

Poetry Series

JenOfPoetry
METAPHORICALLY
SPEAKING
- poems -

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING(1972)

She has so much love to give. When thinking of love her heart rejoices.

She has a thing of loving those who are heartbroken. She doesn't like to see anyone hurting.

Whatever she can do to make it better she will do. Many take her affection of love for granted.

She won't let anyone get too close, your secrets are locked in her heart forever never will she betray you that is not what she is about because of all the secrets she possesses within her heart she can trust no one to get that deep in her heart.

Men desire a woman like her they want to go deeper to find out what she is about she's flattered but she knows she is not able to suffice them she can be your homie, best friend, lover, sister, mother, a daughter she can be your brother from another mother, a confidant..

She doesn't want to see you hurt. She will absorb all your pains. she's not perfect she's not an angel sent from heaven she's not trying to be anything to anyone, she is doing what she knows best, that is loving.

She puts herself in your shoes and relates to every problem.

The love she gives she does not expect to come back but if it does there is a place in her heart so deep she will not let you go..

she will leave footprints in your life, so very hard to forget.

A mother of 3 sons

I have been writing poetry since High School.

I took a break to raise my family. Picked up my pen and began again 6 years ago. Now there is no stopping my desire to flow in the moment and express my soul.

Poetry gives me the strength and perception that allows me to express myself in ways I verbally could not do before. It has built my vocabulary and understanding of words, phrases and concepts.

Poetry runs in my veins. I believe Poetry comes from the heart and anyone who feels the need to release whatever is aching to be revealed should pick a pen and pad and write it out. It way cheaper than therapy and you remain free from the prison bars. Once it has been let out of your system the better life can be.

At First Thought

AT FIRST THOUGHT

Alive another day
A lot lingers on my mind but
The one thing that stands is
The thought of you
Fasting on other affairs
First and for most I feed on the idea of you
I remain in dedication to this
If you can accept all my flaws and
Receive my needs I can verify my feelings.
Standing in the fog of reasoning I find myself
Stirring emotions in a pot full of want.
Teach me the patience required to wait for that sign for when you
Tell me that everything is ok.
Thinking of what it can be weighs heavy in my mind.
Toggling events in my head just to r eminance in the feelings experienced.
Holding on to each on for dear life because of the effect they have on me.
Help is needed to remain on the level.
Open my mind with astounding insight
Oscillating fresh air to my soul
Uplift my weakness to make me strong with you
Understand I'm only into you
Gone are my doubt about love
Growing deeper, rooted in the idea of us is now stable
How did i get to this place?
Happy has a new meaning within me.
Thank you for giving me beauty inside again, I can't defeat the fight.
Thoughts of you run in my mind day and night.

JenOfPoetry 'Metaphorically Speaking'
8-10-15

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Beautiful Intelligence

BEAUTIFUL INTELLIGENCE

How can someone so beautiful be so intelligent?

Words cannot describe the matter of substance that fills my curiosity.

Does the words manifest the creative art work that is the physique?

Or does the physique capture the words and form the silhouette of intelligence?

Having a combination of both is a weapon of cranial destruction.

Not only do the eyes have a vision of magnificence but

The mind and ears are tempted by the divine lyrical fascination that they maybe speaking sonnets to me.

How can someone so beautiful have a mind of mass creative power and still maintain a humble demeanor that is genuine and vast.

A dream of many and a reality of very few and a privilege to have in any form of your life.

Meeting the match of this marvelous creation one must be in tune with Their own confidence and creative formulation while Remaining genuinely meek.

Anything else is uncivilized.

How can someone so beautiful be so intelligent?

We were all made in Gods image therefore the reflection that is seen in the mirror every day is immaculate.

When displayed for all to see what will one see from the inside... That's is where the beauty is born.

What you are feeding it determines if it reaches it full potential.

Respect and courteous is the foundation of growth.

The words which flows from your lips give impressionable thoughts.

Make sure the vernacular of you is shown in the most flattering light.

This is how someone so beautiful can be oh so intelligent.

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9/23/14

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Bowing Down Gracefully-

Bowing Down Gracefully-

Growth was the pattern in which I learned many aspects of life

The pain of knowing love wasn't my friend; loyalty was my nature but dismissed

As weak and insecure.

Carried the seeds of magnificence just be beaten down and disarmed of my honor and pride.

Removed from the one love I knew; left alone to die a slow death in sorrow and grief.

Seasons and many moons and suns passed.

Each day I pray I am able to see another day but is the day really all that great to see when flying fist of fury and strange women approach claiming what is supposed to be yours and not really wanting it.

Prizes and awards are seen on the arm of a disgraceful piece of man while placing me in a corner of embarrassment.

Not brave enough to take my own life for I knew within there has to be more to this living thing than what is presented to me.

How long does one have to live in misery and depression? Something has to give.

As I sit in disarray, in my mind I see myself in royalty, draped in the deepest of purples and gold.

Crowns favor every robe this Queen own. Petals of lilac and gladiolas fill every room of my castle. I walk on stones of ivory and marble sip the fines elixirs, laugh because it feels good.

Then reality hits leaving me with bruises the same color of my royal purple dreams.

A voice follows the rude awakening demanding of forbidden things. Unwilling to give in, another force of blows slam across the back side of me knocking me forward to be put into a position of shame and degradation.

While being stripped of my innocence, I regain it by closing my eyes once again, picturing myself in my kingdom of tranquility and security. My favorite color is my safe haven from the harsh realty I have been placed in.

Soon the opportunity was given to leave the sadistic realm, and the fields of purple become brighter than any light that ever beamed upon me.

My prayers of peace have been answered. Now my kingdom is real and I sit on my throne and reign with pride, honor and blessings.

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Brain Dead

Brain Dead

Beyond the flat line

I am awake

Why does everything seem fake

Floating in existence but not really there

Turn my head can't help but stare

Can see the object but the air is blocking most of the view

Over relaxed...not enough sleep...long day

My brain is dead

Body forms the chair I sit in

I think I need to go to the restroom

Too heavy to move

Music is playing... lost my groove

Brain is dead

Thinking... communications...working

Not feeling it right now...

As a dying plant sheds its leaves

From my stressed mind... dying words fall to the pages

A zombie of a day... that could be spent outside in play

I am brain dead and don't know what to do

Motivation

Resuscitation

Clarification

Of the mind is needed

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Caring Air

The air is thick
Breathing is hard
Gasping for air... Can't function.
Clearing my soul to solve the issues
Surrounding me.
Suffocation it is.
Thoughts to resolve, clouded my judgment.
Words flow from my lips giving low sincerity but,
My emotions of love and concern follow behind each syllable trying to soften the
reality of the truth.
Not one to be of condolence and...and some how I'm being place in a arena of
Situations that are in need of me to walk them through.
All I know to do is listen and
Give a shoulder to lean and cry,
Finding the perfect statement,
Searching for nouns pronouns and verbs to soothe and release the pressure of
pain which sits
In a wound of despairs.
If I had telepathy, I can channel My feelings to you,
Because words can't explain and say
The depth of pain I'm feeling for and with you.
Picking and choosing the right words
Leave and I'm incompetent in forming
Verbal hugs.
Only healing ability that resides is
Prayer
Love
Me
So please take what I have and heal,
Breathe in the essence of me,
Let it soothe and smooth a pathway to deal.
I may not have the song to sing,
I have trouble verbalizing my feelings in times as these.
Just know when you feel alone,
I'm here for you.

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12/28/14

Changeable

A mood has attached to the soul
Making the body feel some kind of way
Here comes trouble trying to settle itself in
Confused on how to feel
The mind sorts out the emotions
Clearing out the unwanted
Removing the fire of uncertainty
Replanting the seed of confidence
Trouble won't trouble if
A crying prayer for support becomes the morning ambiance
Provides the spirit to continue to rely on him
Who can and will give support to move thru
Any and everything...

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Clues Of My Muse

Holding onto the insecurity that
The words I hold may never come to pass
Only in school did I take a creative writing class...
Who would of thought it planted a seed that
Was dormant until a pen came into hand &
Wanted to free stand...
A challenge came into play
To test the waters of this poetry game...
Grew as time went on...

Excitement of permanently placing my thoughts
In the open filled my soul...
Soon after... social politics took the desire away
Too many wanted to be the highlighted poet
Instead of sharing the lime light... there was
Selfish recognition...

Took away the essence of what poetry mean
Couldn't let that take away the muse that
Gave the clues to pursue and evolve
This gift that has been awarded to me.
The muse that gave clues on how
Each word should be used

The genres of poetry/prose

Love

Hate

Political

Erotic

Sensual

Individuality

Insight

Encouragement

Are the inspired ways to put verses
Of words on display
Can another determine the plot of
The read in which it was written or
Will they interpret their own idea

Of what it means to them...
Vision that peer into the mind's eye
Penetrating, giving stimulation of thoughts
That only I can give insight to.
Saying things that others wish they can say.
Eloquently... verbs and nouns dance together
To perceive beauty in the writings
Gracefully and picturesque are the verses
That sways the aromatic essences
Giving understanding of the pressures
That weighs the poetess to gather each
Word and syllable to form the creation
That rumbles in the mind...

The muse that gives clues on how each word should be used
Is those around me giving light where dark tries to reside...
Not by critique... but by loving me...

JenOfPoetry
April 18 2012

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Cold Hearted

COLD HEARTED

Killing my heart
The longer I let you live in it
The more walls you tear down
Causing me to build stronger ones
Reinforced to keep anything out.
Hard has a rock I have become.
Error ways are the practice of your persona.
No matter how much love is given to help ward off those negative notions,
The more pain find ways to pierce with the sharpest of blades.
Slicing the core of my soul into pieces.
How much more can I take?
How much more will you do?
Once and for all i remove this caring ability
And replace it with cold stone.
Unable to be touched by anyone.
A heart so full of heat has now died down to a freezing mass of ice.
Heavy it is but I'm now strong enough to carry it
For you I no longer care for.

JenOfPoetry 'Metaphorically Speaking'
17/30/15

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Conception

Thinking about all the love I lack
Just trying to get my desire back

Dedicated years
Had our ups and downs
Separated for a while
Came together
Trying to find our way back to each other
Description of our relationship
Love
Desire
Hate
Anger
Sadness
Happiness
No one could do the things we did together
We were so close in nature we became one

The fascination of a new beginning
Confidence in what we had is crucial
The petition to express our feelings slowly grows
Removing the emptiness inside
The sweet essence of devotion is necessary to regain loss faith...
Vital is the commitment to solidify this connection

Trying to resurrect the passion that has perished
Over powering emotion grabs hold...suffocates
Making the will to provide... distressing
Titles...beginnings...jotting word
Pages became partially written
I am missing the written proverbs
Thinking about all the love I lack
Just trying to get my poetic desire back

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Creation

CREATION

Creativity, the roots of success
Visions are seeds growing tree of life.
Great minds develop great things

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12/15/14

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Crushable Technique

Childhood crush became long term love.
Loving from him was effervescent.
Kissing him was immaculate.
Touching one another was supernatural.
He is unavailable to be reserved for an all-embracing engagement.
Unstable satisfaction was achievable and thought to be enough.
A touch would hold for a moment, emotions controlled.
But soon,
Like a feign, craving him became habitual
Wildly stirring sensations and affections,
Leaving her restless,
Thoughts of being with him became reruns in her dreams.
Falling in love with this man was not the plan she made
Close to having him
Too far to reach
Who knew the acquired affection consisting of a one sided relation
created in secret from long ago would turn into a bottom less love
Without him knowing, he had already
Become a part of her
In the callous development of her hard shell,
A persona of resistance chaperoning her delicate core,
A portion of his essence
Became protected in her heart
Little did she know it would soon cultivate
And grow into an unsatisfied appetite
Craving for his affection.
Unable to happily have this man as hers
Unable to have this man willingly want her in the same
Has now brought about contemplation.
Can she continue to torture her soul and remain?
As an alternative counterpart
Can she let him go and survive without his artistic ecstasy?
As difficult it is to accept, the reality, he is not hers to fight for.
The childhood infatuated passion will reside in her spirit
Until her life hopes, she holds are touched and released by him
Or
Until the true holder of her heart comes and sets her free

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Crushing Or Loving

CRUSHING OR LOVING

A crush and being in love are similar in some ways but very much different.

