

Poetry Series

Florence P. Wordsmith
- poems -

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Florence P. Wordsmith(October 27,1932)

I found my burning desire to write during my late teens, while staying with some friends of mine in a monastery in Lahij, in the southern part of Yemen. While in the company of Father Serj, I learned a good deal about life, love, and laughter. But my journey was only just beginning.

Due to the age limit of apprentice monks, I was forced to leave the sacred place at the age of 22. From there I traveled, by foot, up north, through Saudi Arabia to India, where I worked as an assistant to an elephant doctor. It was there I learned how metaphors shape the changes that reality serves us.

From there I spent many days in various deserts in Europe, helping villages dig wells for oil so that they could sustain themselves. It was here that my colleagues gave me the name Florence- since the name bestowed upon me by Fathers Serj and Tanktepoheepapylon was proving to be difficult for caucasians to pronounce. Only later would I realize that the name Florence was generally associated with the female gender, and since I was male, this was the cause of much confusion.

I visited various other countries throughout my journey, such as Paraguay, Australia, and the ever exotic Canada.

During my treks, I found the only way I could truly express myself was in verse, with the exception of various post-it notes that I used to keep track of my innermost thoughts.

I hope you enjoy the poetry as much as I enjoyed writing it, hopefully much, much, much more.

A Boy's Heart

People often say to me, 'You're younger than you are.'
It's 'cause I have a boys heart. I keep it in a jar.

Florence P. Wordsmith

A Mennonite Feeling

Every time the music starts
I get that good ol' Mennonite feeling
To get up out of my seat and start to move
Towards the door
Before I start to dance

Florence P. Wordsmith

A Poem Written In The Style Of Malcolm Bacchus Is A Fine Thing To Read Indeed, Especially If One Is A Connesiour Of Such Things

Poetry is not easy for some
The soul is often cluttered
and the truth is hard find
When we ourselves are lies

Florence P. Wordsmith

A Serious Poem

the trembling of my hand
fate's string dangles
twisting my vision to one
that cannot be
the dust settles callously
over the meandering stream of thought
throughout the forest of my pain
I cannot guess the times
that fortune has passed me by
in favor of the senseless drudging
of the moon's cool heat
upon a summer's first snowfall

Florence P. Wordsmith

A Time Before Machines

I remember a time before the machines
before we were forced into slavery
ignorant of what was happening to us
we spent our hours staring at a screen
waiting, willing for a message from someone
to prove that we were still connected
there was a day when the sun was still bright
but our lives were lit by the glow of a monitor
tap tap tap
fingers on a keyboard
the only sound left echoing throughout the empty halls
but sitting here with you
I guess it could have been worse

Florence P. Wordsmith

Analogous Requiem

Love is like bright blue truck
Driving swiftly on the road of life
Wisdom's like a horse's luck
Or a sailor's home without a wife

Dreams are fire that wizards see
Spinning round the tower of scorn
Justice is like five times three
A crime is like a plate of corn

Knowledge grows from monkeys talkin'
On the tree of good intentions
Power's the form of Christopher Walken
Truth's a cat with hypertension

Children are the letter S
Innocence is of a tune
Rhymes are damsels in distress
Poetry's a plastic spoon

Florence P. Wordsmith

Autobiographical Rap

Note: The following must be read while someone is beat boxing

Born in west Yemen, I was raised a child
Spent my time in the streets, where I grew to be wild
Drove my parents crazy, they were exasperated
To a Yemen monastery they had me donated
I studied there for years before I became part of the clergy
My mentor's name was Serj, he taught 'bout liturgy
According to the rules when I was twenty-two
I had to be expelled, I didn't know what to do
So I spent my time wanderin' through the great Mid-East
Town-hopping, tale-swapping just to say the least
I trekked up and down, through multiple places
I think I must have seen at least a million faces
Hiking through Pakistan and even Malaysia
'Til I realized I'd ended up in south-east Asia
Sometimes these crazy journeys can really amaze ya
But you got to make a stop when your compass betrays ya
I was lost, with my location I couldn't come to terms
Until I met up with a doctor of a pachyderm
He was certainly a humanitarian
Spent his whole life being a veterinarian
Taught me how be an agrarian vegetarian
Which I guess is how he got be a septuagenarian
But a lot of time passed and I began to get bored
Wandering was when my wizened spirit soared
To I took off again, and made way for Europe
I knew I wouldn't give up until I'd finished my tour up
I wandered passed the icy wastes of Russia
Through past the mad burning plains of Prussia
Until I reached the deserts of Mid-Southern-West France
Where I clan of homeless desert folks taught me how to dance
All day those poor people would just work and toil
Until I hit the jackpot and discovered some oil
It made them all rich but I could not stay
For rolling in money was not my way
I left those people, and journeyed some more
Learning new things, not knowing what's in store
And ever since then I've been meandering

Pandering to people, but not philandering
And this is my story, I hope you enjoyed it
Advice: if you meet a sick elephant, you'd better avoid it

Florence P. Wordsmith

Avoid The Noid!

