

Poetry Series

Ivan Brooks Sr
- poems -

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Ivan Brooks Sr(September 6.1967)

Ivan Brooks Sr is a liberian poet who lives in Norway with his family.

I was born in Monrovia, Liberia. My journey with poetry started at an early age but it blossomed couple of years back when my writing started to appeal to people. I Love to write and my passion for poetry and the burning desire to harness and perfect my craft is the driving force behind what I do. I consider myself a work in progress. I write motivational and inspirational materials periodically. I am admin of the All Liberian Poetry Group on facebook, I have some of my works published on and other platforms.

A Free Man.

I'm a black man, I'm the essence of toughness
My roots are deep like the mighty baobab tree
Once a chained slave, today I stand in greatness
I'm a black man, I'm a proud man and I'm free.

I'm a black man, once the master's possession
I have scars stamped to my soul but I'm free
Once a cotton picker, I now have a profession
I'm a black man, a very proud man and I'm here.

I m a black man, the first born of mama Ebone
The black Goddess the true mother of humanity
Once upon a time in jubaru, I sat upon a throne
Where my queens and warriors all lived in unity.

I'm a black man, I will always be the best runner
Maybe that's why you always use the fastest guns
Once like Jesse, today I'm Usine, today I'm a winner
I'm a free black man my soul hosts a thousand suns.

Ivan Brooks Sr

A Good Man Code

A good man is a great man because
He is selfless and not reckless
He is very down to earth and seeks no wealth
He will sacrifice everything just to help others
A good man wishes for nothing but love
He maintains peace and harmony with his brothers.

A good man will humble himself and strive
A good man will seek his people's welfare
His ego will shrink and he will at all times
With his brother he'll not engage in warfare.

A good man is a great man because
He sees the good In everything and everyone
He frowns upon ego and embraces everyone
For his fellow man, he'll do about anything.

A good man is a great man because
His soul is pure and his deeds are noble
A good man's character will be flawless
He is morally just and very very humble
He is content and desires no dishonest act

Ivan Brooks Sr

A Kind Heart And A Kindred Spirit

Be of a kindred spirit and nothing shall hinder thee.
Try to always Fling thy sweetest side at will
See if Happy birds will not hum melodies from a tree
For in happiness the soul of man gets its fill.

See in everything a reason to show thy kindness
And bring ye forth all the fruits of the spirit
See if yours will not be a path lined with goodness
For in this way shall joy find a soul to dwell with.

Show love to nearly everyone that love thee not
And project the agape love of the Lord most high
See if mankind will not give genuine peace a shot
When hues of hate arise till evening draws nigh.

Show out some intestinal fortitude to your nemesis
And let out steams against the world if you need to
See if persistence won't put resistance in parenthesis
For in this way your opposition will find a place to go.

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Ivan Brooks Sr

A Poet's Prayer

New day, with few new things to say
Inspire me lord with deep wisdom
That I may find few new words today
Words to enjoy my new poetic freedom
Bless me Lord to find inspiration
That I may write very great stories
Stories about love and devotion.
Thank you for poetic discoveries

New day, with new challenges to face
Teach me to only live with my brothers
That we all will aspire to embrace
The fact that we're brothers keepers
Bless me with few motivational words
That I may impact all your children
Words they'll carry as battle swords
Bless them Lord to live as brethren

Ivan Brooks Sr

A Prayer For Lebron

A prayer for my LeBron
Is a prayer for Akron
Lord be with the king
To give us everything
To beat and annihilate
Curry and Golden State.

A prayer for my LeBron
Is a prayer for Shannon
Lord give him game one
Just to assure everyone
Who follows undisputed
That Victory was expected.

A prayer for my LeBron
Is a prayer for the nation
Lord please help Cleveland
As she defends the land
Help the CAVS to go ALL IN
This is our prayer, make us win.

A prayer for my LeBron
Means Cavs have already won
Lord help Love, JR and Irving
To play and apply everything
Just to give us this victory
So Draymond can have a story.

Ivan Brooks Sr

A Selfless Prayer

One day a good man sat all alone
Wondering if things would ever improve
So he quietly entered his prayer zone
And prayed selflessly to God above
For the gift of life and his bread.
Although he didn't pray for wealth,
" Bless them "was part of what he said
He included a prayer for his health.
At the end he prayed for his children,
Asking God to bring them prosperity.
Finally he prayed for all his brethren,
And the poor people in his community.

Ivan Brooks Sr

A Slave Ship Called Jesus

If Jesus Christ is a slave ship
His name will be called merciful
Onboard I will learn to fellowship
So for this voyage I am so grateful
And Yes I rather be bought by him
knowing I'll soon be set free again
I put my faith in him like Abraham
From him I will have more to gain.

If Jesus christ is a big slave ship
I will become a reluctant stowaway
He will only bless me and let me be
Oh master I pray you take me away
I have waited on you to come for me
From this here hell to eternal life
Oh never again will I be put to shame
Master Jesus save me from my strife
Oh Lord Jesus my divine slave master
Bless me with many of thy holy whips
How long and hard it doesn't matter
Only Your glory I'll avow with my lips.

If Jesus christ is a big Slave ship
For free He will transport my sins
And sign me a spiritual partnership
Adding me to his glorious next of kins
Dear Lord rob me in your holy filths
But cleanse me in your holy water
So that I may amass spiritual wealths
Master come take care of all my needs
And at the end, I'll become cleansed
Like the fowls that the master feeds
I'll be unshackled, free and blessed.

If Jesus Christ is a big slave ship
I am waiting for this spiritual voyage
That's headed for a life long friendship
I know at the end of this epic voyage
With my biblical passport I will decree

I'm Holy Ghost filled and a born again
No more a captive, I'm now finally free
So master let the trip to freedom begin.

Ivan Brooks Sr

A Song For Nature

I have just written a wonderful Song
For with words I have painted nature
It is so beautiful and not too long
Watch as it turns into a new picture.

Come join me let's all just sing along
For we have all eaten a bit from nature
Nutrients that have kept us going strong
Come and help me care for her like a fur.

I am going to leave nature here someday
And when I sojourn to my earthly roots
All my kids will dig nature's soft clay
Wearing few pairs of black muddy boots.

I've just written a beautiful new song
And way up to the hills I go climbing
Just to prove to nature that all along
It's about her we have all been singing.

Ivan Brooks Sr

A Tweet About The Devil's Torment.

The devil was admitted to hell's main ER
All because of a courageous poor little me
Courtesy of a Holy Ghost fire, said his Doc
Oh my goodness, what a pretty big shame!
The shameless devil just tweeted a big wow
Yes, I escaped his conny little evil snare
It's sad when the devil pretends about how
This is for him a hellish news to bare
And for me to relish, a victorious moment
At the same time a good news to share
Through a tweet about the devil's torment.

Ivan Brooks Sr

A Week Of Poetry

Welcome to a brand new week
Here life's all about poetry
And with poetry we greet
For us spoken word is a story.

Here we aspire to write
Great words of motivation.
With our minds we create
Posts of deep inspiration

Here everyone is welcome
To simply imagine and evolve
So I say a big welcome home
Come and share the love.

Here life's all about poetry
And every man is born a poet
So every day we just try
To make everyone a better poet.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Awareness

They say
Cleanliness is next to Godliness
And
Dirtiness is next evilness
Just as
Stupidness is next to stubbornness
And
Tiredness is next to laziness
Just as
Forgetfulness is next to carelessness.

We all say
Cuteness is next to prettiness
And
Smartness is next to cleverness
Just as
Greatness is next to powerfulness
And
strongness is next to boldness .

Some people say
Fairness is next to goodness
And
Lateness is next to unseriousness
Just as
Playfulness is next to childishness
And
Thoughtfulness is next to carefulness.

Everybody say
Orderliness is next to tidiness
And
Fastness is next to speediness
Just as
Slowness is next to oldness
And
Respectfulness is next to courteousness
Where by
Helpfulness is next to kindness

And
Loudness is next to noisiness
Just as
Wildness is next to looseness
And
Unkemptness is next to sloppiness
And finally
straightness is next to rigidness.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Ball Pen Superstar

The stage is set..
The red Light's on,
The condition is right,
Shine my son!
The time has come,
The word is ready...
Welcome home,
Do them dirty,
Become a sensation,
In you a star is born...
You are my inspiration,
Blow the poetic horn,
The world's watching...
keep going!
keep creating,
Keep grinding...
From the onset,
You will be wrong..
Don't get upset,
Like kunta, be strong,
Flex your muscle...
And keep pushing!
And own your hustle,
Like a scribe, keep writing...
Stay active,
Keep grinding,
Remain calm but be passive,
Some day you gonna make it!
Don't wait,
keep pushing..
Don't Quit!
keep, writing...
Make yourself home,
Poetic Avatar...
The time has come,
Mr ballpoint superstar.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Been So Long My Brother

Been so long Designer, so long my brother
You were truly a dear friend like no other
You left us early for a special voyage to God
It caused us pains but you honored is word
Maybe St. Joseph requested a new designer
Maybe Jehovah called you just as a reminder
That all his good people belongs in Heaven
The wall clock reminds me of you at eleven
When jazz was played on our favorite station
Fond of clothes, design was your destination.

