frown I see love and tranquility.
Your heart is manipulated with fear.
Your thoughts are not your own.
You've been trained to think the way you do.
Like a robot you've been programmed.
The decisions you make are not your own,
Precisely someone else's.
You're very intellectual but you don't know what common sense is.
You've been around individuals whose minds are distorted.
Smiles and frowns interchangeably misrepresented.
So you've learned from the best, perfecting mistakes.
You've earned your respect through lewdness.
I smile at your zest to impress.
I stare at you without interest.
I frown in my heart because I know you not true to yourself.
But my heart's rejoicing.
I can recall the time you were asking me about life.
I live every moment to explain it.
But you still far off the answer
Because you're way too smart to figure that out.
So I smiled again in frown watching the days pass on by.
I guess you've forgotten the pass by now,
Smiling through the future.
The future may catch you by surprise.
I might be the guy that make you frown again.
I await such an adventure of intense suspense
But until then I'll suspend my intents.

devon da poet

Smooth And Soft

The soft, smoothness of my favorite spots.
Thoroughly, I gently massage with my hands.
Eyes to eyes in a staring motion;
Skin to skin there was no lotion.
Hair has always been absent there.
Warm like cotton as my hands were wrapped inside.
What fragility? I reckoned.
How refreshing, the scent of lavender?
Simply dangling my nostrils as I slowly bend over.
Not a scar nor a bruise!
I implied they have never been used before.
O! As clean and sparking as the risen sun that morning.
Soon my face was delighted feeling the sensation of her tenderness
I suddenly gazed to the stars since I was underneath her posture.
Kneeling on the floor was I
as she stood upright besides me
being pleased and comforted by my charm and company.
Together we were like m&ms as we shared the same birthmarks in the same spots.
My favorite spots!
Cautiously, I scrolled my fingertip
passing through her birthmark.
She smiled as it tickled her.
Caressing with her pinky,
I realized her heart seemed a lot bigger than a cuff.
She's such a harmless little predator!
I'm just a man!
Who wouldn't fall for a girl with such smooth, soft pair of hands?

devon da poet

Sponge-Like

As a sponge absorb everything so did her
Instincts thought you to filter
Lecturers thought distinctively
With a permeable mind she was unhesitative
At the front of the class she sat firm and focused
Before a question was asked she was eager to lift her hand
I sat at the last desk in the last row
Where the group was slow;
We were ignored!
Playing checkers in the back tables
My mind was relaxed and at ease
The teacher picked her favorite students
They laughed, embraced arms, hugged and share thoughts in silence
'They're as dunce as an ox';
They implied in their minds
I was with the crew so i didn't mine
We never participated in any of their discussions
This class was horrible, i couldn't wait for recession
Miss 'knowitall' will stand and read every single time
With a crown on her head for most inclined
She knew all the history dates ever recorded,
About christopher Columbus and his voyages
All of the world's greatest inventors, even who slay the Caribs
Speaks all languages, scribe good cursive
She could even write a 1000 words essay on 'how man evolved from monkey'
Her hair were always in one style
Her smiles were exhaustion and anxiety
Always been seen with textbooks; before i saw her reading 'romance on the moon'
'Why are you coming to me with your problems? Cant soak this one in? '
The thought ran through my head.
How did you get A+ in your end year exams? she yelled.
Humility is the key to success my friend!
I'm Devon, what's your name?

devon da poet

Stomp The Yard

Wake up early darling, don't let the sun rise on you in bed.
For it's already morning, the moon is already dead.
There is work to do, stop yawning, lift your sleepy head.
Get dressed quickly for the yard is calling, the sky is getting red.

Every day it's summer, it's always hot, but there are too much work to do.
Out wearing boots and jumpers, the hard work began.
Muscling the yard, mowing the lawn,
Cleaning the barn, molding the corn.

All of a sudden, as we stomp the yard, we sang songs.
The kids across the road were playing skipping ropes, and they also sang along.
The sheep and goats made their sound.
The donkey brayed and the cattle's moo-d.
Then came the mail man and the dogs got rude.

Joyous and peaceful, it's our family ritual,
Every Saturday morning stomping the yard.
It's the way we grew up in the Caribbean.
Our grandparents taught us such traditions.
We had no televisions nor play stations.
We made fun with nature and all of God's creation.

