

Poetry Series

Angela Yarbrough
- poems -

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Angela Yarbrough(1/5/1964)

I was born in 1964 to Napoleon and Alice Keitt. Shortly after traveling across the USA a few times I settled in California where I meant my better half Dave. Today I write poetry about the things I have seen in my travels or what I have experienced in my life. In 2007 I was nominated by the International Society of Poets as Poet of the year. Although I did not win I got to meet some wonderful talent that believed in me. So now I write.

A Level Of Misconception

Does a man turn away from right and good
Brought to the fact of humility not being able to provide
Children crying day and night denied everyday necessities
A lack of pride in being a man among men
Perceived lazy by a society that never has been hungry□

Does man lack character, ethics, and moral stability
On dark cold chilling nights with no shelter or stillness
Caught up in a fight for mere wake in the morning survival
Things never perceived when childhood dreams were dreamed

When does enough become enough for you and I
How many go postal events or deaths in the streets
For the norm not to be normal in the sight of us all
Suffered long enough to bring suffering to an end
The level of misconception considered deeply

Angela Yarbrough

A Poetic Dream

I want to be a great poet
Make you think and ask questions
Seek the answer to know it
Beautiful poems I want to write

Deep in your heart I want to touch
Bring what I see into your site
Can I get you to laugh and cry
Write my poetry on your mind

I want to write with conviction
To be able tell stories of rhyme
That makes me have to consider
How to write every line

With words new things I will try
Invoke an emotion inside
So you have an experience
Lay it all out on the line

To all the poets of the world
The masters of this very gift
I want to learn to write from you
And give my poetry a lift

So Edger Allen Poe will teach
Shakespeare will educate too
Wordology I will seek
Till I am a master that's new

Angela Yarbrough

Blues Lady

The lady who sings the blues
Told a story I knew oh so well
How heart break took her breath away
When that one love makes us fools

To walk this life's journey
Was so tormenting to her very being
Living became a struggle
While each day treated her wrongly

The blues is what she called it
As she sang from her souls depth
Spilling her insides on the floor
While patrons look for partner
To on top of it dance with

Although we never met
She knew me inside out
Singing about my world
Understanding the way I felt

Angela Yarbrough

Dance Ballerina Dance

The music of the crescendo plays so sweet
As she moves across the floor so gracefully
To a soothing gentle blossoming beat□
Her motion paints pictures of love lost painfully

He's just a prop to accompany in the duet
A place of joy and pride stretched arms to catch
Her sculpted body soars completes the silhouette
His hard body throws her carefully arms stretch

With poise she dances a story breath taking
Of beautiful mankind imagined long ago
The experience like life in the making
She keeps her part with satisfaction known

She dances on a stage for all to see her
The dance she was created for to dance
A lifetime of work for this one moment's history
Makes everything she gave up worth this one chance

Angela Yarbrough

Dinner Time

She feeds those chickens everyday
And the rooster struts and crows
As the steam rolls from the pot
Plucking feathers for dinner she knows

Your wife sho taste good to me
Mister rooster chest puffs up
Sitting at the dinner table smiling
She fills up her drinking cup

Yall chillen leave those chicks lone
They might think their meal is a little pet
She keeps them away from the chickens
She is planning on wringing their neck

Bow yo head and thank the Laud
For this here chicken wez bout to eat
The children all obey their mother
To them the chicken is a real treat

Sitting at the dinner table
Smiles would shine from within
Now the children tell all their children
How everyday Granny fed them

Angela Yarbrough

Drowning

Drawn into a darkness of peace
An overwhelming sense of caution
There is in the mind much despair
But the heart is searching for healing

Not knowing where it comes from
This demon inside is drowning hope
While taking away the breath of joy
Feeling smothered in a pit of gloom

How does one overcome the unknown
The shadow of darkness as a friend
That has created chaos, a gift with a smile
Sinking deeper than comes escape

Physical pain being a reality
The screams that are being screamed inside
No one looks in the eyes to hear

Medicate
Drink to escape
Medicate
Drink to escape

Still the day comes once again
It starts over and over and over.....