Both give a feeling of belonging.

Crushing on the person you're feeling brands your heart beat.

Thinking about that person day in day out,

A day without at least speaking with them is painful.

Butterflies swarming your belly every time you are together.

Feels good don't it?

The difference lay in the perception of the relation.

You anticipate the moment in time and not looking any further down the line.

Not one time does a future come into mind; you just loving the now.

Making memories of every moment encountered.

You worry about the welfare and stability of every situation.

Caring gestures become a natural display.

All emotions get mixed up because you see a future with this person.

The present moment is only the beginning of what can be.

You hold that thought so tight that letting go will mean

You lose everything.

The love of being in love.

Know & consider the current status

Whether a crush or being love is a factor

Are you with them because they make you feel good at the moment?

Or

Are you with them because they fill the void that is your future?

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Divine Intervention

An angel who was here to guard
Have completed their duties
Our poetic beauty
Reminisce of the times shared
Poetically you have become the guardian angel
The messengers of love and spirituality
Scribing the commandments of
Friendship, tenderness, devotion
Despite The hidden emotions
And the pain you suffered
Strength in you kept you in motion
Harmonious in nature
You resembled a perfect picture
You were always there to lift others
Standing tall and brave
Only knew you thought the ink engraved
Our time together was short
Queen of illumination
Knowing you has been a melody
Of serenity, peace and elevation...
You may not be with us in physical masses
You still spread your spiritual essence
Rest in painless peace

JenOfPoetry
Aug 8 2012

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Egos

EGOS

There is strength in numbers
Arrogance lead to lost lives, weakens trust
Stay grounded avoid power trips

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5/4/14

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Exhausted Memories

Back and forth
A vision here
A thought there
Replaying the scenes
Such epic routines
Reminiscing on the happy
Smiles conceal and lessen the snappy
Commemorating the days of bliss
Holding in that first kiss
Recalling the times of new years
So many cause falling tears
Writing down memoirs of events
Only the pleasant represents
Retaining the tempos of occasions
Laughing at the attempted persuasions
The Continual Celebrations of Memories
Can be emotionally exhausting
An exercising of the mind
The more of the enjoyable feelings that we chase
The less pounds of undesirable weight we carry
Keeping us attractive and charming in
Appearance and conversation...
Let's be exhausted in fond memories...

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Face To Face

He said

I miss you I need to see your face.

I know you have another in your life because I failed to give you our life.

I need to see the peace in your face. I want to make sure you are happy as you say you are.

I promise not to entice you

I promise I'll be nice to you

I just need to see your face.

Do you still have love in your heart for me?

Please forgive me for the hurt I causes you.

I didn't realize how much I needed you until... There was no more of you.

I sit in the house with the one I chose and think why didn't I accept and care for my rose.

Not saying my choice is wrong... I'm saying it not the one my heart longed for.

I was afraid of the love you gave me.

I wasn't deserving of it.

Instead of killing your heart

I bruised it leaving another to come heal it.

I want to see your face to know you are in a better place.

Denial rested on me.

I want to see his face.

To know that I made the right decision to move forward.

I miss seeing his smile light up when he came in my presence.

My heart would fill with excitement when the phone call would come saying...open the door I'm here.

I need to see his face, the pain he caused me I need to remember... So that resistance to his advances will consume me to ward off any feelings his touch use to give me.

Walking the road of lonleiness

Was my choice to make because staying is a place where complacency is the mayor of the soul was not where I wanted to be.

I needed more in us than just an occasional temporary affair of the hearts to be left alone to sleep with the downs of my pillowed soul.

Soft for him i had always been but this time...

I want to see his face so that he can know I have healed and evolved from the weak woman that fell for his one blow whispers of seduction.

The sun risen many a days and the moon rocked me to sleep with mellow light illuminating my tears, resting and soothing me with the promise of another day

of strength.

Yes I have to see his face

To let him know I still have love for him but us has walked away to never be
seen again

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10-2-14

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Fading Footsteps

Grooved together for awhile

Everyday... sported a smile

Love was strong...that was the belief

Walking away from what was good

No explanation... maybe there was but the

Listening and understanding was zero

Can't let it go...

Following the sounds

Footsteps weaken

As they quickly fade away...

Leaving wandering thoughts

To roam alone...

Which way have they gone...

Identifying sounds of your footsteps

Gave comfort that you were near

Now all that is left are the echoes of footsteps

Vanishing with the wind...

The warmth of your body turned cold

The touch... spoke distance

The kiss... whispered farewell

All that is left are the footprints that use to be...

Memories of the many steps we took to get here...

Footsteps echo as love is lost

In translation...

Left in ignorance...

Words fail to combine to

Grasp the meaning of why...

There is open space in the heart

Open and vulnerable

Unable to cope with the

Missing pieces...

Footsteps echo goodbye

Only the familiarity of admiration

Can fill the void

Footsteps walk upon

The nature of the fallen soul

And disappears

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March 2012

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Fly Right

FLY RIGHT

Haters insecure about their status
Flying in the filthy cloud of jealousy
Straighten up and fly right

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11/20/14

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Full Body Exposure

The silhouette of a goddess
Able to expose without exposing
The anatomy of the female structure...
Can take a perception and reconstruct you..
The words that outline the form...
Verses shape the intellect...
Lyrics that sing the profile of the unseen...
The libretto that excites the libido...
Attention to detail is the key to
Understanding the mentality ...
Formality is necessary
To leave the imagination
Free to desire the emotional
Commitment that comes with
Touching the creation of tenderness...
Getting close to the deepest parts of you
Translating the reasoning of your
Attraction....
Examination of goals and ambitions
Surveying the wants and needs
Are imperative...
Look into the mind
The physicality your appetite
Wants to savior...
Can be satisfied by
Knowing the psyche
Comprehension of power that is held
Between the lobes of her genius.

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Gray Hairs Of Wisdom

Growing in wisdom
Another gray hair added to the many others...
Too much attention was put into an Idea...

Thought this man was the one sent from above...Gods loving care...

No one is perfect...right and wrong are knowledgeable...
Wrong has come in and demise the quality of the right...
Doubts and speculations of the supposed love
Part of the soul decided to leave without warning...

Growing in wisdom
Another gray hair added to the many others...
Too much attention was given to a man

Already knew not to put trust in man...

He became comfortable with the affirmations...
No longer was the title "Best Friend" spoken of...
No longer the title of "My love" "My baby" planted in my ear...
Someone else holds the Title Leftovers...
What went wrong... out of the blue things changed
No explanation as to why...no introduction... Just change...the heart crusher
In the midst of giving and loving...deceit and lies were growing

Growing in wisdom
Another gray hair added to the many others...
Too much attention was placed in the wrong desire

There must have been warning signs but was too blinded to see

Became Vain in Love
Loving to depths of the sea for this man became vanity...
Vanity in such that believing nothing could pull us apart...we would be forever
Vanity in such a way...the errors of loving was not visible

Growing in wisdom
Another gray hair added to the many others

My attention never left from my Father...it dimmed
One who loves me more than I love myself...

My Father said there was a time to for everything
Always had trust, love and faith in my Father...
Always knew he would never forsake me and leave in the dark...
I stopped leaning on him for understanding and insight...
If my attention stayed with My Father... the Idea and desire of a man loving me
the same...would not be so far-fetched...

My Father knows the condition of my heart...He knew me before birth...
Weeding the garden of devotion of the chokers of love...
My Fathers way of helping me to use discernment...
To recognize what is and is not acceptable...
To always know I am worth more than what is presented to me.

Always at war with Hate...
No matter how hard Hate tries to form in the bellows of my being...
My love will destroy every seed that is planted.

Growing in wisdom
Another gray hair added to the many others

All Things are not what they appear to be...
The trials in life teach us how to forgive and love one another...
It hurts in ways unimaginable...
Hurt is the indication that it is possible to have, can and always love...

Love is the creation of Wisdom and Discernment... The perfect bond of union...

"Many waters themselves are not able to extinguish love nor can rivers
themselves wash it away, if a man would give all the valuable things of his
house for love, persons would positively despise them"; The Song of
Solomon 8: 6

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Heart & Mind

The mind says NO! Walking that path is not healthy.
Cautious are the thoughts speaking to one another about
How each situation will pan itself out.
Picking and choosing the best that will benefit the soul is hard task
Only the mind can sort through the process finding the most beneficial results.
Wise are the decisions it makes.
Reasoning and logic are the skills set within to be the most dominant leader.
It doesn't have the capacity to deal with the pain.
It receives the pain from its counter parts.
They seek the mind to tell them why such misery came upon them
All the mind can say is:
"I told you not to it but you never listen"
Compassion is at a limit when known facts are in play and the warning signs are not
heeded.
Therefore the mind must work through the chaos of an already learned lesson.
Saying to itself:
Why do I have to go through this again? I already knew the outcome of the
situation. It's not my fault that the rest did not listen. While overpowering
my discernment the others wanted to do what they wanted for a moment of
pleasure and a lifetime of pain.
It's not my fault that my silent cries are not felt amongst the others. They
believe
they know more than me until they get hurt and run back to me to make it
better.
It is my job to be here but what happens when I become immovable...
Everyone observes and learn.
Life is a lesson best served with the right tools to fully take in and understand
and once taken to heart, Everyone prospers.

The heart loves hard and deep
Even when broken torn and beaten until existence is unbearable,
It always finds a way to keep pumping
In the hardest and most difficult situations is a light of the room to see a brighter
side
of things
A positive aspect created to help the body know it cares
Carrying the load of the world
Loving the faults and good

Holding the hands of the enemies to help them find their way to peace

Walking the path of forgiveness is how the heart

Keeps the mind in control with

Empathy,

Concern,

Consideration,

Sentiments

A hard task in keeping it within itself but when feed the correct growth serum;
the heart knows

Wrong from right.

The life force of all counters parts.

The engine that keeps motivation and desires running

Helping the mind reason in compassion and love

Silent are the characteristics but loud are the results

Saying:

I love with all I have at times I am discourage because what is given is not
always received but there is good In everyone

and that is what I search out no matter the outcome.

I listen but at times stubbornness becomes my

fashion And the style I wear can either be a trend or a lifetime factor either way
my

presence is felt and seen.

The mind can at times will coherence the dynamics of the purpose in how the
heart

see's life

Anger

Jealousy

Hate

Can all fill the heart.

This is not the way it is supposed to function.

One without the other can make the body lose control

When not in sync, it appears that one can be fight themselves in a manner that
displays,

Despondency

Pain

Regret

Hopeless

A marriage

purposely ordained to work together forever,

Communicating with one another through the worst of times and the best of

times.

