

Poetry Series

John G. Nelson
- poems -

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John G. Nelson(August 24,1976)

My name is John G. Nelson. I was born in a small Village in Liberia On August 24,1976.

I could consider myself a writer without talents, However, it is the force of manifold emotions that Drive my passion for writing poetry. I strongly believe Writing as an art, can be found in anyone who wishes to find it within themselves.

Every human born of flesh, is vulnerable to stress As a result, I strive to make use of the pen to redress. As a human, there `re many things causing distress, There`re reasons for these emotions to be addressed. When emotions `re properly manage, they gie reasons Why they exist or why they taunt, for whole seasons.

Human`s emotions `re gifts, not bundles of pain or toil They exist to add taste to human life not heart to spoil. Choice your best weapons to deal with your emotions, It is to every human who decide to reap the best potions. When emotions aren`t contain, they'll leave you deaf & blind. *****

jnelson7@

! ! Who Dare To Save Me

The love of a woman is killing me.
My heart is inflamed, it is craving.
poisoned by a potion of sweet love,
and blinded by sweet lips & kisses,
who dare to save me?

I'm entrapped in a cave, deep under,
Entangle in webs of sweet influence
Of love which lay snares & beams.
I Baffled love, I do not comprehend,
rustling in its memories & mysteries..

My heart rises for the unknown.
Something deepen then the ocean
And as Stronger as first love, that
caged my mind in the wilderness,
Cloud me with doubts day & night.

How I wish to undo these spells
Unlock my heart from these bondages.
And how strong, these radiance of love,
And how mighty those glorious eyes.
Who dare to save me?

John G. Nelson

A Husband's Due

'tis too soon to call,
But I couldn't fight my falls
To sent you roses and kisses,
To fill your desires & wishes

Your love makes me whole
unfold mysteries thus fold
Your love is true & faithful
'tis pleasant & yet bountiful

Your beauty never sleeps
It sit on the mountain steep.
Bliss in the heavens be won,
My heart is pumping for you.

My ambition's ever endless
Passion storm doth priceless
Dance me to the end of love,
Into a fresh beautiful moves.

I'll never write a sad songs,
Or strike heart with thongs
I'll Never let a single tear falls,
I Handle with care, when call.

In the hour of grief and pains,
In the gloomiest hour of rains
My heart lives it solemn vows,
Endless love my heart will sow.

John G. Nelson

Across The Land

Yester across the land of our birth,
A place of once wonders, once mirth,
Crowded with smiles to every streams,
Cheer by customary values & dreams.

Today across villages, cities & towns
Love, caress, brotherhood once own,
Lay dead & bleed by hatred & wars.
Our kind broaden by agony places far.

Today across forest, savannah & hills,
Sound multitude of distresses & pains,
Diseases, death themselves giving bills,
Whilst hunger laying hands to drain.

Today, days themselves has stood still,
& the Nights themselves muddle & fill,
But tomorrow hope will gleam at morn
& each one will grace himself & adorn.

30/08/2008

John G. Nelson

An Aging Soul

An aging soul, silent nights & seasons
How we count days, amount just a few
And fight against the judgments of time.
To extend, stretch the brevity of life.

An aging soul, man seeks power to save
fight aging, death to which we're slaves
and neither sorrow nor agitations asleep,
here in our bones, we fight ills that creep,

There exist Many sorrows, trials & pains
Whose hands wreck, annihilate our gains
we search vigor, place hope in our bones,
Unfortunately, life springs and fast gone.

Who could hold still, the breath of life?
Dreams & hopes, a sudden smile & gains
Whose friendship, love last, but few mist?
& Far more with life, there is no bargain.

Aging soul, a woe of some divine despair
Can't escape, the lonely nights here below,
But wail the dread of death and sorrows,
And call God to soften, the fears that arise.

John G. Nelson

Babylon

Babylon, the ravenous wolf, □
whose hands Strangle the weak,
Devour the poor, pummel the small,
Plunder life, woes on the fatherless.

The wild beast, the dark serpent,
Whose hands sing wars & destructions
Creating mayhem & chaos in places,
& Murder those refusing to pay her.

Babylon, how she calls to doom,
Fetter them roots, mar them breast
Plunder them wealth, lead them death
Rot young foliage, steal them souls.

Babylon, the father of all injustices
He Praise and give birth to tyrannies,
& hide his hands amend peace treaties,
Whilst he torture the poor, the weak.

Babylon, the mighty white shark
Devour without mercy, power to tug
Come eat them alive, drink them blood,
and massacre, enslave them children.

John Nelson Sunday, October 16,2005

John G. Nelson

Beautiful Butterfly

A beautiful butterfly flies high above.
It gracefully emits, warm rays of love.
flies & swings its wings, like a dove.

beautiful colours, it glitters like gold
Sweet, calm, sweet message it holds
Warm, tender it's lights never grow old.

It opens its wings & makes day brighter.
It sends sweet rays, makes heart lighter.
it breathes love, to make faces softer.

It warmly charms hearts, soul & minds,
cheerful smile, merit in its wing you'll find.
The purest flush in its eyes wink so kind.

7/28/2006 John Nelson

John G. Nelson

Can We Chat?

As I combed, browsed the internet
A memorable day, my old coronet,
A déjà vu, those my radiance deep
whose treasure, memories, I keep

I said 'hello to an unknown face.
& got hello in return, to run or race?
let fondle words, our saying & chat,
she said, but not like a cat.

I stay for a moment to embrace
& we fondled in an amazing pace
She said, I find a brilliant mind at last
& my time has not come to waste.

As we embrace each passing words,
We both express delights for our cords.
and hope, we both stay by our rules,
in time, words could be faithful & true.

She typed in delights, an unusual way
that mingle with laughter, pleasure lay,
Words written were kind & pleasing,
& expressed with indescribable feelings.