Angela Yarbrough

I Just Want To Pay My Bills

I get so tired of worrying all the time,
About where my next meal will come from
I feel like packing up, taking off, and just run
I wish one time when my phone rings
The bill collectors would not sing
That some old melody of how they will take everything
I want to go to my mailbox just once
And not come back feeling like I weigh a bunch
Cause all the notices in there
Sometimes I really get scared
How they don't even care
When my check gets lost
And I can't pay their costs
Then they tack on another fee
To let me know I am not free
And this is how things seem to be
So I just sit back and think
I just want to pay my bills

Angela Yarbrough

In A Golden Desert Field

In a golden desert field sparrows played.
The sun beamed down from heaven, there was little shade
While the ravens circled over keeping watch
The sparrows kept right on playing, they didn't stop
Along came some chipmunks to join in the game
Two squirrels in the distance wanted the same
So they came over and started a fun chase
Four brown bunnies set up to investigate
While the wind softly blowing carried the voice
Of the robins singing their song of choice
I sat there and watched in amazement
Thinking have I died and to heaven went

Angela Yarbrough

Love Resued Me

Walking in a minefield of self-destruction
Not knowing that I was being watched
On a path that was so uncertain
As love of self was being botched

Bound by images of life's path
The stronghold of the enemy in me
At every turn releasing it's wrath
Growing more and more crafty

As I added to the scars Christ bore
Thinking this is the way life will end
Lead me to the gates of death's door
Pleading to start over again

In the middle of my own vomit
Sinking in was the reality of my world
I no longer had a say or control of it
Everything in my life was in a swirl

Created for a degree of excellence
Something drew me to find meaning
Love was watching being patient
So close to me just waiting

To say one yes was all I had to do
He took control of the situation
In my life Love came to the rescue
Saved my life and soul for certain

Angela Yarbrough

Mad Man

On the corner where he stood
Close by to a shopping cart
Carrying all that it could
Possessions dear to his heart

Flashing in a sequence known
Red, yellow, and green lights
As the cars stop and go

Uncombed hair matted so tight
Hanging down almost hiding
Bloodshot eyes with deep crows feet
With a beard long and straggling
His bed was the sidewalk
Down the block from where he stood
His pillow was made from rock
Wearing a coat with a hood
And for warmth tattered blankets
Praising God he spent his nights
Judging eyes did not know this
For the cause of Christ he'd fight

Yelling out like a mad man
He would preach the Gospel
God himself taught him The Word
That corner was his chapel

No one paid attention
To what this man was saying
But his supplication
Really needed attention paying

I heard him call on the Lord
So I listen for a while
And as he spoke The Word
The people all in denial

I looked at him very close
Upon him plain in sight

The spirit of Highest Host
Rested as joy was his light
I could not believe my eyes
I stood and heard the truth
While watching people pass by
Thinking if they only knew
How hard that God had tried

Angela Yarbrough

Our Friendship's Love

Never did you tell me I wasn't worth it
You believed that I would not fail
Made me think I could move mountains
Never saw my imperfections
Said I was made perfect the day I was born
Even made time to dream with me
Your eyes saw what no one else saw

When I said I can't you said I could
When I said I won't you said I would
You said spread your wings and fly
This love I have for you will never die

Now that you're gone I remember
How you held your head when you smile
And your laughter deep and genuine
When you looked at me you turn to love
Never saw that in a man's eye before
The way your arms fit around me
Like they were made for me to be held by

When I said I can't you said I could
When I said I won't you said I would
You said spread your wings and fly
This love I have for you will never die

Although I miss you deeply
I am glad for the time we had together
Saying good-bye was the hardest
But at least I was blessed to know you
Agreeing to let you go from the beginning
I didn't think our friendship's love
Would make such an impression

When I said I can't you said I could
When I said I won't you said I would
You said spread your wings and fly
This love I have for you will never die

Angela Yarbrough

Out Reach

She wanted to experience the world
But she was just Daddy's little girl
So she packed her bags and away ran
Thinking no one truly would understand
She thought she would be a star someday
Not knowing predators are looking for strays
The world can be a cold hearted place
Out there little girls alone aren't safe

He approached her, told her she was pretty
He spoke misleadingly and wittily
He had only one thing on his mind
At first, she thought this man is so kind
But to take advantage and exploit her
Was truly the plan of this predator
Once he had her right where he wanted
His true nature and plan he flaunted

Afraid to go home where she belonged
The abuse she lived with was prolonged
Feeling like she had no where to turn
Running away was wrong, this lesson learned
Not knowing family just wanted her back
Her faith in happiness was hijacked
How could I ever go back to my home
The little girl thought she was all alone