Designer, you left soon my bro, been so long
Been so long by Anita is now just a sad song
I just wish you had all the time to do so much
you just wanted to give clothes a classic touch
What an empty void, one that we all have to fill
Even now I can't play our favorite songs at will
Today, we're all still in search of a replacement
A tedious task that feels just like a punishment
Been very long Designer, since you been gone
Breaks our hearts, we know you're on a throne.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Beyond Tomorrow

Look far beyond today
Tomorrow lives there
Look beyond tomorrow
The future lives there
Look far beyond the future
Hope lives beyond there
Don't you look beyond hope
Nothing else lives there
If nothing else lives there
It means you have arrived
If at all this ever happens
That means you are blessed
If at all this ever happens
That means you have prayed.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Black Essence

Being black is the essence of strength
The ones my ancestors used to survive
When they sailed the deep oceans length
Surviving everything just to keep alive.

Being black is the essence of performance
The ones we put up at the mighty Apollo
All hearts swayed from rhythm to romance
When Chuck's feet moved like a flamingo.

Being black is the essence of toughness
Like those possessed by the giant baobab
Comes rain, storms, it stands in calmness
Defiant just like the sons of Queen Habib.

Being Black is the essence of athleticism
Portrayed by LeBron James, Jordan and Tiger
Gifted Black brothers born with enthusiasm
Black Essence runs deep as the River Niger.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Blessed Beyond Measures

I am not even a soldier, yet I have fought my own battles
Conquering some territories without a single commander
I am not decorated, yet I have earned my very own titles
Enjoying all royalties, God Almighty has been my provider
I am a man but beyond all measures, I am mighty blessed!

I am not even an astronaut, yet I have touched the deep skies
Soaring the galaxies and seeing beyond my very own dreams
I am not even wealthy or connected, yet my needs God supplies
Touring many kingdoms and eating cakes topped with creams
I am just a man but beyond all measures, I am mighty blessed!

I am not considered a writer, yet I written inspirational quotes
Inspiring mortal souls to wake up, wise up and fight to the end
I am not even a laureate, yet I produced classic iambic notes
Encouraging people to live on, move on and never ever bend
I am just a man but beyond all measures, I am mighty blessed!

I am a man who writes not for glory, but for a very deep cause
Awaking the slumber souls of all faded dreams to take a flight
I am just a nomadic poet endeavoring to inspire without pause
Hoping to help those with aspirations and desires to just fight
I am just a man but beyond all measures, I am mighty blessed!

Ivan Brooks Sr

Cry For Justice

Liberia has been a plush green field
On which docile politicians feed themselves
Murderous hordes proudly grazes on shores
Cocooned in a clique made of political wolves
Before "they say" became a news source
Way before the infamous April fourteenth riot
Sheep of injustice and corruption came and grazed
Human rights and lives got trampled upon
No justice, all reminiscent of the dark days
For not too long ago, division and tribalism
And classism fueled the emergence of war
The aftermath of that conflict is today eminent.
Look at power and human rights being abused
Look at the poor, forgotten and marginalized,
All victims, yet our leaders call us noisy majority
Mother of justice, Liberia needs you right now
Stretch forth thine hand of justice for our people
The ghosts of two hundred and fifty thousand
Demand justice so this nation can finally close
These unjust wounds of gross human rights abuse
Carried on yesterday by elements in power today.

Liberia is a lush green field
Fertilized by deep hate and moral divides
Watered by tears of the oppressed masses
As the loots get harvested by few people.
Reminiscent of the dark days of yesteryears
When corruption was echoed by the progressives
Before "they say" became an underground news
Way before the infamous April twelfth coup
That birthed the beginning of the end of yesterday
Take a look at my people, do you see the warrior marks?
Resilient, strong yet their troubled souls have seen a lot
Look at the children, all victims of the ills of yesterday
Something very bad happened a long time ago, look around..
Do you hear the voices of the victims crying for justice?
Pleas measured in decibels from silent cries at night
Lady Liberty, did you only come for the rich and privileged?
The ghost of two hundred and fifty thousand lost souls

Demands Justice so the socioeconomic divides can heal
If justice will ever be done, now is the right time to act!

Ivan Brooks Sr

Darkroom Of My Mind

The world's gone mad but my mind is made up
Time to let ya'll into the darkroom of my mind
A place where I'm referee of a poetic world cup
This where I am creative even though I'm blind
Don't get me wrong I am not leaving from town
No more radio orTV saturated with very sad news
I have got enough breaking news of my very own
Breaking to me each and every moment as it brews
Come and meet the hard drive of my creative doom
That contains my beautiful and liberated mind
Welcome to my one bright side I call my darkroom
This where I feign affection to know who is kind.

You have to know that I always act blind but I see
In my mind I can walk stack naked and levitate
My mind is where I remain totally black and free
Come join me set my poetic dial and help me activate
The code that will outshine any power on this earth
My mind is where I live and where nobody has access
Here I can run a poetic marathon without taking breath
Call it my playground and intellectual fortress.

My mind is deep, a place of absolute calm and refuge
Somewhere I will always see as the final frontier
It is dangerous and toxic like a nuclear centrifuge
In there I am all alert and vigilant like a soldier
My mind is a darkroom where I give birth to new ideas
A vessel and place in which I gather loose letters
It is my holy land of thoughts, my own creative judea
Where each idea is sacred and light as bird feathers.

Welcome, this is the epicenter of my creative mind
This is where I turn loose letters into spoken words
A frontline of creativity where no one leaves behind
Come and see where all words becomes useful swords
My mind produce powerful words like some light beams
Courageous and powerful words for extra motivation
Spoken Words that will light up people's faded dreams
Now you know that up in my mind are no limitation

There exists an enormous capacity of time and space
Welcome one, welcome all to the darkroom of my mind
Take a seat and be calm, be quiet this is my place
For this here is my personal creative post of command.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Days Of Our Lives

Some days we are productive when we walk
Depending on where we go with the message
Some days we are destructive when we talk
Depending on the interpretation and usage.

Some days we can be helpful in our absence
Depending on the toxicity we bring with us
Some days we can do all these with our silence
Depending on the complexity of ones status.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Deng And My Soul

I hit play, DENG's music was on repeat
The deep sultry voice sent soft echoes
Bouncing off everything into the street
Kemah smiled and laced her ballet shoes.

Kemah moved like a seductress in heat
Undulated her hips, moved to her feet
And she began to slow dance to the beat
spinning like a flamingo on the street.

DENG nodded as she started to swing
There's really no dancer like Kemah
Her backside, rhythm, her everything
Indeed she danced better than Kumbah.

I too wanted to rock to Deng's beat
Snapping my fingers, swaying at will
I just smiled and remained in my seat
But my old bones refused to sit still.

Right now I have DENG all on repeat
Kemah's body roll from place to place
Her soul intoned to his aesthetic beat
Deng's Kemah was a girl with real grace.

Over where I sat in utter amazement
I felt humid looking at her silhouette
Suddenly I knew what Deng's song meant
For Kemah danced my soul beyond ballet.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Distorted Peace

Hostile minds insists to know
Go and ask uncle Google in fact
All the results will come right now.
What is peace then, how can it be?
Just a routine rhetorical question
Coming from the eager mind in me
Listen, One minute partial peace
Bang, another minute total chaos
Nowadays, Instability is common place
As unscripted hate rhetorics echos
From jihadic podiums to confused minds
The birthplace of premeditated evil
The mind, softpots of those he binds
Call it the tabay ground for the devil
I, the sceptic, to say the least,
See this quiet storm as a distorted peace.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Dream On Africa

Dream on all ye children of Kunta
Boldly go where you've dared to go
Be happy, sing aloud Hakunamatata
Dream of the precious gems of Congo
Dream on Africa, Dream Jomo Kenyatta.

Dream on all ye daughters of Africa
And undulate your big round backsides
Dance on all you beautiful black women
For indeed you're truly Mandingo brides
Dream on Africa, Dream Sarah Baartmann

Play on ye blessed children of Africa
Gallop wild like the savannah's Zebras
Jump high as Maisais in nature's arena
In you are souls of great Timbuktu divas
Dream on Africa, Dream Sundiatta Keita.