Avoid the Noid!
That's what they said
Avoid the Noid!
But now I'm dead
Avoid the Noid!
He hit my head
Avoid the Noid!
While eating bread
Avoid the Noid!
When in your bed
Avoid the Noid!
He's got street cred
Avoid the Noid!
I ran and fled
But now I am a Noid instead!

Florence P. Wordsmith

Bar Jokes

A tired horse climbed up the stair
Of the bar after a race
The bartender glanced at the mare
Inquired him: 'Why the long face? '

Gold Digger Joe ordered a beer
In his favorite local diner
'I can't serve you' the barkeep sneered
See, Digger Joe, he was a miner

A snake came up out of the bay
'A cold one please, ' he snickered
But he wouldn't get his drink today
'Cause he couldn't hold his liquor

A pastor, rabbi and a priest
Entered in after a smoke
The bartender, whose brow was creased
Asked the three, 'Is this a joke? '

Florence P. Wordsmith

Birthdays

What's the point of havin' birthdays
If there are no gifts to give
When love is spent and sorrow's earned
And you've got one less year to live
What's the point of havin' birthdays
If you don't enjoy your cake
It's not your fault your mom's in prison
You should have taught yourself to bake
What's the point of havin' birthdays
You bought yourself a pre-used shirt
Blowin' out candles doesn't matter
When every time you breathe, it hurts
What's the point of havin' birthdays
When empty cards are on display
But count your blessings, soon you'll learn
You'll only have one deathday

Florence P. Wordsmith

Coming Of Age

I was born at an early age
I grew up throughout my childhood
I experienced adolescence in my teens
And reached maturity as I became an adult
I grew older as the years went by
And old age hit me around 65
And finally at the end of life
I died

Florence P. Wordsmith

Donkey Kong

His coconut gun
can fire in spurts
if he shoots ya
it's gonna HURT

Florence P. Wordsmith

Escalators (Dedicated To Aldo Kraas)

Escalators Escalators
Escalators Escalators

Florence P. Wordsmith

Eye Of The Tiger

It's the eye of the tiger
It's the thrill of the fight
Living up to the challenge of our rival
And the last known survivor
Stalks his prey in the night
And he's watching us all with the eye
Of a lawyer who is very familiar with copyright infringement

Florence P. Wordsmith

F Is For Florence

F is for Florence

Also

In some places

They don't have

Kingdoms

Florence P. Wordsmith

Facades

the masks we wear
the things we share
none of this is true
a real feeling
takes much revealing
for me to see the real you

Florence P. Wordsmith

First Person Narrator In 'Animal Antics'

I had a fish who ran away
I had a horse who choked on hay
I had a cat who died nine times
I had a goat who couldn't climb
I had a dog who mauled my boss
I had rat who didn't floss
I had a cow that went insane
I kept a virus in it's brain
I've had bad relationships with pets
That all have ended in regret
Maybe what my boss said was true
I shouldn't work here at the zoo

Florence P. Wordsmith

Gravity

The rain
in Spain
falls mainly
downwards

Florence P. Wordsmith

I Hear Voices

I hear voices in my head
Sometimes they tell me to do good things
Other times, not so much
I tried to ignore them at first
But it is so hard
When they are speaking all the time
When I try to sleep they are there
When I take a shower they are there
I don't know how to turn them off
I guess I'll just have to wait
Until my walkman runs out of batteries

Florence P. Wordsmith

I Left My Heart In San Francisco

I left my heart in San Francisco
I left my lungs in Cuba
I left my brain in Montreal
I left my liver in Bermuda
I left my pancreas in Lagos
I left my kidneys in Peru
I left my nose in Tokyo
I left my soul with you

Florence P. Wordsmith

Life's A Gamble

You got to know when to hold 'em
Know when to fold 'em
Know when to walk away
Know when to run
You never count your money
When you're sittin' at the table
They'll be time enough for countin'
When you're being sued by Kenny Rogers

Florence P. Wordsmith

Menonights, Courtesy Of Aldo Kraas

Well Menonights do everything by hand
They don't believe in electricity
They use the old washing mashing thad wash clothes by turning the handle
They are very old