John G. Nelson

Can'T Sleep

I can't rest, I can't breathe easily
I can't sleep, I can't dream clearly.
Anxieties, pains beat me so easily
I've pleaded, they spoke unkindly.
Faces turn; they walk inattentively.

I can't write a word properly,
I grasp not my thoughts clearly
Hatred, animosity breed in silently.
I love, hope but falls short easily.
& Wounds can't erase so quickly.

I grasp not why I'm treated differently
Alien I'm named, & curse persistently.
dream never pleased, deny consistently
I'm given pain, & fear to chew, silently
The beast has no heart; it inflates daily.

John nelson 7/26/2005

John G. Nelson

Comforts

Catch my tears when it falls,
Fend my fears when it calls,
Save my heart from its gall.

Sing to me in a mellow tone.
Whistle wisdoms in my ears.
Speak gentle as a love song.

Feed my heart with graces,
Sow zest to yield warm face
Awaken my eyes in bonny,

Kiss my cheeks in temperate
Hug me soft, to feel its palate
Embellish my heart in solace.

Create in me the fruits of joy,
Make me jolly and stronger,
Lest I frighten, give up my soul

·
Place me on a bed of comfort
Gather my disquieting thoughts,
Evanesce it deep into the earth.

Soften my heart with fragrances
Grease my soul with sweet oil
Perfume them with endless love.

John G. Nelson

Dance Me To Love

Dance me to the end of love,
hear the sound of violet plays,
make me feel, make me sweet.
hold me like a singing harp.

Bend me to the sweet melody,
Like a flower bends in the wind.
Sense the trumpet makes it calls,
Taste it rhythm, when it echoes.

Sway me to a Spanish guitar.
Make me smile, make me laugh.
Kiss me as a clarinet on your lips.
Feed me the vibes of kettledrum.

Enrich me on the dance floor,
with mighty sound of sweet beats.
Sing me soft; say my name sweet.
Make me dance in the moonlight.

Sing your beauty, sing your love.
Please me with your glorious eyes,
Make your love kind, how smooth,
Teach me your secret, kiss my lips.

John G. Nelson

Day Has Broken Since

Day has broken ever since
Dressing up to get to work
Here to walk, getting train
Sound of it arrival, it wings

Ye `re so many getting out
Ye `re so many getting in...
Smiles & sometime frowns
Yet the dawn seem pretty

Ride pretty, but soon ends,
Yet, walking many miles still,
Distance widens & embraces
If at all, I couldn't praise today?

Here I spoke with my boss
Yet, I couldn't get started,
How disappointing a day,
I pleaded, but got no smile

Here, stands a lonely day
Chatting with young plants
Looking the sky for comfort
And listening to passing cars.

(17 June 2007)

John G. Nelson

Dear Heart

Dear heart, why rise in flurry,
Pierce yourself, sore bones for love?
As though no courage, strength prove
I taught you well, but you keep falling

Dear heart, why do you breathe fast,
Why don't you strive, fight and last?
Why squall and bemoan on gift past?
Sigh no more, be blithe and be bonny?

Dear heart, why groan, wail in vain?
swirl vapors of tears, bringing rain?
fighting for treasure, that never last?
Rest please, do not troubles cast

Dear heart, why sorrow and wail?
and writhe, lay in the blazing sun?
besmear with fear, guilt and doubt?
The world, lay not on your shoulders.

Dear heart, why crave pleasure pursue
and material wealth, striving for gold
toil days, nights, accumulating wealth
Hunger not, squander not your health

John G. Nelson

Dear Mother

Dear sweet mother,
I thank & bless thee, oh dear mother,
So much love, can't compare to another,
I recall thy love, hugs all thru the night,
Making me strong as a fearless knight.

Dear sweet mother,
Before my birth, below the chest,
Thou endured stress, though ne'er rest,
and o'er nine decades, thou tasted toil,
nurturing my heart, beneath the soil.

Dear sweet mother,
I'll forget not kisses & love thou instill,
Not thy mercies, thy caress & good will.
When tears fill these eyes every morn,
I delighted thy fondness & sweet corn.

Dear sweet mother,
I eat strength from thee who impart,
Fruits of thy lips, from me ne'er depart,
but endure as an olive tree at present,
Fighting with lances during thy absent.

Dear sweet mother,
Thank so, for the love that walks along,
Ere noon, I'll sing thou a beautiful song.
I appreciate the bright hours of thy days,
Grace to thee & carry peace all thy days.

John G. Nelson – 11/01/2008

John G. Nelson

Distance Love

If you were here with me
I kiss lips; moisturize them
I kiss tears & pains away
I saturate heart with love
Hold & express love meaning.
I close eyes & breathe you
Like breath of a beautiful spring

If my words could express all,
I'd become bread of consolation
to your beautiful & loving heart.
fire sets ablaze by loneliness,
I'll extinguish with tender kisses.
Because love for you is purer than
Snow & it is whiter than any milk

John G. Nelson

Does She Know

Does she know, light glitters from her cute orbs,
mountain breeze, sweet dreams, I absorb?
Like flowery gardens, her love streams gaiety
She rekindles my heart with streams of felicity
does she really know, how much she worth?

Does she know her grace, my ambitions fills,
Instilling a divine gift, love become my pills?
Screaming her name in silent, love inflames
Words can't express my beautiful theme
does she really know, I'm going crazy?

Does she know roses blossom when she smiles,
Trees waver branches, birds utter songs from miles?
Showering wonders, she's my limpid pool of desire.
Every word utter brings me an indescribable feeling,
does she know I joy much that I found her?

February 4,2007 John Nelson

John G. Nelson

Everyday

Everyday, decision `re made
love can become choice we make
Everyday, true loves `re saved
Honesty and realities do wave

Everyday, promises `re sown
lifting up dreams drowning
Everyday, love is made strong
Fragrances made to last long

Everyday, serves it own purpose
Opportunities opening like roses
Everyday, great gifts `re given
Ambitions and dreams `re driven

Everyday, hearts, hope `re adorn
with blissful period every morn
everyday, warm rays `re shone
to broken bones and faces prone.

