

Poetry Series

Hershe Moore
- poems -

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Hershe Moore(November 17,1975)

I'm a 32 year old mother of five born and raised here in Houston, Texas. Poetry is my first love. There's no better form of expression than the use of words to me. A myriad of ways to express love, concern, hardship and emotion. Countless authors and musicians have inspire me and motivate my pen to move. I pray to be an inspiration to others as well.

Complete

His kisses pollinate my breast...
against his chest, heaving
breathing in his essence
His presence is demanded by my lips,
' Come closer',
you've gotta hear this!
Passion upon my tongue,
he layed the young girl in me to rest,
bringing forth my woman...
I've been summoned to his courts and I engage to testify,
became the heiress to his kingdom,
the tempation too much to deny,
There's no longer I,
only we
Combined in our circle of passion,
it happened.
He captured my rapture in the palm of his hands,
calming the seas,
he flowed through my passages for what seemed eternity,
It was the epitomy of sweet
Our bodies aligned together,
as one...
Complete!

Hershe Moore

Don'T Want No Mo'

No thankyou,
No taste for lies, deceit, trickery or despise.
I'm full of backstabbers,
waving their daggers,
Cutting eyes.
No friends on the menu,
and the catch of the day is hate.
Started out thirsty but the water's full of bait,
I'll wait...
I come here everyday,
more crowded than before,
At first I was hungry,
but I don't want no mo'.

Hershe Moore

Essence

Can you hear me?
I'm whispering in your ear,
How can I think of love when you're not here?
Though away,
everyday you display and portray what it is to me...
It's like singing out of key yet you listen carefully
The melody is yours,
you gave it to me
It was written beautifully,
sung to a tee
I expanded my hand as it took hold to your presence
You explored my dry land,
watered it with your essence

Hershe Moore

Existence

I wanna go to the place where lovers go...
Where butterflies rest easy on summer peaches,
beyond existence your hand reaches...
you touched me,
Held me in a moment which stands still in time
Let's be in this moment
Your hand in mines
I find a place to place my tears,
a way to face my fears...
Here...
We're so near to our perfection yet not far from away
Still destined to reach one another,
seek eachother,
I came to stay, I'll wait for you

I wanna do the things that lovers do...
Confine myself, immerse within you
Nurse your pain to nonexistence
Rehearse your name
gain entrance to your domain,
explain my coming,
I came...
Dressed in only my flesh may I undress for you?
Place your fingertips upon my hips
Connect as one yet we're combined as two,
Subject myself to the voodoo you do
You've conjured up the woman in me who was injured,
yet within your embrace she's whole
Unto you I give my body so we may mold
What's to be the greatest love story ever told...

I wanna go to a place where lovers go and see what they do
Yet I can't get there
So I'll wait for you!

Hershe Moore

Faking Pretend

I don't need any witnesses so would you
Please close the door behind you,
The lights too bright,
I need em' dimmed,
Windows bare,
Could use some curtains.
Turn my back,
distort my face,
Gotta make this quick,
everyone awaits.
The pad is locked,
Nobody has the key.
Caught a corner,
then I...
held me and I..

I cried, I cried,
Tried all night faking pretend.
I lied, I lied,
Cause it's everyone else,
but myself,
I'm fooling.
And then I...

Pace to dry my eyes,
situate my hair.
Check my make-up,
Fix my brazierre.
' Girl, where you been? In the lost and found? '
' Not under your chin. You know I can't slow down.'
We joke and smile,
Everybody wants to meet.
By the end of the night,
my show is complete.
Part and go separate ways,
and my act is temporarily through.
Pull up in the driveway,
inserting the key in a door revealing
Truth

Hershe Moore

For Me

Traveling the curves in my waist,
I paved the road he takes with honey,
letting his fingers trace their way upon two ripe melons,
He's in place...
Embraced are my thighs around this vessel, his waist...
I could nestle in his manly bosom for a season...
He's the reason
there are miles between my thighs.
He can move these mountains!
Heavy breathing,
body heaving from the entrance of your moon into my sunny afternoon.
Rise to the occasion and consume my womb
In tune we'll move,
The melody from the box spring sings your praises,
I can taste it!
Sweet and sticky right down to the bone as he roams among my well,
It overflows yet he captures every drop.
Drip unto me
Let's become together so that he may be you,
as in the one for she,
which is I making he the one for she which is me

Hershe Moore

Goodbye Jones

Goodbye Jones,
Sweet, lil' Jones....