We stomped our feet as the drum beat boomed.
And listened to the conch shells as the jacks van drove on,
Slowing down at everyone's home just checking to see who is buying.
The jacks were laid down on banana leaves in the back of the vehicle,
Creating easy access for the people.
It was good food back in those days.

With battery lead and match sulphur, the kid made bombs.
Bursting bamboos in the peach road was really fun too.
Mangoes and oranges dirtying clothes but the kid never really noticed.
After a belly full it was time to block the road.
Wood, stones, brick and even buckets.
I watched them ran as the vehicle drivers chase them through the bushes.

At the end of a tiring weekend was time to rest.
All the parents came outside searching and claiming their innocent little angels,

as they stomp the yard retreating to their homes.
Our heart were filled with joy.
The old days of togetherness and love, these days are really over.
These were time when money didn't matter and jobs were easier to find.
Now it's "yours is yours" and "mine is mine".

devon da poet

Stop, Think And Be Positive

Every thought creates a vibration in your mind
Every word creates something, either death or life.
Before you speak stop, think, is it positive?
In the blink of an eye you can lose your destiny.
Consider all the hardship you have so far overcame.
Ponder on all the cries and shame you've been through to arrive at this very point.
Be positive and you will see positive results.
Be negative and there will be vise versa.
Live a life of triumph, stand firm like a column.

What was the last word that has proceeded from out of your mouth?
Ensure that it was a word of life.
Words are like a two edged-sword piercing and cutting through tough masses.
Words can turn horses into asses and mighty mountains into grasses.
Bridle your tongue, think intuitively, a foolish man speaks aggressively.
Be like Solomon and seek wisdom, read more books and pray more often.
The library should be your bedroom.
Stop every negative noise, focus on what's happening.
Your feedback should be wise, be prudent in all your ways, and discrete in all your days.
A listening ear is fundamental.
A thinking mind is instrumental.
Let go of past mistake for they only occupy dead spaces in your brain.
Take in facts and knowledge, they're key to prosperity.

Stop, think and be positive, it's a good way to attract good friends.
Friends are helpful for learning new ideas, and their past experience can also be useful.
Positive friends can build your confidence.
Have some good healthy conversations.
Think, talk, take it easy.
Live, walk, don't you yield.
Be a contributor and not just a listener.
Every single second really do counts.
Retain as much as possible for when the future storm arises.
Be brave and adventurous, think like a man.
Be strong, be determined, you have more in you than you may ever imagine.
Let your mind unravel.

Imagine that the universe was at your fingertip.
What would you do with it?
The world is right there awaiting you.
You just have to stop, think and be positive.

devon da poet

Sweet Lips That Lie

Her lips are like dove beaks But they're as soft as butter.
Lip stick all over, as though they were dabbed. Crimson was the colour.
Lips are always deceiving though so appealing.
No matter the size or shape they are all the same.
Lips speak words so enticing, to believe is one's demise.
Especially when they're young, sweet lips that lie.

Across the road you can hear her whispering for power.
Exploiting her natural features, destroying other creatures.
She seduce so intricately, manipulating and demanding.
She never speaks her heart, never does she love.
A girl so beautiful that no one deserves.
On high heels she strolls, seeking to control.
The stature you possess is her only quest.

Her eyes are like binoculars, they can spot all your facial expressions,
So clever in her endeavor to devour.
Her ears are like sensors, they can hear your heart-beats.
But her lips are most venomous, they can put you to sleep.
As her lips move, they hypnotize, using word filled with sorcery
Her body sways as her lips goes up and down,
Using her long black hair to cover her frowns.
When she smile, its wiles and evil.
When she stare it's her devise for troubles.

Sitting with her legs crossed, she awaits a viable prey
With a skirt so short, attracting you near.
The skirt has long spits thus exposing her legs.
As smooth as they are, they're ideal for the kill.
With a sweet tone of voice, she pretends she needs help.
Bending over gently to expose some cleavage,
A trick that always work even on Sundays.

Lies and deceit, tricks and more tricks, design with the gifts that creeps.
She's scary but in a sexy way.
There's no sharing if it not payday.
Her foe is weak and vulnerable.
He is always in the wrong place at the wrong time, with the wrong stuff on his
mind.