Everyday, our lives `re made new
With beautiful thoughts to review
Everyday our hearts face challenges
some muddle up, some put a bridle
24/07/2007

John G. Nelson

Grant Me Less To Grieve

Oh life, grants me less to grieve,
that I may find pleasure & love
but, I utter not so soon of dying.
rather some comforts to groans.

Oh heaven, ease your blazing heats
& give crumps of comfort, I may eat.
To fatten bones and brighten smiles,
& escape my wounds & distresses.

Oh love, do refresh & comfort me,
And Soften your hands and lips,
And Show me your kindness of faith
To live in harmony with my fears.

John Nelson 3/30/2007

John G. Nelson

Groans

Groans

Thereâ€™re groans, after all is said.
Hurts and troubles hole & bruise,
Whence disquieting thoughts sway,
And Imprison my joys and cheers.

Somewhere, hurts pummel bones,
Make me groan, I neglect my peace.
Sometime, I cry my heart out to God,
Questioned, how could this happen.

Grief and sorrow become my eyes,
They make me see sins and woes,
Agonies & groans become my gob
They Curse, make me feel unworthy.

Sometime, I find no taste for life,
My Ailing emotions hurts and burn.
Many time, Silence become my voice,
And agitations become my thoughts.

7/19/2011

John G. Nelson

Heartache

My heart aches for all I've seen
& my many spectres pummel me.
My thoughts keep sorrowing me,
they keep asking these questions.

my emotions sore for all I've felt.
I often weep, weep days & nights.
Fear & anger dwindle my bones,
my room become their sepulchre.

John G. Nelson
06/08/2008

John G. Nelson

Here I Am

Here I'm, washed in pains
I uttered, no one listened
My Heart is consumed,
agitated by broken love.

Here I'm, weak and Tired
I hoped, I've not received
My eyes beheld, yet burned
By fierceness of broken love

Here I'm, heart broken
I wished, realized nothing
My Ears hear of love, scream,
In pains, encircle in its debris.

Here I'm, but became weary
I bid, love taste no good
Screaming, wailing about.
disquieting soul, I've become.

Here I'm, dreadful of love
If I try out words upon my heart
will my heart become happier?
My heart lives in desolate places.

17/11/2007 John G. Nelson

John G. Nelson

Home

I've walked, I've seen beautiful sight,
I've lain, I've rested in beautiful height.
Just imagine the situation how slight.
Yet, it's troubling, it's a dreadful plight.
Spring gone, there 're more to come,
I just wish I was home.

I've waited long in this dreadful place,
Struggling too long, in this restless race.
Somewhere, exist kisses in my letters
Softening my heart, I've not felt better
Summer gone, there are more to come,
I just wish I was home.

□

Beautiful Songs of soul, I always pleasure.
By night, I recline on sofa during my leisure,
Yet, I blend in stress, my bone squashes
Frustrated; my hope suddenly dashes
Autumn gone, there are more to come.
I just wish I was home.

See aging soul, how far it has come
Picture my ordeals, see what I become
I'm surrounded by million of nice folks,
Yet, my words 're cold, I'm still alone
Winter gone, there 're more to come
I just want to go home.

John G. Nelson

I Adore Thee

I adore thy incredible smile, pretty as love itself
I compose thou a song, tune dripping from above
I fear not any casualty, my heart seal deep in love
I rest so pleased, well content, my lass I deeply love
I joy well here, in thy ardent arms, I feel no cold

I retrace the flowery days, most wondrous sphere
I gather sweet violet, this my choice and my cheer
I glitter, the light that shines, comes from thy orbs
I wish more than my heart holds, but well absorb
I beseech thou, stay with me, may thy love proceed

John G. Nelson 17/12/2006

John G. Nelson

I Ate My Fill

I ate my fill of tears and sorrow
From darker days & brutal nights
Harsh winds and cruel speeches.
How errors wobble hands & legs,
But God harden and brace.

Not in fear of man knees are bent
Nor forces of creation, heart weary.
I'd endured odds during the ages,
And yonder; I found my escape,
I rise and fill my soul quiescence.

I'll endure and dwell south & north,
Amid the large & small, those hating me.
But I have not drunk hatred or anger,
with hatred my tongue I've not spoken
but with Patience I found my peace.

John G. Nelson

I Can'T Explain

I can't explain, trees, stars & lights,
The winds that blow north & south,
But I can tell the reason, I love you,
Pretty, lips, glorious eyes & kinds.

I can't explain manifold show drops
The heavens, moonlight & snowflake,
But I know how to dry your teardrops,
comfort, during disquieting thoughts.

I can't explain why the birds sing,
The nightingale, sparrows & robins,
But I can tell why you sound so sweet,
Your wits, that mingle with wisdoms.

I can't explain the science of love,
The Beauty, kisses, honesty and roses,
But I can tell why, your love is so true.
Your equity of love, deeper than the ocean.

John G. Nelson

I Cry Sometime

I am alone, quarrelling with silence
Those emotions burst & so inflamed
how distresses grew and multiplied
troubles upon my heart, like a stone?
This is why I cry sometime.

I am alone, no one lived my hurts,
Agitations & pains become my friends
Afflictions, agony become my thoughts,
cheer & love decayed, faded & gone.
This is why I cry sometime.

Many my bruises, hurt constantly,
My disquieting thoughts, my wails
Pummelled many days, many nights,
Squandered my peace, faith & taste.
This is why I cry sometime.

I am alone, My God sees below
how my heart eaten by these anxieties,
Kindly pardon me oh my God, Jehovah
Help me, If I've failed holding my faith.
This is why I cry sometime.