When in tune a musical composition is produced; establishing harmony and originality

Conceiving an individual to rise as a distinct entity different from any other.

No matter the source of development both are the key components in the progression of a person's

life

So never judge because you never know what kind of roots are instilled.

JenOfPoetry

03/19/15

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

How Deep

Deep in thought how deep can thoughts go

Self preservation

Family situations

Love relations

Friendship conversations

Random reflections

Deep in thought

Thoughts can go deeper

The Analyzing

The Rationalizing

The Deciding

The Wondering

The Happening

The Cause and affect

The What if's

Going deeper in thought

How much thinking is too much

Is it possible to be consumed by your own thoughts

Can your own thoughts cause you to go mental

Are you really thinking your own thought and not what someone else is thinking

What thoughts should one be thinking

When thoughts fill the mind it is that sorting time

Sort what is necessary to think about

Sort what is foolish and unnecessary

Thought can stress the mind and emotions

The thought that are running thru this mind are things that will and can be dealt with in time..

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

I Want To Live With You

I WANT TO LIVE WITH YOU

I am not talking about moving in,
Making common living quarters

I am not talking about placing pictures on the wall of times we shared.
No sitting around making vacation plans.
No sharing the finances to keep a roof over our head.

I want to live with you

I want to:

Find a place in our hearts that is solely for one another
Where we can become one
Our blood flows at the same time in the same direction

I want to:

Have a connection so strong that we can know exactly what one another is
thinking before spoken.
Soothe the pain inflicted by others before it becomes a nagging ache ready to be
taken out on our love.
Be Intertwined with harmony, so in tune that people can hear our song before we
approach them.

I want to live with you

Knowing your likes and dislikes
To be able to tell someone how they should beware of the bite you can inflict if
the taunting won't cease

Know your style of dress from head to toe.

I want to:

Not know your predictability because I love the way you surprise me
Be held by you know exactly where you will place your arms so I can mimic the
feel when you are gone from me.
Sleep in your air, fixating on the rhythm of each breath you take.

I want to:

Dream the dreams you have
Make reality as perfect as the vision you're inspired by.
Make sure that God is our living force when 'I do' is the final say. Without him
our bond will not sustain.

I am deep into you and that isn't enough.
I want to live with you.

JenOfPoetry™ 'Metaphorically Speaking'

©8/13/15

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

I'D Rather Go Blind

I'd rather go blind than
To see you stand there looking
As if I was mental
For not wanting you to exit my heart

I'd rather go deaf
Than to hear the words
Of goodbye fall from your lips

I'd rather go numb
Than to feel the presence of you
Leave the air I breathe

I'd rather lose my sense taste and smell
Than to never again indulge in the nectar□
Of your kisses which are enhanced by the
Natural essence of your physique

I'd rather lay dead
Than see you live with another
In happiness that should be ours

The situation ask that
This come to pass
Powers beyond what we can control
Have say in this valediction
So wanting rather than accepting
The demise of ecstasy
That has been fostered
Is relentlessly overwhelming

I'd rather go blind
Than to see the ghost of us
Pass by in memory.

JenOfPoetry™
©April 27/30 2012
(Inspired by Etta James)

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Ideal Cuisine

IDEAL CUISINE

Infused with the perfect amount of herbs & spice, a small pinch of salt to enhance the quality

A dish best served hot

I am an acquired taste

An adult pallet is needed to feast on this delicacy.

Savior the essence of my maturity

Become arouse by the body language

I am sure you'd agree the appearance and presentation is well designed.

Marinated in the juices of my conversation,

Indulge in the sensual aroma of intelligence as it tantalize your imagination becoming your favorite delectable dish.

I am the man course to satisfy your appetite

I extract all your senses.

So that every bite you take you can decipher the ingredients embedded in every morsel.

I am the innuendo of your hunger you crave at least once a day.

Mental nourishment which feeds your:

Spiritual

Inquisition

Doubts

Curiosity

Come, consume all of me

I am made only for you.

JenOfPoetry 'Metaphorically Speaking'

8/4/14

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Incognito

Sitting in the cut
Checking out all those watching me strut
I know you have your own ideas of who I am
Best believe you know nothing about me.
What you see is what I give you
You're not that deep.
Only very few can make into the depths of my persona.
Instead of asking,
People create a suggestion from what they hear and conceive, for they do not
know the real me.
"I know what you are about"
"I know how you do".
This is what has been said but... where did you get your information where you
can form your own design of me?
Trust you can't get that deep.
The essence of me is so complex you'll have epiphany's of me if I let you in.
Yes it's that profound.
Negative abstraction on my character are based on the fact, knowledge is absent
so... you mad,
Slandering my name trying to make me look less than you, please I can never
get that low.
Here say he say she says causes you say...What? Nothing...
It's funny you have me so twisted the colors you created of me are confusing
you.
I come with light blinding the darkness in your feeble mind, making you
reevaluate your viewpoints.
See the truth is,
I give what is needed based on what is deserving.
You know nothing; therefore what you believe is Apostasy.
Say my name with love; you will receive blessings, enhancing your intelligence.
Yes it's that deep.
Interpretations from my articulation is defined in how your mind is set.
A few don't like me
Some may love me
Others are confused on what to do with me
The fact remains, before assumptions become fictitious conclusion about this
woman,
Make sure your facts are straight and precise, if not,
Off the floor you will be picking up pieces of your face.

I am the beast people love to hate
I am that rooted.

JenOfPoetry
10/10/14

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Interest Lost

Dreams of it
Illusions of
The taste
The touch
The sound
The mental
The emotion
Of it all
Day after day
Imagining it
Year after year
Looking for it
Many times
Came close to it
The flavor stroked the mental palate
Leaving a savoring remembrance of how it
Could be
Feeling just that little piece of heaven
Became an addiction.
Yearning for more of it.
Wanting it to last forever
Until it conceives and is born into permanent reality
After so long of practicing the basics of it
Doubts of becoming exclusive in it
Became disheartening.
Many have the privilege,
The pleasure of experience the elegance of it
But never really appreciated the essence of it

The opportunity finally presented itself
After rehearsing the fundamentals,
Reaching the sophistication of it
Became dispassionate...
Obtaining the realization of it,
No longer had the excitement the imagination gave in the beginning
Standing in all glory... free to take as much as needed and wanted
Only the portion that was known and familiar did one partake
Going further, no longer was of interest
Too long the wait for the vivacity of it

To long the wait for the affection of it
To long the wait for the sensation of it
Curiosity ignored the cat
Once the first itch is scratched
From one to the next the essentials have been satisfied...
No more longing the extended version of it

This goes deeper than the first and second layers
The wanting to dive into greater depths of the sea of it
Is and can be scary
Once it has been achieved beauty shines radiantly from it
If waited too long to embrace it...
An inadequate haven will develop from it
Leaving one to miss out on a rich blessing of
Compassionate
Sympathetic
Affectionate
Considerate
Tolerant
Patient
Satisfaction of it...
Hate of it
Because there is a need for it
Love

JenOfPoetry™
©Aug 31 2012

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Lifestylez

Living the good life
Maintain to keep a life
Trying to keep afloat in life
Making a happy family life

Rich & famous style
Bentley's rolling on 22's
Mansions on private islands
The spot light... worshiping of the talent possessed
Name's a household second language...

Ballers style
High siding...perpetrating dollars
Entourage of chicks and dicks
Was it a freewheel... get a little piece... spend at will

Its the high life

Shot calling style
8 balling out of control
Getting more bounce to the ounce
Got 5 on it
Blowing up pipe bombs
Needles skipping tracks
Mind and self-control is shot...

Home maker style
The hard work endured to make life easy and happy for family...
State the claim...it's all a struggle

Something not right...

Home wrecker style
Too lazy to display modest qualities hidden inside... One wants what the other
has... finds a way to high jacking happy families
Forgo the position that was being fought for

Living Single style
Enjoying the free-style... no answering to any one...dwell when and where ever

pleasing
Slick tongue... Conjuring valuable tricks
Was it all fun and games

Sideline hoe style

Watching all those walk by... being a team player waiting for a turn...get thrown a
bone...in the end still all alone...

One in the hand with two in the bush

Status quo...3 and 4 babies Daddy's...wing span on the eagles getting out of hand
What you see is what you getUnder illusion...

Styles that are carried in life vary...

Some come thinking what is desired will be all that...

Until the cherry gets popped...

Reality hits... Frustration...

Years gone...

They forgot to mention that trials are a part of obtaining the lifestyle

Once in a life time opportunity

If the spirit of determination is not live

The aim for the style that is wished ...will be missed...

What lifestylez walks in the heart

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©Nov 29 2011

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Love Potion No.9

Words softly mist the ears

Vocal stimulation overrides the mind

Consoling...reassuring...encoding

A new formula of love

Altering thoughts to relinquish the sensual spirit

Unmovable affection barricades the heart

Transferring sentiments of desire

Lust security

Content of the ideal feeling of forever

Free from saddened by abandonment

Never to remorse...

Seasonal rhythms

Winter... Spring...summer... Fall...

Sequences of the day

Morning...Noon...Night...

A period of time with no limits

Delivers fondness,

Tenderness & passion in epoch per portions....

Love suffocation

Vindicating bliss

Dependency on mental and physical stimulation...

Addiction to devotion

The resolution to what was once a poisonous substance

Has become a luxury to the soul

The remedy for loneliness

Emotions become a habit forming concoction

The presence of the one who is unique

To the heart brings excitement

Craving the strong relation of intimacy

Give translation of divine

Reasoning for harmonized ecstasy...

With every kiss

Feeling like the first time

Intoxicating is the euphoric taste of innocence

Interference of an undemanding stroke

Erupt anxious nerves to rise at attention

Waiting further intentions

Erotic symbolism liquefy

The solidity of the soul

Dripping essence, compose purified extracts

Of pleasurable aspirations...

Imaginary sketches of romance

Leave symbolic messages

The effects of Love Potion No.9

Jen-

JenOfPoetry

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Love This Way

I imagine you and me
One mind one spirit
Walking side by side
Expressing our souls together
Spiritual love last forever

I want us to be in this way

Two minds in unison taking in the knowledge...
Understanding what God has purposed for us.
Spiritual Brother and Sister...
Spiritual friends walking in the abundance happiness

I want us to walk in this way

Influences that roam our lives...not all are beneficial
Having God as our third cord...
Guiding us individually
Guiding us together
Guiding our hearts
Guiding our love
We can never weaken
We will be always ready to take on this world and its trials...

I want you to want this for us

Speaking to each other in a Spiritual dialect
With each word refined with divine love...
Never a harsh word will fall from our lips
Together taking our meals...the Bible...the server for our daily bread
"I love you" will have a more in depth meaning
Praying together in the morning as we rise
Praying together in the evening as we lay
This will be our most intimate connection

I want our love this strong

You see my love for you is more than just the physical magnetism
My love for you rests on another level...

Having you walk with me in this degree...give assurance we will endure anything
that fall our way...

Love me the way that I love you...
Want me the way that I want you

Amen.

