

Poetry Series

Steven Taylor
- poems -

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Steven Taylor(6/7/58)

Father of three daughters 9 years US Navy Air Traffic Controller
3 years FAA Air Traffic Controller
16 years Professional Sales & Marketing

Interests and Hobbies:

I love to sing, write poetry and play chess. I am a body builder and movie buff.

'A poet is a poet because he understands;
because he is born with a divine kinship
with all things, ... and he is a poet in direct ratio
to his power of sympathy' Alice Ruth Moore

examples of my work and my picture are published here: [ecom/? author=705](http://ecom/?author=705)
illustrated poems are found at my web site

3000 Dead

I do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to regulations and the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

3000 men and women that
swore this oath and raised a sword
died on desert battlefields
in 2006, .. year of our lord

so sad that these young patriots, ...
forgot that solemn creed, ..
because, ...
domestic enemies are why, ..
they died... and others bleed

lies and propaganda had
controlled the way they thought
they took up arms convinced that we
were really on the brink of war, ..
they fought, ..
they died, ..
and they never really knew what for! ! !

3000 men and women that
swore an oath and raised a sword
died on desert battlefields
in 2006, .. year of our lord

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Steven Taylor

A Poem For My Mother

Galoshes and long underwear
cod liver oil and Vicks
mom forced it down me everyday
her winter bag of tricks

hot Cream of Wheat and vitamins
fresh grapefruit sectioned out
'Put on that hat! Zip up that coat! '
each morning she would shout

and every Sunday without fail
into my room she'd walk
raising shades and pulling sheets
I still can hear her talk

'Get up! it's time for Sunday School,
Get up! or you'll be late',
Oral Roberts on the radio
and a quarter for the plate

and every now and then the choir
would let my mother sing
lead solo on a gospel song
what joy her voice would bring

then after church we'd go downstairs
and everyone would say
'Yes Lord your mom can really sing'
that always made my day

each Christmas she would trim the tree
dye eggs at Easter time
and oh what fun the hunt would be
those memories are sublime

yet, all my childhood memories of
my mothers love and care
can be summed up with these three words
galoshes and long underwear

Steven Taylor

A Poem For Outchop

We're underway for the USA
my God it's been a while
We get this feeling down inside
that forces us to smile

We came out here to do a job
to show the world our strength
and now that all is said and done
we look back and we think

We think of times on 'water hours'
on food to bad to eat
on seas that rolled us out our racks
and knocked us off our feet

We remember times in 'ports-o-call'
with shipmates, girls and wine
the sights and sounds that will remain
forever in our minds

Then we realize that even though
a picnic it was not
this cruise was worth the time we spent
for the memories we got

Steven Taylor

After The Election

after the election,
if obama is crowned king,
will white folks eat fried chicken more?
and gangstah rap the songs they'll sing?

after the election,
if john McCain prevails
will black folks join the NRA?
and skyrocket our stock market sales?

after the election,
the war abroad comes home.
brace tightly to the truth you knew, ...
like survivors in the superdome

after the election,
the shit will hit the fan!
does not matter if you're red or blue,
racist white men have a plan,
after the election

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Steven Taylor

Ain'T It Funny

ain't it funny how the price of gas
does our attention pull, ...
last week a sawbuck was a joke
today it filled tanks quarter full

think deeply about how you feel
as the price of gas recedes
and the precious dollars you will have
to spend on other things you need

the smile and sense of pure relief
felt as you purchase fuel
is a form of propaganda that
bush and his boys use as a tool

think twice as deep y'all, .. I implore, ..
of the covert mind control
our fascist, nazi government
has on your body, mind and soul

4 hundred billion dollars of
the saleries we earn
is being spent on needless wars
so rich white men have cash to burm

the profits made on products like
destoyers, bombs and tanks,
pay for the lavish life styles of
rich racist crakahs with swiss banks

ain't it funny how the price of gas
does our attention pull, ...
last week a sawbuck was a joke
today it filled tanks quarter full

Steven Taylor

An Artist

An artist will do anything to let their feelings flow
not love, nor hate, ...not pain, nor loss
could ever stop their show
the gift that God bestows will be a constant voice inside
from childhood it beckons them to create things with pride
the image that a painter sees in nature, life and dreams
becomes a canvas masterpiece quite naturally it seems...
The foggy notes of melodies a poor musician hums
that blossom into Broadway scores with violins and drums
the rhythm in a simple phrase a poet will detect
then transform into books and plays that no one can neglect
an artist will do anything to let their feelings flow
not love, nor hate, ...not pain, nor loss
could ever stop their show

Steven Taylor

Being A Realist

I am a natural realist,
been one since I was five,
I have always had keen interests in,
what were truths, and what were lies.

Both science and religion share,
old texts with pedigree;
in church taught I the bible,
In school taught I the Darwin tree.

And slowly I began to see,
that truths for most are hard to grasp,
except for those like me.
A realist knows, that love and hate,

are but bastards birthed from greed.
That they are envy, lust and powers' mate,
in a constant battle to succeed;
and care, the most unplanted seed,

is plucked out daily like a weed.
A realist's mind is forever freed,
we know want differs much from need

Steven Taylor

Bush Politics

Bush Politics is evil y'all, the Babylonian whore,
kissin' babies, shakin' hands, trying hard to score.
Behind the scenes exists a world that Satan sure enjoys
assassinations, cover ups, greed, adultery, ploys.

Bush Politics has never been about the common good,
Bush politicians lie each time they're in your neighborhood;
they practice methods much akin to grifter's slight of hand,
now they're here and then they're gone, a promise and a plan.

And once in office they are slaves to constituent's demands,
bought and paid for puppet men, strings pulled by idle hands.
War is the beast that pays the bills, a conflict must exist,
to make a buck young men must die, they're drafted or enlist.

These liars try to call themselves our leaders and our friends,
they go to church and say they pray for violence to end;
and yet they go to work each day in secret closed war rooms,
to plot and plan more ways that they
can cause their brother's doom! !

They manufacture enemies that praise a different God,
supply them weapons, pick a fight; it's all a big façade!
Bush politics is evil y'all, make no mistake, it's true
one day, will history books proclaim Bush politics killed you?