May 9,2008

John G. Nelson

I Feign Not My Love

I feign not my love

I feign not my love for thee,
Not my touches, not my kisses.
& I fondle thee nights & days
& my caress shall prove true.

You will appreciate my kind,
When love graces thou heart,
& love rich in comfort & kind,
Embraces, to yield thee warm

My love and kisses are real,
Not mingle with false stories,
To yield thee distrust or distress
But to comfort thee all thy days.

I feign not my smiles for thee,
Not my laughter or my happiness,
For in thee, I'm blithe and bonny
& my emotions, I won't hide.

John G. Nelson 16/12/2006

John G. Nelson

I Gaze At Human

I gaze man greed, he never please.
his quest for more, he never cease.
thoughts smear evil, treacherous fills
He walks pride, the grave, he fills.

His craved for gold, ruined the earth
Sow seeds of hunger, ills and death
His search for more, quest for science
Blind his eyes, numb is conscience.

In every streets, man worship stones
sworn to put, Caesar on God's throne.
He make a taunt, God is weak and slow,
Darken his heart, in his evils, he glows.

In his angers, man paints God cruel
wage wars in himself, his wails & pains
There is no God, he shout in his anger
but dooms by some divine despairs.

God send his boons by means of a man,
whose hands, man is redeem from woes.
with God, no cruelty, but kinds and love,
give praise to God, for he's Good.

John G. Nelson

I Love Her

I love her

I love her & I can't fight my fall,
days, nights, I dream & beam love.
I've seen the faces of love & grace,
walk the heavens, walk the galaxies.

I love her, how she makes me feel,
Blithe & splendid my heart glows.
every place & city, I find her sweet,
kind, I wonder my life without her.

I love her, she cheer me with kisses,
lips intoxicate me, it's so amazing
Hands `re so tender & so beautiful
love is everywhere, even in her tears

I shall hold on with a passion,
treasure every memories of love.
Yet, songs & speeches aren't enough
To describe how wonderful she breathe.

John G. Nelson

I Wish

I wish, I wrote you a poem,
That could sing, comfort & love,
Calm all disquieting thoughts,
That lay hopes in stones.

I wish, I wrote you a poem,
That could Mend broken hearts,
Give deeper meaning to love,
Calls the stars, to peace & cheer.

I wish, I wrote you a poem,
That could undo hurts & sorrows,
Swallow up hates & crimes, that
Lay dooms in everyone bones.

I wish, I wrote you a poem,
That could make everyone wiser,
Give insights to love and cherish,
Sow humanity, sow obedience.

I wish I wrote you a poem,
That could declare God's love
Help grasp his name, as Jehovah,
His blessings, his mercy to man.

I wish I wrote you a poem,
That could explain life and death,
Life is conscious, that he will die,
But death is conscious of nothing.

I wish I wrote you a poem,
That could give hopes & dreams,
Declare everyone, worthy & beautiful,
blacks or whites, the rich or the poor.

By John Nelson
20/12/2006

John G. Nelson

I Wish Not Make Choice For You

I wish not make any choice for you,
& differences can hinder true ways,
& what you purpose in your heart,
appears true on the outside.

I speak of things, that belongs to you.
My hands taunt not, words are clear,
& what the heart feeds, become real,
in time, life shall tell, false or true.

how did I come to love you so much?
fondling your smiles, & beautiful lips,
& I wish you well, beams of true lights,
that add smiles to your glaring beauty.

Do not shrink, if love faded & gone,
choose you strength, to glow & gain,
And Your choice of wisdom & dreams,
shall grace you & count you worthy.

John G. Nelson

If We Die

If we die, would death brings calms
Lay hopes and riches in our palms?
And If hardships live on the earth,
Should it give applause for death?

If the sun & moon fall from heaven
and Creations have no save haven.
Be the end, all creations should fall,
Should men call God to save us all?

If death cease our love one today,
And Our hearts wail and hold sway.
We cried, sang songs to rest the dead
whilst others groan & wept to plead.

If loves decayed, faded and gone,
Bruise our hearts, mold us like stones,
We would Lie in hates & hopelessness
Bury in oceans of disloyalty & darkness.

3-8-2008

John G. Nelson

Lay The Blame Upon Jah (God)

I heard human say, it is God will
and glooms from the cradle, he bills.
And woes, cover us in dust & sorrow,
A Life and joy, no human merits.

I heard, "he put curses on human,
Who curses, the one making man?
Tragedies, pains call human by names
Millions perished in wars and flames.

If God cares he will do something
Grant hearts rest, but he does nothing.
Why gave us sorrows and pains below
Laying our soul in the arms of death?

Who metes the heavens, not God? " "
Who Call each stars by his name,
Sets boundaries of river & great oceans,
Yet our kind wail, some divine despairs

God is loves, merciful & powerful,
gives human many garments of blessings
to help creations soften hearts & spirits.
to discern the evils, befalling man today.

John G. Nelson

Life In Refuge Camp

Scorches of war, how the stars rot...
in blazing heat, soul strips in camps
doom by long waits, torn by distress,
how curse made us lesser amid men?

How we end up, our values dwindled,
replace by hurts, wails & bad memories?
when long waits, fade beauty and hopes
lay dreams in cages, feed fears & anger.

Men made us objects, threw us yonder,
And lay a judge upon skins & religions
How hearts became property of the state,
and bends by decrees, limit by boundary?

A land from where we came, sang wars
Cried fears, live amid hate and groaned,
Whose hands injured our eyes & hearts,
Now lay us waste in refugee camps.....

How men pity our soul, saw us nothing
unworthy we felt, we sat down and wept
saw ourselves slave to men & commands
chained as a refugee, caged like a bird....