He's disobedient and forget to think sometimes,
Always falling for another lie.
The lips don't deny!
As sweet as they are and as sly as they may seem,
When it's their turn to burn,
There's no more sweetness around.

devon da poet

Telegraph, Telephone, Tel' Ah Woman

Tell me all your secrets. I promise I won't say word.
Technologies are more than modern, don't be afraid to convey me them.
All the truths in your heart. All the codes in your thoughts.
All the data that has forever been concealed.
All the info you have never yet revealed.
Telegraph is now obsolete.
Telephone is not so cheap.
Tel' ah woman is the fastest way to communicate nowadays.
In her ploy to disseminate, she'll never hesitate.
She operates at the speed of light.
Her speed never drops whether day or night.
Tel' ah woman near the park,
Tel' ah woman dawn or dark.
We're all men who like to talk.
Whisper if you're paranoid someone else may overhear you.
Your sister, aunts and mother are also women too.
Tell them what you just heard down the street.
Tell them what you perceived in the office at work.
Speak eloquently so she'll understand.
Don't you ever murmur, or the message won't pass on.
Tell a man not, for his lips are slow.
Tel' ah woman is the way to go.
Have you told a woman all you secrets?
Have you let your emotions explored so loudly that you've let it all out?
Are you so insecure that you had to really let it all out?
Haven't you ever heard of the virus that came upon the lips of a woman?
Why are you so obsessed with the latest technologies?
Tel' ah woman has conveyed more propaganda than Facebook and Twitter
combined.
I have for long resigned from using such a hardware.
The after effects of tel' ah woman I fear.
Your life is shipwrecked because you have used tel' ah woman!
Your mind is broken and your heart is sored.
There is only one way to make thing right again.
Tell another woman to heal you from your pain.
Just tel' ah woman!

devon da poet

The Ambiguity Of Relationships

The smiling of the sun assures another dawn.
The outpour of rain signifies life.
The spring season gives rise to new flowers.
The winter, white snow define solitude and silence.

An everlasting moment is seldom, though good memories last.
Like necklace and pendants we hope to stay attached.
Birds of same feather flock together but deviate in peril;
Love at first sight, hearts quarrel.

A light is seen in dark places;
Though the dark can't be seen in the light.□
Many dogs drop their bones and leap toward their shadow's.
Many princes won't kiss their frogs to find their true tomorrows.
Lilies found near waterfalls are a lot more beautiful than those found near mere
cliffs,
But roses with thorns are filled with griefs.

Listen to her plea, can't you not hear her?
She's the coconut trees swaying as the ocean recedes.
The mists in her eyes create a perplexity.
All she exhibits is more or less intricacy.

Look at his physique!
He's a valley compressed between two mountains.
His unconscious nature has been thrust,
Seemingly focused in his lust.

Dining tables, gifts and gestures,
Signing check books, giving lectures,
Attire, perfume, make-up, jewelry,
Charity to the Salvation Army,
Hours, weeks, months and years all end in despair.

devon da poet

The Day My Life Turned Around

Been exposed to the truth since me was a youth.
Me remember dem time with dis little ole lady who talked bout Jesus
And dem bible story and dem bethlehem chorus.
Yes! everyone was zealous
Dem days dem my mind was porous
I was humble and curious, and wasn't rebellious.
Reflecting on the day my life turned around
I remember that this children's bible college made me conscience focused.

When did my life u- turned?
You were in the palm of my hands.
I knew not you nor your plans
nor understand your demands.
Young and unwise
I despised all i was thought.
Deceived with lies i lost every hope.
Juvenility and puberty has amplified and signified my vulnerability.

A day of despair, a day of lost
A day of turmoil, a day of chaos
A day when no one knew what you were going through
A day of discomfort, a day of desert
A day of emptiness, a day of stress
A day of regret, a day of fret
The day my life turned around.

That day could never be forgotten
In the form of poetry i chose it to be written.
My heart was open, my mind was eager
I longed for your wine; poured out my vinegar.
Felt the power of your amazing spirit tingled with mine.
Poignant and intense,
A feeling of levitation like the vapour of burning incense.
I was born a second time
A second chance: salvation signed.
The day my flesh was bound:
The day my life turned around!

devon da poet

The Eyes Says It All Babe Or Maybe Not!