Steven Taylor

Conviction

conviction, ..
be it of a crime that places you in jails, ...

or to way of life, ..
that damns you to an everlasting hell, ...

or to an eternal life with virgin bells..
or to streets of gold with endless wells..

conviction asks for souls, ...
that a convicted someone sells...

conviction...

Steven Taylor

Don'T Be Afraid Of You

Go anywhere you want to go
Do anything you want to do
Succeed or fail, win or lose
Just don't be afraid of you

Enlist in causes, protest with masses
Take sides and follow through
Engage the enemy within
Don't be afraid of you

All you've got is who you are
Be true to what you feel
Let nothing or nobody try
To tell you what is real

Show up, stand up, shout and sing
Clap hands, stomp feet and yell
Make known your stance to everyone
Don't like it? Go to hell!

Don't be afraid of you

Go anywhere you want to go
Do anything you want to do
Succeed or fail, win or lose
Just don't be afraid of you

Steven Taylor

Everyday That I Awake

everyday that I awake
In this war torn desert land
my first thought is not of this place,
but the touch of my wife's precious hand

i try so hard to concentrate
on the family that I miss
of the warmth of their final embrace
of the passion in their good-bye kiss

i know i'm on a mission that
i volunteered to fight
god's grace has got me through this day
and helped me make it through last night

as i prepare for my patrol
and the dangers of this day
i force myself down on my knees,
i fold my hands, I close my eyes,
from deep down in my soul I pray

with all my heart I ask my god
to guide each step i take
to protect and keep from harm's way
for my new-born baby daughter's sake

with all my being, i request
to return home in one piece
and raise my child up in a world
that's filled with harmony and peace
a world where love will never cease
devoid of guns, and politics..
and a world without UN police

everyday that I awake
in this war torn desert land
my first thought is not of this place,
but the touch of my wife's precious hand

Family Reunions

We come together, young and old
we travel distance just to be
surrounded by our people
cousins, uncles, aunts and grans
in perfect harmony

There's power in these gatherings,
love renews and flows right through....
through the smiles, hugs and memories
of how we used to be...
through the surprise and glee
when we get to see
the peeps we never knew

Good food, real laughter....
our bonds become so strong
we know that we belong
with each embrace,
with cheek kissed,
with each sang song, ...
we see what we have missed
and we tell ourselves
we've been apart too long

We hold each others hands and pray
thanking Jesus for his grace, ...
ask God to guide us safely home,
until we meet again,
at another time, ...
in another place.

Steven Taylor

Gemini

gemini, ...

two hearts, two souls, one mind, ..
a most peculiar sign, ..
one day water, next day wine, ...
handsome males and ladies fine

gemini, ...
up front and genuine, ..
a 'got yo back' type friend, ..
one day receive, the next day send, ..
will seldom break, but will always bend

gemini, ...
full of romance, wit and fears, ..
they look much younger than their years, ..
one day laughter, next day tears...
much more to them than what appears

gemini...
the best folks you could know, .
they understand the ebb and flow, ...
your trusted mate, or your most feared foe, ...
ready for the side you'll show

gemini

Steven Taylor

Geminis

geminis...

most as gentle as a lamb,
as smooth as polished rocks...
a moment passes, .. blam! !
they then thrill you out your socks! ...

geminis...

intuitive as hell,
in league with space and time,
unlike those trapped inside a shell, ...
...to confine them is a crime...

geminis...

their trademarks are their smiles,
their purpose genuine,
their eyes, their words, their styles
will put goosebumps on your skin

geminis,

they have a grasp on love and hate,
mere diseases they endure,
they know that destiny and fate
will be the final cure

geminis....

Steven Taylor

Get Rich

get rich, get money, ...
any way you can, ...
invest, insure, diversify,
have a 'make mo' money' income plan

buy toys, take trips, eat cavier
take a shuttle to the nearest star
drive everywhere in your new car
steal poor folk's pennys from their jar

hang priceless paintings on your walls
have servants filter all your calls
buy all the fashions in the malls
stand up while all around you falls

stockpile gold,
as you grow old...
bet your hand and do not fold, ..
and never let the truth be told, ..
about your soul, ..
the one you sold..

Steven Taylor

Give It Away.... For Free

give it away.... for free
by steven g taylor

give it away..for free!
i will share with you,
you will share with me.
Unconditionally...
we will freely give our
knowledge, talents, gifts and trust, ...
make not paying for these things a must, ...
i will help you build your house,
i will help you plant your crops,
i will help you to survive,
then naturally:
you will do the same for me.....
we can make each other want to be alive,
for free!
religion, racism, politics, .. we nix, ..
than we will let technologists,
share the fix....
to clear the air and save the seas,
share the cures for every damn disease,
cures that the 'corprotocracy'
have hid from average 'you and me'
let's create a resource based economy,
oil free..
using wind and thermal energy, ...
and let the o-zone be,

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Steven Taylor

How Long Will This Bullshit Go On? An Ode To Richard Pryor

Richard was a vessel, an artist that was black,
In a sea of white suppression, that he carried on his deck, ...
He made us laugh so hard that we were all reduced to tears,
His message helped us overcome our anger and our fears.

Rich became a voice that we deep down did all desire;
Fearlessly he broached topics that set our souls on fire.
From his first appearance on TV, to his albums and his roles, ..
He steadfastly endured and made the truth part of his goals.

Although his life was mired in addiction and excess,
His heart was filled with love that he did openly express.
His legacy lives on in all our hearts and memories,
Because he knew that racism was not a joke, but a disease.

(April 10,2007–Stop & Think Poetry®)

Steven Taylor

Hug

Hug

by steven g taylor

something supernatural,
occurs when people hug,
an essence of what is wonderful,
what is purposeful and personal,
so powerful each hug, each tug,
wish they could put it in a jug,
from which I would daily drink til full,
and then nightly I would plug.

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Steven Taylor

I Am

I am
nothing more than part of time
by being has a clock
so too this universe of stars..
we both evolved from...
rock...