01/10/2006 John Nelson

John G. Nelson

Life, Not An Easy Road

Life, not an easy road.....
Confronted by sudden events
Then strain & bruise by taxes.
How the strong got so weak,
How the rich became so poor?
& befriend fear & agitations,

And then, who shall tell us how?
When we dreams more riches,
Wedlock become poisoned air,
When life bids pleasure & pain,
Disease, illness decree us doom,
& We give up all our treasures.

If we lie in a thousand dreams,
For life has crammed us full....,
We take up race to the finish,
Which creations nag & pain,
In winter night & summer day,
We shall endure another day.

A world to which we're born,
When human craves giving up,
Chains to the thoughts of death,
& reckon life beyond the grave.
When our spirit pushes few miles,
We'll learn grace & endurance.

John G. Nelson

Lost Key

Look yonder, my pains, my wails,
Feel my lost hope, my lost dreams,
How dark are the days without you,
I still cry, when I remember you.

Where are those warm, those arms,
And those smooth and gentle hands,
Those glorious eyes, laugh and smiles,
I still cry, when I hear your songs.

Send your kisses, lighten my wings
Save me from waits and dying stress,
How waits kill many smiles & beauties.
& I dream of yours, peaceful mind.

I have searched for you, far & near
Searched the oceans, the mountains,
The heavens, I Screamed your name,
But echoes & pains, I got in return.

23/7/2003. JOHN G. NELSON

John G. Nelson

Love Believes

Love believes, it has no doubt
It Spills hopes, beams smiles
Feel, taste, enjoy it as it beguile.

Love wishes, it fill the stream
It dreams the sweetest dream
It make ambitions come alive

Love kisses, it soften hearts
It sees, breathes no injuries
Love smiles as beautiful arts

Love doesn't expect perfections
It makes allowance for frailties
Love is intellectually intelligent.

Love doesn't provoke, it bears
It is genuine, it's long suffering.
Love awakens minds; it cherishes

Love is righteous, it has no sin,
It blossom, flushes, lives within
Love is eternity, never grow old.

1/20/2008 John G. Nelson

John G. Nelson

Love Beneath The Stars

As we lie beneath the beautiful stars,
While grace, passion wave us from far
let our hearts, minds sparkle with love,
Bringing tears of happiness from above.

As we hold each other to our hearts,
Making our wishes, ambitions impart,
Let pour out all our love which instill,
Because `tis true love that we now fulfill.

As we kiss, taking away our sorrow,
Watering, softening our hearts below
Let us treasure this moment and mettle
And see how far we've come to fondle.

As we rekindle our vow & wedlock rings,
And giving ears to our beautiful offspring
Let us embrace tears, fill with warm rays
Yet, give God all we earn to bless our days.

04/01/2008 John G. Nelson

John G. Nelson

Love, I Be In It

Love is so faithful & true,
It's perfect, I shall fill myself.
It honors, cherishes I'm well please,
somewhere, I shall hide myself in it.

For those who beloved one perished
Love still live on & on, I shall die in it.
It's pure, beautiful, I shall shine in it.
In my heart, I make my sorrow smile.

In the very eyes of those I shall love,
Love itself shall glitter so as the sun
& shall sway as those of strong wind.
& I shall cover my own heart with it.

John G. Nelson

My Country At War

My country is at war, she rots,
Our hearts wail, many woes & sins,
The sadness that sat with us & wept,
& the Sorrows that held us captives,
Our hearts burned, sore with fears.

When did we shivered, with pains,
Shame that bends our heads in dirt?
We once dance like our forefathers,
With the stars & peace in our arms,
Love our values, our countrymen.

When did we awaken in hates & in
Anger to strike & kill with the swords?
Dead flesh, bones lay in streets to rot,
& Sorrows and death walk the streets,
Whilst we hide our eyes from death.

My country at war, days we cried,
Days we hunger, to eat wood & stones.
How we thirst, to drink mud & vinegar,
Our gob sore, stomach groaned & cried,
We sat with pains and we wept.

My country at war, days we perished,
Sons and daughters, marching to die,
Our anguished sisters raped & tortured,
When all soul, that went, never returned
We sat down with agonies & wept.

John nelson\25/ 5/2003

John G. Nelson

My Distance Maid

I endlessly dreamed, heart never bar
Caring & pleasing, so much love to give
Craving a stranger, it deepens my dive.
O love, love has set its yoke upon me.

Let me woo you my love, night & day
Taking my heart to a distance planet
Giving my heart in exchange for love
Lay bare my heart & treasure for you

Come again, I'll fall in love over & over
whilst my heart find comfort loving you.
I'd wonder, if love & grace I shall learn
Sharing my deepest feeling bury below.

Quarrel or broil, my heart has not quit,
Every word seem pretty, you lay a spell
& my heart has drunk your water & win
My visions, you're my distance maid

16/12/2008 John G. Nelson

John G. Nelson

My Heart Cried

Into the Far East, the strong wind blows
All we have shared have come this low.
I once heard songs of sweet melody
And roses appearing in sweet candy.

All we have share seem, but yesterday
And we have forgotten everything, but today.
I wish I didn't wish so hard, for thing I missed
Yet, I wish, I could bear the things, I now missed.

I reminisce what we once shared, but it hurts
Maybe I'm yet to understand what really spurts
I wish things had not change, the way they are
But, I stand aging in love and my heart lay bare

Sometime, Our calm Hearts could love so much,
And sometime, our tiring heart hates so much.
Yet, we can't fathom, why our lovely heart bleed.
And we never find the right ingredient to feed.

I still reminisce the songs you sang in the woods
Every words that came from you is, but sweet food
My heart would laugh, if you would smile back at me
my heart would glitter with love, if you sing back at me.

My heart is calling your name now can you not hear it?
My heart is hoping to embrace you can you not see it?
Maybe I can show you the world and all its magical rays
I'd picked a star from the sky, just for this wonderful day

John G. Nelson

My Heart Is A Man

My heart is a man,
For every pains & tears he cries,
every Harsh winds, getting him dry
sorrow, hurts & sadness, befalling..
Make it harder, taking breath below.