Brown irises, black pupils, white scleras:
They were staring at me.
Barely winked, panoramic view I suppose,
Very little did i knew.
Is eye-contact really a start
or is it simply a counter attack?
For kisses they art to be closed;
That's self explanatory!
For simple crushes no one really knows.
A pair of deceptive eyes seeking replies,
Though they're sly, the grimace never lie.
As microscopic as you are eyes,
I'm not micro- organic!
You zoom in and out as though you were a twelve mega- pixel camera.
How sad thou art; I'm not photogenic!
Snapshot, ha! I'm i really that hot?
Like a magnifying glass you expand what I'm not
Subsequently, a change of thought.
Are those eyes really for real?
Irresistible, inevitable, the way that I feel.
Angelic smile, eyes of a child; brand new i imply.
Perfect insertion, no distortion,
Your eyes loitering away after mine.
I reckon those eyes have their own mind!
This says it all! I can see right through those eyes.
There's no more tricks in the book, nor are they any surprises.
Attractive and tender, a twain of splendor.
I'm seduced to a point where my resistance is reduced, forcing me to surrender.
I'm a guy willing and ready to draw the knot.
The eyes says it all babe or maybe not!

devon da poet

The Island In Me

There are coconut trees swaying in my mind.
Beautiful beaches are blistering with sunshine inside of me.
The corals and conch shells are also a part of me.
At night, I'm often bombarded with the ocean breeze.
The banana trees in me always bear a good fruit.
The cocoa and nutmegs teaches me how to survive.
Ivan has taught me how to revive after a disaster.
Every morning I'm awoken by the never ending crowing of the roosters.
The butterflies and beetles have taught me how short life really is.
The birds of the sky still fly around in my mind. They just reminds me of the beauty of life.
Even the green grasses at the side of the streets gives me a reason to carry on.
The rainy days has shown unto me the value of getting out now and again.
The moon light at night has taught me how to fight against the dark clouds.
The laid back sceneries in the city calms the fear in me.
The bougainvillea flowers keeps me forever smiling.
The lakes and rivers are flowing through my veins.
There's a place I miss so dearly, there's a place I long to be.
There's a place that defines me truly, the island in me.

devon da poet

The Old Man Down The Road

A little boy dressed in cocky pants and jumpers will soon prove himself to be more than just an ordinary boy

He was always found in torn-up clothes strolling along the dusty streets near his hometown, driving the big-time stick-rollers.

His sandals were filled with holes from underneath but they were good enough to comfort his feet.

His father abandoned him at 5 years old.□

His mother was a cook in the small restaurant near the brook.

Sparingly she utilized her salary because there was not enough to squander.

She got him a lot of used books that was partially destroyed by other kids,

But it was no big deal because they were free.

She forced him to read and he did indeed, every morning, every noon and every night, until he saw life in a different world.

His horizon surpassed most but he was reluctant to boost.

At the age of 18 he moved with his mother to the city where he attended college.

Mama has saved just enough over the years to cover only his first year but he saw himself graduating.

After completing his first year he found a job near the campus as a typewriter.

He typed all the novels and books written by a lot of published authors.

As he wrote he read, and at the end of every month he was paid.

After graduating from college he then moved to a more active city where he would become a totally different person.

On his arrival, he immediately got involved in literature and screen play, where his talents were displayed.

"Junior, o Junior such a right time to indulge liquor I muse. Samaria o Samaria why'd you leave me that day": A line uttered in one of his screen plays.

As time elapsed gradually, he became more and more famous throughout that city where he resided.

But deep down inside, he had an urge to do something no one else has ever attempted before. An urge to somehow pause the world, an urge to silent the wind and calm the tempestuous seas.

At age 30 he was already world renowned for his artistic works but no one knew not what was just before their eyes. Something amazing was about to be summoned into this world.

What could be so mind boggling? What could be so amusing that even the queen of England would be in suspense? The stars in the heaven did gave a sign, but how many really have seen it? If they'd seen it they wouldn't have been so astonished.

A new book was finally completed. So much energy and time were invested into

composing such a valuable piece of resource but of course it will take more than just a book to freeze the universe.

Today, here am I strolling down this dirt road hoping to find a peace of mind. As I persisted in my walk I realized that there were some familiarity with this environment but at the moment I was dubious. That was until I caught sight of this old man down the road.

He looked like someone I've seen before though I cannot really recall his appearance. So inarticulately I assumed that he was just an ordinary old man just like any other. He had a cane in his hand, his face was covered with a glasses, his pants was worn way up on his chest and his hair was as white as snow. But no one knew what I was about to unfold.

As I stepped on forward, I remember a story my dad once told me about a book that was lost and had unfortunately never been published. Just right after I heard a whisper, it was the wind. The wind immediately seized. The trees were also quiet and there was no sound at all.