I am...
an unwrapped gift of endless love, ...
beneath the Christmas tree of life
I am mother, father, friend and foe...
I am husband, ... I am wife

I am...
brother, sister, uncle, aunt...
I am mountain, I am sea...
I am neighbor, I am stranger
I am prisoner, .. I am free

I am
nothing more than part of time
each second is a gift
a fleeting chance to share...
to love, ... to find someone...
their burden I can lift

Steven Taylor

I Hide

I hide within a culture where black people
kill their brother everyday
no other culture on this earth
slaughter humans in this way..

listen to what I say! ...

I hide within a culture where white rulers estimate
the body count...the after effects..
of the importation and proliferation
of drugs and alcohol
of guns and disease...and biased media..
that they control...

the 'when and where and who ...will fall'

these white men have no soul...
world domination is their goal

white rulers that get rich from war..
old racist men that know it all..

I hide within that culture

Steven Taylor

I Miss You Doc

I miss you doc, wish you were here
to tend to all our ills
miss your prescriptions...
miss your pills....
the remedy you always gave
with your supernattra skills

I miss you doc, I miss the love, ..
fit me like a glove!
through all the push and shove, ..
your care rose high above....
soared graceful like a dove

I miss you doc,

miss your passion and your drive,
wish you were still alive,
still teaching black folks
how to survive
once they've been stung
by the bees
in this racist hive

I miss you doc

Steven Taylor

I Think I Know How Jesus Felt

I think I know how Jesus felt,
nigga knew that he was blessed!
knew every truth he claimed and taught
would all be second guessed

I think I know how Jesus felt, ...
got fired from his job
began to hang out with some thugs, .
a gang most feared would rob

I think I know how Jesus felt
when the temple he turned out
got mad because he knew that wealth
is not what faiths' about

He told his partner Lazarus
his money was no good, ..
that camels pass through needle's eyes
before he'd see God's hood

I think I know how Jesus felt
the night that he got popped
his lookout partners went to sleep
while Judas's plea was copped

I think I know how Jesus felt
while dragged from judge to judge
condemned to death and torture
yet he never held a grudge

I think I know how Jesus felt,
cause I'm a black man too
and though 2000 years have passed, ...
What's changed for me and you?

Steven Taylor

I Trust You Father

I trust you father to provide
a path for me to walk, ...
and wisdom to ignore the fools, ...
let them laugh and let them talk

I trust you father to instill
a roadmap for my life
that steers me towards the righteous few
and spares me pain and strife

I trust you father to remind
me of my own free will,
that pitfalls lie within my path,
that I must climb uphill

I trust you father to accept
that sometimes I grow weak,
and thirst for waters of this world,
and other love I'll seek

I trust you father to forgive
my sins in Jesus' name,
and when I die my soul will rise,
and salvation I can claim

I trust you father

Steven Taylor

I'm So Tired

I'm so tired of war,
no matter what it's for...
i'm so tired of police,
who are no longer officers of peace...

I'm so tired of manufactured food,
no nutrition does it give,
I'm so tired of television ads
that trick all who watch them how to live.

I'm so tired of drugs,
no cures do them possess..
I'm so tired of the closed minded folks
that won't accept the way I dress.

I'm so tired of laws,
that distance god from man,
I'm so tired of exploitation
of poor people who can't understand.

I'm so tired of money, ...
so tired of greed, ...
it steals from everyone in need...
and is the measure of the word succeed

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Steven Taylor

I'D Support Obama

i'd support obama

by steven g taylor

i'd support obama, ...

if the 'gitmo' base was closed,

if all the torture was disclosed,

if investigations of the 9-11 plot

were at least proposed! ! ;

if the press was not so juxtaposed,

and if the jew elite class was exposed....

i'd support obama if he cared,

that truth to the masses is not shared;

instead, please know, i am truly scared,

his rule will be by most dispaired,

for all that's evil he is paired.

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Steven Taylor

If You Really Love Someone, ..

if you really love someone, ..
than make them feel so good, ..
share all your feelings, good or bad, ...
and never say you should

if you really love someone, ..
show them that you care, ..
call them up and talk to them
from any place, from any where

if you really love someone, ..
accept them as they are
and let them know that you will be
behind them near or far

if you really love someone, ..
than tell them every day, ...
because tomorrow is a gift;
and you may not have the chance to say,
i love you anyway

Steven Taylor

Just Give It Away

just give it away..for free!
I will share with you,
you share with me,
I will freely give
knowledge, talents, gifts and trust,
make not paying for these things a must,
i will help you build your house,
i will help you plant your crops, ...
i will help you to survive;
make you want to be alive for free., ., ,
then naturally,
you will do the same for me!
religion, profit, politics....we nix,
we will let technologists reveal their fix,
let them clear the air and save the seas,
and cure every damn disease.
a resourse based economy, ...oil free..
using wind and thermal energy, ...
and let the o-zone be.

Steven Taylor

Kill For Hire

all of us live in a world
whose leaders kill for hire;
we cast our votes for flags unfurled, ...
and death is our desire

the death of tax, the death of laws
that limit what goes on;
sometimes we overlook the flaws;
and we become a pawn....

a white or black pawn in a game,
a press fueled match of chess;
whose kings and queens, devoid of shame;
with our vote do we bless.

all of us live in a world
whose leaders kill for hire;
we cast our votes for flags unfurled, ...
and death is our desire

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Steven Taylor

Liars

the newspaper you might read each day
are lies
the headlines that they send your way
are lies
the news men and women that you may watch each day
are liars
do not believe a word they say!
the companies that own the press
newspapers and tv
are the same rich white men
that build each ship,
each bullet, bomb and gun,
each f-16 and stealth bomber,
each tank, each mortar, and each shell,
are the same rich white men
that send our children out to sea, ..
to fight in an illegal war
in a foreign desert hell!
they are liars! ...
can't you tell? ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
Listen to me!
Look up the dictionary word...
Free,
then take a look around...
and ask if it's the truth you see..
or if it's the truth you hear...
or if all you read in print
and watch on air
were lies to fill your heart with fear
from liars that tried you to scare, ...

cause if you ain't rich,
then you ain't free, ..
you just a refugee, ...
a commercial watchin wanna be, ...
livin in a fantasy

(Stop & Think Poetry-5/29/07)