My heart is a man, a hidden treasure,
He Hides secrets in silence sealed....,
Fights emotions with lances & shields,
to conceal face from shame & guilt.

He lives solemn vows in faded loves
His quest for love, spills & kills him,
finding himself, creating relationships
screaming noble acts of faith & loyalty.

His anxieties savage by fear & doubt
fierce sun, rains feeding his ambitions
while love of freedom & hope abates.
Stronger desires, it has reasons to rise.

Dare not be poor, searched for riches
Honor his pride & uphold his dignities
Sense his worth, rank in higher places
Yet, held in captivity by love, by lass.

John G. Nelson, 1/29/2008

John G. Nelson

My Heart Is In Thy Hands

My heart is in thy beautiful hands
Hold me right, it may not be broken
Hold me, kiss my fear & pains away
Hold me, breathe thy love into me

My words are on thy wise tongue
Words `re beautifully describe as true
When spoken from thy priceless lips
They become the songs for healing

My love is rising, burning for thee
My love's fierce, but gentle & faithful
It glitters bright, nourishes grace right
My love is pure; it emblazons thy minds

John Nelson June 24,2007

John G. Nelson

My Most Ancient Bride

Oh! To you my most ancient bride
Who causes depths to boil pride?
& just like the thorn from my past
All day & night hunger, greed last.

I, upon these dusts, I'm made to toil,
& let love & smile on your face boil.
Like counsels to yield patient & love
But days, nights sorrow & pain prove

Come outburst your anger upon me,
& love or hate me, these options be;
Come cloth me with your agony & fear;
Allow me to die, crying my old tears.

How mighty then you are, if you nag?
Pardon me if, the spirit of riches lag
For me, I kept holding on broken string,
& in these dark ages, I live my wed ring.

Neither cold affection nor much sorrow,
Comfort, soften our burning hearts below.
Cram with fear, I'll die the night before
& I shall speak these quarrels no more.

John G. Nelson 2/6/2009

John G. Nelson

My Prayer

O Jehovah, my God of comfort
Do give ears to my humble prayer
& to thee my own cry will come,
thy mercy, thy kingdom `d come.

O Jah, thy name `d stand forever
& do forgive me my own errors,
& those erring & making fool of me
help me run the race of endurance.

O Jah, so not to forget thy doing,
Help me with all my heart to yearn
that my faith & service may grow,
& thy blessing, kindness & mercy rise

The days `re hard, rotten & wicked
Foes `re well aware of my weaknesses
O God, help me to fend these enemies,
empower to eat thy words days & night.

for all thy gifts & undeserved kindness,
all sweet bread & wine lay at my table.
All the weeping, wonders & mercies
My heart give thank to thee.
In Jesus name! Amen

John G. Nelson

My Second Letter To Grace

I'm deeply sorry, I bugged thou so.
But I'm grateful, I met thy so.
Something, some time, never change
Something, some time, do change.

many as many people, in our world
but some live not, up to their words,
But, that's ok, we all make mistakes.
Yet, some just can't bear or take.

a beautiful place; I wish. I could be
all I've done, but my efforts still wee.
Yet, my heart has refused giving up
I may firmly stand, I never give in.

I, for days, night, carry on my search,
I continue digging, unfolding, till I reach.
A day, I find a rock, that smell like me.
When find, I cherish, and grace will be.

Knowledge cried in the public place,
many refused to embrace the race.
wisdom they seek not, but race they trace
never gear thy ego, begetting empty space.

When grown in wisdom, we never bleak
Learning, the meaning, we then speak.
Pulling out the abyss, we then preach.
Thanks; this goal thou one day reach.

John G. Nelson

My Tongue

Who fuels, anger & bitterness,
In this system, bidding distress,
Pummels words & inflame rage,
Holds hearts & minds in cage.

I envy, the souls in distresses,
throw curses and rottenness,
Stir evil, live among hurtfulness.
In the end I come to nothingness

who praises, spread peace & love,
to this generation love 'd prove?
day & night sing love to the depth,
passions, love 'd reach it breadth.

I show favor, bid kisses & flowers,
Befriend, speak so warm & tender.
In wisdom, I beautified those words,
Whisper blessing & honor my own lips

John G. Nelson

John G. Nelson

Nature

Happier`re souls, healthier`re morrow,
Jolly stars, it bids love in its shadows,
Friendly winds, it touches soft, gentle,
Roses smile in red, violets glow in purple.

Birds sing blues, cry out beautiful songs,
Heaven`s open its hands, praises lifelong,
For it exits for the praise of God not man,
Yet it smiles toward every flash and man.

In their hearts, natures sing and rejoice,
Not meriting human but bidding choices
And lifting hands in anger and in peace,
Causing fleshs to cry out, shout for grace.

Wonderful sun bids kindness by rising,
While the rain showers blessing by falling.
In love, the sea goes forth, hug the seashore
It`s Reasons nature bids knowledge to pore

04/01/2008 John G. Nelson

John G. Nelson

Old Age Feel Good

Gray-headedness is a wonderful crown of beauty
Wisdoms I have accumulated, I embraced my dignity
One birth, one youth and one old age, I have enjoyed
This wonderful life, I have eked out, I now sit to rejoice

Old age or advanced years seem like a bottle field
Born of mortal flesh, discoloured by distress and illness
Weakening bones and flesh, my soul vulnerable to frailness,
But I am happy I have reached my zenith, years I wielded.

I have experienced a wonderful life with quietism
Painting life with pleasure, I draw life with optimism
Life feel good today, many goals I have reached
Love and pleasant roses I beheld, I can now preach

I insist, nothing matters more than my amazing breath
and I can't run against old age in a race for death
It must be wonderful to live this long and grow old.
tracing a wise footprint, old age seem very bold

John Nelson
Monday, 13 November 2006

John G. Nelson

Once A Dream

Once a dream, did assured me.
I behold how deep love can be.
Life springs & ends some day,
but love lives on & holds sway.