I was in deep shock because this seemed to be such a weird moment. As I finally approached the old guy sitting on a stone near the road side I asked if he understood what has just happened. He hesitated a bit and then he replied. He said, "son the time is now right! " I wondered a bit and then asked, "the time is right for what sort of thing? "

Then he replied, "The book! " So with great eagerness I looked at him and muse but I was so confused by the word he has just uttered. Then I said, "What book? "

Then he said, "the one you are about to read". So I smiled and continued my journey concluding this guy to be just another weirdo.

After the walk began to become a bit exhausting I decided to return home for a little rest. As I approached home I soon remembered that I had to do some packing-up in my room. As I was about to reach for the broom standing next to the closet I caught sight of a book loitering long side the closet.

The cover of the book was blank and the inner pages was written in pen ink. So I stopped for a minute to think. I was just wondering if what that lousy old man was saying could possibly have some truth in it.

There was only one way to find out. I began reading the book. As I started reading the first page I was in deep shock. It was as though the book was speaking directly to me. The book has told me everything I needed to do in other to change the world.

I've seen the names of great people that have made the world a bit more innovative. The book has shown me all the tactics needed to defy the obstacles of this world.

I've read about who I am and what I'm supposed to do in this world.

This book has shown me my destiny. The author has literally written me.

devon da poet

The Ugly Duckling

The swans are so beautiful, they are loved and admired by many, seeing them as they swim to and fro in their pond.

Their features are astounding, they are one of a kind, simply a blessing to the eyes.

O look at how their feathers are white and fluffy, and are filled with zest.

Their beaks are of perfect size, they are nothing but the best.

Their wings are precisely laid down on their body. When they choose to spread them open, it's really worth the while.

But poor duckling on the other hand has no secret admirer.

Duckling is always isolated because she is seen as ugly.

As she tries to swim along the swans all of them dash away.

Her feathers are not so stylish, they're as pale as can be.

Her beak is broad and awful, no one wants to see.

As she attempts to impress the crowd, she never gets any notice.

Always in her own little world raveled and ashamed.

When the beautiful swans come out to play she's never invited.

If she ever swim astray she's never assisted.

Poor ugly duckling could never seem to find her way.

In a pond full of creatures, she's the only one betrayed.

As the swans fly with great leaps to the sky, poor ugly duckling always flies low.

Her wings can only take her as high as her esteem goes.

She has lost her confidence in the swans' dominance.

She hasn't been accustom to royal convenience.

Alone near ashore you'll find the ugly duckling.

Searching for the worms early in the morning.

She's always on time and always punctual.

She never cheats or tries to steal from anyone.

She's an honest duckling!

The swans will do whatever it takes to get noticed.

They'll even still poor ducklings worms if they so insist.

They never say thank you and they never say good-bye.

Their heart is filled with ugly, ducklings heart is filled with joy.

□

devon da poet

The Wicked Reigns On Earth

Your goodness is vein, your love is pain
Living in a world where the wicked reign.
The rich is wicked but are favoured.
The poor is humble but are ridiculed.
Both needs a saviour.
In a wicked world what's care and patience?
Get rich or die trying I muse.
But the love of money is the evil thereof,
If only they practice what they preach.
The wicked thoughts in their minds are detrimental.
Just listen to their speech, you'll know.
Away from the alter their life's a disaster, you'll woe.
Wicked preachers and pastors, wicked teachers; actors.
But they're the respected ones,
The holy ones, the ones with the so called good names.
It's a shame but we'll elect them any day.
Wicked Prime Ministers, wicked Lawyers, wicked Judges, and wicked police.
When will they stop slay the innocents?
When will they learn to obey their transcripts?
Those with the pure heart are trapped under their manipulation.
Money means power so they have dominion.
Education they do have so their wiles are enormous.
They only pretend, they do not like us.
Though we'll always overcome their evil endeavours,
On this earth the wicked reigns forever.

devon da poet

They Only Pretend To Care

As a Christian you'll one day come across a pitfall in your life.
Because of your belief, you'll be persecuted or even abandoned.
You'll attempt to seek refuge and advice but only to be condemned.
In your difficult times, there will be backbiters and pretenders.
Then you'll know who your true friends really are.
You'll even know if those you have for so long referred to as your close relative
or family will seem to be your worst enemy.
You'll struggle, kneeling on your feet you'll cuddle like a little sheep.
For they will only pretend to care.