(Aug.13, 2011)

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Lovers Vs. Friends

Attraction is there
Lover vs. Friends
One deeper than the other
Feelings ring different tones
How do you express attraction in a lesser vernacular?
That won't bring despair and broken heartedness
High hopes of the past came to a fall and broke into
Countless pieces for that reason
Unable to enter into the room
Of closeness and intimacy without passing judgment...
Wondering if this time will be the same as before
Looking for signs to post up
An indication that moving from the situation
Is necessary to keep from enduring the pain that has
Hindered the advancement of romantic encounters
Sensations of being intimate does not flow thru the body
In a way that desire and sensuality should.
Fear and pain has become one with the soul
Locking the emotions and heart behind steal walls of solitary confinement
Without the possibility of parole
Therefore allowing little room, if any to let something of a committed persuasion
To reside.

Not wanting to destroy the love that exist in his heart
That can be given to another
How do you express love of a plutonic nature
To one who has massive affection
Of love that runs deeper than family roots
Whereas here,
Adoration and admiration present gratefulness and are honored to have such a
person in existence
But,
Love runs the polished surface that covers the dark pits of
Torment and anguish.
Not wanting to pass judgment based on pass relations
The comparisons
The similarities
The analogies
That is not fair

Although the intent to such is not warranted it
Will unintentionally authorize it to become the boss
In making decisions of how the person is a replication of former
Acquaintances.
So many have laid worthless
Promises of providing better than the others
A repetitious catchphrase that are
Dictations of failure
Unable to cash any of them in
To suffice the coordination of my heart.

So explain to me
How do you translate sentiments of affection
In a way that does not kill the connection
Leaving both in a world of perplexing sorrow?
Can a love remain as a friend without
The demise of both?
Lovers vs. Friends
Complication in the pair
Especially when one is reluctant
To desirous pursuits

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Lyrical Killa-Freestyle

LYRICAL KILLA-freestyle

Love the way words flow and blow brains out.

Killing softly with intelligence

Silent cries with epiphanies exude from the lips.

The lyrical stands held over me make me think twice on the matters at hand.
The gestures wave power as it is released from passion.

Bullets of perfect reasoning fly by grazing ears making awareness.
Sitting in the crossfires of brilliance,
Mentally insane ready to die for the skillful brainpower beating a high IQ.

Do whatever it takes to listen intently on the revolver of perception that can hold
attention for more than 5 minutes.
Have one on their mental knees yelling in pleas to speak it loudly so others can
hear the words that are being manifest.

Take on the Saturday night special, pistol whip the ignorance from those who
came upon the fork in the road, lead them the right way.
Be a persuader in speech indexing, dictating & discussing all the controversies in
the world.

Slay em, cutting the darkness out letting new light shine through.
Choke out the shallowness; give deep understanding
Kill em, then, resurrect them from the ashes of their mind giving new insight.

JenOfPoetry- Metaphorically Speaking
7/15/15

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Mad Addiction

The introduction... The gentle sensation...
Intoxicating excitement
Became hooked ... Rehab is overlooked
Shaking from withdrawals
A Soundless voice murmur words of influence
Denying the intense need...try to stay focus on other aspects
Followed by the pusher man... the voice resonate recognition
The dependence is deep...
Love the feeling of what it does
Giving in is inevitable... preparing for that first high of the day
Just one good dose will take away the desired pain...
All that is needed to make it through the day...

One ink-jection to captivate
One blow to hypnotize
One puff to entrance
One sniff to excite

All sense becomes engaged...
Feeling of freedom...
Hallucinations of Eloquent expressions
Love,
Hate,
Peace,
Confusion...
Numbed by the forceful passionate dynamics
Mental impression takes on its own perception of reality...
The taste of honey rolls the lips in sensuality
The bouquets of time past
The echoes of future memories
Rotating positions...
Fixated on the pen-formance...
The core of idioms and axioms gives voluptuous affection...
Giving inspiration to a new stanza

The pad feigns for the ink of the pen
Performing crack head dances...
Pen hustling words
Scratching phrases to begin a concept

Writing, reading, thinking, music, observations...
Inhaling thoughts...Securing motivational ideas...
Eyes red from toking pages...
Anything to keep this high...
No use in breaking away...
Habituated...
Dependent...
Infatuated
My addiction...
My choice...
My obsession...
My Poetry Addiction

JenOfPoetry

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Man Power

Thoughts of your name
A vibe of joy ran thru my form
Remember the touch you posses
Literally makes me want to undress
Remnants of your voice floats in my lobes
Giving imagination in my mind
Replaying your stature
Your dress
Your essence
Your sensuality
The style you work stand out from the norm
No need to upgrade...
You already know how to do it...
First time we met...
Negativity of playa wiles blew by
Haters mad because it's not them that you spy
Lies eventually fly...
In the end
The felt me on the why I feel you
Physic, muscular, intelligent luster,
Mellow verbalization
Mental stimulation
Desirable trance as I watch your swagger dance
Enticing and boyish
So sexy and coyish
It's all in what you that makes do
My soul quiver at the very thought of you

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Misplaced

Alone in a lost world.

Scars slow in healing.

Love surrounds but it's not the kind that is beseech-ed.

Who out there can hear the cries and sooth the wounds with antiseptic care?

Pain so deep, drowning is the only way to delete the feeling from existence.

Reach out for understanding and clarity but the screams are silent.

Eyes see the distress but blind to the solution in helping.

Words are unclear of the sentiments because familiarity of the situation is unknown.

Love and verbal kisses are so close but seem so far away.

Alone in a lost world,

The walking dead only sees what it wants.

Tunnel vision so long those miles of compassion are unseen. One focus one desire.

Head hangs high to hide the hanging heart that roots the hurt.

Can't let them see the weakness and misery because the overly caring half genuine concern will only heighten the agony.

Strong personas are the only survival means to keep moving in this hopeless state of mind.

Who can understand the direction of this road that leads to wherever?

Lifeless in this life that is dim and desolate;

What reason is there for existence if the grief can be so heinous and disturbing?

Confiscated in a lost land to maybe never be seen the same.

Will it ever go away?

Will another life of joy develop to remember this one as a learning lesson?

Difficult it is to know that because of imperfections things in this fashion will occur.

Until God sees fit to clean up and remove the things that tear us down, there is the need to keep in prayer and ask for assistance, strength, endurance and discernment to walk in this crazy lost world called life to find the place that will fit.

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Morality

I'm in the same seas of despair as you
The depths of my privacy has surfaced and exposed parts that
Not even my own mother knew
Relating to your fears and omissions of pain
Leaves me in thought
I am no longer alone in advertising myself to the public
Somehow now that I am open there is a need
To close all windows and doors to my soul to become
Secluded once again...
Transient in taking regard to others ideas of me...
I must go back to ignoring what others think
Just like me... imperfection rules and the general population
Has no room to judge or opinionate
What is important to please God...
Although he already knows me and my every action before it is
Revealed to me...
His thoughts and visions of me reign supreme.
Those of mortal men have no place
In my process of spiritual growth
A revelation spewed from my heart thru my ink causing a poem of
Self-examination to manifest...
The inspiration in you has become my muse... I Thank You
Because of you... where I was seeing the dark
My eyes are once again wide open
To witness the brightest spark of light that reflects
The positive passion within me

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Mother O My

Who is taking all my time
3 baby boys...
3 young men...
3 superstars
I am the one they know
I am the one they need
The only mother they will ever have
The only mother who will take care of them no matter what or when
The only mother who loves them unconditionally... there is no end

Mother O My

In the final phase of growth
3 young men
Now becoming
3 grown men
Feels like time has consumed itself...
Taking itself away...feel there is something I've missed
There is more that needs to be witnessed

Mother o My

I had my time but it's not enough
Something flies above
Taunting my core
Making my spirit to soar
To find that missing piece
Ready to take flight...
3 baby boys
Ready to leave the realm of my protection
Could it be the sentiment of closeness that mocks me

Mother o My

I now understand the vibes my Mother went through when we left home
In a sense I am ready
In a sense I am not ready
Too fast...too soon
One more year for my 1st baby boy...

18 years of watching the growth of my gentle giant
Three more years for 2nd baby boy
15 years of watching the growth of my mini me
Four more years for 3rd baby boy
13 years of watching the growth my baby boy

Mother O My

Tears fall as the accomplishments shine through each of you
Without the help of God and Family...Just don't know how we would of made it
Superstars is what you will always be
All that hard work...seeing the seeds planted...grow...the greatest perk

Mother O My

I know you have to leave & soon will say good bye
Please be gentle as you take your journey
Away from your Mother Always remember...

Mother O My how I love you
Mother O My precious ones
Mother O My heart is always with you...

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Nexus

Taken back to a moment
A discovery or should I say a
Breakthrough
Everything about you is me
You are mine
Loving intensely gave a since of Confidence
Drawing us closer a vibe shocks my mental

You are mine
Mine only
I am yours
Yours only

Feeling the ambience of your essence
In your eyes I see the words of possession
Knowing that every
Scratch
Mark
Love tattoo
Are from me and me only
No need to question
How did you get that...
Where did that come from...
Who did this to you...
Is evidence of my passion
You are my canvas of love and lust
To paint the identity of ownership

You belong to me
I belong to you

From your low fade
To your muscular chest and arms
To the power stored in the apparatus of pleasure
Down to your size 13 feet...

You are mine
Mine only
I am yours

Yours only

From the taste of sweet nectar from your lips
To the hold in your arms
The heat from your body as we lay

All of you belong to me
All of me belong to you

We command the rights and the title...of one another...
Taken back to a moment
When our love permanently bonded.
Everything about one another belongs to us.

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Pain Killer

I need a new space of clarity because this one I am in is full of confusion.
The closer I get to another
The further they go.
So I fall back and let them move.
It's easier this way.
I won't feel the pain of a lost loved one.
I only have to worry about me.
So removing myself from the equation, less likely to experience the sad tears of
losing a loved one.
What's the point in having family and friends when eventually they will leave
some way or another.
People say they are down for you.
They believe they have your back.
But
How can they when I keep my back against the wall to avoid back-stabbers with
their sly talk tapped to my back causing the giggles and remarks to fly pass my
emotions leaving scars of the torture.
Whew!
So I refuse to play this game any longer.
Imperfections skipped no one
So why I should i suppress the resentment in my heart?
It's apart of me... Right?
Why should concern about another be on my mind when in the end it will burn
me in the end leaving ashes of something good I tried to do.
I'll keep it for myself because the only one I should be taking care of is me.
Selfish it sounds I know but that is the only way to be.
Numbing my feelings ripping my heart out so I can't recall them ever again.
I'll sit in a zombie state...
And build a community of careless individuals.
Others don't mess with someone with blank intentions.
They won't know a heart that really cares and loves use to live inside.
This is the perfect pain killer

JenOfPoetry

10/20/14

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Pen Release

Ugliness fills the mind

Turns dark and empty

Why come into an affair full of contention and strife

Is the reason the pain exist is because the

Irritant that picks at the underside of the skin

Digs and digs until it rattles the peace of contentment

So much that you fight to rid the eerie festering pest.

The more you fight the bigger the wound becomes.

Is it because the epidemic that is felt has and is being done

Repeatedly to you? So much to the point you can see it clear as day when it is
bully practiced

By another whom never in 100 years would cross your mind as doing such acts?

Disappointment covers the heart and questionable are the intents of the person
and now

The elephant is in the room pretending to be invisible.

It's not your place to remove the monstrosity, the act was not directed towards
you but it has been in the past.

Tough skin is now the armor that must be stretched to cover the open of where
you placed your heart for this one.

Watching the events unfold and not being able to release the thoughts behind
the feelings creates

Heartless silent whispers and Carless feelings are now the result of bearing the
shared existence.