Once a dream, once a beam,
gleam of faith fills the stream.
days of hope merits breathing,
& Years of joy merits holding.

To those I love, cheer be a part,
& those loving back heal my heart.
In the arms of those I find delight,
Love proves to poise day & night.

Once a dream, love will never dies
Love watches on with delightful eyes
& Makes creations to think & admire,
& wishes hearts breathe the desire.

John G. Nelson

Prison Holes

I imagine prison hole& solid wall.
A Place agonies, fear & sorrow falls,
& in my bones they reside & cram
Taking their fill & leaving me dead.

It was woes resting on my shoulders
Crush & pains they were just like death,
Whilst hot tears rushes down my eyes,
If only this painful day could pass me by
I'll survive to fight another day.

Those my tears falling from my cracks
Whilst death on the other hands saying,
Life is but nothing, take my hands
& be free from your agonies & pains.

Sometime, I wonder my own survival
For I cried the nights & weep the days
For many are my disquieting thoughts
And many are my woes & despairs.

John G. Nelson

Racism Has A Human Heart....

Racism has a human heart,
An artery of cruelty & death,
It has blood of anger, & evil...,
Has a force of pain & antipathy.

Racism has a human mind....
An Intellect of terror & delusion,
Has an emotion of extreme savage
Imagination of vile ideas, macabre.

Racism has a human mouth,
It has tongue of torture, depravity,
Many teeth of brutal incision & kill
Has a lip of sorrow, hate & death.

JOHN NELSON 4-Mar-09

John G. Nelson

She Looks Just Like You

she looks just like you, thine tender eyes
she walks honor, with truth not praises
Her cheerful smiles. lips & flowery looks
Charming Speeches, styles, as love books.
A mother & daughter laugh quite fondly,
Together, more often jolly, so beautifully

she lies in silent place where she dreams
splendid phiz, make inner room to beam
she lies Under warm sheets, how she sleeps
Dreams of cheer & beautiful flower peeps
Whilst the night falls asleep & await morn
Pleasure, to make the dawn ready to adorn

Like a discreet wife prove faithful & charm
The fruitage of her hands refresh & warm
Caring hands `re thrust out to distaff shows,
Whence did love, caress & wisdom, but glow
her cheek s `re comely, God's glory manifest
her beautiful feat, marvel all so, from the rest

April 9,2008

John G. Nelson

Sleep In My Heart

Sleep, sleep in my heart,
I find joy in your kisses & arts
& your love has crammed me full.

Love, I love, I'll die to see you?
I avow; my heart pounds for you.
Craving & craving; so delightful.

Wish, I wish, I love you eternally
I behold your beauty, so comely.
So romantic, I forget my sorrows.

Gladden, gladden, how delightful,
Thousand words seem not plentiful,
To tell how sweet, your love glows.

Give me; give me your sweet love
You seem everything love proves,
For you hold that in all sweetness.

Roses, roses, these're gifts I'll bring
& Shower you with kisses, wed ring.
love has new meaning & brightness.

John G. Nelson

Strange Woman

Strange woman

if I felt in love with a strange woman
whose love is adorned by every human.
body braids lights, in a perfect unison,
Causing street lights to sway for a season.
Making stars, & the sun to fall out of sight.

if her love become a trick of the nerves,
Searching heart, but love refuses to serve.
Ecstacized & intoxicated by wrong desires,
But heart got a rare way of desiring things,
Desiring novel souls, that worth nothing.

if a strange woman became a toxic source,
Breaking my bone & leaving me bruises.
& her honeycomb of her lips keep dripping.
palate smoothens then oil & keeps bubbling.
I'd cried years; from her bitter wormwood.

February 8,2007 John G. Nelson

John G. Nelson

Subtle Emotions

In my mind rolled, millions of words,
Mind lying waste, making anger lord,
In my eyes appear, colours of stresses,
But who said dream could come easy?

Not so well, not so pleased anymore,
And strength in these emotions; sore.
But why be slain by creeping thoughts,
Stab by anger, a dangerous war fought?

Bad Emotions spill, anxieties abounds,
Scrapping peace & opening big wounds.
in any case, tear wet bed, mind dampen,
Eyes cry in agony, while sorrow deepens

Dwell in fear, these emotions, drug me,
Search tongue, silence my lips become.
I'll Stretch hands to Jah with all effort.
Lifting hands; to find crumb of comfort.

08/01/2008 John G. Nelson

John G. Nelson

Tell Her What She's Worth

Tell her, you take her to your heart
Every beam pleasant, she plays a part.
Love has its own mysteries, it's true,
Wipe tears, her joy you always pursue.

As charming her orbs, lips, see no wrong
Body close you, feel her touch strong,
her love is bright, pure as African gold,
It's wonderful to feel, pleasant to hold.

her love's as sweet as brown chocolate,
when hungry her smile, a refined palate
love, her present, brings you pleasure
in her you find comfort & adventure.

she is as beautiful as the heavens at night
her smile, hair, orbs all flush so bright.
how desirable, how tasty her smile & lips
so gentle to hold, how beautiful her hips.

3-26-2005 JOHN Nelson

John G. Nelson

The Elements

The elements of genius is within your veins,
The elements of wonders circle within you,
It flow like a dream, but it visions are real.
It whispers, echo, it call you by your name.

The elements of love flow within you heart,
The elements of vision wait to embrace you,
You may feel weak, but you are very strong,
You may think less, but you have a great mind.

The elements of wisdom you dearly possess.
The elements of great courage you can process.
You move mountains, with your incredible mind.
You brighten the moon, with your incredible smile.