In the struggle, they'll ask, how are and you and how do you do?
But in the back of their mind they're really saying screw you.
Your kindness and gratitude will be returned with harshness and hate.
You'll help those that are dear to you but they'll only devise way to spite and
oppress you.
In your difficult situation, you'll be tested, toiled and grieved.
Your mind will be confuse and unaware of the path to choose.
You'll try to escape the afflictions, only to realize that you have been surrounded.
Your life will be miserable.

Love those that hate you and pray for that persecute you.
A scripture I have forgotten.
I dare you to remember it when it's your time around in battle.
For it will ease your burdens tremendously.
In the process of suffering pray on bending knees with your hands and head
lifting upwards.
God will surely see you through, for it's only a passing storm.
Speak to him and let him know just how you feel.
Let your heart and mind soothe in God precious blood.
For his grace is more than sufficient for what may ever come your way.
Whatever situation that awaits you just remember to thank God for the more
than ten thousand reasons he has given you to do so.
Jesus love you more than you may ever imagined.
Let his light continue to shine in your life, and finally you see miraculous
encounters.

devon da poet

Thou Hast Dove Eyes, Thou Hast Dove Eyes.

Thou hast dove eyes, thou hast dove eyes.
Candle lit on your footsteps.
Horses leaped behind you with zest.
Fire swept passed your eye brows.
Dove made nest near your eyes.

Slender, slender, blue indeed.
Like an orphan, I've lost my need to be loved by parents,
Or even read.
What use are there in books,
What else are there to be learned, but your eye lids?
Say to the horizon, love has good vision.
Say to the mountains, love has heights.

I saw you through my instincts,
No I didn't look.
Who can face your eyes?
Who can even think?
Portion of love, stars and the moon.
I look and search but your eyes stood beneath the view.
It was dark when I saw you, love eyes, did they saw me too?
Yellow flowers blossomed, yellow morning too.

Dove flew near me yesterday,
Dove and butterflies.
I think I saw your eyes, dove, and it gave me butterflies.
Strolling along the stream, I saw a silver strip in the sky,
Darling I miss you, I saw you in the sky.

devon da poet

Ticking Love

I'm running out of time but that's all I got
The time to show you baby, what you're worth
You're always looking at me, I do stare back
But you never notice; you think I'm a clock
I'm very observant; I'm your secret admirer
My love for you is constant, I'm right here in plain sight
I'm stuck on your wall, forgotten on your desk; I'm close to your bed when
you're at rest
I woke you up this morning, because of me you were early
You keep shutting me up; could never express my feelings entirely
But I'm always back in your thoughts, because really and truly you can't do
without me
In your mind, you keep imagining my presence, to keep in track with the time
you remember my existence
When my hands tick you feels so much alive but why you won't speak if you
need me to survive
Every second, every minute my love for you keep growing
But I hope that it won't take you weeks and months before you start knowing
That... tic, tic, toc; I'm not just a clock!

devon da poet

Two Birds, One Stone (Bothering Birds)

I saw them flying, they were a pair.
I picture them dying they were in fear.
That was the perception I had in my mind.
I had it all figured out! ☐
It was an early morning with daunted orange sky.
Why were there just only two bothering birds?

They always wore the same outfit each and every time.
At the same places together them you'll find.
Everyone I knew admired their charisma.
But I dishonored their pompous behavior.
They were just too cocky for bothering birds.
Every other birds I knew were gentle and peaceful.
Well, why were they so proud?

I'm a dealer, I'm renowned as the big bird killer.
I like chicken, turkey, goose and duck.
But these two birds were pure bad luck.
Mama always await my catch, she just love to see what bird I may bring home next.
Yea, she's my number one chef, she help me skin those filthy feathers.
As I stroll outside in curiosity, I again came across those bothering birds.
They were performing at the local karaoke.
Their voices were amusingly innocent.
Why do the bad birds sing?

I left quite a bit early to meet up with my friend Mr. Flingshot.
He knows all the tricks and all the traps.
When I'm out of ideas he whispers me a few hints.
His hints have always been an inspiration, it always seemed to work.
Yes, he is quite a talent.
With his help I was able to devise a plan.
I was going to catch these two bothering birds once and for all
Now where do I start?

I rushed back to mom's. She couldn't wait to arrange the plates.
She hugged me so tightly thus trying to help build my confidence, I was ready for yet another catch.
The very same night, I went back to the market place where the two bothering

birds usually hang out.

It was as though they have somehow changed feathers again.