Dream about Africa my warrior brothers
Uphold African tradition, live our culture
As Simbas, be protective of our sisters
For in their wombs lies Africa's future
Dream on Africa, Dream ye sons of Algiers.

Dream about Africa ye young men and women
Set for yourselves big and colossal dreams
Education will make you great women and men
And conservation will save our wild games
Dream on Africa, dream William VS Tubman.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Dream Voyage

In my dream I was free, yet there was no laws
I woke up bewildered just like a sad returnee
Confused but at least I knew just where I was
I became aware that on earth I was a detainee.

Where do I travel at night when I fall asleep?
Just because I woke up, I then began to wonder
I took a short dream voyage, but I went so deep
Visiting the constellations, seeking an answer.

It was all like A paradise, It was all wonderful
Sweet experience, I almost let out a big scream
It was very brief, yet it was so very beautiful
Sadly it was all over, I was back from my dream.

In my dream I was king sitting upon my throne
The laws were made by me, yet everyone was free
There was peace, everyone spoke in a soft tone
Sadly my dream was over, I'm back as you can see.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Ebola

Ebola, did we invite you
to this sweet land of liberty?
Why do you have to torment us?
You represent fear and deaths
Yet you further infuse poverty.
Oh how heartless, you faceless ish!
Now that I have your attention,
The world at large knows you!
Now that it knows your intention,
Sooner or later, it will handle you.
Sooner or later, you're gonna go.
Ebola, let my people go!

Ebola, how many times have I called you?
This I'll tell you no more, this is LIB,
It's Our one sweet land of liberty
That will always be under God's authority
Though new her name, resilient her people,
Abundance of green her mighty name
Though new your name, deadly your touch
Abundance of bodies is your only game
Ebola, let my people go!

Ivan Brooks Sr

Everlasting Word

We don't need to live too long
To leave legacies that will live forever.
For a while we live, forever like legends
Our deeds are here for us to speak
Whoever found guilty of doing us wrong
Need to live longer to amend his broken ties
For a while things will stall, at the end we will talk
Our egos circumvented by deep organic love
The greatest assets of human emotions
Which we don't need longer lives to project
For we will live as long as our words lives on.

We don't need to live too long
To speak out deep words of motivation
For a while our words, forever like legends
The consequences are here for history to see
Whosoever neglects the roots of humble beginning
Should live longer to make amends with the Grios
For a while our dreams will meet, only for a while
Ambition will lead us yet, organic love and spoken words
Words, the seeds of poetry engraved in human DNA
Brought to life by poets, read as words painted in poetry
For we will live on as long as the world reads our words.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Exile Song

One day the bullets of war made a sad song
And so I became displaced against my will
I ran into Exile where thousands came along
Memories of a sad war that nothing can fill

Yes I have been in exile just for too long
But my exhausted soul is not at all alone
And for me exile represents a very sad song
For which I may never ever master any tone

Oh Cape montserrado where really are thou?
Thy beautiful coast is my only true home
It was here all my ancestors began to avow
The very freedom to which I want to come.

Beautiful Mama Liberia, are you over there?
The grey hue of the fog obscures the light
And the only peace I seek is no more here
I need a home, for in me is no more fight.

Oh hear me out thou sweet land of liberty
I need me a home to rest my bruised bones
Somewhere I can rest and regain my sanity
For years I sang this song in exiled tones.

Finally I can see all her beautiful shores
The lighthouse beckons from Snapper Hill
I was home, see Monrovia's morning glores
Ducor give me thy breasts to feed and chill

Ivan Brooks Sr

Fifty Years Young

This day is like a big dream
Fiftieth birthday is today's byword
Blessed is the man inside me
For this life, I thank you Lord
Then confirms a quick look at myself
I look classic but I was graying
Just a mere shadow of youth left
My middle age stomach growing
A milestone I must proudly own
So blessed to be gracefully aging
Signs this beautiful life is winding now

This day is a very special day
Cute and old is part of God's grace
Thank you Lord for my long stay
A look tells me many are outta the race
The old me is slower but yet I march
With Still much of my beautiful mind left
I can pen spoken words sitting on a yacht
Signs that right now I'm living the best life.

Ivan Brooks Sr

God's Promises

Without God I really can't do anything
He's the author and finisher of my faith
With God I certainly can do everything
He has been my only strength from birth.

With God himself in charge I fear nothing
For He has been my strength and salvation
With God my tomorrow will yield something
In His promises I find hope and motivation.

Ivan Brooks Sr

God's Work Ethics

God works thru mysterious ways
You just have to hustle many days
Success belongs to he who prays
And works beneath the sun's rays.

God works thru mysterious ways
So it doesn't matter how many nays
Or the kinds of setbacks or delays
Remember that perseverance pays.

#IvanBrookspoetry??©?

Ivan Brooks Sr

Greed

Greed is conny and abstract
But it's a very quiet monster
Whose mission is never exact
It's only a glutinous imposter.

Only sweet evil it attracts
It's all a vessel of troubles
Without remorse it extracts
From all those who struggles.

Why is it thy belly never fills?
This is one sad and ugly story
Thinking of it gives me chills
What greed does is so very ugly.

All hail here comes Mr greed
Thy deeds are cruel and evil
And your work is a bad seed
Now it operates like a devil.

Greed is a corrupt missionary
Cocoon for those who embezzle
Seed of greed, harvests bribery
In thy company I'll never meddle

Bad boy of dishonest motives
You germinate only corrupt seed
oh greed, you have ruined lives
When you ignored honest creed

Garage of the ill gotten wealth
You represent perpetual disgrace
Because of your mastery stealth
Yet your name I will not embrace

Ivan Brooks Sr

Hello Mama Liberia

Hello Mama Liberia

Wake up, are you still deeply asleep?
Dreaming of a bright and better future
Tell me Mama, tell me why do you weep
Is it because you lack infrastructure?
Are you now beginning to really wonder
What really happened over the past years?
I see you looking over your left shoulder
Occasionally praying and shedding tears
Are you looking for your missing Children?
Many many hundreds and thousands of them
Who packed and at the least chances ran
Into exile to avoid a rather brutal clem
We all know you sit and secretly wonder
Why they no more live like true brethren
They constantly hate and fight each other
Are you still crying for your lost children?
Tell me Mama, why don't you sleep no more?
Indeed you lost hundred thousands of them
Many whom you wont be able to see anymore.

Hello mama Liberia

Does your rich black soil still grow Liberia?
The beautiful dark aromatic bean of coffee
Loved by Arabia, Asia, Europe and America
Planted by my native forefathers for free
Toiling from sunset with little or no sleep
Sometimes given a cup of palm wine as food
Slaving for Borbor John who've made him weep
Mama Liberia, your dark past wasn't so good
It's about time, time now to come very clean
About many things not written in history books
Land of liberty still, without the fame of green
You are now led by pseudo politicians and crooks
Oh Mama Liberia, once called Africa's golden child
Your dark earth is now stained with innocent Blood
Spilled by coerced child soldiers who ran wild
Led by adults who looted and killed in coldblood
Truth be told, this was planned by today's leaders

See your people suffering and living in poverty
It's time to purge yourself off those who misled us
And place our sweet land under God's authority

Hello mama Liberia

Are you still the continent's bright beacon of hope
To whom dissidents flocked from all over Africa?
When you gave out asylum and freedom like a rope
Or are you seriously still the stepchild of America,
Proudly speaking that Congur ex slave's serees?
Oh Mama, It's time to wake up from your slumbers
Don't forget you sold out for Firestone's rubber trees
Your children are living slave-like in tiny quarters
Do you think the meagre wages are just and fair?
Why did you gave away millions acres of your lands?
For rubber nectars to blind workers and cake their hair
Whilst millions of dollars goes through corrupt hands
Oh Mama, can't you see times have really changed?
Don't you want to renegotiate that concession deal
For the tappers try your best to have it all rearranged
So the ugly wounds of unjust exploitation can heal.

Hello Mama Liberia

Are you still aware you were called the gem of Africa?
Because of your vegetation and many natural resources
Or have you become one of Africa's feared listeria
Because of the senseless wars, poverty and diseases?
That you're now one of the world's and Africa's least?
Do you really wish to remain a very big docile sheep
On whom the world and Africa will come and just feast?
How long mam Liberia, how long will you remain asleep?
Rise up from your slumbers and once again take your place
Strive once again to stand among the continent's greats
For so long now you have represented a big disgrace
Do it for your children because a greater future awaits.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Homage To Africa

I pay great homage to my Africa
The continent of a million cultures
Roots of the Dreadlocks of Jamaica
Jambo Africa, land of the vultures
Akwaba to the Eden of Black people
Ancient Africa mother of humanity
The world feeds at your diseased table
Built on top of King Pharaoh's tomb
Oh Africa, custodian of nature's bounty
Blessed is thy beautiful dark womb
Lined with fertil dark mineral soil
Eternal volt of the Ashanti gold
Adorned in gems, smeared with oil
Yet not half of your story have been told
Volcanos fuels silently off your gas
Land of Akana, guidance of the sun
Your Pyramids stands where it once was
Watching time and age having some fun.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Home Coming

I'm coming home to where it all began
Taking with me the scars of my hustle life
I'm coming home like a real true legend
Bringing with me the stories of my strife .