But do you gotta take with you that feeling in my bones?
You gone leave me alone,
What am I s'posed to do?

Goodbye Jones,
Sweet lil' Jones...

Don't let the neighbors hear you make me beg and groan,
Can't you make this your home?
Why you leaving the blues?

See you coming up the road,
Got me on my tippy toes,
Prepping, hoping you'll notice me,
Now Ms. Goodie Two Shoes
got your nose open good
And I'm left with no honey for the bees!

Goodbye Jones,
Sweet lil' Jones...

I recognize that feelin'
You just leave me alone,
Hurry, run along
Mr. Right should be here soon!

Hershe Moore

Got To Be

I could stop and smell the roses, gaze up at the trees, watch the bees make
some honey and it still it couldn't be...
Any sweeter than the sound of you in me,
The melody, perfect key in harmony,
Baby you have got to be...
What completes me, fits just right...
When your eyes shine, they guide me through the night,
Can't help but see,
You and me, he and she, us is we and when I smile best believe it's cause of
you...
You have got to be

The sweetest thing I've known like a kiss to a collar bone,
You have got to be...
Just for me,
Make you all mines,
love you till time runs out of time
Try and make you see that here with me life is good,
I'll keep it sweet and sticky like I should
I've just gotta be with you,
wouldn't leave ya if I could
It'd do no good,
can't be without you baby...
You have got to be!

More than mere words can describe,
my pride gets swallowed everytime I
take one look at you,
I find a fear of losing your touch,
It's too much
for me to handle, tell me,
What should I do?
I've got the munchies,
Can I have a taste of you?
I'm getting lonely, tell me,
When you're coming through?
My heart's open,
I'm waiting, anticipating,
Can't take another minute without you baby...

You have got to be

The sweetest thing I've known like a kiss to a collar bone,

You have got to be...

Just for me,

make you all mines,

love you till time runs out of time,

Try and make you see that here with me life is good,

I'll keep it sweet and sticky like I should,

I've just gotta be with you,

wouldn't leave you if I could,

It'd do no good can't be without you baby...

You have got to be!

Hershe Moore

It Ain'T Nobody

It ain't nobody,
probably the chick up the way...
let me go through my cupboards
see what I can loan her today
Make it quick lil' sister
Cause it ain't nobody for me...

It ain't nobody,
Friday is payday
Betcha' any kinda money Bill want his money today
Listen, my temper quick here mister
Cause it ain't nobody for me...

It ain't nobody hanging round my door,
no one taking me to the show
Especially now my money's funny and low
Nobody beeping and bopping,
finger popping and window shopping,
It's even a cold day on the stroll...

It ain't nobody,
Hear me clear when I say,
It ain't nobody,
You keep knockin' and won't go away,
Comin' here like you know somebody,
I answered the door....
It's for me!

Hershe Moore

Kisses Of You

Greet me with the imprint of passion,
Meet me on the desolate shores
of ecstasy reformed...
Anew!
Hands filled with masculinity cradle my thoughts,
Warm to the touch,
slightly tilting my neck,
We're adjourned.
My eyelids flatter the clouds as I...
drift into the skies with rapture upon my wings,
Clinging to your stature,
I'm melting!
My lips savor the flavored drips of honey you've engraved,
Paved upon my tongue,
Ushering my hips to sway,
backwards and forwards,
drunken from your potion,
Yet still,
Unable to move,
Commanded by your will.
Electrical currents travel my veins
and it pains me to cease
Yet,
ever so gently your mouth gives release.
Conveying sweet devotion,
Reciting ' I do's ',
Inviting,
Hypnotizing!
Kisses of you

Hershe Moore

Lady Night

You won't find me in the shadows,
I'm searching for the street lights!
Bright!
Fast cars, money...
Easy street baby
Fight off the pimps who wanna put me on their track,
I got a mind of my own,
Don't need you to do that...
Compact, mascara and deep reds for my lips,
Curves in my lashes,
gold sparkles for my eyes eclipse,
Curls in my tresses that cradle my neck,
Teeth like cotton
Hips that eject
long legs from my thighs,
My feet are dainty in my heels
They never click a mile
And when I smile it appeals
I want heads to turn and the men to gawk,
Wives clutching their husbands as they secretly watch
Who is she?
Ask,
I'll speak with no shame,
Boldly!
Lady Night is my name

Hershe Moore

Legs Of Mine

These two,
This pair...