Restraining the ability of free speech.

Playing protector to another who can most definitely hold their own has increased.

It was your idea to place them in same field of dreams as you now it's your responsibility to make sure evil and enmity is not brought upon them.

Blocking it and letting land on you is the only way but somehow a splatter got by, consumed a bit of peace turned into doubt and confusion.

Anger again gathers, silently finding ways to remove any and all disharmony fails.

Placing the pen to the pad and let it run its course until no more is to be released is the only therapy and serenity that is available to keep from making a fool out of yourself, bringing demise to others not involved and from seeing the bars of despair.

Keeping thoughts to oneself is hard when knowing the words will resonate, awaking the blind to the problem but again it's not your place to step in and reveal the deformed pattern.

People are mazes to walk through, hit a dead end, quickly back track, find that previous path, follow the way of right before that wrong turn becomes tempting to take and traps you.

3 DEEP BREATHS... Let's walk away.

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Penology

One stroke
Brings many lines
Ink Black & Blue
Making profound statements
Uplifting, motivating, realization
Raising brows...
causing deep thought & understanding
Or
Mad confusion
Freedom of speech,
Freedom to preach
Freedom to teach
Listen with eyes wide open
Reflect on the verses that declare importance
Walk in the way of the pen
Study the way to receive knowledge
Feel the depth of the pen as it...
Studies the anatomy of your mind- psychology
Studies the behavior of your nature...anthropology
Dissects...discover the potential of
The cerebral cortex to
Broaden the horizons where the road is narrow- Sociology□
The power of the pen
Gives strength to express
The energy to relax
Release of the stress
The food to digest
as words form
In rage only to calm once the
Point has been made.
This is Penology at its best.

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Poetic Love

Imagination, Reality and Negative anecdotes have merged to create a recipe of a chaotic confused poetic core that has lost the essence and appreciation of the Gift we call

'POETIC EXPRESSION'

Neutrality in the ideas of others is essential to maintain the value of what we do as Poets/Expressionists...

Words that dance together on pages are feelings and mindful wonders that live in all of us...

They should not be directed to any other...

No way should enemies live in this world...

We may see ourselves in some of the profound ink that is shared...

Does that mean it is about a particular person...

All it says is that there is a relation...

We realize something we never have before...

Knowing that someone can feel the same as we do...

Gives security that we are not the only ones that carry the emotion.

The Poetic World is the closest thing to perfection there is...

We are able to express ourselves

The words in us manifest in ways others desire...

We live another day longer to love each other stronger because we tell the real of what we feel...

We do not sugar coat our words unless the intent is to get some sugar...

That is the HE-ART OF POETRY.

Let us use our abilities to create more pictures of encouragement...

More songs of Love and Unity that give praise for one another...

The way our gift was intended to be used...

Will the Real Poets/Expressionist rise and say:

'I LOVE YOU'

Jen of Poetry

(copyright Aug 2011)

Precious Moments

Dedicated to my 3 superstars..

The Laughter from clowning moments.

The giggles from trying to be sneaky moments.

The surprise look when they get caught moments.

The cry's, when they hurt letting them know it's gonna be alright moments.

The irritant noise of - stop! I am telling mom, leave me alone! Make you wanna go to your room and lock the door moments.

The "Mom when I grow up I am going to be.." planning their future conversations.

The "Mom can we have..."having to choose Yes or No because they will run you down if you don't answer, questions.

The "Mom why does this..." curiosity learning phases.

The "Mom did you know.." trying to be smarter than you test.

The "Mom can I talk to you.." private talk moments.

The "Mom something is going on with my.." puberty moments.

The "Mom I love you" arm tight around the neck showing just how much love they have for you moments.

The coming into their own, growing from the precious little baby into a young adult moments.

These are the most precious moments of love in life.

They're not babies anymore,
In the eyes of Momma they will always be babies,

They say a Woman can not raise a boy to be a Man.

Honey, Momma has made that phrase a myth

Momma raised 3 boys to be a the best men they can be.

Young men walking in grown man shoes, .
Without a Father to show them how,
They take the lead

They have so much potential
Head of the household
Respectable
Loyal
Loving,
Protectors,
Funny,
Humble,
Intelligent,
The minds of wise men
Walkers and doer of God,
The spiritual guide,

They are still Mentally Growing

The love & respect that is given is beyond what anyone could ever give
Momma couldn't be any more proud of what she has in her life.
They are precious, priceless gifts from God,

They are the Superstars
They are the life
They are the heart
They are my 3 sons.

I Love you.

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Propaganda

National Neutrality

Communities ban together

Whether liked or not...Everyone entitled to opinions

Tried to see it another way...Too bright to not be seen...

Didn't want the race card to run...what to do when it's in first place

Innocent as birth

Evidence was bogus

Selfish notions

Word and Thoughts...were twisted

Witnesses...blind to the fact...made grim choices

Infected...corrupt system

There was an obligation...to prove the validity of the accusations

The burden of proof...rearranged to fit the lies

Was it a real Bible or an imitation to purify the tainted oath...

Giving the illusion of legitimacy

Place the left hand on the Bible

Raise your right hand

Do you swear to tell the truth

The whole truth and nothing....but the truth

So many holes in testimonies

Could see right thru...

Shouting

Ranting

Slapped in the face

The confirmation of guiltless Troy Davis...spewed in the thickest form

Eye for an Eye

The wrong one was seeing

Life for a life

The wrong one taken

So hard up on lynching...

A vindictive judicial disorder

Feeds the hunger of their gods of hate...

The innocent to keep it alive

Lena Baker...held against her will...
Executed for self defense
Regardless of the reason...
The color of her skin...grounds for death

The days of when the lack of proof
Constitute grounds for dismal of life
Still resides...
The battle is not over
My sons
My nephews
My niece
Male or female
Nothing has changed
If the color doesn't not match the law combinations
Any one of us could be the next sacrificial lamb

The proof is evident...there are legal grounds...
Put the judges on trial...Man Slaughter 1,2,3,4,5,
Straight unadulterated murder
The evidence...the burden of proof... without a doubt...
All the Troy Davis... All the Lena Bakers... all those falsely accused
The Judicial system... too lazy for integrity...Bullies of the law

"Vengeance is mine" said the Lord...
In this we have faith that real Justice will reign down...
Vindication will be made.

Jen Of Poetry™
© Nov.22 2011

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Regal Man

He carries himself with majestic strength
Proudly walks the path of righteousness
Is independent in ways unimaginable ...
He Answers to no other man

He knows his Queen better than she knows herself
The way she feels
Her wants that she needs
The desires she has
He brings strong completeness to conquer the insecurity
He brings knowledge of truth when doubts persist live
The royal demeanor moves the soul

So far in understanding...
The Queen bows to his reign over her
Submissive to his grand demand
The regal provider of their existence...
She gives admiration

He has the power to overcome mountainous challenges
His strength holds his kingdom together
Never letting enemies destroy what he and his Queen created

He knows he's not a perfect man...
He follows in the way of the Perfect man
Each day and night in my eyes he proves faultless

You can change the frame but the picture stays the same
Unforgettable
Stylish
State of the art
He enters a room suave and captivating
A gentleman in the streets
Polite and gracious is his stature
A missionary of principle
Using his voice to campaign the worth of a man
Standing behind his beliefs of respect

Falling back from the undesirable

So as to not acquire another life

He is the King of Kings...

Noble

Passionate

Sharp

Intelligent

Dedicated

Zealous

Supporter of such luxurious prominence...

Is this Queen's requirement and desire

So long as my King lives...

Docile and reverent

The rock to lean

The vigor to keep moving

The strong suit...I shall remain...

The Man of Men this is my tribute to you...

Love lives inside my heart for all of you.

JenOfPoetry™

©Feb 2012

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Second Thoughts

Thinking there should be some explanation as to why
It was done this way the first time...now... not so sure that way was good idea
Maybe should try it this way...
Every time the feeling is right...it always finds a way to be wrong
Always go with the first mind...what some say...
will never go wrong if done this way
If that is true...why the lack of assurance
Maybe the confidence that was there when the decision was made became lost
The excitement of the idea...decision to jump into action...way to fast
Waiting may have been wiser...Not enough thought went into the
Ifs
And's
OR's
But's
As to what will be...

Sitting here having second thoughts about the situation at hand...
Deciding if this is the right wo/man...
Watching the Flaws instead of the Awe's
Creating uncertainty in the mind... forgetting the errors that lie within
Holding onto past woes that don't pertain to the future flows...
Better get a third mind to go back to the first mind...
3 heads are better than 1...so they say
Confusion and chaos with too many given opinions
Causing emotional turmoil and mental divisions
Should've
Would've
Could've
The #1 Blues song...the words are cries for help...
Sticking with the First mind...self-consciousness... in its place would have kept...

Second thoughts on a purchase ...really want it...is it really needed
First minds says let it be...Second mind says "go on...it's deserving can't
you see";
Walk away
Coming back
Walk away
Coming back
What the Heck go ahead and get that...

Bring it home... realizing...this was really needed like another hole to the dome...
Money spent...on something that didn't give a cute accent...
Should have used it on another that made more sense...

Having Second thoughts....out come ...on self put fault...
Before going thru and becoming distraught...lay it on the line... give it further
thought
Always listen to the First mind...and the second thought will be redefined

Jen of Poetry
(Copyright June 22,2011)

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

She's Fancy

SHE'S FANCY

A dress of elegance filled with pain and a slit of questions.

A shawl of silk drapes her shoulders warding away the chills empty nights.

Her make-up, full of bright earth hues representing her demeanor of earthbound composure, covers the tiredness.

Brown castings surround the face presenting the foundation of her natural features.

Gold tones camouflaging the misery in her eyes with happy endings

Lashes, long & dense, flapping with each blink waving for help as drowning waters from beneath rise to the surface and stop for she refuses to shed a tear of weakness.

Look a bit deeper there can be seen dark colors of past relations who took her heart for granted.

Love peaks through with a speck of light giving indication it still lives within.

Lips shimmer with the radiance of neutral gloss. Illuminating the words of helpless cries, forming into kisses of serenity.

A smile covers the frown of anger and despair.

Porcelain crowns disguise the yellowing from the smoking stress weighing on her mind.

Adorned in the finest stones of ruby bruises and sapphire scars,
Rings decked in gemstones circling the form of her fingers are the brass knuckles of protection ready to take down the next coming to threaten her security.

Her nails polished in red, resembling the blood stains from battles she faces daily.

Stockings fitting her tight muscular legs are the stronghold ready to kick in doors

and walk away from betrayal and doubt of others.

Walking on Stilettoes tears, regaining, bringing up the market price on her worth;
piercing the flesh of those who defile her name & value.

Hairstyle that stands out with sophisticated struggles royal maturity.

A posture of reverence and strength

A stature of confidence and dignity

A skill set so vast she can conquer any and everything with a stride of grace and ease.

She is beauty walking,

Yet no one can see the tribulations she carries in the deepest parts of her soul

No one knows the trials she has endured

No one can fathom the power, quality, suffering & agony she carries...

No one can be as fancy she.

JenOfPoetry 'Metaphorically Speaking'

4/20/15

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Silence Is Golden

Silence is Golden

Silence makes for loud noise
Actions speak loudly always listen with eyes
Watching situations clarifies mad confusion

JenOfPoetry 'Metaphorically Speaking'
11/28/14

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Sleepless

I can't sleep

Having a selfish battle within myself

I am being childish... I can't have my way all the time as I wish...