I'm coming home to my dear motherland
Taking with me knowledge of the white man
I'm coming ready to give my people a hand
Bringing with me a blueprint to a master plan.

I'm coming home to where I truly belong
Leaving behind all the stamps of rejection
I'm coming home to Ducor with a new song
Singing Glory to the Lord for his benediction.

I'm coming home to my sweet land of liberty
Knowing I will never ever be homesick again
I'm coming home to my own Bassa Community
Wondering about Sonewen, where it all began.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Hope Village

As a resident of hope village be very thankful -
If for breakfast you have just a cup of water,
Say a big prayer to Baba and be very grateful.
Know ye that someday things will get better!
When stock in Hope Village, be very grateful!
I once lived there and boy, life wasn't so easy,
I remember how I would look so very sorrowful,
Using a bowl of water to shave, that's crazy!
Especially when I used old T-shirt as towel,
And rotated an umbrella as part of my roofing
life was hard but hope was on another level,
I knew that answer to my prayers was coming.

Despite the fact that I lived in abject poverty-
Hope made my condition seemed less pathetic -
All my situation was under God's own authority,
And my goals and objectives were authentic.
Never give up, hardship is only a transit camp.
One day your rescue Angel will come souring,
With solutions illuminated with a bright lamp-
Lights you'll always need as you go hustling!

To the residents of Hope village, never despair-
If wind of change is yet to blow in your direction,
Stay strong Hope village, real rescue is in the air,
It surely will if the Almighty is your connection.
I see you are a resilient bunch, so be very strong!
Though trials will come, hold on and be resolute,
Blessing for those with deep hope never goes wrong,
From a veteran of the movement, I say a big salute!

I pray you will keep to the fundamentals of hustle -
Know that on that very special day of God's reckoning,
Your stars will dance to success' beat, not struggle,
And the village's talking drums will echo your blessing.
Everyone far and near will know reward time has come.
People of hope village, come get your reward for courage,
Say goodbye to yesterday and say to tomorrow, welcome!
Soon, your last sight of the mango trees in your village-

Will be a breathtaking thirty five thousand feet far below.
As the white magic bird climbs hosting your dusty heels,
Sad faces will say bye and friendly faces will say hello.
There you'll know how the answers to your prayers feels!
Someday you will return as a great hero to your village,
To lament on the audacity of hope and your very own story -
With motivational messages to give everyone some courage,
Poverty will no longer be the main topic, it'll be history!

Ivan Brooks Sr

I Am Mama Africa

I am mama Africa, mother of humanity
My soul flows in all people in all places
I am Queen of Shebah the essence of beauty
You see me in people, people of all races.

I am mama Africa yes, I'm the Ashanti Gold
look at my jet black soul, I am forever young
I am ancient, dark, golden glorious to behold
Akwaba my children, sing me the Ebone song.

I am mama Africa, I gave birth to Mozambique
See all my plains spread from ducor to Cairo
Green my fertile soil, dark my soul so unique
I am mama Africa, roots of mount Kilimanjaro.

I am mama Africa, adorned with wealth infinite
Watch my strides, I represent perpetual grace
Hear me my children, cease to fight and unite
For your sakes came uhuru, all I want is peace.

Ivan Brooks Sr

I Bless Thee

Go ye forward my blessed children
Take with you part of your history
For it binds us together as brethren
Remember the present is transitory
With these very words I bless thee.

Embrace ye the near future with love
It's the link to what's new and old
This pleases our creator from above
Don't let the past retain its hold
With these very words I bless thee.

Hold unto self-respect my daughters
Free yourselves from abusive chains
Do it all together just like sisters
Stop using your bodies but your brains
So with these very words I bless thee.

Know today that decency has no rival
All of its values goes beyond tomorrow
This is the only key to your survival
As you fearlessly march without sorrow
So with these very words I bless thee.

Ivan Brooks Sr

I Was Raised Right

I was raised right
So I can bless a black Queen
Who through three trimesters, carried me
Connected by a unique umbilical cord
Where I got oxygen and nutrients and life.

I was raised to become her
World, her motivation, her fight
To say and do the right things
Things she told me when we talked
Talks we had about manhood and life.

I was raised right
So I can raise my kids right
I was raised Connected by a deep bond,
love amplified entirely by family ties
Where they get intelligence to last for life.

I was raised right
so I can Write about raising children
Blessed and gifted by God Almighty
From whom cometh my inspirations
I use to write about things in life.

I was raised right
so I can continue the legacies
Passed down by my forefathers
Linked by genetics and our history
Strength to strength for generations
From my roots, through poetry to my life.

I was raised right
So I can speak against wrong
Mostly done in the right way
Obligated to fight for human rights
From our fights for humanity
comes the true reason for life.

I was raised right
So I can learn right, Walk right
Talk right and do what's right
Fighting for my rights quietly
Deep within our fighting spirits
comes our strengths for life.

I was raised right
So I can pass on the right things
Impacting the next generation with wisdom
Where they'll have access to sage for life.

I was raised right
So I can love and experience love
Planting a seed in human emotions
Where the tree of love will blossom life.

Ivan Brooks Sr

If

If only things could suddenly change
For the poor people from my country
How fed up we are of this old image
I wish this was as easy as my poetry.

If only the iron lady could walk away
So the locks to the banks could click
How weary we are of this power play
For the noisy majority have fallen sick.

If only this thing could turn around today
That our people could avoid this turmoil
Maybe a ship to take these thieves away
Never to step their bloody feet on our soil.

If only we could remain forever peaceful
For deaths and destruction we need not
Help my people Lord to remain prayerful
For their troubled souls have seen a lot.

Ivan Brooks Sr

I'm Kunta

I am mighty Kunta, here is my story,
I came from the kingdom of Jubaru,
I tell you because it's my history.
Before freedom and just before uhuru,
I came chained yet proud as a slave.
Oh Massa, my dreads don't you shave,
I was chained from my toes to neck.
Lying in filth panting for some air.
Big whip scars ruined my entire back,
In anguish I wondered if this was fair,
Fair or not, the damage has been done,
I am a warrior, for me don't be sorry.
Besides my scars, this will soon be gone,
I am mighty Kunta, all this is my story.

Ivan Brooks Sr

I'm On Fire

I have the compulsion to just write
I can't wait to share all my products
Results of my many sleepless nights
My mind represents a little darkroom
Where I process all the inspirations
Gathered from all my timeless flights
Flights I made to the constellations
Where I creep upon few loose words
Words that blindly roams the night.

I come alive when the world sleeps
That's when the stars shines bright
Bright enough to illuminate letters
Letters I develop into spoken words
Words that I give wings and lights
Wings powerful enough to take them
To where they can all find some hope
Bringing lights to their faded dreams
Allow me to tell you about my mind
I am on a poetic fire and I can't sit
Not now, not even if I wanted to quit.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Keep Going!

Keep going until a loss becomes a win.
Keep going for failure is not a sin
So don't you ever give up on anything
You never know what the next bend will bring.

Keep going, keep doing what you do
The bruises and scars you can't undo.
The world isn't interested in your downfalls
Some situations are just temporary walls.

Keep going until you can go no more
Success is a vault without a secret code
You never know when your day will come,
So keep going until you make it home.

Keep going until you fall asleep
keep going even if you'll have to creep.
Keep going even if you are shot at,
Beyond your efforts is where success is at.

#IvanBrooksPoetry©?

Ivan Brooks Sr

Kunta's Camera Phone

If only Kunta kanti had a camera phone
He would've captured many untold stories
stories of a sad slave girl sitting all alone
Sad stories of overworked slaves with worries.

Stories of "Massa" holding the Holy Bible
And in another hand the ever present whip
There would've been images of souls no longer able
To work from dawn to dusk without a drop to sip.

If only Kunta Kanti had a remote controlled drone
Or a Facebook account to share stories and go LIVE
The world would've seen the master's no go zone
Where he buried the bodies of those no more alive.

Stories of the slave master's cruelty would've gone viral
And on the other hand exposed the ugly slave trade
He would've been seen as a vile man who lacked moral
Maybe a jail sentence because of the video Kunta made.