Florence P. Wordsmith

Mother's Love

A mother's love
does not come cheap
trust me
I'm out 40 bucks

Florence P. Wordsmith

Nine Ways To Die

being a cat is not so bad
'cause you get to die a lot
one time I fell off a roof
one time I was even shot
once I ate some rotten fish
once I jumped into a lake
once I spooked an angry horse
once I was burned at the stake
someone skinned me at least twice
and that's all I've remembered
nine lives doesn't really matter
once your owner's been dismembered

Florence P. Wordsmith

Not Apparent

Sometimes I worry
I am not apparent
because I don't have kids

Florence P. Wordsmith

Ode To A Hero

William H. Macy, what a guy
He's the world's greatest actor
All other movies just won't fly
Because they lack that Macy factor

Macy and Buscemi, both in Fargo
He's The Cooler of the two
He's a real Mystery Man
A Quiet, Family Man, it's true

Boogie Nights and Cellular
Sahara and the rest
But Bart Got A Room
Has got to be his best

William H. Macy is a man
A thespian at heart
I'd like to be like him some day
And be a work of art

Florence P. Wordsmith

Old Man Takes A Look At His Life

the old man sits there rockin'
on his old, creaky chair
a guitar in his hand
wishin' he were younger

Florence P. Wordsmith

Pc Vs Mac

I have a PC
It is useful
For blocking large doors
I have a Mac
It helps me
Not look so poor

Florence P. Wordsmith

Pirate Olympics (Haiku)

it's just way too hard

to leap over those hurdles

with a wooden leg

Florence P. Wordsmith

Po Em

There's nothing like a good Po Em
to stir my soul

There's nothing like a good Po Em
to meet my goal

There's nothing like a good Po Em
to pay the tool

There's nothing like a good Po Em
to take my heart back

the one you stole

Florence P. Wordsmith

Re Verses

The poem that you've just finished
I wrote this poem you're reading now
my pride was not diminished
'I'll write it in reverse' I said

Inside the empty text
and knew exactly what put
the night after the next
and then I watched Memento

Everything and everywhere
every thing's been done before
the inspiration wasn't there
but as I sat and racked my brains

The grandest in the land
to write the world's greatest verse
a pencil in my hand
today I sat down on my chair

Florence P. Wordsmith

Red

Red is the color of exuberance
of passion and of life
It's a powerful hue
That rules over the other tints
If I had a house I would paint it red
With the promise of a brighter future
But red is also the color of blood
of rage and of fire
My father used to say
A picture is worth a thousand words
But now I know
A color is worth more

Florence P. Wordsmith

Remember Them

Remember the titans
their power and their strength
they ruled the sky and the lands
they held lightning in their palms
and they smote all who did not believe
they created fire and water
they gave humans the power to want
every time they fought the heavens shook
and their crowns were golden
Remember the titans
their pure and righteous anger
at the people who lived their lives
not for the moment, but for themselves
they lived in castles of clouds
and fortresses of stars
also, it was a pretty good movie

Florence P. Wordsmith

School Time Blues

Every day I go school
I hate that awful place
The kids there all just laugh at me
And make fun of my face

The teachers all ignore me
They give me no respect
I barely get a break for lunch
I kind of feel like a reject

I never enjoy recess
And all I do is work
And at the drinking fountain
I'm treated like a jerk

At the cafeteria
No one will sit near me
Why do I get the idea
That everybody fears me?

I guess I just won't go today
It really is that simple
School's never fun for you
When you are the Principal

Florence P. Wordsmith

Seven Seas

The ocean of my heart has seven different seas

Not Pacific, not Atlantic, but the waters of soul

They are

Happiness

Justice

Honesty

Devotion

Relatability

Punctuality

and

Attractiveness

Florence P. Wordsmith

The Amazing Flying Prison

I detest flying
Every time I do I feel constrained
I always seem to be seated
in the same spot
A spot without access to
the drink cart
one that is not near a bathroom
Or beside that one annoying guy
who talks to me all the time
I just want to pull the shade down
over the window
and get some sleep for once
But I just can't seem to do it
Sometimes, when things seem really dark
and I feel like everything is falling down around me
I begin to wish
that I wasn't
a pilot

Florence P. Wordsmith

The Black Plague

Don't go outside, my mother said
all there is sickness
but I was a curious, dumb young lad
my skull not lacking thickness
I'll just be out a minute, said I.
I'll make sure to beware.
but I was not prepared to see
the bodies layin' everywhere
It was hard to take at a young age
Seeing also those people lying
My mind was filled with fear and rage
That I would join those people, dying
So I ran back inside the house,
but it was to my alarm
a sickly fly the size of my eye
had bit me on the arm
'You're one of them! ' My mother yelled
she beat me with a broom
Before I could react to this
She fled to the secret room
And as she locked herself inside
And my body groaned and seethed
I couldn't help but feel some pride
and the first fresh air outside I'd breathed
And know I live out on the streets
I've found that I have come to find
It's better to be sick in flesh
than to be sick in one's own mind