Steven Taylor

Little One

little one, oh little one,
so new and unaware
of all that's going on around
the world at which you stare

little one, oh little one,
we're right here by your side
to cater to your every need,
to comfort and to guide

little one, oh little one,
you've made our lives complete
to have the chance to care for you
is such a special treat

little one, oh little one,
we've so much love to give
we want to teach you all about
the world in which you live

little one, oh little one,
what will you grow to be?
each night we pray that God will bless
us with the years to see

Steven Taylor

Memorial Day Weekend

this weekend marks our summer's start
cold beer and barbecue, ..
let not our revelry omit
our memories of the few

let's take a moment in between
the sun, fun, games and glee,
to bow our heads in humble thanks
for those that died to keep us free

this weekend is about much more
than that new grill we bought, ...
about more than a monday off,
it's about remembering those that fought

let's sacred keep the deeds of those
who've sacrificed it all
for duty, honor, justice and, ..
for those for freedom that did fall

this weekend has been set aside
for heroes and brave souls
let not our revelry omit
acknowledgement of their roles

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Steven Taylor

Money, Things I Never Knew

to all that can still read my rhymes,

we live in liberating times...

i have witnessed truth that i've long feared.....

that currency shant be revered.....

at all...

y'all.....

lest one compete, than fall shall he..

in others words..

you will not be you, if I am me.....

with money,

and neither of us can be free.....

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Steven Taylor

Moonlight

it beez sneakin up
win dah son go dawn, ...
an own sum nightz,
it ain't bright,
but on sum nightz,
it glows,
an what once was dark,
now shines like silver in the moon light...

but you bettah looks close, ..
an you bettah thinks twice,

dah sun can shines...
rites threw dah clods, ..

airyday,

kaint say dat bout moonlight

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Steven Taylor

Music

Music touches all of our lives
like a breeze in summer heat
soothing, calming, ever new..
we long for its repeat

And if we listen, music can
for just a little while
deliver us from daily woes
enable us to smile

We cannot belittle the effect
the power is too strong
just think about how good it feels
to hear your favorite song

From the first time man beat on a drum
to an orchestra's resound
music has and always will
be able to astound

Like the whistle of a train
echoes through the night
music flows through all our lives
to every heart's delight

Steven Taylor

My Daughter's Hand

my first born child, my oldest girl
my heart, my soul, my life,
has offered a man her soft hand
to hold on as his wife

and as her father, I must now
relinquish her young hand
so that she can start a family in
a different house, ... in a different land

but before I do, let me reflect
back on the times gone bye;
i need to share our history, ..
and forgive me if I cry.

in may of 1980, in the middle of the night
my baby girl came in this whirl
so much to my delight, ...
i was there when she took her first breath, ...

it was a supernatural sight

a bald head, brown skin Gemini
the apple of her daddy's eye
my fat and jolly, roly polly
smiling, cryin, diaper defiling
pecious piece of pumpkin pie

born in Virginia, ... I recall
her first ride solo on a bike....
her first day on a bus to school, , , ,
such a darling little tike

new orleans, spring of 88
the pink easter dress she wore
we strolled the quarter, ... hand on hand
such beauty they'd not seen before.

we toured the streets of disney land,

rode jet skis in the sun,
took deep sea fishing trips you know...
out in the Gulf of Mexico.

we've had our differences and trials,
shared laughter, heartache, tears and smiles,
separated by two thousand miles, ...
yet I knew all the while,
that nothing could defile
the love and trust that God bestows
between a father and his first born child

so... as her father, I will now
release my daughter's hand
and like a brick wall I will stand
behind them both to help them with
the future you have planned

the vows they take, the love they share,
the future henceforth they now they swear
that come what may, they face as one, ..
that for each other they will care,
that in each other's corner,
they will constantly be there

this is what God has planned
and I pray both of them
their love will,
the universe expand

Steven Taylor

No Moe Crack

'no moe crack' by god i swear
been goin up bout fitten years
cilmbing up an evil hill, that's always there
ain't no top, ain't no damn prize...
hit bottom, shed my street disguise
and slowly came to recognise
i'd been facilitating my demise

'no moe crack' is what I say,
recite it fitty times a day!
in the bank goes all my pay
and i pray
the using dreams and bad memories
will slowly fade away

'no moe crack' I've drawn a line
don't cross it and I'll be just fine
it's time for me to grow and shine
it's time to learn shit I don't know,
but I must take it slow
you know, , , ,
but....
I'm ret ta go!

no moe crack!

Steven Taylor

Old Melody

hello again old melody,
please play for me today...
bring back those special magic times
my mind keeps packed away

sing to my soul, old friend of mine,
your song is my desire..
so nice of you to visit me, ...
your style I so admire

your music paints my past so well,
old smiles and tears return,
play on Old Melody my friend,
for times gone by I yearn

your last refrain, you slowly fade
into obscurity
Old Melody, my dear old friend,
return to me real soon

Steven Taylor

Our School Systems

busing brought both blacks and whites
together in our schools
yet blacks lag far behind in all
but sports and breaking rules

white people think it is because
black people are inept
not true, the systems are to blame
that secret is well kept

our schools don't teach black's ancestors
ruled lands as kings and queens...
inventors, scholars, pioneers...
blacks did and said great things!

our children learn from history books
devoid of black folk's deeds
aside from Martin Luther King
white men are all they see

the system's whitewashed lesson plans
do little to enhance
black self-esteem and self-respect
black kids don't have a chance

when our schools systems start to teach
black children of their past
statistics will begin to change
and whites will come in last

the white man's fear of having to
compete scholastically
has kept our school systems unfair
and blacks from being free

Steven Taylor

Protect And Serve?

Scenes not unlike South Africa
were on the news today
but this was not Pretoria,
these scenes were from LA

I watched in almost disbelief
four white policemen beat
a young Black man repeatedly, ..
as he lay down in the street

no treat did that Black man appear
to pose to those white men, ...
no weapon, no offence move,
no chance that he could win!

four lowlife, coward, racist scum
with badges, guns and sticks
had the opportunity
to brutalize for kicks

this graphic scene does typify
a growing daily threat
against Black people everywhere, ...
just how bad must it get?