#Ivanthepoetfollow me on twitter @ivanclappers

Ivan Brooks Sr

Liberian Woman

Liberian woman, Monrovia Woman
Queen Woki, beautiful daughter of Ducor
Blessed from Montserrado's abdomen
Take me on a royal ride beyond Sinkor.

Liberian woman, Buchanan woman
Mamba queen, daughter of Gbehzon
Give me your hands and make me a man
Your beautiful heart is the prize I've won.

Liberian Woman, resourceful woman
Breadwinner of the Merry Go Round Market
Children mother, where are you superwoman?
You gave me life, and this I will never forget.

Liberian woman, my Yekepa woman
Queen of Camp four, bride of Zorh-Tappa
Smother my Nimba GB, my Ganta woman
Take me on a guided tour of beautiful Tapehta.

Liberian Woman, Zwedru woman
My Precious gem from Seneeween
Take me to the elders of your home Town
Take me home my Gbarzohn Queen.

Liberian Woman, Mandingo Woman
Queen of Bopulu, Empress of Africa
You are truly the essence of a strong woman
Take me home to the aromatic smell of Sumalah.

.
Liberian Woman, Enlightened Woman
Female President of Africa's first republic
Born of a Liberian Woman, my native woman
Birth mother of the April twelfth conflict

Twitter @ivanclappers

Libya

Thousands of miles from Timbuktu
Deep in the ancient Kingdom of Mali
Brothers exchange love "Assalamualaikum"
I'm going to Libya, says the migrant called Ali.

Everyday from sunset to sunrise
We bear witness to the mass migration
Of many brothers, Oh I wish it was otherwise
For many will not reach that destination.

Libya, the cradle of modern day slavery
Is a magnate that lures desperate Africans
Escaping economic hardships and poverty
Just to end up dead like sardines in cans.

Oh Africa, where are all of your leaders?
What have we done to deserve this evil?
Is it because of the hueys of of our leathers?
When did we become the slavery anvil?

Mant to man, is so unjust says Bob Marley
But Arab to Black Africans is another sad story
Why are Black people being sold into slavery?
Why is the whole world sitting so supinely?

Ivan Brooks Sr

Life

Anticipate anything at anytime.
No matter how big, be gracious
Face your issues one at a time
Be always set and courageous.

Appreciate life at any given time
No matter it is, being alive is okay
Be of joy if you're without a dime
Your needs He'll supply someday

Ivan Brooks Sr

Life Is A Poetry

One day I wrote in my sonnet
Life is a very beautiful poetry
And every man is a natural poet
So whether you live in the country
Where nature is so harmonious
You still have to capture emotions
When hummingbirds gets curious
Their songs gives out inspirations
Sometimes like a cold stream flow
Maya Angelou said write, be creative
Even in the dark your words can glow
If you see life from a poet's perspective.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Love Meter

If love had a meter
And inputs were measured,
As a partner or a lover
Would you be surpassed?

Would you allow yourself to be cheated
In order for the love to thrive
or even out-communicated
Just to make sure the love survive?

If love had a meter
Would you allow lesser time
And seek to do even better
Just to make sure we are fine?

If love was timed and monitored
Would you willingly agree
For your love meter to be decommissioned
So our love can blossom and be free?

If our movements were restricted
Would you allow me to run freely,
In no form or shape be intimidated
Just to prove you love me dearly?

If love depended upon equal inputs
Would you be so caring and selfless
To disregard the unwashed dishes and pots,
My relaxed demeanors or care that I do less?

Ivan Brooks Sr

Man And God

When man mortal with a title
Becomes vile and self righteous
He walks around with the Bible
Holy acts and all sacrilegious
Carrying LBGQT rainbow banners
Hailing the devil's temporal empire
Accomplished false pretenders
Adorned in bright priestly attire
Those revered by man mortal
Who himself discovered religion
But have lost God Himself in total
God the grandmaster of creation,
Who made everything in days
And created mankind in his image
When man transgressed in fleshly ways
He taped Agape love to the damage
And for himself, God created mankind
Then for mankind, God was created
For mere control and mastermind
And to do this the world was reinvented
By man because he wants to play God
But lacks God's divine omniscience
So man can't become his own overlord
Bless the limitation of his intelligence.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Marley's Words

Marley's Words

In a song Marley once said
lot of hair meant knowledge
Dudes went on scissors raid
And Carlos skipped college.

Bob said Stand up for your rights
People without rights stood as well
That was the beginning of our fights
From then on, I heard the alarm bell.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Musk

My favorite is the one by Jovan
The pervasive scent, nothing tops a musk
Why not Drakkar Noir or Ralph's Polo, Ivan?
It's the appeal and aroma I love the most!

Musk is my favorite cologne.
That aromatic substance, the smell,
The way it absorbs like a sponge
The mesmerizing and addictive spell.

The power and confidence when worn,
the longevity and its staying power
That permeates the soul, deep as a ship's horn
Unique scent that lasts for hours.

The power of its undeniable presence
That lasts from dawn to dusk
Nothing compares to the fragrance
Of the distinct and classic scent of the musk.

Ivan Brooks Sr

My Dues Are Paid

I came directly from through the ranks
All my dues paid, my homage to life
To my God alone all my humble thanks
For bread I slice with prayer knife.

I came strictly from my very own hood
All of my dues I paid through my strife
To mama dear for prayers and our food
For all she sacrificed to save my life.

I came humbly from a very blessed home
All my dues are paid through my chores
To charity, It said take and leave some
For all I learned I am beyond my shores.

I came strongly ready to join the hustle
My dues paid with my years of readiness
To poverty, a real caveat for my struggle
For I've persevered through steadfastness.

Ivan Brooks Sr

My Name Shall Live

Long after the sun goes down over my grave
And the earth becomes my final resting place
Long after my soul has left its mortal enclave
My words will abound from earth to outer space.

Long after my friends stop thinking about me
And not a mention of me until my birthday,
Right when the 'late' is added to my name
While my timid soul awaits the judgement day.

Long after I am gone and my soul has departed
My great name will continue to softly echo
For ages to come, I will continue to be quoted
From the great beyond my words will spell macho.

Long after I'm gone, my ideas will go on motivating
And all the fruits of my labor will abound in others
For ages to come my messages will keep resonating
From roots of my poetry to the minds of my brothers.

Long when I am gone my works will be widely read
And analyzed for the richness of its deep contents
Long after I've sojourned, about me it will be said,
He who lays here was blessed with many talents.

Long after I leave this temporal phase of my life
And my tired old bones have become a pile of dust
Long after I've made widow of my beautiful wife
My great name shall live and never ever get lost.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Nomadic Poet.

I'm unknown, not even yet a laureate
Neither am I considered a real poet
Nope I haven't a masters or doctorate
I write from the depths of my heart.

My lines don't even really conform
I just always wanted to do my best
When it's time to write and perform
Lyrical perfection all from my chest.

I treat spoken word like a marathon
I'm a nomadic poet without any style
I'll come alive like a poetic popcorn
You've seen my work, just one big pile.

Though I tried sticking to iambic meter
My words couldn't make very good rhymes
So I gave up trying to make them better
Even though I tried hard so many times.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Oh Death

Oh death, you merciless master of the dark underground
Have you no conscious perimeter when you roll call?
Oh death, you heartless master of the great beyond
Does your job description involves making nice people fall?
Why do you always take the best and leave us grieving?
Your only job is to waste beautiful souls and break hearts
A part of our existence as man mortal by God's reckoning.

Oh death, thy cold and frail hands often takes our dearest
Maybe it's God's will to call home the very best amongst us
Taking them beyond the starry constellations for eternal rest
Where their souls will ride atop a beautiful golden horse
How long will you cause us pains for your selfish gains?
Most times you separate us from those we deeply love
Does it please you to silence us and pull hell's curtains?
Oh death, from us thy grey hands have taken a white dove.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Peace Mission

If I was a bird I, would fly so very far away
To places that needs peace and love today
Carrying with me a message of hope for all
Telling people to hug and shake hands everyday
I hope the world will someday hear my call.

If I was a big bird, I would fly very far away
To places where all kids have nothing to eat
Taking with me food and gifts for them all
Making sure they can live to see another day
I hope the world will someday hear my call.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Poets

We are the Ronaldos of spoken words
The Da vancis of painted poetry
In the poetic universe, we are overlords
With words we bond in a poetic chemistry
We are the cradle of twisted emotions
Some consider us the masters of storytelling
You are welcome to peruse some of our creations
In no time you will be amazed, just keep reading!