Demanding your attention,
I see the way you stare,
It's impossible to miss em'.
Look at em!
Seems like they go on for miles,
Traveling the distance,
Saavy with style,
Touch them,
Smooth as silk,
Calves and thighs,
Dipped in chocolate milk,
Stockings roll their eyes.

My walk is a strut with a taste of grace,
My dance is a trance,
My run is a race,
My curtsy is signature,
My straddle is devine,
My stroll is legendary,
My legs,
One of a kind!

This pair,
These two...
Defy the model lines,
Paint a portrait with these words about
These legs of mine!

Hershe Moore

Love Is...

Love is...

That gentle breeze in the air

The essence of you stroking my hair

Similar to the texture of a rose

lets expose what we share

Within my smile is the light from your sun

My hips contain the rhythm from the drums you begun to play for my hearts
desire

Im enticed wearing only your scent as my attire

Dawns light confirms our consumation

The night awaits our reservation,

Admirers applaud us with a standing ovation for our love

My love is grounded in truth,

It's ready and able

My love is you

Hershe Moore

Lover Man

In passing,
perfection!
Tall in stature and easy on the eyes,
Neatly groomed,
swoon you when he speaks.
Taking notice of my interest,
sneaking a peak...
His posture is grande
Hands appearing unwed,
My mouth agape,
Slowly,
He fed me..

Passion dipped in caramel kisses,
and butterfly gardens of posies.

Led me...

To lands of milk and honey,
and silks woven with rosies

My senses have adapted to his scent,
His touch is repetitious,
Endless are the depths of his reach.
He became my author,
Compelling with his speech.
Words tender as the bosom.
I remain able to teach.
Ever learning his rhythm,
Yearning to be beseeched.
I'd speak if the words were willing
to free my vocals admission,
Leak of his substance
with total submission
I'll tell you what he said if you listen...

He...
Sung of chords with words unwritten,
lyrics inspired by me.

He...

Recited my chorus in a baritone serenade,
as his fingers played gracefully.

My marriage hand is taken,
Our womb begins to expand.
Place a concrete foundation
upon Holy land.
I accompany his presence,
My complexion glows with his adoration,
I flow with grace to his table,
Adorned in succulent decorations.

Lover man,
Should you have passed me,
Eternity would forever have asked me,
You think he'll be back around any time soon?

Hershe Moore

Loving You

Yesterday I took a long walk with me,
Had a talk and come to find out we were so unhappy,
Asked each other 'Why? '
Looked one another in the eye,
Face to face allowed no space for lies,
So, we decided this is how it's gone be,
I'm gone check on you
and you look out for me
I could use a hug
and here is what I'll do,
I'll keep in mind the void that was
and get back to loving you!

Hershe Moore

Next Sunday

Met him on a cloudy Sunday morning,
thunder clappin with the sizzle of the bacon,
People reacting to the news from the night befo',
waitresses bumping and tossing orders to the man,
He didn't have to stand,
Just sent me my coffee...
Sweet!
Since I'm drenched in the days mist,
Hair no longer with curls nor a twist,
All that primping in the mirror night before,
simply unaware that the weather would have say so.
His bacon looks...
Good!
I think I'll have the same.
Now, I usually have the sausage but I don't mind a little change.
I catch his eye,
able to reply with a nod,
Thankyou.
Quickly turn my head,
'bout time I turn around he's standing six two.
Calls me Miss
apologizing for nothing.
He commits no offense
Look at me,
I'm blushing!
He didn't even want nothing,
just gave his number and name.
Left saying, ' Same time next Sunday.'
I pray it don't rain.