Steven Taylor

Quit Walkin Round Talkin Bout Ya Saved

quit walkin round talking bout ya saved
telling all ya kin
dat day is fulla sin
an salvation they caint win
unless day born again
while some jack leg preacha
dat calls hisself ya fren
suckin all yo money
outcha bank
dollahs you kaint wait
tah throws in his collection plate
while he drives around in
in cadalacks and benz
raisin up his chin
like his shit don't stank
nigga ya betta stop an thank..
bein saved ain't gonna keep
poe niggas from the brink
of bein exstank!
the bible says that only God knows
who will rise
in dat blink, ...
sometimes we see the color red
when everything is pink

Steven Taylor

Racism We The Black People

We the black people,
The workin folk
Bus drivers, waiters, garbage men
The common peeps dat
The millionaires and billionaires
Regard as a pathic joke
Our lives to them
A pig in a poke
When we cry foul
They act as if
Nobody speaks,
This planned but never implemented
Democratic process reeks
Our so called government
IS Full of pie-backed, two faced
Money hungry anglo freaks
With new world order
Tattooed on their cheeks
Cause most of us
Have took a token
Of weed or alcohol or coke
Got high...
And are victims of the
Propaganda laced media.....
In a stupor we ask why...
Why do they lie...?
To the poor and disenfranchised
That still clings to the concept
Of baseball and apple pie
Of God and country
Semper fi...

We the black people
Hope
That all these racist
Elitist...
No count hawk
Right wing defeatists' crakahs
Die...

We the black people
Pray
That all these nazi, .. Skin head
Turner diary believing
Devil worship,
War is money
Death is honey
Twisted honkeys, ... fry, .. TODAY...Listen to what I say

Steven Taylor

Racism - Engaged In War

The Black race is engaged in war
against an evil will,
the progress made in recent years
has come to a standstill

Our enemy is racism;
a wretched institution
you're either part of the problem
or part of the solution

Too many Blacks that 'move on up'
get complacent at the top
they may drive down old ghetto streets
but never do you stop

They lock their doors, they close their minds,
don blinders and rush through
oblivious to this raging war
convinced racisms' through

For every one Black that succeeds
two hundred go to jail
when one Black student makes an 'A',
at least four hundred fail

When prisoners of war escape
two things stick in their minds, ..
conditions of their captor's jail
and comrades left behind

Blacks can't forget from whence they came
or history will repeat;
in unity lies victory;
in division lies defeat

Steven Taylor

Racism - Katrina

Katrina eased up in the gulf.
the gulf of Mexico...
warm waters of that tropic sea
built dat bitch strong for show

Katrina set her sites upon
them biyou delta towns,
mud puppy eatin cajun folk
their smiles now are frowns

Katrina grew to level five
slowed down to level foe,
she hit them delta towns so hard....
them towns ain't there no moe

Katrina busted levees, blew down trees, ..
had delta folk down on they knees!
cryin jesus, god, somebody please!
deliver us from this disease!
don't leave us in the mud!
but...
katrina....
plague like did desend
with driving rain and torrential wind...
and in her wake,
a flood, ...
rich folks fled to higher ground
poor folks climbed up on they roof ...
and with the pudding comes the proof
katrina came for blood

Katrina left the delta poor
all stranded in the dark
homeless, helpless, wet and scared,
four days without the least bit shared,
feelin like nobody cared,
George Bush flew by and stared

Katrina is a testament to poverty and greed

it personifies the vast divide,
of those that have, ...
and those that need

so how shall we proceed?

Steven Taylor

Racism Today

The racist cloaks his loathing thoughts
behind deceiving eyes
Those men who once wore hoods and robes
Today wear shirts and ties

Their methods changed but yet and still,
Their mission is the same
Today they lynch with politics,
the racist's favorite game

Divide and conquer is their plan
to keep minorities
From seeing that the forest lies
just shortly past the trees

Racism lurks within the press,
courthouses, banks and schools
Black folks convinced that all is well
have certainly been fooled

A racist underground exists,
a chilling fact indeed
They seek to kill, steal and destroy,
We can't let them succeed

Steven Taylor

Racism.....2 Thousan Six

2 thousan six,
looks like we start this year at war
hurts me to the core..
babies dyin, mothers cryin
what for? !

2 thousan six
looks like we start this year upset
our phones are tapped
our pays been capped
our heads been slapped
nobody lissnin to our rap
this shit is off the map!

2 thousan six
looks like we start this year flat broke
gas is high, food is too
old folks dat needs perscription drugs
all wondren what day gonna do
scared day gonna catch bird flu
up through da holes in day shoe

2 thousan six
looks like we start this year in fear
false prophets preachin that
the end times is near
the pews are full, the message clear
collection plates are full
so too the pastor's pockets
as they ducks out in the rear

2 thousan six
looks like we start this year perplexed
did we evolve from monkeys?
is there truth in Bible text?
does life exist beyond the stars?
do pregnant women have a choice?
can marriage be same sex?

2 thousand six
looks like we start this year at war
hurts me to the core..
babies dyin, mothers cryin
what for? !

And me, ... well...I'm just a poet keeping score

Steven Taylor

Racism....A Bush Christmas Carol

Six ghosts should visit pres-dent bush
this hallowed christmas eve
all victums of the nazi plots
his forefathers did weave

the ghost of Linclon chanting his
famed man-sah-pay-shun speech
should wake him from his slumber with
'all men are equal's' screech

the ghost of prez-dent Roosevelt
should roust him from his bed
then make him read the Bill of Rights
then slap him cross his head!

the ghost of prez-dent Ken-nah-dy
should take him for a ride
across the pond to Viet Nam
and show him all that died

the ghost of Bobby Ken-nah-dy
should grab him by the throat
and tell him his claim to this throne
wont from the pop-lah vote

the ghost of Martin Luther King
should make him kneels and prays
and asks God to forgive him for
his family's evil ways

the last ghost should be Malcolm X
draggin Hoover bound and beat
with Nixon shot between his eyes...
with Ford kissing his feet

six ghosts should visit pres-dent bush
this hallowed christmas eve
all victums of the nazi plots
his forefathers did weave

Steven Taylor

Racism....Crawford Texas Prayer

He owns a ranch down Texas way
Most the time
Dats where he stays
Fact a bizness
He holes up there
And plays. For days
It's where he prays

Mendin fences, choppin trees
Four wheel truck drivin as he please
Come Sunday drops down on his knees
And asks the master please....