Some call us mere euphoric writers
We secretly call ourselves wordsmiths
Because the way we bend loose letters
Only poets can polish words like silversmiths
The things we write about are so captivating
The emotions we stir, all the tears they evoke
Our passion and poetic ingenuity, the gift of writing
Our times, all our lives to this craft we'll devote

Ivan Brooks Sr

Power Drive

The streets are quiet and normal this hour
My restless soul craves a long drive alone
This is a solo drive of knowledge and power
I pray on this drive to avoid memory lane.

Maybe it's all just a waste of precious time
The era called yesterday wasn't always bright
Which is why I see clearly today just as fine
More than enough more like a very bright light.

The streets will be just quiet when I do arrive
I reckon it's peaceful and special at the moment
Taking with me old stories from my power drive
A solemn drive down memory lane without a comment

Maybe it wasn't a waste of precious time at all
Yesterday really did have some very brighter days
Occasionally I did stumbled, break down and fall
which is why I have grown in so many many ways.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Psalm 23 On December 23

You o great Lord, have been my only shepard
As you promised in the 23rd chapter of Psalm
And though my life has been extremely hard
I shall not want, your own word, so I am calm.

Every pasteur, as promised by you, are green
Even Though some were occasionally black
Every waters you led me to has been clean
My life with you o Lord, I shall never lack.

Then one day, on the 23 day of December
I was diseased to die, you restored my soul
You led me out of death's shadow I remember
Thy healing rod and staff you gave me to hold

The path I walk on nowadays is of righteousness
And not because of my name o lord, your's sake
Though I face temptations, I pray for holiness
And because you're with me Lord, I'll not shake.

Deep in my heart Lord, you remain my shepherd
For this and many reasons, I will fear no evil
Thou are with me, I trust to even pet a leopard
You've prepared my table, in front of the devil.

In crucial moment you anointed my head with oil
And you remained with me til my worst were over
During hunger times, you helped my pot to boil
For love, care and protection, thank you Jehovah.

Surely goodness and mercy will always follow me
All the days of my life, from this 23rd of December
I'll dwell in thy house, never to be put to shame
And because of the 23rd Psalm, I'll never surrender.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Questions From A Child Soldier Advocate

Just few months right before I became of age
The entire masses erupted in a profound rage
Thanks to rebel leader Dakpana Charles r
Many many young and innocent Kids my very own age
Took hold of rusted machetes and AK-47s to engage
The propagandas of a brutal senseless revolution
Sadly today with no former and proper education
Many traumatized young men are perishing alone
Sleeping on crowded streets corners they call home
The very corners, grace of a city they once ruled
Why are they alone being judged and ridiculed?
Where are the bosses who ordered the war cargos
Yet today society's elites calls them useless Zogos
All of them were meticulously misled and brainwashed
Where are all the rebel leaders, one of them asked?
They took the loots and gave their kids education
Leaving them to rot and live in total destitution.

As kids some thought fun was shooting a gun
And making many old and young people to run
Many thought war was like a kind of video game
Then one day they realized it was not the same
By then the damages were already done, too late
Courtesy of the hard drugs they didn't calculate
Now they have to scramble for leftover bread
Living in shelters without real roofs overhead
Their lives have all become one real struggle
Living on handouts from their very own people
Oh lord I wish one of them had become an author
Just like my good childhood friend called Arthur
They would have gained great respects and fames
Or for themselves, made respectable great names
Names that the whole world would have learned
Their own bread and cash they would've earned
I wish one of them had become a civil engineer
But instead were made a leader to commandeer
Many brainwashed kids turned euphoric soldiers
Oh I wish they had turned up as bright scholars
Why didn't one of them even become a good lawyer

Or a university lecturer like Dr. Amos Sawyer?

Mr Charles Taylor, where is the promised future?
Madame President, Where is everything you promised?
For your sakes these young men became mere butchers
Today for them no rehab at all, only moral lectures.
The blood of the innocent lives have become dried
And for justice and redress the masses have cried
The pains from the past is impossible to be erased
All because the face of justice is yet to be faced
For now, all the very bad memories just won't go away
So for the victims and innocent souls, we will pray
Be it night or day, rain or shine I'll never hesitate
To question the warlords as a child soldier advocate.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Questions From A Sex Slave

The silence, echos, high heel shoes squeaks
Then the music suddenly pauses for the show
It starts with the pimpish bosses and the geeks
Suddenly I began to wonder to myself, how?

How did I unwillingly become a sex slave
Can somebody tell me where I live?
Why have not a soul to tell me be brave
Tell me, do everything you can to keep alive!

Now is the time to question sex slavery
Can somebody tell my mama to keep fighting
Have I not a father to free me from my misery?
Beyond my will somebody sold me, I'm missing

Roll calls from the pimpish boss of bosses
I was born free but now I'm a sex slave,
Who is to be held accountable for the losses?
I need freedom, I need to say bye and wave

Upside down, for many hours I would hang
From the steen of the stainless steel pole
Making sinful moves, making my body swing
Holding firm to dear life as I played my role.

How did I become an object of pleasure
Can somebody kindly answer my questions?
Why have I not a soul to help me find closer
To tell me sister, here are better options!

How soon did society forget to fight for me too
Can somebody please hola at the government
Tell them I am a woman, not an animal in the zoo
A statement against sex slavery is a moral statement!

Ivan Brooks Sr

Quiet Time

I write beautiful poems in my quiet times,
Sign that the universe delivers in silence -
Great inspirations about love and dreams -
With a poetic virtuoso, I built my intelligence-
Which I use to attract imaginative awareness-
For the creative ideas brewing in my head -
Certainly, for I write about poetic greatness-
For this journey, quiet times is a poetic seed-
planted at night when the entire world sleeps -□
Hopefully I will harvest before the world wakes-
The matured ones That quietly grows and creeps-
Beyond the reach of all poem hunters who takes-
Unguarded letters and affix them with poetic wings-
Wings powerful enough to take them very far away-
To the constellations where every dead poets sings-
Quiet hymns composed in honor of Maya Angelo allday.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Reflection On My Mortality

Why I'm here and doing things
and making long futuristic plans
Adorning my mortal body with furs and rings
Why am I rushing to acquire titles to lands
knowing I will soon grow old
wither away and someday die
Leaving the warmth and be buried in the cold
Why I'm I here trying to pacify my lie
Knowing this life is just a brief candle in the wind
And knowing I don't even own it alone sucks
Yes I never come to the realism and make up my mind
That whentime is up I wont be saved by my bucks
So why can't I fold my hands and throw in the towel
Yet I do all in my might to fight till the final hour
Circumventing the ruleseven when ill health whistles a foul
Is it the fighter in me or my ego that has the staying power?
The answer lies in the question as I reflect on my mortality
Maybe I'm a great ball of energy passing through this temporal phase of life
Or an Angel to bless or a vessel to channel or just a man in reality
The answer will come when I sit reflecting on my mortality all by myself.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Rise And Shine

Rise And Shine, Make today thine
For most perfect days like mine,
Promises no perfect tomorrow
For time is a perpetual arrow.

Rise and shine, now is the time
Slay your way to the borderline
Cherishing your days and moments
Embrace your life create moments.

Rise and shine, It's happiness time
Say aloud the world is now mine
Enjoy the rays whilst it lasts
Yesterday is now about our pasts.

Rise and shine, make time thine
Shine like autumn in summer time
Put in play hours and make it yours
For a day lasts but just few hours.

Rise and shine, make for yourself time
Allow yesterday and time to intertwine
Today is here, Tomorrow still awaits
a borrowed time never waits.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Selfless Prayer

One day a good man sat all alone
Wondering if things would ever improve
So he quietly entered his prayer zone
And prayed selflessly to God above
For the gift of life and his bread.
Although he didn't pray for wealth,
" Bless them "was part of what he said
He included a prayer for his health.
At the end he prayed for his children,
Asking God to bring them prosperity.
Finally he prayed for all his brethren,
And the poor families in his community.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Shinning Star

When your stars starts to shine bright
Just like the sun, you affect everything
Even your flaws and everything is right
Comes Gloomy days, you'll value nothing.

When your stars starts to shine bright
Like good music, everyone loves your beat
Dancing way into the wee of the night,
For a while nobody cares to have a seat.

When your stars starts to shine bright
Like tornado, you blow and blow at will
Destroying everything feels just alright
After a while, you expect people to chill.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Silent Rebels

Against the timeline of nature
Freed from the conformity of it all
Are people who refused to fit in the picture
Yet expect their voices to stand tall.
Informed but confused, they have no rules
So hyped, society labels them silent rebels
Like hippies, many hate rules yet abhor ridicules
The same people who make troubles
I call them the regiment of the clock
They call themselves freethinkers
Yet others call them legends of the block
Whose feelings are always written on banners
Always grouping and marching like ducks,
Silent Rebels are always against something
Either against those making heavy bucks
Or those in total control of everything.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Simpson And Delala

Legend has it that Delala was very beautiful
Yet her contanence and deeds were all evil
And even though Simpson wasn't very careful
I think the power of love made him an anvil.