You are weighing heavy on my mind... I know what should be done...

Yet I am selfish with mine...wanting all your time

Desires in the worst possible way

Too tired to play...

I just can't sleep

In my blood you flow...Love for you is all I have and know...

Don't want to tell you how I feel... Afraid I may lose my appeal

On my pillow I clutch...Dreaming and wishing of your touch...

Frustration and emotions on high... wanting to hear your voice....mental torture

A monster has been created... In this I hate it

Mixed with love and sensuality you have put a spell on me...

I use to be stronger than this... A man's embrace I never missed

You got me open

I can't sleep

Outside it's raining...

As the tears of the clouds pour

It's making me want you more...

Holding me... Whispers of "I love you in my ear...

Falling asleep in your arms not letting go...

Gently waking... As you rise with the sun

Kissing my forehead the way you do...

"Good morning babe"

Are the words that beautifully sing from your lips.

I think to myself Thank you Lord for giving me a man such as him...

With that sentiment I Watch you leave...

Wrapping myself in the blanket we shared...

Absorbing the last bit of you...Rolling myself into the place that you laid...

The smell of your cologne...Feeling the warmth you left behind... This is all mines.

Thinking about you makes my body convex...Why is this so complex...

Under the influence of nature... I try to erase the selfish picture

The hours are short...

Needing to sleep...If not... Additional attitudes inside will creep...

Another day will come...It will be all about you and me.

So for now I force myself to sleep.

JenOfPoetry™ □

©Revised: Aug 17 2012

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Sneakiness

SNEAKINESS

Eyes of wisdom sees all
Covering actions exposes hidden truths in deceit
All things are always revealed

JenOfPoetry 'Metaphorically Speaking'

5/4/15

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Soul Sista

Sexy no need to try it comes naturally... so classy
Outstanding goes up and beyond the call of duty w/o resentment
Understanding to the situations of others
Loving everything about you...never judging

Sensual when it comes to her man all attention is devoted to him
Inspires and gives encouragement to strive for higher goals
Satisfied with herself...she know what she is about
Tactfully explains why she does and does not
Amazingly strong... has your back...hold you up when feeling down

The SOUL SISTA...

Comes from within...

A God fearing...Mentally advanced woman...

Confident...

Laid back...

Everything that is done come from the deepest part of the soul

Caring,

Compassion

Truth

Honesty

Respect

The SOUL SISTA...

When lyrics sing from the lips...the song tells the depth of the
genuine soul mild and lowly in heart...

When she is wrong she will acknowledge the
fact and make amends

The SOUL SISTA...

Adapts to her environment...

Can relate to any and all... Accepts others for who they are

If she is having problems it will not be on display ...

The SOUL SISTA...

A poised Queen... receives respect

Adorned with Class... self-respect ...dignity

Dresses with nobility ... revealing too much takes away the mystery

Decorated with high self-esteem and humility...
A stroll so smooth...sexy has no choice but to shine...

Heads turn in awe
She knows her self-worth...

The SOUL SISTA...
Comes in all shades of colors...
The Soul of a Sista is defined in her actions not by the shade that covers.
The Soul of a Sista displays genuine & forgiving qualities.
The Soul Sista is a friend for life.

The SOUL SISTA...
What a SISTA...

Jen of Poetry
(Copyright June 23,2011)

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

The Architect

There are blueprints for relationships
The one you choose to build and live in will
Need a layout that can house those with similar ideas
A Friendly partnership should be the bases of your composition.
Acquire the necessary knowledge
The likes
The wants
The desires
There has to be a mutual understanding on how the
Structure is going to be built and maintained
Expressions of absolute affection will always become the framework
Unless there is assurance that the both are in agreement
Disclosing sentiments of committed relations
Can be hazardous
Being one-sided only slopes emotions
Causing doubt and insecurity
Making the style awkward
The level of consent is not equal
The notion of having a perfectly designed structure
Isn't possible.
The partnership of the construction
Has to be built with Trust
Care and knowledge cements and seals
Creating strength to add other levels.
There will always be cracks in the foundation of life
A disagreement can destroy a piece or the whole
Each person is responsible for their actions
Getting past the misunderstanding is possible
How the imperfections are dealt with is up to the builders.
Putting a patch over the fracture is temporary
Soon the same problem will rise again becoming bigger
Constituting an issue deeper than the surface
Working from the inside out will ensure lasting vitality
A house is only as strong as its builders.

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The Boxing Match

Fighting its way with compassion... determined to win the heart...

The contender...

"Love"

Entering the ring going the distance determined to keep anger living

The undisputed champion...

"Discouraged Soul"

LETS GET READY TO RUUUUUUMBBLE

Round 1

Round in circles feeling each other out...teasing taps of hostility...

First blow... an uppercut... with beaming starry eyes of empathy fall upon "Love"

The sun falls behind massifs of pain

'Ding'

Round 2

A clinch by love... arms moving in with hugs and affection...

A block on the evacuating spirit

"Love" is not supposed to be here

Breaking loose... "Discouraged soul"...throws a power shot to the body...

A counter punch by "Love" leaves "Discouraged Soul" in a daze...

"Ding"

Round 3.

Thoughts of no more tenderness fills the heart... here comes

"Discouraged Soul"...Dancing circles... oooo. A body shot to the left and right

Looks as if "Love" is slowing down...

"Discouraged Soul" steps back to give one more chance for Love to call it a draw

"Ding"

Round 4

Such effective aggression from "Discouraged Soul"...

Frustrated ... "Love" is not going down... passion fills...

A low blow by "Discouraged Soul"

A clean punch by "Love"... leaves "Discouraged Soul" confused

"Love is taking on the Rope a Dope style...

Affection

Friendship

Fondness devotion

Joy

Serenity

Security

Contentment

This maybe it for "Discouraged Soul" rubbery legs is trying to hold but is unable...

"Discouraged Soul" takes a Teddy Pendergrass fall

Looks like another Love TKO...

"Love" once again takes another belt from a negative champion leaving

"Discouraged Soul" to free the heart and be happy once again....

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

The Closet

It's time to go back to school...Birthday maybe in April...no fool this way...
This garden has been growing for a while...weathered many of storms
It's not worth telling a lie
There is some doubt about what this is
Peeking out trying to get a clear view

It's dark in here shine some light

Heart ache... trying to abstain
Knowledge of the past...is it coming into the present
Feelings from the soul...do not want to resent
Stuck in this mental box
Cramped and small...truth...not telling it all

Please shed some light into this dark room

Indiana Jones...ripped my heart and set it on fire
In a grave yard of bones of sin and deceit...
Buried alive with hurt and pain...this needs to be explained

Out of the darkness... need to be lead...be light and show the way

On the threshold of Love and Hate
This is where emotions are living
locked in a closet full of darkness

(Jen of Poetry/2011)

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

The Dream Of You

Played with the idea so many times
What if we did
How would it be
Would you want me as much as I do you...
Could we handle the numbing elated feelings...
A person who lives in my dreams lives in my reality...
Seems so unfathomable to live out the dream of you

Bereaved...
Every chance that is presented...
To articulate the emotional attachment I have for you...
From my lips...The words stop in mid flow
The courage to acknowledge my intentions to you
Escape me...
Don't want to push you away...
I want to pull you into the portrait of my life
Happily loving together

You are the dream I wait for at night
You are the dream I see during the day
When you're not here
In my imagination

Day after day... night after night
In my dreams you stroll
Tortured...us not being together... kills
Becoming like insomnia
No matter what I do
I can't sleep with you without me
I can't sleep with me without you
You are my dream

You are the dream I wait for at night
You are the dream I see during the day
When you're not here
In my imagination

I pretend to have telekinetic powers
Sending you messages from my heart

Can you feel it...
I love you... I need you know this
Doubts fill me...
Should these words fill your ears
Will you allow me to consume your heart
Do you want me to satisfy your soul

You are the dream I wait for at night
You are the dream I see during the day
When you're not here
In my imagination

Sight beyond sight
Look deep... love patiently waits
I can show you better than I can tell you
I see you starrng at the moon
The candle light caresses your silhouette
The aroma of you hypnotizes me
The softness of your touch covers me
You are the one I desire

You dance with me
My motions explain what my spirit is speaking
Looking into each other eyes we share a mental picture
Of the future that lies before us
Feel our pulse beat as one
The piano keys chant a melody of forever

You are the dream I wait for at night
You are the dream I see during the day
When you're not here
In my imagination
You will always be the man in my life

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

The Fantasy Of Reality-

THE FANTASY OF REALITY-

(Inspired by: Kill Bill)

Tears are the ending to our Casa Blanca ...

No longer do they fall for you...

The future played the scene so many times

Didn't know there would be a twist

Somehow...lines were forgotten and adlibbing began

Lights... camera...Your actions... told more about the story line than the script...

Thought about taking it to the next level... syndicated ...

Another Actress came and stole the part...this show...Terminated...

Create a new...she can't play ME better than I...

If that is the type of stage play you like so be it...

I must say... I give you props tho...

You played your part... no lines did you drop

Our love was an act...Received an Emmy...

THE BEST LOVE OF THE YEAR

Best supporting Actor....you

Best supporting Actress...Me

Got caught up in the fantasy...slapped with the hand of reality

Physical demonstration lost interest in the Mental simulation

Explaining the cause of conflict...to hard or don't care to tell

Unable to speak...Her cat must got your tongue...

Feelings...not of hurt...but confusion...WHY

Was left living a lie...thought we were in sync...

A sign of the conclusion of time ...

Where down the line did we get lost...

Clarification is needed to bring closure to this story

Is there a continuation ...a part 2...to be written at a later date...

Glad the heart has grown strong enough to listen to the mind...

The healing process will be easier this time...

THANK YOU for showing me that I can fall in love once again...just to have no one

there to catch me...but now, I can pick myself up and fly higher

JenOfPoetry

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

The River Walk

Passionate in his willpower
He wanted to go down by the river
Speak in tongues about the nature of us
Watch the ripples pulsate as we skip rocks down the stream
Strolling in unison down the shores of serenity
A common ground is now solid with the freedom to convey the want
That supports the fluent quantity of passionate attraction

Giving in... wading in the water became the idea ...
My eyes brightened with fascination as his words flooded the void within me
The more he slurred articulated phrase of fondness, the more Life became new...
Warmth filled my soul
The more attention given... greater the energy transfer...
Taking in the attention... he began to silently consider the possibilities
Of a royal us.

A man in touch with the inner most part of himself... the ability to know the inner
most part of another
Broadening his soul with another so that his vision of the world can be
More peaceable...secure...life can be more guaranteed

I lay my head on his chest... listening to the language of his heart...
A different dialect voices the intentions... such a beautiful accent it held...
Capable to translate the lingo...each divine oath has a reason... missing just one
would lose the meaning behind the expression...
Each beat was the introduction for each emotion to speak their peace.

The more I concentrated... the more I knew of him...
Come to find out... in most ways he is just like me...
But yet there was an echo emanating in the far distance
I asked why the hollowness such an empty space
He tells me 'my spirit lives alone in the space and it will take eternity to fill...
As my love for you runs deeper than the waters on earth...
It will be my honor and delight to move you in together we can fulfill the void of
one another

Passionate in his willpower
He wanted to go down by the river
Speak in tongues about the nature of us

Watch the ripples pulsate as we skip rocks down the stream
Strolling in unison down the shores of serenity
A common ground is now solid with the freedom to convey the want
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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

These Shoes

Collaboration by
JenOfPoetry & Gary Malone

These Shoes....Part 1

Auntie...why do you have these shoes...there old and run over...
We need to go shoe shopping....
Baby girl...it's about time you knew the story behind these run over shoes...