God keep the Saudis minds at ease
God keep the poor, and the fags, and the Jews,
the Muslims, and the niggers dying
From war, starvation and disease

God keep the price of oil high
And keep the press from asking why
God bless the tax cuts for the rich
And lighting strike that protest bitch

He owns a ranch down Texas way
Most the time
Dats where he stays
Fact a bizness
He holes up there
And plays. For days
It's where he prays

Steven Taylor

Racism...Causes, ...Effects, ...Solutions

Whites insane effort to sustain
a state of slavery
today influences Black life
more than the eye can see

When Lincoln outlawed slavery
some racists slaughtered him;
Martin, Malcolm, John and Bob,
the same racists killed them

Black folks became accustomed
to rejection lies and hate,
were forced to live in poverty,
taught Black was second rate

That lower class conditioning
subconsciously controls
the way we see ourselves today!
Black folks set lower goals

We think like slaves today because
the racist power sect
run covert ops designed to fuel
our sence of self neglect

Jail by jail and bed by bed
the institutions fill
with young Black men who view life
as a worthless climb uphill

Solutions to our problems lie
within our families
our children must learn values that
instill Black unity

And as a people, hand in hand,
together we must pray
for God to heal our mental wounds
and show our race the way

Steven Taylor

Racism...Colin Powel Lied To Me

When a nigga lies to you
Don't chah feels jus like a fool?
Like that nigga broke the golden rule?
Don't chah starts to wish
Dat dare was sumpthin else, ...
that this bushey nigga could say or do, ..
And still be true

This bushey nigga lied to me
And I realised Black folks in America were not free
I knew that he could not imagine
All the hurt, the anguish and the evil that his lies
To the world...will suffer...

And I wonder...do other niggas see?

The truth will set a nigga free
It will let them be who they can be...
Niggas trustin niggas is the key!

Colin Powel he lied to me
When a nigga lies to you
Don't chah feels jus like a fool?
Colin Powel
He lied to me

Steven Taylor

Real Pals

real pals,
are so much more than friends...
they enjoy;
the vibes real pals do send, ...
laughter time can not rescind...
devotion that will never end,
steadfast and sturdy neath the wind, ..
real pals, ...
a perfect blend...

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Steven Taylor

Relationships

Relationships establish
through a shared resolve
to satisfy our common needs
hoping friendships will evolve

The ingredients required for
a relationship's success
are truth, and trust and faith in God
nothing more or nothing less

If mutually these items are
unconsciously displayed
time will form a solid bond
that cannot be dismayed

The bond that forms is friendship
God plans that from above
and know it's true, .. for friendship is
the most constant, ... the most enduring...
the most basic part of love

Steven Taylor

Salvation Army

don't beg from me, muthafuck that bell,
you and that pot can go to hell! !
gone keep my change next to my hip, ...
yo beckoning call today I'll skip

old poor folks all dressed up in blue,
guilt trip beggings all they do....
i see they ass each year this time,
asking foe a nickle or a dime.

don't beg from me, I need my cash, ..
the bills i pay deplete my stash, ..
my next month's food stamps all but used, ...
my mans' in jail and i'm confused, ...
how can you ask me to donate,
and spare crakahs from watergate?
why don't you take yo bells and pot
in front the homes of bush and lott?

don't beg from me, go down the way, ...
beg honkeys that can really pay! ! !
that profit from war and disease, ...
ask them for money if you please.

Steven Taylor

Smoke The Pipe

i was fourteen, close to the day,
a joint, ...
a concert.....,
cuz and Marvin Gaye, ..
peeled my ignorance away, ., .
to stay.

i smoked a joint, and I got high
and laughed so hard I cried
the music that I longed to hear
awoke on me inside

from then on, .. almost every time
i sang in front a crowd,
i smoked a joint for I went one, ..
and I sang twice as loud.
from then on every time I'd write
a poem about this life
I drank a beer and smoked a joint
Front my kids and front my wife

the owners of the land we call
the US fucinkg A
watched white men come
to rape at will,

they knew they came to stay....
said 'smoke this pipe
and lets get real'
we'll share with you,
you don't have to steal...
smoke this pipe
so you can feel
the gift that our god
gave to us, ...
smoke the pipe,
then, ..let's make a deal...
slavery had more sex appeal, ..
cheaper to kill than show good will...
it's easier to steal

they would not smoke the pipe of peace
afraid of how they'd feel

I'm forty eight this year come june
i still can blow a gospel tune
still smokes a joint now and again
still drinks. Still learning to say when,
still tryin to a find a friend

Steven Taylor

Soap Opera Lives

too many of our citizens
are blinded by a play...
rehearsed and staged on our tv's
each and every bloody day

their minds dance to a cadence, ..
a screenwriter's steady beat, ..
designed to offer up their minds
to a sponsor's cruel defeat

the clothes they wear,
their shoes, their hair,
and all that they consider fair,
is gleaned from what is on the air.

they will buy whatever they are sold,
be it war or peace, ...be it coal or gold
be it truth or lie, be it good or bad,
they will never know that they've been had.

so sad

Steven Taylor

Stop And Think

stop and think,
..... pause and ponder,
about religious war,
close your eyes and visualize,
what peeps are dying for.

god created man,
man created god,
thou shall not this,
thou shall not that,
spoil the child,
spare the rod.

allah, buddha, jesus, ..
believe, have faith and please us, ...
kill all who won't appease us! ! !

but don't cuss.

stop and think,
..... pause and ponder,
about religious war,
close your eyes and visualize,
what peeps are dying for.