Hershe Moore

Not A Stranger At All

Sometimes...
it's not a stranger at all,
The violator... perpetrator,
He's on the prow!
Nobody seems to notice his hunting eyes but me.
He's seeking,
choosing frail over birthing hips,
Picking pouty pleas over experienced lips.
Innocence over rejection,
begging cries from cringing insides,
above submissive thighs.
Barren land beseeched by foreign exploration,
Naive is no longer,
Eyes lacking adoration for the norm.
Torn,
silenced by the sheets.
A misfit in ones own flesh,
Generational curses complete.
I murder you with my stares,
Practicing to love for forgiveness sake,
Taking on a conditioned norm,
vowing to escape.
You molest the souls whose eyes recall...
Sometimes...
It's not a stranger at all

Hershe Moore

Right Here

When you didn't see me in your corner,
I was by your side.
When you couldn't feel my arms around you,
I kept you in mine.
I whispered in your ears
when you thought I wasn't listening,
I stayed there
when you weren't aware and thought
I was missing.
You weren't alone,
I said a prayer...
I'm right here!

I laid basking in your presence,
when you thought you were alone.
I gave babies as presents,
now your house is our home.
I was stroking your spine when you
yearned for my touch,
I was making you mine
when you didn't make that much.
I was never gone,
I'm in your care...
I'm right here!

Hershe Moore

Stop And Smell The Roses

Stop and smell the roses,
taste the nectar of sweet.
Peel back the petals,
tickle your feet!

Take a walk amongst the flowers,
place blue bonnets in your hair,
Sing songs of he love's me not,
two step with the air!

Stop and smell the roses,
Spend some time,
Tend to your bushes,
Pay no mind.

As you walk amongst the flowers,
peer down at your feet.
There's no time to smell the roses
when you're six feet deep.

Hershe Moore

The Lord's Company

I ain't afraid to face what awaits me out there,
No, not the fingerpointing nor the taunting or the stares,
I tilt my head and bow and curtsy to the outside,
Since it couldn't steal my joy,
it chiseled at my pride.

I ain't afraid to face what awaits me I say,
I know a storms a coming but I'm going anyway,
No rejection,
lack of affection can sentence me to the inside,
If I remain,
How will you know my name and that I'm alive?

Yes,
I'm coming out!
Hello world, it's me!
I ain't afraid to face ya',
I'm headed where I ought to be
He's always with me,
I have the Lord as company!

Hershe Moore

The Woman Below

The curtains pull in her scent as it lures me from my bed,
perched in my windowsill
curiosity embraces me on the edge...
What's her name?
The concrete has torn at her feet,
the sewers pull at her hem and the poison has worn out her teeth...
When she passes by I hear em' whisper, 'She belongs to the streets.'
Her song remains hidden with no need for her to speak
She peers over her shoulder with a reflection of me

I smile!
I see where her beauty lies
Even from where I'm sitting it's evident it's in her eyes...
They maintained their sparkle and there's rhythm in her thighs,
Yeah, her dress is withered but she makes it flow like the tides
I'm led to believe the passersby been telling lies
In her pocket is a mustard seed
She can move mountains if she tried

I'm captivated and anticipating when she'll pass back through
I wonder where she's headed
Wonder what she do
Mama say she could part a crowd back in the day and everyone knew
just who she was,
All the men would 'Ooh! '
The women say, ' Awww, she think she's so much.'
Her only response was her signature strut.

I prepare to slumber with her scent lingering on my sheets
Anticipating the morning where once again we'll meet
This time I gotta get closer
Wonder what'd she say to me?
I just wanna see her hands,
hear her voice when she speak
Dear Lord please hear my prayer and let the Angels know,
send someone to watch over me as I do for the woman below.

Hershe Moore

Where Do The Children Play

Where do the children play?
Amongst the bottle tops and amidst the unseen
Where the concrete has no mercy,
and the crevices swallow them in.
Unattended by fathers and left to fend for their mothers,
Taking on the weight,
no time for friends and the others

Where do the children play?
Would you believe if I told ya?
Lend me your hand and I'll take you,
Look, it's over your shoulder
He lays lurking and watching with empty promises unseen,
I can make you famous,
And she sho'll can sing!
Slow down there partner,
haven't forgotten bout you.
Heard Mama low on the rent money,
Son, what you gone do?

Where do the children play?
By now you should know,
Open up your windows,
Take a chance and go outdoors,
Then you'll here the children say,
Would you take out some time for me?

Hershe Moore