These pair of shoes...not for fashion
They have walked through different facets of life
Going through the changes... making noises about who you are
What and how you can do it

Drinking...drugs...prostitution...fatherless children...
Flip flopping ... losing grip... no self-worth...disrespect falling from lips...exposing
weakness to the world...

Not the way our Fore-Mothers fought for
Walk with me...Talk with me...
Time to grow...

The souls of these shoes that I rock...Keep running for Freedom, being Civil while
being a Woman and a Minority Voting for Equality...
Harriet Tubman... Daisy Bates...Dorothy Height...Angela Davis...Shirley
Chisholm...Susan B Anthony...all ran this race and has passed the baton over to
the next in line....
Walking the streets...tramping...tricking...Flaunting the wrong
attributes...entertaining the incongruous ...not how a lady should be acting...

True to their character... graceful...poised...Intelligent... angelic when
speaking...Beautiful in every way... so honored to walk in these shoes of

Dorothy Dandridge... Dinah Washington... Sarah Vaughn... Ruby Dee... Oprah
Winfrey... Halle berry... all showed how to get recognition with dignity and style
Mary Jane or Mama Coca, couldn't fly higher than Bessie Coleman controlling the
skies with her wings...Taking up space is Mae Jemison

These shoes are good for your legs...giving the ability and endurance to stand for

periods of time...

Maybe worn and tattered it doesn't matter for the responsibility to care and love the next is in balance... May not have a PhD like...

Georgian Simpson, Sadie Tanner Mosley Alexander or Eva Dykes...the careful attention that has been acquired can be useful in making things better...

Managing this country and bring justice to all...

Carol Mosley Braun...Patricia Roberts Harris...Eleanor Holmes... Condoleezza Rice...Constance Baker Motley...have had a hand at the operating switch

In the midst of working to keep this gender alive there's still the matters of keeping home in stride...Always on the move...a conciliatory posture and strength is a must

'Behind every Great Man Stands a Strong Woman'

Myrlie Beasley... Coretta Scott... Betty Shabazz held it down at home and stood by their man through sickness and health... good and bad...until death do them part...planting seeds who will spring-off to carry on the legacy...

These shoes have carried & walked a lot ...accomplished a great deal in life...yet they still hold it together... reinforcements have been called in to take the finish line...

Alice Coachman...Florence Griffith Joyner...Jackie Joyner Kersse...

Rejoicing for much these shoes begin to dance...learning new moves from...

Josephine Baker... Angela Isadora... Fanny Elssler...the graceful flamingos

Warranting rest & reflection...Ink down all the triumphs & realizations... maybe read... Rita Dove...Phyllis Wheatly... Maya Angelo...or Toni Morrison....some of the greatest... who inspired others to fill their shoes...

These shoes maybe worn out, ugly and outdated...the souls still hold strong...one day they will pass to you...

They have brought me here and here is where I stand...

Before making a fashion statement...walk in these shoes and recognize....

Who wore them...What roads they traveled...When will be the next journey...Where will it end

Become a Facet Statement...

Jen Of Poetry

(Copyright Sept.2 2011)

These Shoes...Part 2

Say Uncle G those sure are some raggedy looking shoes

Lil Man, if you don't know a man's story or have paid some dues
Please don't be so quick to judge a man by his shoes
You don't know what these shoes have been through
I may look broke but these shoes ain't no joke....these shoes

Have traveled paths made by soles of shoe-less souls
Captured, shipped, beaten, whipped and sold
Blistering feet in blistering heat
Lynched, hung and later emancipated
Where segregation was once the head
These shoes help decapitated it, combat boots that
Fought in revolutions and marched in a movement
To kick Jim Crow's ass and stomp Willie Lynch
Free to run, these shoes have been running ever since

Worn by Buffalo soldiers, Tuskegee Airmen, Black Panthers
and Freedom Riders...these shoes are innovative, stylish
Jesse Owens, Carl Lewis, Michael Johnson and Usian Bolt
Sprinted in these shoes and won gold medals in many Olympics
Mr. Bo Jangles, Sammy Davis Jr. and Michael Jackson
These shoes tapped dance and moonwalk with greatness
Joe Louis, Jackie Robinson, Jim Brown and Michael Jordan
Stepped up to the plate to roam the sports hall of fame
These shoes help great athletes change their game

Found in all sizes on white plantations to the White House
Black, sturdy, rugged and wholly amazing
The fiery footprints these shoes leave are trail blazing

From the cotton fields in the south to Harlem's Cotton Club
Porters on racist trains to the driver of the inner city transit subs
The back of the bus to the front of the space shuttle
Young man, these shoes can do more than sell crack
Gangbang, pimp, hustle and the Cupid shuffle

Saturday nights in the juke joints listening to the blues
ZZ Hill, Johnny Taylor, Tyrone Davis and Al Green sung in these shoes
Sunday mornings several pair of Stacy Adams stands in countless pulpits
Spreading the gospel of the good news
Monday through Friday after work these shoes becomes house shoes
Resting in a recliner watching the evening news

Nephew, a million men have marched in these shoes
History making...Air Force Ones have flown on Air Force One
And that's not to mention what these shoes went through before Christ was born

Creative, intellectual with business and street sense
Leather, suede, cotton, gators...dirty or polished, rich or poor
Flip flops or sandals, socks or not
These shoes stood by our women and help this nation represent
Go inside and ask yo Auntie Jen

Now lil Man, pull yo pants up and put on some real shoes
Those fresh white Nikes you got on have yet to pay some dues.

By: Gary Malone
August 27,2011
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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

This Vibe

Have to let it out
This vibe is running through vigorously
Trying to find a way out
Tossing and turning in my head
Reaching for the pen... it's about to begin
The first letter... creating the word that will define the sentence giving meaning to the paragraph...
Don't know what this piece will be called... need to get out the phrases
It spills out onto my blank canvas....It so amazes...
Love... Hate... disappointment... bewildered... curiosity... the colors that float in my heart and mind...
Wanting all to be a part...
Feel the vibe.....
More importantly listen and understand the scribe...
The idea is trying to portray a picture that will stay and make an impact and cause act-ion...
Full attention to how this process is suppose to go is needed...
SHHHHHHHH! ! !
You hear that...it lives inside of me...creativity in the works...No more vacancies for empty lonely thoughts....
Have to let it out
This vibe is running through vigorously
Trying to find a way out...

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Thunderous Spirits

Sun shines with glowing rays of priceless gold.
Holding a tangible spirit of warmth and vibrancy.
Like kids on a playgrounds
Birds fly free singing songs of joy and contentment
Spotted skies of gray ready to gather and formulate conversations bringing mild
thunderous debates of who can make the loudest noise.
Refusing to see that it takes all in Union to develop a power beyond
understanding.

JenOfPoetry

4/1/15

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Too Cool

Trying to be cool
All thru life I been schooled
It's a shame... things are still the same
Moving up trying to make it for myself
Has become a challenging task
One minute rolling with the punches
Road is smooth and wide
Next minute keep getting hit with the negative ways
Road has become bumpy and narrow
Never will I lose my cool

Keeping the sanity cool
All thru life I have been schooled
It's a shame... nothing has changed
Being a minority in much is a trait that makes one stronger
Working in the corporate world...
We can't do what they do...For it is wrong in their eyes...
My work exceeds theirs... so daily under a microscope...
Watching for any wrong to be committed... so they keep me lower level
Just to see if my mind will crumble
Refuse to let my cool become lukewarm

Looking forward... staying cool
All thru life I have been schooled
It's a doggone shame...this is happening again
My visual sensation...
Judged by ignorance and stupidity of feeble minded individuals...
A wonderful woman...
Ridiculed, slandered, disrespected
A beautiful black woman...
Judged on whether intelligence lives within me...
because of the hue of my permanent attire...I am lowered in status ...
Ridiculed, slandered, disrespected
A sensational single black mother...
Judged whether my kids all have the same father...
Is her mentality ghetto bound...running chaos...tearing things down...
To maintain composure to deal with the asinine, thick head people is very hard
They won't steal my cool...

Thinking realistically starting to be Ice cool
All thru life I have been schooled
It's a damn shame...doesn't look like in this time anything will change
All the more reason to gather all resources
Begin to start my own business
It's been talked about
It's been dreamt about
It's been planned out

Cooler than cucumber cool
All thru life I have been schooled
Have education
In the streets... In the corporate trade
Combine the two...something incredible and undeniable will be made
Too cool to shatter
Too cool to let insignificance matter
Too cool to hold my head down
Too cool I walk with a mind that is sound...

Just too cool...

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Too Many Memories

TOO MANY MEMORIES

Started out with none
Now there are too many
Each one has their own meaning.
The discernment stirring in the thoughts leaves one to use reasoning.
The what if's the could be's the maybe's
Who would have thought that these memories would have some kind of change
in the way I see you?
Enhancement of the first impressions leads into a lasting impression of ideal
qualities.
Conversations form from mediocre "how are you doing: " to inspirational "What
do you do when".
I remain in awe as layers of life are played like bedtime stories in my head,
rocking me to sleep.
I am reliving your history, building in me the missing pieces to our puzzle.
Too many memories instilled inside, how do I put them order or do I, let them
freely fall where they may?
Like lyrics to a melody where recalling the chorus is the only means that vibes in
the soul you come along and help recite the songs full version of what I was
missing.
Too many memories.
Praying the Pro's oversee the Con's so that more of them can be made into
prefect remnants that can be intertwined into a stronger cord of stability to love
to hold to create smiles.
How many memories will be created in this short time of life we have.
Taking to the grave, a lasting doctrine of us.

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Tough Love-

I know I am tough one
But if done right I can be that one.
Laying in night alone has become habitual and
Bittersome
I see my thoughts having conversation on what is needed to break the cycle,
To accept and not, when it comes to that right Bo.
My heart questions my motives telling me I am being to Selective.
Of course I am.
Someone has to look out for us.
As much as we both want it,
We are not sure if we can handle the consequence of opening up again.
She's the forgiving sort anyway, always looking past the hurt,
But best believe I know she doesn't forget.
She is fickle like that.
she want it and can partially accept it but can't give it back in full accord
to complete the bond for fear that pain may find its way back and demolish what
the love she has left.
That trust thing, is a major part.
It's there but its cloaked as resentment for the abuse it suffered.
Trying to get it won't be easy.
Breaking the shell requires a lot of work.
It can't be forced and it won't be intimidated.
Its hard being in this state of perplexity.
The stories that lie in the past are still fresh in the present.
Like ghost, they haunt every possible relation that comes in view.
What are their motives and intentions?
Others took my free will and love for granted, leaving me out in the cold to care
alone.
Or
Once closeness and intimacy creates a bond, will the poisonous thoughts reveal
the true intentions of captivity and physical demise and begin fearing for life?
Or
Will the security and time be cheated and wasted.

There are factors that play in finding that one that who will
gently touch,
have the strength to protect and love at the same time watch to know me
understand the past lived and release the perfect future.
I am tough love but very beneficial once your receive me.

JenOfPoetry

12/22/14?