Steven Taylor

Ted Haggard

this man of faith, this evangelist
this messenger of god
this poster child of christian right
is nothing but a fraud

this champion of causes that
denounced all that was gay
was a heterosexual when at work
and a faggot when at play

i do not think i've ever seen
a bigger hypocrite
he preached by day, got high at night
and engaged in freaky kind of shit

he used the bible and his charm
he lied and he deceived
and i will never understand
why countless folks in him believed

this man of faith, this evangelist
this messenger of god
this poster child of christian right
is nothing but a fraud

11/03/06

Steven Taylor

The High Court

decisions..justice..
right and left versus right and wrong
a racist choir
that never sang a gospel song
old white folks in black robes
thinking they can sing a song
that will make us get along
puffed up with their
special law degrees
from the ivy league
rich racist white men
money
lives full of political intrigue
write lyrics
that these pompous black robed choir boys
all sing and masquerade as harmony
yet the music that they make
will ever be
an off key song
to the poor and disenfranchised folks
like you and me
decisions..justice..
right and left versus right and wrong
same old racist song
cause if you ain't rich
nigga you ain't free
you're just a commercial watching wannabee
a homeless, nameless refugee
decisions and justice, ...
well, hopefully
there is a God,
and a higher court
and truth in spirituality
and all the hate and jealousy
the lies and wars and greed
the dog eat dog just to succeed
the dominance these racists need
the pestilence on which they feed
will finally be made to heed

be judged for every hateful deed
then plucked and cast just like a weed
and love will reign eternally

Steven Taylor

The Latter Daze

I've been livin in the latter daze

since the day that i was born.

My first memories, be them full of haze,

clouded by the bible's words forlorn,

saying we must change our ways,

before the judgement days.

I grew up with this hidden fear,

of our prophesied demise,

i would pray for god to make it clear,

just who is this 'devil in disguise'?

who are the fools, and who are wise?

at the end of time, who lives? who dies?

Now, ...I recognise,

the guys that wrote those words are dead, ...

and they were hated by their peers,

most murdered for the things they said, ...

for their religion, or for their fears.

the scriptures say we all must die,

that, these are the 'latter days'

that is if you cling to Bronze Age ways, ..

and have abandoned hope for better days.,
the sky is not about to fall,
the sunshine will not fade,
the seas may rise above us all,
yet, on sandy beaches we will wade,
beneath the trees, will we find shade,
and someone's god might still get paid.

Steven Taylor

The Light

I am sinner walking down
the road of life in pain
engulfed by darkness, doubt and fear
each step I take in vain

I see a light way down the road
it's faint but yet it's sure
and something tells me for my pain
this light will be a cure

the light grows stronger with each step
and with each step I feel
that I no longer walk in vain
that life can still be real

the light becomes a beacon and
the road gets very clear
this light brings reason to my doubt
and takes away my fear

at last I stand within the light
God placed it there for me
and led me to its healing force
the light is Calvary

beyond the light I see a sign
the letters start to glow
it reads 'Salvation Up Ahead'
and down the road I go

Steven Taylor

The Natives Here Were Cool

the natives here were cool...
didn't like being played a fool....
lived by the golden rule....
and had they own damn school!

the natives here were red
corn and bison fed, ...
they had nations! ,
they had boundries!
they had war!
they knew what they
were on the earth for.....
they had no rich, ... no poor, ...
no locks upon their door
no government, no guns,
they created for their funds! !

Yet, to this day
These racist crakahs are still tryin
To put these natives away.....
I don't know what to say....sep, ..

The natives here were cool...
Didn't like being played a fool....
Lived by the golden rule....
And had they own damn school!

Steven Taylor

The New American Revolution

i am, have been, and will remain,
a patriotic guy
my duty as a patriot
is to never cease from asking why
a soldier follows orders
their creed is do or die
a patriot must stand alone
and injustice openly defy

i write this poem with little hope
that my message has been sent
that my readers will just stop and think
get mad, ...join hands.... descent!

i write this poem with prayer laced tears,
that love and peace survive these years...
that the greed, and lust, .. that the lies and wars, ...
will cease to knock upon our doors...

i write this poem on bended knees
god, our father would you please
reveal the moment we must seize
that will cure us from this world's disease

July 29,2008 Stop & Think Poetry

Listen in to what you never hear:

Steven Taylor

The Pentagon Was Bombed

the pentagon was bombed,
cruise missile, US made!
there was no wreckage from a plane!
the public has been played!

the pentagon was bombed,
it's so damn plain to see...
covert wet work, CIA,
next target, ... you and me

the pentagon was bombed
the evidence is real
it proves that Nazis are in charge
how does that make you feel?

the pentagon was bombed
trade center was bombed too
high level ploy, to steal some oil
ain't it something we can do?

how many citizens must die
before the truth is told?
another holocaust is here....
this shit is getting old

the pentagon was bombed

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Steven Taylor

The Power Of God

the power of God cannot be bought,
not leased, traded or sold
for all the paper currency
for all of fort knox gold

the power of God cannot be taught
from manuscripts or schools
from ministers, rabbis or priests
or tele-evangelical fools

the power of God cannot be faked
by deceit or slight of hand
by tricksters in revival tents
healing people that was planned

the power of God can only be
revealed inside of you
the power of God is how you act
and what you say and what you do
that helps your neighbor understand
that truth... and trust.... and faith... and prayer
will always see us through....
and everlasting life in peace
await a chosen few

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Steven Taylor

The Price Of Gas

the price of gas is way too high
this shit has gone too far
it costs me fitey dollars just
to fill up my small car

please help me understand this shit
there's plenty oil around
but bullshit racist politics
keeps most it underground

a texan in the white house has....
as quite as it's kept...
put money in big oil's bank
while all around them slept

the war in viet nam was just
the tab of lyndon baines...
and now we got these bushes that
are off the charts insane!

bin laden comes from saudi oil
his folks lived down the way
they flew on jets to safety on
that 9-11 day

these money hungry texas boys
don't give a shit bout you
they lie and kill to get their way
that's all those crakahs do

the price of gas is way too high
this shit has gone too far
it costs me fitey dollars just
to fill up my small car

Steven Taylor

The Pyramids Belong To Us

The Pyramids belong to us, and so too does the Sphinx
The books they use in schools today would never have you think...
...have you think our ancestors were civilized and strong
Strong enough to rule their world, no race has ruled as long

