

Poetry Series

Jeong Jung
- poems -

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Jeong Jung()

A Second Of The Clock

Tick tock listen to the clock
that counts the seconds which go by.
With each second which passes
a life is born,
a life goes,
and yet time keeps ticking.
With each second
someone smiles, and laughs,
someone breaks down and someone cries.
with each tick that passes
someone feels loved
someone feels lonely
and with each tock
someone sleeps
someone awakes
and yet each second on the clock seems the same
the same sound which goes,
tick, tock, tick, tock.

Jeong Jung

A Way With Words

How to describe
ways to explain
Phrases in order to entertain
books and stories
novels and plays
words will always have their ways

methods of teaching
perceptions to paint
thickening of themes which seem to go faint
poetry and motos
morals and event of the day
Words will always have their ways.

Conversations with colligues
and chats with mates
fortune tellers with people's fates
Sorrays and Thank yous
Hellos and Good days
Words will always have their ways

Disputes over preferences
arguements over acts
angry shouts of those who can't face the facts
Harsh words and fustration
explanations and apologies which pays
Words will always have their ways.

Jeong Jung

Disaster Linguist

French and spanish seem the same to me
Latin, German I do not seem to see
Verbs and participles are something quite very queer
and Dutch in particular, not a word to I hear.

Teachers have tried to help me remember
little tips and phrases since early September
But being me, I can't comprehend
the vocab and accents which drive me around the bend.

The talent is useful all teachers agree
But I was never a linguist, everyone can see!
If only the whole world only spoke in one way
there would be no trouble, well, for me anyway.

I'll never be a linguist
It's pretty clear to see
Because French and spanish seem the same to me!

Jeong Jung

Golden Boy

Your hair is radiant in the light
Each curl and ringlet in perfection
Your smile, a comforting glow,
Moist as dew on grass is your complexion
And teeth as white as crisp snow
Your eyes are cream, praline brown,
Such faultless face can never hold imperfection as a frown,
With perfect shape in cheek and chin,
She simply stops to stare
At golden boy in sunlight blaze
Dazzling in virtue

Jeong Jung

Jade

Jade is the zest of a lime
Jade is the stem of a tree
Jade is the smell of the lawn
Jade is the salt in the sea

Magenta is the flush in embarrassment
Magenta is the blossom of a rose
Magenta is the juice of a raspberry
Magenta is a sweet lily which grows

Cyan is the cool of the wind
Cyan is the breeze of the waves
Cyan is the sky above us
Cyan is the polar ice caves

Jade is the zest of a lime
Jade is the stem of a tree
Jade is the smell of the lawn
Jade is the salt in the sea

Jeong Jung

Lesson From The Soup Can.

I'll tell you of a story,
Of something quite so strange,
Which started with a soup can,
From the Asda® organic range,

I went towards the aisle
To pick up my errands,
Then a sparkling pile of cans,
Caught my very eye.

I was dragged towards it in utter shock,
My brain was finally lit,
I stepped towards the great big stock.
As if my head had been hit,

I practically floated,
Across the white, shiny floor,
I read the sign above the pile,
And my boredom it had tore,

The sign below read;
"Free Game Here!
In every can of soup"
It echoed...echoed silently, in my ear it looped

I grabbed another and one more,
But then my body froze,
I dropped the basket on the ground,
It then did make me doze.

It was not as if I had fainted,
The feeling was not the same.
Yet I was morphing as one creation,
And entering a brand new game,

"Level 1" said a voice
which boomed from far and near,
I was in a maze of pixels.
My figure looked quite queer.

I was not me; not the same,
In appearance not the ways I moved,
For I was like a "Less than sign"
As in maths we had been proved

My view was blocked with many spots,
which was not the greatest treat
However I was put as the job;
These dots I had to eat.

They tasted like nothing I had known,
Its flavour can not be told,
But as there was no mould and spores,
I was guessing; it can't be that old!

I was then chased around by jelly-men,
Who seemed to be quite cruel
As they were made with bits of soup,
And flesh was made of gruel

They came from left, they sludged from the right,
And attacked me from behind,
Yet I was lucky to escape,
Though it was quite very tight.

Then out of the blue was a giant spot,
Which was bigger than the rest.
It seemed to stop the jelly-men,
The spot had frozen the pest.

I kept on running far away,
And then a beeping sound was made,
It sounded like the game had finished,
Just like in the High street arcade.

I'd had enough, It was hard work,
I wanted to quit this game,
Yet no exit sign had caught my eye,
Yet I was the one to blame.