Delala's pseudo love was certainly deceitful
Maybe love chooses its own victims or preys
Especially if the woman involved is beautiful
A factor that enhances the power of love always.

Did the power of love overwhelmed Simpson?
No, he was the victim of a contagious disease
That has no cure but when given a reason,
It will just invade your thoughts and increase.

Love is blind and it made Simpson very blind
Courtesy of the overwhelming power of love
It failed him and never treated him kind
Which leaves us an amorous mystery to solve

Delala, Simpson's love, was a vindictive bitch
Yet his love for this woman was real and deep
In her he saw a very pretty woman not a witch
Oh Man up strong man, giants don't ever weep

Delala the woman you Love was truly wicked
Do you clearly See what she did to you, Simpson?
Know ye that to trust a woman is to be stupid
It is my hope that you have learned your lesson.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Sleepless Night

Tonight, my two exhausted eyes refused to fold
And my timid soul is all restless and wide awake
Just Craving warmth and sleep but winter is cold
Oh deep sleep, give me thy frail hands to take.

It is very late and the sleep I crave is elusive
It's Casually playing by the rules of the universe
And the sleep I seek this hour appears less active
Saving the sweet yawning and naps that I deserve.

Night is here but sleep seeps beyond the light
Come back to where thy sleepy presence is needed
Oh Come you insomnia master of the starry night
Come to where a little bit of nap is appreciated.

Tonight I will genuflect before my bed and weep
Oh come to me now you dark and sleepy phenomenon
Bring me thy sweet dream to process when I sleep
Come and help me find that sleepy elusive demon.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Something Changed

Something happened a long time ago
It changed everything and everyone
It changed the way we play and work
It changed the way we walk and talk
Something bad happened sometime ago
Changing everything we really loved.

Something sad happened not long ago
It changed our lives and how we live
It changed the way we think and act
It changed the way we laugh and smile
Something sad happened a long time ago
Leaving us with many unanswered questions.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Sonewen Child

One day God created the Heavens and Earth and Sonewen
From that impoverished Ghetto came great men and women
And from her shores came Zogos that are nationally notorious
Yet from in one blessed home came a child bound to be famous.

From His Throne he saw that his handed works was very good
So In every households He placed a family to populate the hood
And so from sunrise to sunset, their faces glowed with happiness
Yet it was from one blessed home came a poet bound for greatness.

One day the rumours of war began to echo on the playgrounds
It was December and arid heat had just dried up the muddy ponds
As far as the eyes could see, stranded frogs hopped and jumped
Signs the history of the Sonewen ghetto was about to be transformed.

Transformed it did because in her, the elements of war found a safe haven
Exacerbated by war, compounded by poverty still to God she said Amen
Trusting in Him to bless and bring prosperity according to his divine favors
So from this humble child comes a big thank you for answering his prayers.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Sonewen My Hood

My Sonewen gave me the very best of both worlds
Soccer for the moment and for my future, school
So when things turned, we never became warlords
The options were there, nobody ended up a fool.
My hood gave me the street education and the tool
I remember At seventeen years we still got whopped
The streets gave us knowhow and made us look cool
It taught us to respect elders and never tripped.
We were raised at home but mentored on the streets.
We played with criminals but became good leaders
Everything was coded, one misstep you got the beats
Discipline instilled, ended up good, not drug dealers.

We had to make passing grades just to play football.
That was for playful kids our first real life hustles
We had to sit, study and deliver or no tabela at all
That meant for us playful kids our first struggles.
Life for many was hard, some had little or no food
At six we scaled the stadium walls to watch football
But such was the life in our complexly beloved hood
By God's grace and resilience, Sonewen will never fall.
Around us young girls in their teens became mothers
But they all persevered and fought to raise their babies
They had to bounce right back and serve as role models
To raise their young sons to become better baby daddies.

Thanks be to God Almighty for love and his benediction
For blessing the very roots of where the legend began,
For the Sonewen ghetto and the streets and education
The place I call home, is the place you know as sonewen.
The epic tale of this place is infamously notorious
Not like Harlem, Lagos, Kingston, Mogadishu and Soweto
All because her impoverished children became prosperous
A pride for those who hailed from this blessed ghetto.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Strength From My Trials

In trouble times and hard times
I get strong and my faith shines
Even if I'm down without dimes
That's the best time God shines.

In the darkest hours of my trials
I stay grounded and get hopeful
Even if I have to crawl for miles
That's when I just remain grateful.

At night time when the sun sleeps
I stay in bed and remain thoughtful
Thinking beyond what my mind keeps
Which is why I remain blissful.

In peacetime the soul is at ease
I stay alert and remain careful
Keeping my sanity pristine, no clause
That is why my ideas are wonderful.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Tell Me How Come

Tell me how come your hearts became so cold
Like a chilly bottle of club beer in December
Reminiscent of the bloody dark days of old
Which most victims prefer not to remember.
Memories of a bittersweet yesterday
That was characterized by great pains
Inflicted upon us by coerced child soldiers
Who took lives and pulled hell curtains
Upon our helpless mothers, children and elders.
Oh small soldier, never will I ever forget
Your bloodshot eyes and your cold demeanor
Euphoric soldiers, I know you do regret
Especially since you took the Holy communion.

Tell me how come you so quick to forget
When you ruled the checkpoints and streets
Demanding your big brothers to genuflect
As you cooked your glaywee and buckwheats
Oh Freedom fighters, terrible were your deeds
The thoughts of which makes me remember
When we ate rationed unprocessed beer seeds
Reminiscent of that fateful day in september
Call it the day I died and came back to life
When I crossed over the mighty St. Paul river
Nursing my wounds, courtesy of your rusty knife
You used to wound me at the checkpoint in Po river.
Tell me how come you no longer remember me
Look at the scars stamped to my inner thighs
Is it because I no longer look the same?
Praise Jah for turning on the forgiveness lights.

Ivan Brooks Sr

The Corrupt Intellectual

Knowledge is power, it is the power to empower
It's not just power to chase corrupt job offers
Oh Maybe it's the perfect way to become a liar
Don't use it to embezzle from national coffers
Such a knowledge is corrupt and very dishonest
Knowledge skillfully applied to steal is Zogoism
Public position of trust isn't a stealing contest
Yes, embezzlement is bad a crime, so is nepotism.

Knowledge is useless when it's only used to steal
Have you ever seen the kids in West Point and Bong?
Come on mr corrupt intellectual, let's be very real
Oh is it the power to compose a long poverty song
For all homeless kids to sing in Bassa community?
With couple of verses about how to be very strong?
Indeed embezzlement is a sin, sin against humanity
Tell me Mr intellectual, tell me if I am so wrong
Embezzlement is a crime and you lack patriotism
Mr corrupt intellectual, this weak power is useless
If it's used to steal, harm and spread Tribalism
Tell me Mr intellectual, why are you so heartless?

Knowledge is power, power to empower the poor masses
It's not only power to educate your own kids abroad
Whilst the rest of the kids sit in roofless classes
And each damaged classroom haven't even a blackboard.
It is evil if learned people steal from the masses
Embezzlement is big crime, so is lying and favoritism
It echoes when kids learn sitting near oozy sewages
Yes corruption is a crime, so is lying and cronyism

Knowledge is power, power to empower all our women
It is not power to exploit and abuse them repeatedly
Neither the power to abandon them with the children
Tell me Mr corrupt intellectual, isn't this cruelty?
Power is not measured in the illegal wealths amassed
It's the plus they have when the poor have to hustle
Neither is it counted in the tons of gold possessed
Their crimes goes beyond the millions they embezzle

Tell me now Mr corrupt intellectual, how do you feel?
When you drive bye those you called silent majority
Those who can be fed a year if you sold a car wheel
The people who gave you power to use your authority.

Ivan Brooks Sr

The Essence Of Time

Good times goes by ever so quickly
And Taking with it nearly everything
Wrinkling at all of our faces softly
And yet leaving us with barely nothing.

If at all time is of the very essence
So are all of the best of past years
With nothing really left to reference
The best are all washed away in tears.

Time claws at our very good looks
Leaving us all very old and so used
It is sad to see how fast time works
Yet it's Bad when youth gets bruised.

Time exists without any maintenance
So what more can I really say to her?
She's now so far from my very presence
Yet so very obvious for the better.

Time has a weird character in midsummer
When green beauty and daylight abounds
Unlike the cold chilly snow in December
That freezes all of nature's water ponds.