Short cocked up tails, with shorter-like beaks, it was as though their body were covered with silk, their feathers laid down so smoothly.

Mr. Flingshort has given me some bate to use, to try to entice those bothering birds.

They were flirty and hungry!

As I threw the first bate, the first bothering bird wagged her tail and the second took deep inhales.

When I threw the second, they got so afraid and flew off.

But why did they flew?

Birds of same feather surely flock together.

I could've gotten them both with one stone if and only if they've stayed around.

Unfortunately, they've flown to the next side of the town.

These bothering birds were just too experienced.

My quest to taste some new breasts have been deterred.

Anyways, I prefer my everyday chicken, turkey, goose and duck.

To hell with those bothering birds!

Why did I even bother?

devon da poet

Veins And Arteries

I've never seen the interior of a vein nor an artery, in my body.
But I know what's there babe, 'cause I can feel my heart beat.
My heart pumps love through veins and arteries.
No lump can stop the flow!
Though my love tank looks empty when it's cold outside,
My love runs like a river on the inside
Vasoconstriction cannot deter my fluency honey.
There's no restriction of love in these tributaries.
Just like the U.S. military, I got a potent heart.
Every time I breathe in your elegant smell, my love energizes.
Every time I exhale, I desire more and more of you.
Your voice, your portrayal, your comeliness and your posture, goes straight into
my aorta.
The last time I was bruised, I was amused by the amount of love that flowed out
of my body.
But that's just life sugar, some love just weren't meant to be.
I depend on a love, I'm comprised of love, and my love's o-positive babe.
I can give love to anyone, but I can only receive from you.
Adam knew Eve then they knew love.
Come feel my love vessels with your soft, smooth hands madam!
And I'll feel yours.
Veins and arteries are of romance,
While love makes you hug, kiss, sing and dance.
Babe, the love in me gives second chances.
The love we pursue need not disturbances.
Where do veins and arteries end my love?
Our love will never end!
Love me with the love in your veins and arteries, and I'll love you just the same.
Win me your love like lotteries. Ain't no gamble! A lover's game.
Bleed me your love babe!
When you do shout out my name!
Love was made for couples only.
Love me till we love again.

devon da poet

What Doest Ye Not Want Me To Be?

What doest ye not want me to be? Why doest thou toil so much against thee?

What's in thee that thou hath seen? What hath made ye so tense?

O Lord, my refuge, lay a mighty rock over thine head. Protect thee o Lord.

Hide thee from the rain, bring thee into a house of dwelling.

What doest ye not want me to be? Have ye seen might and greatness and honour?

Have ye seen thee being exalted? Have ye seen success in thine name?

O lord, be thy guiding light and armor, for thou has planned to smite thee.

Protect thee in thy going out and coming in.

Give thee joy in thy whipping and peace in thy afflictions, for I've been thorned, o Lord.

Lord, open the eyes of thy spirit. Let thou see who hast plotted against thee.

Lord show unto thee thy friends from thy foes.

Teach thee how to overcome thy sores.

O, lessen my burden, o Lord. Or even reveal this unto thee.

The other side hath fury in thine eyes.

What doest ye not want me to be?

devon da poet

What Dreams Have You Dreamt?

If you dreamt of me being successful, let me know, for it will only ease my worries.

If in your dreams you saw me marry, let me know for it will only ease my grieves.

If your dreams are of me, don't keep it hidden, untold dreams should always be forbidden.

If when you layest down you see greatness in my life, bid me the truth for I long to be comforted.

Have you ever seen my face in your unconscious encounters, even blurry or glowingly, for I long to know what thou hast seen of me?

Are you dreams of us, me and you strolling together on the smooth, white, sinking sand near the coastlines?

Have you ever seen us hanging out somewhere, thus enjoying the scenery thereof?

Have you ever dreamt a dream of me and you, even once or twice, may I ask? Where do your mind wander of at night?

Do you ever ponder in your sleep?

Have you ever experienced an inevitable imagery of me hovering within your mind?

Have you ever long to be forever intertwined with me when you're dead in rest? If yes, did you caress in your sleep?

Do you ever coblax in those warm cuddly blanket thinking about me, thus swaying your feet to and fro?

Are your dreams a torment that I'm not there anymore?

Do you cry and lament at my absence when you're all alone?

What do you dream of? Let me know!

Don't let your dreams fade away in fear!

Tell them to me then maybe I'll care.

devon da poet

Wisdom

We were all born foolish and dumb

Then we started speaking syllables bit by bit

Then finally words and then sentences.