White scholars and historians no longer can attack
Leake's theory stating that the first man's skin was Black
Black Africans had dynasties ten thousand years before
The first white European man knew what a wheel was for

Moses was an African, Black men were Popes of Rome
And Jesus was an African, his land was once our home
So parents it is up to us to teach Black history
To our children and ourselves before we can be free

Steven Taylor

The Same Damn Bell

wake up to a bell,

washin, shavin, brushin, rinsein,
combin, stylin, gellin, spritzin,
perfumein an deoderinsin
the mirror always needs convincing,
manicuring, paintin, scraping,
thinkin there is no escaping;
curlin, pressin, permin, cuttin,
braidin, dyin, spiken, mussin,
on our appearance we keep fussin;
in the end we end up cussin, ..
cause it seems we're always rushin
into a world so full of judgin, ...

how we look should not mean nothin

don't I like how I look,
then go to hell
cause we wake up to
the same damn bell

Steven Taylor

Unconditional Love

unconditional love
by steven g taylor

everybody has a heart,
and a conscience, and a soul,
and unconditional love
should be our goal
be you black or white,
red or small,
overweight or 8 feet tall
young or old,
rich or poor,
love is what we're put here for!
too many folks think
they must flex
their moral muscles
bout right and wrong,
bout faith and sex
but none these motherfuckers know
bout when you die what happens next,
they quote the words of ancient text
in churches everywhere
trying to scare
the non believers to beware;
like they know beyond death,
when they ain't never been there!

this is what i want to share...
all we got to do is care,
and understand in life what's fair,
and raise this question everywhere
why is unconditional love
so rare?

Steven Taylor

War & Revolution

War is mass murder, ...
between perceived friend
and perceived foe.
the real-time act, ..
War is.....
the malice of one's fore thought,
demonic, calculated and exact, ..

War is.....
brainwashed multitudes of peeps, ...
trained and armed to fight for cause, ...
to never once ask why, ..
trained not to think about because.

War is.....
led by rich men that will claim
to be above the laws, ..
because of in-born character flaws

War is.....
death, .. matter-of-fact,
because when you're dead, ...
you can't react.

Revolution, . on the other hand, ..
for most of us it seems,
to be a bloodless, hope filled turn-about
that topples tyrant's mad regimes',
replaced by angelic leaders,
devoid of lust for power, land and riches,
imbued with honor,
and blessed with heavenly esteem,
.....War is our bitter coffee without cream,

Revolution is a poor man's dying dream,

in only God, .. should we all trust.

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Steven Taylor

Wassup Bill Cosby

yo coz, ..nigga! , , ,
wassup wit chew?
jus what cha tryin tah say?
jus what cha tryin tah do?

you think because you filthy rich
PhD Jello Puddin bitch
that we sahpose tah talks like you?
bess wreckinnize a few thangz foo

youz made a switch, think back on shit
yah muthafuckin hipahcrit
the cosby kids, yo old cartoonz
them praject livin, ugly, fat jive talkin bahfoonz
each satday morn, ... you opened woundz!

honkey chillren watch yo show
den called me coon at school, ...
ya know....

an now yo old ass showin out
talkin loud cause you got clout
but know this coz, ..the more you shout

the more convinced i have become
that you have never known, or cared
bout where black fokez in america.....
comes from...

Steven Taylor

When A Friendship Dies,

when a friendship dies,
somebody that was close to you,
somebody that you knew
always had your back from first grade thru high skoo...
one of the select few
that you always told the truth to;
and, ... somebody that you knew
always told the truth to you,
when that friendship dies,
...you don't know what to do...

you feel so out of place, ...
your heart becomes an empty space, ..
you walk around with pain and tears
tattooed on your face;
you want to sue the human race,
yet, ..no one but you will take your case;
and no one else can take their place, ...
so all that's left are photographs and memories
that time can neer erase

Steven Taylor

White Man's World

living in this white man's world
is not that hard to do
you'll get along just perfectly
as long as you're white too

but if by chance your skin is black,
and your mind and soul as well
a constant struggle will exist
and make your life here hell!

the white man creates all the laws..
his books are in our schools...
the ruling class, the master race...
the white man makes the rules

the path the black man follows here, ..
the white man sets the flow...
we've had a triumph here and there, ...
but progress has been slow...

our leaders he eliminates, ...
our families he destroys!
drugs, war, hatred, poverty...
are tactics he employs

for centuries the white man has
in every way he could
convinced the world that black is bad
and only white is good

and sadly he has beat us down
his persistence stole our will
divided, brainwashed and confused
each other now we kill

a judgment day will surely come
a sight blacks long to see
because it seems that only God
can set Black people free

Steven Taylor

Why Don't American Black Folks Share?

why don't american black folks share?
it's a mystery for sure...
especially when you contemplate
what black people endure

why don't american black folks share,
their knowledge and their wealth, ..
with other blacks in distant lands,
that starve to death
by the thousands everyday, ..
begging for mere substance and health.

marcus garvey tried and failed, ..
he was ridiculed and jailed, ..
malcolm x, he tried it too, ..
and he was killed because he knew
pan-africa was a dream come true

why don't american black folks share?
cause they've been programmed not to care, ..
rich white men own all that they see, ..
and they will never set black people free.

Steven Taylor

You'Re Fired Nigger!

you're fired nigger! pack ya shit,
you can't resign, and you cain't quit
yo time is up, yo dues is paid,
forget about them plans you made

you're fired nigger! out you go
don't show yo ass round here no moe
don't send no chrissmiss cards; don't call,
done took yo picture off our wall

you're fired nigger! be on yo way
there ain't gone be no severance pay,
we'll mail yo ass yo last pay check
down to skid rows' what we expect

you're fired nigger! don't come back
be gone in your old Cadillac,
good riddance to yo dusty ass
you're ugly, dumb, no style, no class

you're fired nigger! hit the bricks
go join them rag heads and them spics
go back on welfare, collect them stamps
like all them other ghetto tramps

you're fired nigger! this is good bye
and you best not look me in my eye,
i'll never let yo black ass see,
the envy that's inside of me
you're still a slave,
you are not free,
never will be, ...

you're fired nigger!

Steven Taylor