Time after time says Miss Cyndi Lauper
Why are you so very slow at many intervals?
I picture you at times as the sole loser
But in essence you and today are rivals.

Time will tell this I've heard from birth
Whose job is it to answer this question?
Maybe a time trip to the end of the earth
In a time machine set in perpetual motion.

Ivan Brooks Sr

The Evolution Of Words

Before all words became spoken words
Before the white man created his own Gods
For the sole purpose of control and domination,
Before the Samurais spoke life into their swords
Right before the final ritual for an important mission
Before babies got oxygen through umbilical cords
God used only few words during the creation.

Before the scribes began to write and use words
Before Ancient Egypt and the birth of many nations
Nobody knows exactly the origin of spoken words
Yet mankind have used it in all forms of communications
Before all of this and before we got out of the caves
Right before we evolved and learned to read and write
Before the ice age and the first mighty ocean waves
God commanded his words to move and just create.

Ivan Brooks Sr

The Final Questions

Are we talking too much more
about love than loving too much?
So until we talk a little bit less about
it and do a little bit more about it,
The world and those in need
of a little bit more dose of love, the
greatest of human emotions,
will forever lack the much needed love.

Are we overly obsessed with the phenomena
called twitter and following more celebrities,
who don't need us or the superfluous attentions
we give them? So until we stop following
these one percent famous people, who are
unaware of our existence, and concern
ourselves more and become preoccupied
with the plights and destitution of the ninety percent
needy people in the world, they'll forever
lack the love and care they need.

Are we feeding the greedy politicians
and the government with our taxes more than
we should be caring for ourselves and our children?
Until we realize that our governments, politicians,
The systems they designed and put in place
to corrupt, control and dominate us,
needs our money more than we need them.
will we forever remain the anvil and pawns
in the political game of chess designed
for profits and gains, power and control,
manipulation and dominance.

Ivan Brooks Sr

The Old Professor

I once saw a tired old professor walking.
Nobody had to say to me he was suffering,
I lack sage but had strength to help him.
Shaking and slow his legs were now so Lim,
He was so Pinned down by some of his books.
Son these may seem heavy by the very looks,
knowledge is weightless leave it all to me.
As I turned to go, my life was never the same.

Ivan Brooks Sr

The Poverty Songbook

In my poverty songbook, I wrote
Fear nothing but to do some wrong
Yet I wrote nothing about being broke
All because poverty made me strong.

From birth, I've sung the poverty song
It's about a unilateral fight against poverty
I know the road to the summit is long
I'll rest at nothing until I dwell in prosperity.

There's a verse in the book about perseverance
It's the main reason for which I wrote the song
In there I thanked God for His grace and Providence
For it's within his grace where we all belong.

In my poverty songbook, I left out a lot of things.
There ain't a single verse about laziness and self-pity.
I instead included a request for a Timberland and wings
These two I'll need to get about and do my hustle duty.

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Ivan Brooks Sr

Time To Leave

Time will speed by everyday
As it drives youthfulness away
Time works fine by the book
Tripping on the ways we live
Time takes away opportunities
But is yet void of immunities
It's like we don't deserve it
Yet time cannot be dealt with
So call her the unseen enemy
She heads the great aging army.

Time is very much aggressive
And yet so very much abrasive
She claws evilly away at beauty
Making her sad and very empty
Wrinkled, useless and very old
Left only with stories to be told
They say time waits on no man
So please try if you think you can
Choose now or never to believe
Time is here, I'll pack and leave.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Timeless Flight

Just like an old master my mind comes alive,
Often not when my side of the world wakes.
When sleepless constellations performs live -
Delivering new ideas like some sweet cakes,
This is rather the product of a timeless flight-
This is what I can show for a sleepless night

With the Virtuoso of an artist in slow motion,
I'm aligned with the universe and the elements,
Braced for an onslaught of creative projection-
With humbleness I received all of the payments.
This is rather the product of a timeless flight-
This is what I can show for a sleepless night.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Trials 2.0

Stretched, exhausted and very tired
Today I rely on strengths from my trials
Though from my job I was unjustly fired
I stand on the strengths from my trials.

Sad, mad, perplexed and very confused
Yet joy overflows, courtesy of all my trials
By my associates and friends I was abandoned
Yet my courage derives from all my trials.

Bruised, pained and very discombobulated
Yet I rise using strengths from my trials
My hope will someday get me all situated
Fueled by the strengths from my trials.

Cashless with nothing left and all alone
I am held up by strengths from my trials
My earthly possessions and money are gone
Left is only the strengths from my trials.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Wall Clock

Knowing this life is all about do or die
At all costs I'm going to make it no lie
My only purpose is just to stand very tall
I know for sure so many times I'll fall
And indeed so many times I have to rise
To make smart moves and think very wise
All just to beat that clock on the wall.

Right now my eyes are on the wall clock
Struggling from one street block to block
As I journey through this very hard life
See I'm bruised and soled from my strife
And yet many many times I have to struggle
Just to overcome some little bit of hurdle
All just to beat that clock on the wall.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Watch Out!

Some will bring you false joy,
So Watch out!
When the magic starts to last
Yet treat you like a useless toy
So watch out,
As the love goes out in a blast.
Watch out!

Some will give you big smiles,
So Watch out!
When they step into your life
Yet send you walking for miles
So Watch out,
For the wounds from hidden knife
Watch out!

Some will wipe away your tears,
So Watch out!
When they want a space to crash
Yet confirm your greatest of fears
So Watch out,
when lies and truths starts to clash
Watch out!

Some will bring you the new moon,
So Watch out!
Causing high tides all around you
Yet take away your cool afternoon
So Watch out,
When the tides falls all around you
Watch out!

Ivan Brooks Sr

What's Going On?

Can Somebody tell me what's going on?
When everyone is just saying something
Saving all lives most be our set goals
Why isn't everyone really doing anything?
This unquestionably grieves our souls.
So how soon can we expect a real change
Can Somebody just tell me what's going on?
For this here world is indeed very strange.

Can Somebody tell me what's going on?
Just When everyone is lacking something
Why are all privileged people so well fed?
Yet nobody bothers about doing anything
Thus the reason behind tears we've shed
Indeed the same reason behind our sadness
Can Somebody just tell me what's going on?
For this here world is full of real madness.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Whenever A Woman Cries

Whenever a woman cries
Rain falls somewhere.
It saddens many souls
And whenever she laughs,
Sun shines everywhere
It brightens many souls.

Whenever a woman cries
life is coming somewhere
Real joy fills many souls
And whenever she smiles
A new human life is given
It gladdens many souls.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Winter Slave

Right in the dead of a very cold winter
When the tired slave's soul is ash gray
And the cotton plantation becomes whiter
Begins a poor slave's hard working day

In Winter when the master makes a call
This was every slave's worse nightmare
It was time for his hard whips to fall
Insurmountable pains he couldn't bare

Snowballs are piled outside like cotton
His Wounds hurts but as usual he's told
Stay strong brother Kunta, just hold on
Just Stay calm till the barn is closed

This is the mid of a cold bitter winter
And the crow of a cock heralds a sad day
A slave's prayer to God was a sad whisper
He needed strength to get pass this day.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Word For My Queens

The gateway to a man's heart has changed,
It ain't no more about your physical attributes,
Of which almost all can today be exchanged.
A brother goes for a woman who contributes.
So forget the stomach, use his two long ears.
Don't marry a man because of his smartness,
And it shouldn't be about the clothes he wears,
Vanity overload my sisters, this is just madness!
I rather you wait for the latest Samsung galaxy.
Real men ain't just looking for nothing beautiful
As a matter of fact, smart is the brand new sexy
Brains in a woman, respect and virtue, wonderful!

Ivan Brooks Sr

Words From A Long Walk

Words took time, so I took a long walk
Deep from within, my soul had this talk-

The hungry man I will always try to feed
Even with a meal made of a mustard seed
The Bereaved man I will try to comfort
An authentic sympathy requires no effort
Moves of a determined man I cannot stop
Not a man from a thousand feet cliff drop.

A wise man's mind I can probably change
A foolish man's, that I'll let God arrange
The lifeless man I can not give life,
Not a brilliant Doctor's surgical knife
A homeless man I can try to shelter
Even if it is a cubicle in my dark cellar.

My blood I'll give just to never ever lack
Friends I choose wisely, see my opened back?
My love, maybe my money I can give a woman
My trust am incapable of giving any man
Faith in great God Almighty I will always have
The life that I have, for free to me He gave.

Ivan Brooks Sr

Yesterday, Today And Tomorrow

Yesterday is standing with us today
Today too will be with us tomorrow
Today and tomorrow will all pass away
I pray both come without any sorrow.

Ivan Brooks Sr