But most of our utterance were influenced by that of which we heard and listened.

In other words, the home in which we were brought up in.

If your mother and father were highly inclined then it's most likely you'll also be of same stature.

But does it make you of higher IQ than a man who was brought up in a home filled with null skulls?

You might say for certain.

But what if that man whom did lived in the home of low stature were to be placed into a more highly intellectual oriented environment, what would you reckon?

I'll say that his way of thinking and his cognitive capacity with improve.

It is wisdom not judge a man by his current position.

Society will blatantly accept a man formally dressed over another in rugged attire, even though the man in rugged clothing has a higher intellect quantity or mannerism.

Society will also accept a woman with long hair and a beautiful body over one with pure heart and virtue.

It is wisdom not to be stereotype based on false premise

If the president presents a speech, it will in most instances be preferred over that of the voice of a normal citizen, even if the president's speech has no real substance, and on the other hand, the normal citizen has physical data to prove his/ her claim.

A sixteen year old girl has more prestige than a sixteen year old boy but a forty year old man has more prestige than a forty year old woman.

Why is that so? At sixteen a girl is at her peak in beauty and attractiveness but a typical guy is successful not until he is forty. With that understanding, as parents how will you lecture you kids on dating?

Having multiple partners in dating will make you a whole lot more flexible but does wisdom despise reputation?

A mother who makes all her teenage daughters decisions will one day pass away and her teenage daughter will grow into an indecisive adult.

But will you let you teenage daughter do as she please?

Having sexual intercourse at a young age will give you more experience but is your life a job application? Wisdom teaches you to wait on the right person.

A labourer at minor age didn't went through the hardship of studying nights upon

nights unlike a lawyer who did, but twenty years later the labourer would work ten times as hard as the lawyer would have to. Is there an easy way out in life? Wisdom teaches that the race is not for the swiftest.

If the weather is sunny will you carry an umbrella though there are chances that rain may still pour later on?

Hardly anyone would, but everyone will carry around a cellphone even if they're not expecting any calls, it's the same in the perspective of passivity.

A lot of intellectual people still haven't yet accepted God as Jesus so are they any wiser than the illiterates who have? What's true wisdom?

devon da poet

Words

Some of us have said it all, some again have concealed it
Not one of us has read it all, not one of us has seen every one of it
It's written in books it is drawn on walls, its bolded, hyphenated, italic or even
printed small
It is powerful, it is evolutionary, it is taught in school, but it's more than just the
words in a stupid dictionary
It brings joy: it brings sorrow, it is given and it can be borrowed
It can have a long lasting impression whereas; it can deteriorate interests and
attraction
There are so many of it but yet so little is used
Some can be subtracted: some can be fused
Some are used incorrectly while others are abused
The words you use can illustrate what kind of person you are
Only a lovely person can use lovely words
But it takes more than just words to describe a certain person in particular.

devon da poet

Working Bee

Babe you're a queen and I'm a working bee
I'll protect your hive if you let us be
Babe we are green; you need my company□
I'll make you my wife if you let us be
You sound so much alone when we spoke on the phone
I need you close to me; can I be your drone?
There's no need for money when there's good honey
Fresh from the flowers; made it just for you
Ain't got super powers but what I got is true
I got love and it's buzzing in the air
You'll get what you deserve from your toes up to your hair
Babes my love can only sting you once
But my feeling lasts forever; the feeling of romance
I'll swarm you with my body
Around my arms you'll never feel lonely
The way you turn and twist and fly around me with your beauty
Put a working bee in duty
Babe you the queen, give me the authority
Every queen needs a king for maturity
.... Your working bee!

devon da poet

You More Than Just A Friend

You're more than just a friend, you're my motivation.
When everyone turns their back on me you're there.
When I'm overwhelmed with fear and hurt you're near, still so far away.
You makes me smile through all the hardships.
You kindles the fire in me.☐
You have a heart that conveys love.
You care for others, that's beauty to me.
You give me you time, you make me feel happy.
I cry tears of joy to know you're my friend.
More than just a friend!
I can overcome the world with you on my side.
Together we can do anything.
I like the fact that you value yourself,
You thought me that.
You got dreams and ambitions.
That's awesome!
You make me scream with passion,
You bring joy to my soul.
And, that's exactly what I need from a friend.
Let's see where friendship take us.
You mean a lot to me... Annie

devon da poet