Her family clueless what happened to her
Vowed not to give up on their little girl
Their life was being turned all upside down
Hoping their little girl would soon be found
They learned that hope is a powerful thing
If she would just come home it would heal pain
With help of friends, family, and strangers
They looked to bring her home from danger

Then one day she met a special lady
That looked at her and didn't see a baby
Now the lady helped children go home

She let them know they were not alone
That she understood all they had been through
But her going home was way over due
With help she could be at home and be free
They would call together and she would see

She'd help her family know she had changed
That getting her home could be arranged
With patience and a listening ear
At home is where she would appear
And at home is where she would be safe
Things would get to where she wanted to stay
Confidence would come back all in time
And happiness would be a sure sign

So one day the little girl made a call
"Can I come home", she said as she bawled
That was all her loved ones waited to hear
This tear filled voice was music to their ears
"Of course you can, this is always your home"
Standing next to her she gave the phone
To the lady who knew all too well
Everything, because she'd been there herself

Angela Yarbrough

Peace

I will hold on to my peace
When everything is falling apart
All my happiness has ceased
And I am hurting in my heart

I will keep my peace strong
At times when alone I am facing trials
When everyone has turned and gone
My peace will be my survival

I will let my peace guide me
In the chaos of a decaying society
Stripped of being truly free
Dictated to by economics bounty

I will hear my peace call
When all around me is war
And in battle men die and fall
On mothers' hearts battle scars are bore

My peace I will walk with
Looking to God in my heart
My spirit His love will lift
Knowing He's the master of this art

I will hear my peace call
When anger wells up inside
And I feel like I am in a free-fall
Because of all injustice applied

I will let my peace guide me
When life's journey becomes unclear
I question my moral quality
Due to lack it causes fear.

I will keep my peace strong
Standing up for what I believe
When my differences seem wrong
Stay the course and just be me

I will hold on to my peace
This is my heart's desire
This is how we all should be
Peace makes us so much kinder

Angela Yarbrough

Song Of The Day

In the park on an autumn day
The greatest sounds are there
Children laughing you know the way
Like their joy is true and real

The wind I can hear
Through the leaves blowing
Falling with colors that appear
As if the creator painted each one

On this park bench I sit
As cars pass by
Honking horns mixed
With beat up engines rolling along

The chatter of friends
Talking as if no one else is there
And what they are saying has no end
All mixed in with everything else
Is the sound of the merry-go-round
And squeaky swings that need oils help

I think of this as a symphony
Playing the song of the day
As I listen to this song I am pleased
And think am I the only one that can hear

Angela Yarbrough

Tank

I once met a little girl named Tank.
At five years of age,
Her old soul wasn't fake.
I asked her how are you today ma'am?
With big brown eyes
She peered up at the sky,
Then looked at me
Opened her mouth up wide and said
Better.....

I thought to myself
Yesterday I wonder how she felt.
The next day came.
I asked her the same.
How are you today ma'am?
With big brown eyes
She peered up at the sky,
Then looked at me
Opened her mouth up wide and said
Better.....

One more time
I'll give it a try
So the third day was here
My words very clear
How are you today ma'am?
With big brown eyes
She peered up at the sky,
Then looked at me
Opened her mouth up wide and said
Better.....

All at once the mystery was revealed
I knew it was real.
What was said long ago
When poetry was first told,
Out of the mouth of infants and nursing babies.....

Angela Yarbrough

The Sun Smiles

As the sun comes up over the horizon
A new beginning is offered to all mankind
The same beginning that has been offered for eon's

Knowing, that tomorrow is not a promised time piece
And can only take into the next time of our life
What we have given and know is right
The love we have toward each other
How you chose to use the day is your decision
Being wise in the choices you make is always good
Taking time to think about your goals and vision

Why not ask the questions that are meant to be tougher?
Where are moral, intellectual, and responsible beings
Believing that dignity is freeing
And life's gift is for all human beings?