I never knew a Can would do,

As much of harm as this,
Yet, if I had known the consequences,
I wouldn't have made this risk,

Yet I was still trapped in the world,
Were Black surrounded you,
Until it was "Level two"
You would turn an electric blue,

I shed a tear of sadness,
My Joy this game had robbed,
But why oh why in all this glory,
Does a game so make me sob?

I had to be brave and strong,
to get out of the place of doom.
But I was worn down and couldn't move,
I was attacked by a shadow of gloom,

I was stuck as if my controls weren't working.
It gave me a moment of fright,
I was gobbled down by the jelly-men,
And it sure did give me a fright.

However, I was lucky,
I was back at Asda® store,
I put back the cans in an instant,
I couldn't possibly stand anymore,

I went straight to the list on the paper,
Held tight in my shaking hand,
It was all I was buying,
I stuck to it tight as a rubber band,

I never again will side-track,
No more soup cans for me,
And if I were to come across a sign,
I would pretend I didn't see.

Unless. Of course it was something,
That stayed there on my mind,
I might just have a little look,

Though an adventure I may find!

Jeong Jung

Little Black Child

I am a child,
a little black boy,
Facing the world of inequality,
If only I had skin like snow
I wouldn't feel great pity,
My skin is dark as ebony wood
my hair as tangled as yarn
I stand alone in this world
I am the one who experiences harm
My appearance earns me all the worst
kicks, punches and thumps
and when I go home my mother asks;
'Why the bruises, cuts and bumps? '
But I don't speak, 'coz there's nothing to be done
I, Little black boy, have no fun,
I stand alone in this world
Where justice needs to be unfurled.

Jeong Jung

My Last...

If I were to live this day,
as if it were my last,
I'd not think of what was to come,
But look back upon the past,

If I were to live this day,
as if I'd die tomorrow,
I'd keep a smile upon my face,
and brush away the sorrow,

If I were to live this day,
as if the world would end,
I'd greet all people with a grin,
and ask to be their friend,

If I were to live this day,
And knew that no more would come,
I'd put some effort in everything,
and show love to everyone,

If I would try my best in things,
When a time would be my last,
I may consider in trying now,
before my day is past...

Jeong Jung

Opinions

There is no 'must' in opinions
There is no right nor wrong
Whether white is black
Or black is blue
It all depends on you.

If you hate the bitter winter
and love the scorching sun
who's to say that you are right
or that you are definitely wrong?

If you look outside and see hatred
But your neighbour sees bounds of joy
who has the right to judge between
the opinions of you and I?

If you feel that life is short
and perhaps too long for some
who's to say that you are right
or that your opinion is wrong?

There is no 'must' in opinions
There is no right nor wrong
whether white is black
or black is blue
It all depends on you.

Jeong Jung

Something To Say

I see you smile and I'm sorry,
I can't get myself to say,
And it seems to drag and hurt even more
With every passing day,
I picture your face when I tell you,
That I can't be here no more,
But it would hurt me too much if tears from your eyes
Was the last thing of you I saw,
I want to stay, believe me,
But that is a choice I can never make
Please help me stay a little longer
Just for your own sake
My heart bleeds to think that your will heart split
When I tell you the reality which I cannot but hate,
I'm not going to be here anymore
I want to tell you before it's too late.

Jeong Jung

Sweet Shop

Take out a penny and clasp it in your hand,
Scan the jars of humbugs and strawberry lace strands,
Lick your lips in satisfaction and yearn for sweet taste
Different sweets, some hard and some as smooth as paste,
sherbert saucers tingle and melt gently in sheer delight,
cola bottles bring sour glee just with only a sight,
Toffee bonbons and fudge pieces bring supreme hunger
seeing candy everywhere, I cant wait much longer...

Jeong Jung

The Riddler

A puzzle can get lost sometimes
And its job as you can tell
Is to complete a picture of some kind
Perhaps of a fairy tale

A note is part of something big
Classic, rock or rap
Every part is enjoyable
Even a simple tap,

A word of mouth is something small
But when it has a meaning,
It can change our speech or act
For words are worth believing

The queries in the world
Are ones that can intrigue
To solve a matter of some kind
That will make us all believe.

A Failure can let us down,
But achievements will make you thrive
When time can overwhelm you
What is it for that you can strive?

Jeong Jung

Wishing Won'T Get You Anywhere...

If you did spot a star tonight,
I ask what would you do?
Would you sit and wish upon it.
and hope it would come true?

If you did blow your wishing flame,
I ask what would you do?
Would you just hope the flame would carry,
your wishes up in the blue?

If you did clasp a special locket,
I'd ask what would you do?
Would you yearn for things to happen,
and wait for a little clue?

I'd ask, what's wishing without trying,
Will your dreams and hopes come true?
If I were you, I wouldn't wait,
But act upon what I want to do.

Jeong Jung