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Unconditional Acceptance

The color of the skin
The challenge of the mind and body
The financial status
A group of individuals
The variance of beliefs
No place to rest
Feeble minded ones believe that
A situation can make or break a person
How deep does that statement go...
The excuse to demean and belittle those who are not...
In the status that is acceptable to society
What is society...
A group of people who make unconventional prestigious conditions
If someone does not fall in the category of said position then...
A lower form of a human is defined... ..
Poor
Vagrant
Low class
Needy
Scanty
Peasant
Outcast to the valley of despair
Some people are posers...
Trying to be something they are not
They may have...
Riches—Financially stable
Residence—a roof over their head
Independent—no need to depend on another
Clothed- with some of the most expensive
Educated—by the finest institutions
Behind all of the fasod
They resemble those they look down upon
Nothing they do makes them better than the next...
Poor-in heart no compassion
Vagrant—to busy running behind the Jones to be like the Jones...
Low Class-in a sense that by looking down on another makes for no class
Needy-have to be the center of some kind of attention
Scanty-reveal too much of their ignorance...leaving nothing to be desired
Peasant-had to work to get to where they are

Those who are deficient in materials...have plenty...
They all have...
Riches—their treasures are stored in heaven
Residence—under the protection of the lord
Independence—they rely on God and not man
Clothed—with the armor from God that they may be able to stand firm against
evil
Educated—By the Word of Truth
Regardless of how others may treat or look at them...
Love still flourishes in the heart...
Unconditionally accepting others for who they are...
Are you or do you unconditionally accept others

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Un-Followed Wisdom

Consideration for another's lively hood
Seeing things that can be better
Saying so only makes a meddlesome person
Only the best interest is at heart
Same direction that parents of time have or tried to
Instill in their children
There is nothing under sun
Words of wisdom has been given since
Before our time... so why is it not
We don't listen
Is it an
Ego thing... thinking there are differences in everyone
Defiant notions... don't care...no one can tell you what to do
Age... either too young to know better or to old
Set in the ways developed
Just like all things mentioned by experience ...
Words go in one ear and out the other
This prose will been seen by one eye and blinded by the other
Are the words of wise really taken to heart
Maybe later... once the situation arise & the
Echoes of knowledge ring
Sayings of..." I told you so"... "he/she told me why didn't I
listen"
Inevitable...everyone has to go there
In order to become the expert in our own lives
Some things spoken are not for everyone
Picturing one rolling the life of another
Is not at ride one wants to ride
Just like finger prints... not one person is identical
Consideration for another's livelihood
Is needed right or wrong
Either way lessons will be learned...

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Unhoused

I don't know how you got here
I really don't need you any longer
For in my heart it is you that I now fear
Anxiousness
Sleepless hours
The day my pillows and sheets became lonely
Is the day my heart was torn from me
Although I do forgive
I have no other place for you to live
Many nights I stayed awake
Wondering how could I have made a grave mistake
Mind weighed down by the formation of mental objects
You
Us
We
Why
How
When
Understanding is zero
Just don't know how you got here
You no longer live near
Don't need you as an emotional hero
Emotions are unable to liberate and justify
To this I must adhere
Many days, walked the
Mysterious design
Meditating on the disbelief
That you walked away
Without a word...left me in grief
Like the clipped wing of a bird
I lost flight
In the darkness of confusion
I lost sight
With a constant bowed head
Before my bed I habitually kneeled
Waiting to be healed
Now you present yourself and ask pardon
Wanting to revive the desolate rose garden...
Passion for your structure holds strong

Until I am able to fully redeem and play along
The inconstant habit you possess...
I must confess...
Love...
I cannot be your partner in crime
At least not at this time
Later in age when maturity has bloomed
We can come into our own...
Until then...my heart is stone
Love has no home..

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Untitled

UNTITLED

We both want what is best for this.

Jeopardizing by rushing into it can be detrimental to our groundwork.

In order for me to be comfortable with a higher honor I must find out what how compatible we both can be.

Just because the attraction is there and common ground on a few things are in view does not mean that there is a future with us too.

Don't be down hearted because there is a resilient notion that we could be one.

Let's take this slow, create our blue print, and build upon the foundation that has been created, making it stronger, constructing a tower of power where no man can destroy.

Infatuation and love are two different sides of affection so we must determine what ours is. It all feels good until the tests come into play and feeling get hurt but how we handle the sun and rain will decide how far we can fly.

Let's be each other's wings.

When I tire pick me up, when you're losing power I will be the force that motivates you.

A tie so durable, an unraveling cord can be stopped giving us lasting hope and desire with reminders of how we began in the first place, restoring our mission to love harder, removing all obstacles which will be place before us.

There is a war going on to divide and conquer and we need to know that I am that solid you can depend on when it's time to fight.

Like the Isley's I am living for the love of you. The more engaged we become the more I feel it shine through.

I refuse to let it die under my watch. Therefore I give an honorable discharge to the urgency of being one and take on the plan to develop a strategy to ensure our safety in this operation to ensure that we come out in one piece.

I can't promise there won't be any war wounds
I can't promise there won't be any confusion
But if we maneuver with trust, discernment and understanding with one another
I can say we will love for a lifetime because we have both shown to each other
the distance we will go.

Please don't take this in the wrong way just know I adore and care for you in the
most possible way. In my prayers at night I beg that we are the ones we been
waiting for.

So take my hand, believe in me as I do you; let us protect what we have built
thus far.

JenOfPoetry 'Metaphorically Speaking'
7/27/15

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Voice Of Theory

VOICE OF THEORY

I woke up like this.

In my thoughts,

You have become a constant daydream rocking me to sleep just to be awoken with you sight.

Placing your face in my focus,
Hugging my cortex,
It's so hard to ignore this.

Leaving lasting impressions on my mind.
Playing in the fields of my perception.
Whether it is or not supposed to be, it's too late, you're stuck.
Stuck in the crevices of my lobes.

Each moment of our encounters roll like oceanic waves slamming against the shore.
In my view, you and me, evolving in my imagination, creating fantasies that could become reality.

Eating my heart to those extreme ideas could be a setup for a letdown, so I calm myself down reverting back the actuality of the beginning stages.

The truth of the matter is, I can't help but to feel you somewhere in my soul.
Tickling my afterthoughts restoring the best celebrations of what is was and can be.

How do I remove you so that I can move forward with my day?
I can't because all that matters is you and me.
Why?

Call it fast, rushed or whatever but there is no helping that this, within me is happening.

I need help to control this.
Maybe if you gave me a halting statement, it will reduce the amount of affection

building up.

Who knows it may not happen tomorrow but I love the attention of the right now.

Am I wrong for having this voice of theory?

JenOfPoetry 'Metaphorically Speaking'

7/29/15

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Wandering Mind-

(Inspired by: The Silence of the Lambs)

Having random thoughts...

Thinking of the next step...

How to commence the action with dignity and style...

Caring about what others think...not really... maybe there should be some concern on the thoughts of others...

The power lies within...reaching for a pen...

Words...profound ink on the pad... defining & spelling of each

Spill familiarity to retrieve understanding... tating the mind

Words dancing giving enticing metaphors ...what meaning do they secure...? Is it real...

Man claim to have wisdom...

Gaining followers...

Feeding the empty minds with thoughts of their own beliefs...

Call it knowledge... is it that easy to accept and eat what is given as knowledge...

Mind awareness...why does the mind refuse to acknowledge all aspects word formations...

Is it still growing...?

Has it developed to the full capacity...?

Is it being cautious as to what it will let inside...?

Realization...

Everything...

Same words...different context...

Multiple meanings...

Imperfections...all living

Judgment...scandal...disrespect...hurt...pain...poverty...injustice...prejudice

Disliked...so why it is done...?

Follow the Golden Rule...Do to other as you want done to you...

Easier said than done...flip mode...Easier done than said...no need to say...it's already being done...

Jubilation...repute...respect...gratification...joy...riches...justice... equality...

The themes of life... pointe...deep...unimaginable...unexplainable...noteworthy... enough to go mentally mad...

JenOfPoetry

2/27/15

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

We To Us

What am I doing with you
My heart loves you strong
My mind tell me I am in for heartbreak
For a longtime now we have know each other..
Best friends we have become..
Do I take the risk and be happy for the moment
Am I smoking on that pipe called dreams...wishing and hoping we make it.
How much of myself to I put into you...
What is wrong with being just friends
I can still care for you
I can still be your rock and you mine.
Something deep in my heart is trying to come out..
Suppressing is causing pain...
A moment of mental intimacy I told you I loved you...
Your eyes gazed at me in awe saying you loved me too...
Do we have the same kind of love
Afraid to detail the feelings
Uncertain...curiosity take over fear
Mental collaboration... sorting out the pro's and con's of the what if's
Love me or in love with me you ask
Responding back.. Both
What would I be if I didn't know you
What where would I be if you were not here.
Trying to hold back these feelings... painful..
Releasing them gives relief..
Now the door is open
Do we close it or keep it open
Do we risk the WEfactor and further explore the possibilities of US...
Confident in US you take my hand
A tender kiss of love assures me...
Us can be forever...
Best friends and lovers...
Beautiful as the Heavens.

JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Wild Flower-Flower Of The Wild

A virgin to the world
Growing fast
Taking in things before time
What is right...What is wrong
Toxins grab hold...chokes the natural development
The protective shield from the ignorance of the world has been compromised
As growth progresses... the innocence dissipates
No sense of danger
Unknowing of what is waiting when the threshold is crossed
Where only the strong survive
Walking alone in a place full of harm... menace...devious ways
Who is near to watch over the lonely and gullible...
An amateur...lack of worldly experience...soon becomes a pro...
Adapting to the environment... full in knowledge
What seems to be love is hate... ready to devour all purity
Started as a bud of immature incorruptible chaste youth minded floret
Has become a ripe, flavorsome mentally middle aged wild flower
Fertilized with adulterated principles
Weeds of deception surround... creating illusion that this is how it is to be
A flower growing wild in...
What looks to be safe green
Is a semi sheer combination of
Honest betrayal,
Impartial immorality,
Authentic abhorrence
Yet still in the midst of all the debauchery
The enhancement of
Understanding
Acclimation to the surroundings
Have caused nature to revamp
Taking control...keeping the innocence in check
Reeducating the flower
Giving it a new way to flourish
Illuminating the beauty intended for all to see.
The Wild of a Flower
A Flower of the Wild

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JenOfPoetry METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING

Word Flow

It's my therapy
If I don't write
Things won't be quite right
I am at peace when I let my words flow

Like a psychotherapist, the pen listens to what I have to say and writes down every feeling and thought,
When My words are read, the understanding of who I am is revealed

Feel the flow of my words and you will feel the flow of who I am

I write because it takes away the speculations giving a perspective of what is really going on

Understand what I feel and know
I am at peace when I let my words flow.

Verbally speaking, my words only come out tangled and fumbled
Like a mute I write & let my words sore thru your eyes and ears giving you the mental picture I want you to see

Writing is my therapy

A sense of curiosity comes over me, what would happen if I didn't write

If I don't write of my words will take over my soul
growing, overflowing, taking up space creating a deluge
drowning my thoughts causing mental discomfort.

Let me be at peace to let my words flow

My heart
My family
My love
My pain
My dreams
My nightmares
My insecurities
My courage

My belief

My mind

The day to day activities

The smell of the cologne that wraps that sexy man that just walked by

That one who took me to that next level of pissitivity

The music that calms the savage within me

Writing is my therapy

I am at peace when I let my words flow

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2010

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