Florence P. Wordsmith

The Dark Side Of The Heart

In the night I feel it there
The darkness in my heart
It's beating gives me quite a scare
It's tearing me apart

Joseph Conrad's book was right
True evil lies within
Our hearts are all as dark as night
Filled up with pain and sin

So I just lie there in my bed
In my quiet misery
The darkness creeping towards my head
I will never be free

Florence P. Wordsmith

The Dreams Of Robots

1010010011101101
1100101001010111
1010000100100110
0001001110100110
0101001000111010
1001010010010001
0010111011101010

Florence P. Wordsmith

The Importance Of Family

It's been four weeks since
I landed on this forsaken
island
I'm all alone here
there are no animals to be seen
and the waves are
quiet
against the beach
I miss
facilities, like electricity and bathrooms
and TV
but most of all I miss
my family
I haven't seen them for so long
they thought this trip was
a bad idea
but I got on the boat anyways
and our last conversation
was an argument
how I miss my son's laugh
and my wife's
cooking
they were so tender
so sweet
but I had to eat them to survive.

Florence P. Wordsmith

The Life I Could Have Lived

time flows by
relentlessly like a river
you cannot reclaim those lost hours
but only move forward
with hope for the future
I could have learned to sing
or love
or laugh
or live
if only I'd known
we couldn't get those seconds back
but instead I tossed out all those days
collecting those
STUPID POKEMON CARDS!

Florence P. Wordsmith

The Son I Never Knew I Had

Walking down the street one day
I saw a little lad
The boy just danced right up to me
and said 'You are my dad! '
He showed me all of the results
of a paternity test
I'd always wanted a little boy
I felt like I was blessed
He lived with me a couple years
we grew to know each other well
but then the doctor called that day
our lives became a living Hell
'Johnny's kidney's failing'
said the doctor's quiet voice
'you'll have to find a donor'
and I knew I had no choice
I offered him my kidney
and the boy was very glad
we went into the surgery room
he said 'I love you, Dad.'
The operation went just fine
but when I did awake
my little boy was gone, yes he
was missing, no mistake
'Where's my boy! ' I cried aloud
the doctor looked depressed
'He just walked out.' the doctor said
'No need to get distressed.
The surgery went well indeed
it was really no bother
and his other kidney's doing just fine
'cause it's from his real father.'
'I'm his dad! ' I cried again
'This must be some mistake.'
'You're not his dad.' The doctor said.
'The test results were fake.
The boy was really mine, you see
but he was really ailing
I'd given him one kidney

but the other one was failing
We engineered this crazy scheme
so he could get another
now if you will excuse me,
we're going to see his mother.'
I watched him as he walked away
and hugged my boy outside
I didn't know what I should do,
so I just lay and cried.
And to this day I don't like kids
I like them not one bit
and that's why when you're gone next week
I cannot babysit.

Florence P. Wordsmith

Things Just Aint The Same Here

things just aint the same here
nothin's like it used to be
been forty years since I was happy
since I've seen a bird or tree
time to go, the big man said
vehicle's leaving, get on board
we had no choice, we had to pay
for crimes that we could not afford

things just aint the same here
on the porch 'longside my wife
staring at those dusty plains
we stayed alive but lost our life
feels like there's nothin' left
humanity is slowly dyin'
what I'd give to to feel the feeling
of falling down instead of flyin'

things just aint the same here
gazin' up at blurry stars
I would have preferred hell on earth
to any heaven here on mars

Florence P. Wordsmith

Three Lies

This is a breaking up kind of song
His girlfriend, his girlfriend's been telling him
been telling her too many lies
and so finally this song is called
'Three Lies'
Can you hear this alright?
One lie is one too many
Two lies are more than plenty
But three lies and I'll proba probably be sayin'
bumbumbumbum
You could be on time for a million years
to make up for each time you late
You could be a joker for a thousand years
to make up for each heart you break
'cause one lie is one too many
two lies is more than plenty
and three lies
I'll probably be sayin'
goodbye....

Florence P. Wordsmith

Time Well Spent

Some people like to spend their time creatively
I like to pwn n00bs

Florence P. Wordsmith

Wildernesscities

If you find yourself alone
in the middle of the Sahara
I recommend you find
some water

If you are on a dessert Island
and you're hungry for some food
I recommend you find
a spoon

Florence P. Wordsmith

With Aldo Respect

People read his poems
They are moved
by his verses
The worlds he creates
Are complex and vivid
And always true
He is a fine poet
And a fine man
Also, there was
a king
in Portugal

Florence P. Wordsmith