Remembering everyone falls, but is not done
And there is room for change, the path is not defined
Considering the things that define your action
How going forward is the thing that is the mystery
Knowing, we are always creating our own history
Of what we are, have been, and can be
To be better strive for and perceive
That when the morning comes it is a new day
It's like the sun smiles with a beautiful gift
And a new chance has been given for you to change

Angela Yarbrough

The Wind Blows

The wind blows like God is walking by
The trees reach so high in the sky
As He gently runs His fingers through them

The green grass lays so fast and springs up again
Like His foot print was there then gone

The feeling He sent came and went
Along with the wind's movement
I want it to come back and never leave

The birds in the trees sing a Hallelujah melody
Full of praise and worship

God's glory surrounding His love abounding
As the wind is gently howling
In one slow motion moment

God would invest without rest
This gift so freely given

Angela Yarbrough

This Is Your Life (Acrostics)

Things are not always easy
Here in this world where we live
Indescribable joy is God's gift
Seen when you give in to his will

Incredible is how much love
Shown in this life that is ours

You should never take it for granted
Opening up to hurt and pain
Understand one is all you get
Remembering life's not a game

Love truthfully always giving
In to a heart of joyfulness
For we can make a difference
Each and every single day

Angela Yarbrough

Touching The Divine

On the hard cold floor I lay awake and pray
Silently, I cry out loud, 'Where are you Lord? '
If I could only find you deep in my mind
I search for that one sign, that you are near me
Listening to all of my innermost thoughts

It is not funny how I don't smile anymore
My laughter has been ripped, torn
With the one joy I had how can I find closure?
I try hard to move forward

How can I explain anguish inside of me
Without a list, why I need to be content?
Content with the worlds foot on my neck, no love
Dreaming dreams that are never reached, there's no love
The love that once consoled me, I can not touch

Desert flowers grow in the wild
There's no rain to quench their thirst
It's like a child's smile when doing wrong
And love pours out with a burst

I will never accept this is all there is
When inside of me I have so much to give
You are my sanctuary, I can go and hide
For so long the pain I fought, you take and heal
The pathway to truth, the real me, is revealed

I listen to all the sad songs on the radio
Now all the lyrics I know
I understand them so much more than yesterday
The meaning touches that way

Take what is wrong and make better what is right
Reaching out with my being, touching the divine
Knowing there is something inside, no doubt
Walking the walk that leads somewhere, there's no doubt
All the doubt has left me lying awake on the floor

Desert flowers grow in the wild
There's no rain to quench their thirst
It's like a child's smile when doing wrong
And love pours out with a burst

Angela Yarbrough

Two Gold Dollars

Pushing a stroller as she walked in a hurry
She was dressed in clothes that were dirty
With hair matted and a face of lines that deeply ran
The stroller looked as if it came from a garbage can

Hanging from the handles were dirty leather bags
Covering something in the seat tattered blankets like rags
She approached looking like time had been unkind
But in her eyes a glimmering smile was defined

I opened my mouth to speak to her
And see if I could make a help offer
Slowly she lifted her hand and stretched a curved finger
"Shhhhhh, ' she said while over her mouth it did linger

Then down she reached for the tattered blanket
I knew that spot was special and private
She picked up a change purse from the seat
Opened it wide as she tried to be discreet

She motioned for me to look inside
It was full of gold dollars to my surprise
She reached in and took out two of them
Then grabbed my hand and I knew it was Him

All of a sudden a fear came over me
A soft voice in the breeze began to speak
'Don't be afraid, you know I Am'
Then she put the two dollars in my hand

When I looked up to thank her
Something happened I'll always remember
She and her stroller were gone as if she had never been there
At the gold dollars I looked and just stared

Angela Yarbrough

What Creation Sees

Sometimes I think about what Creation sees
Like the beauty of children playing in mud streets
There snow flakes never fall where they run and play
Playgrounds are unknown, and the roads are not paved

The wisdom, in the face of the elderly
Their eyes, where knowledge is carried gracefully
Each line tells all of their life's untold stories
Gray hairs are given as a crown of glory

Or when ocean waves crash down on shorelines
The majesty of them, given by design
And the power in them, as they come rolling in
Yet there is life that finds safety therein

How from little tiny seedlings, big trees are grown tall
And new life is given when they die and fall
But birds, make a home in them as they grow up strong
Raising a family as if they belong

Or a couple getting married, all the love in their eyes
The wedding ceremonies meaning that's implied
How before everyone there they make their life decree
To love each other throughout eternity

So very much more than these things have come to be
Even me, all these things, given the chance to see

Angela Yarbrough