

Poetry Series

J.I. Stuart
- poems -

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J.I. Stuart()

August

Hot beams lance down
Melting the ice away
The wintry wind wails no longer
This cold August snow
Turns into December's golden feast

Birds fly in formation;
Tree leaves sway from side to side;
Clouds gather in small huddles,
discussing the weather;
Grass shoots shoot up once more,
their roots replenished;
A Phoenix nearby hums his Ode;
Tranquility is in place,
after the long bitter wait;
Alive, now, is the world

The chill of Summer may be gone,
but Summer shall never be still.

J.I. Stuart

Dreamer

I am a dreamer
I dream of peace
I dream of reason
A dream of greed
I dream of wishes
I dream of hope
I dream of angels
A dream to gloat
I once dreamt of optimism
I once dreamt of truth
Heaven knows why Hell is coming
I once dreamt of new news
I once dreamt of new beginnings
I once dreamt of change
Yet if I dream another dream
They all shall fade away
I once dreamt a thousand thoughts
I once dreamt of glee
That time now feels so far away when
I once dreamt of dreams.

No longer am I a dreamer
Dreams are for the weak
For nowadays my only dream
Is to dream another dream.

J.I. Stuart

Kaleidoscope

Perfect

The luscious liquid smooth, unmoved

Crystalline structures glistening like a

Kaleidoscope

Images rotating, twisting, turning, burning
my gullet

Ignite; ambers expand unforgiving

Trembling heat melts away the fireguard

Darkness oozes out gleefully: child's play now distant

Gulp

Intoxicated streams gush down blackened rivers

Ripening

Sharpening

Perfecting

the beast and its prey

Unleash fury; Unleash thunder; Unleashed

J.I. Stuart

Re: Ruth Kelly Mp Versus Softie

my prospects r soft
the last fourteen years waisted
wot i achieve is useless
CATs
SATs
GCSEs
ASs
A2s
all crap 4 job givers

Media Studies is fascinating:
It is unequivocally my personal favourite;
Performing Arts brings about constant equanimity;
The plethora of information gained in Sociology –
It truly is non-sexually erogenous!

wot good is politix
wot good is history
i dont care about atoms and irons
wot does DT stand for is it deadend trade
shood be called POINTLESS insted

Listen up, Kelly & Co. (Daily Mail journalists included)
My subjects are 'soft' only to the weak-minded
How can you say they are 'soft'?
Have you ever tried them?
Office suits, ties, and shiny shoes
Indicates nothing but middle-class views
I invite you to take my exams
Plan and conduct my coursework
Achieve my goals
Lets face it – you wouldn't last a day.

So leave me and my 'softness' alone
Get back to your Courvoisier or I shall coup d'état
I'm happy.

Yours truly,

Softie.

J.I. Stuart

Re: Ruth Kelly Mp Versus Softie - Round Two

Today
Semi-Judgement Day
Heart in my mouth
Nails to the cuticles
Gullet dried up

I'm Judged to have Passed on
Semi-Judgement Day
Over The Moon

but ownlee coz im thick
i chooz the eazy road
eckzams r 2 soft theez dayz
just lik me, Softie

Am I inadequate? The Critical Bastards think so

No pat on the back
No plaudits or fans
No 'Well Done'
No shake of the hand
No 'You're a Bloody Genius! '

So, for the above mentioned,
I have a tasty little witticism:

Semi-Judgment Day came around so fast,
Yet brought about an ABBC pass,
My 'achievements are soft'
You obnoxious stuck-up Toffs,
Stick this one up your arse!

With undying love,

Softie

J.I. Stuart

Re: Team Labour Versus B*lllocks

' I'm Person X (aka Biometric No.788743)

Saw a terrorist the other day

Citizen's arrest

Bollocks.

I was too bleedin' scared

Stop him? No chance.

What would you prefer - knife or life? '

'I'm Person Y (aka Biometric No.724363)

I'm a terrorist

Left the house the other day,

(Checklist: Getaway Car

Machete

Syntax

Detonator

Shit, forgotten my ID Card!)

Stopped by a pig on sus

Produced card - 'He's a Doctor, he's harmless'

Ha, Bollocks!

Course, it didn't stop me

Foolproof plan.'

So if Person X equals Brave Citizen

And Person Y equals Foiled Terrorist

ID Cards equals Genius. Period.

(Bollocks!)

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The Principle

The Principle stood up;
He's grown in stature over time
It's not like he wanted to, you know, but
his forced tribulations have caused this
Strife

The Principle strode through the door
Ready to take on the World
He's grown-up, matured, overnight, yet
He already feels withered and
Old

The Principle stares into the belly of
The Monster looming large
He shouts and screams and kicks until
He's the one in
Charge

Now what good has all of this resolved?
Life brings many troubles
Yet He is all but a metaphor, for
My very own
God Damned Morals.

J.I. Stuart

War Cryme

Soldiers here; Soldiers there
Children crying, everywhere
Put down our Weapons
We must stand for what is right
Let us cease the Warfare but
Not the Fight
Why can't people just talk?
I believe in diplomacy.
Why must they send the likes of you and me?
to fight their Battles
to fight their Will
to fight their Revenge
to fight their Spills
to fight for Freedom
Whose Freedom is this?
to fight for Nothing but this Deceitful Bliss
Think of what you love
That one special thing
Some will be with families
Others will be in Spring
One thing I love
Is that of literacy;
War is literal
yet so are we
And so are these people
Should we determine their lives?
Life is what we live for
yet Death is the Prize
So go forth and obey
Not open Their eyes
Go brutally murder by bombing the Skies
Go fight with your fists
Go fight with your guns
I shall stay put and
fight with my Tongue

J.I. Stuart

We Pray For Those

Dear Lord,

We pray for those
Of who are in need
We pray for those
Whom planted their seed

We pray for life
And those who need it most
We pray for death
And the ones that were lost

We pray for warmth
Wherever it may be relished
We pray for warmth
In the memories we shall cherish

We pray for Heaven
We pray for Love,
We pray for Justice
We pray for Each Other,
We pray for Freedom
We pray for Hope,
We pray for Living,
And we pray for Those.

Amen

J.I. Stuart

Wishes

In writing I hereby promise
to myself to one day find
A Happy and Content piece of mind.

In writing I hereby promise
to work hard more than play
In the wish that I can soon get away.

Get away from this morbid purgatory
Get away from this depressing hole
I have tasted the new life for me
But this life tastes stale and old.

In writing I hereby promise
a deep and solemn vow
To change this life that is getting me down.

In writing I hereby swear to I
that my wishes will soon be my life
But for now I must fight to get out of here
and to keep my wishes alive.

J.I. Stuart