The richness of your mine, you can always create,
The gifts you possess, the reason you permeate.
Don't be distracted by the weak shadows of your fear,
But Resist your doubt, pursuit the riches of your mind.

Billions of beautiful stars illuminate the earth by night.
Your beautiful mind, illuminate the earth by day.
You can behold the magnificent beauty of you mind,
And the God of the heaven bear witness to the truth.

John Nelson 2 August 2006

John G. Nelson

The Moment

As I walk the street, pretty smile,
Beauty, anxiety, bundle and pile
Taking dekho, admiring cute faces,
Sweet smile, all worth for a trace
Just one moment; bringing smiles.

As I walk the street, I became obsess
Mesmerized by beauty and glasses
An experienced, dream for the night
A moment stirring, capturing mine right
A Positive energy, a human chemistry

As I walk the street, my joy overflows
Overwhelm by dream, my face glows
I cherish every moment, oh sweet love
A gleam of decorous beauty is strong
Loving a pretty face, review no wrong

As I walk the street, I farewell wave
A Moment can hold, but not to slave
But moments like these I forever keep
I wish feeling holds, it's seek so deep
Everyday, there're moment we reap

1/26/2003 JOHN NELSON.

John G. Nelson

The Whine Of My Brothers

I hear the whine of my dying brothers
Yon', I feel pain of my crying sisters.
we Sat all night at prison doors & wept
Like soldiers, whose eyes haven't slept.

Brothers who've survived many struck,
Lay in canoes, the deepest sea to duck,
few reached seashore to be slain & pelt.
Whence did we lay, & beaten by belt?

Ages, our forefather didn't fight alone,
Though bruised & bitten to the bones?
this place, thousands of brothers slain
today our hearts still live in fear & pains

Who'd despised our kind, if not the west?
Men despise our lives, values, they jest,
finding pleasure in writing tales of death,
rush to witness horrors grow on the earth.

Oh! bro we live in a world of bitterness
that gibes, try to bring us to nothingness
If not, why sisters & daughters whoring,
sons, husbands trapped in their dungeons?

John G. Nelson

John G. Nelson

Three Days

I'm award, soul has gone through many stress, Pains.
Take courage, stay strong, your mind in wisdom train.
Viewing with shrewd mind, the heart always retain.
Proper view, delights the mind, heart sorrow refrained.

Have a soul ever wonder, why beautiful birds sing?
why birds permeate the air or swing beautiful wings?
A soul that behold conclude; birds 're part of our world,
Created by the true God, to spice our unmoral world.

All soul have, in their life three, but important days.
When cognizant of it colored, the mind get a better rays.
But, it's not always easy to find, or yield a better way.
When a good fight is fought, a soul always pleasure lay.

Whenever, our yesterday is mess up and pointless,
We use today to repair, strengthens yesterday stress.
whenever, we don't know what tomorrow actually wage,
We use today in every way to prepare for tomorrow gage.

John G. Nelson 2006

John G. Nelson

Time Slipped Soon

Old Time has slipped and as for me
A Blanket of care has no warmness,
Or a pillow of love has no softness,
I've not chosen loneliness or thorns
Not a subtle heart resting on stones

Yet, everything seems to be broken
Words seem to have no taste or tie
What reason, a soul laid bear to die?
Pretty love seems lost in it own feeling
Far apart, love seem to `ve no meaning

Riches could give no shape to a heart
Champagne means nothing to a heart
Days `re long it seems dark & unkind
Love has lost it place; it's cold outside
There exist vanity; I get no rest inside

Blazing sun could Pierces heart soon
Washing away smiles that set at noon
And tears `re red & dropping like rains
Regardless of pains, gloom during ages
Love still bid heart smile on these pages

(5/4/2007)

John G. Nelson

To My Lovey

Oh! My goddess, thou made me fill...
Thou a perfect gift, I muse of thou still
Sparkling snow, incredible love abound
Quieting storm, I trod on crystal ground

Never thought of love in my wildest dream,
Thou held me out, from the strongest stream
No prosperity to clam, love declares its will...
With each desiring words, thou loved me still...

Oh! My Venus, your memories forever last
Brilliant as sun rays, thou love glitter so vast
Thou help me see beyond my present trials
Depicting lasting impression, I relate my serial

No matter the storm, we stood solid ground
With Moonlight, thou sparkle my darkest spot
Red roses, centuries of memories still resound.
Oh! Desiring sunshine, to thee I forever, clot

All the Pretty girls, say goodbye, it hurts so bad
Deep in my temper, somewhere, I feel so sad
Subtle charm, oh! My chocolate, here I'll always be
Musing of you still, I bless the day I found thee.

John G. Nelson

To My Unborn Seed (Chpt I)

To my unborn seed, greetings & welcome;
Beautiful child fill grace, here is thy home
The Sun glitters, roses cheerful over hills
Love flourishes from the streams to fill.

To my unborn, I inscribe a beautiful ditty
& sparkling heart with wisdom & beauty.
boons of Jehovah bid amazing treasure,
wisdom from above paints life of pleasure.

The path of upright, the choice thou make,
The path of shrewdness, insight, always take.
Make a quest, boons the heaven down cast
All augured well to thee, peace forever last.

Pretty child of grace, sigh not in thy heart,
But make love, peace, grace & cheer apart.
Marvel well, blithe & bonny, life with tang,
And heaven speaks of love, grace not pang.

John G. Nelson

Today, A Wonderful Day

Today is a wonderful break of dawn
And 'twas here together we sit down
To encourage each one with our ditty
To add to each one a glaring beauty.

It's a gift from Jehovah to be here
Shrewd is his word, beautiful it be.
We sing to God for his boons to gain
Out of love he sent blessing like rain.

May his grace from heaven, we claim
may his boon grant us the fond desire!
That we may live in this difficult time
While inciting each other to fine work

(May 20,2007)

John G. Nelson

Today's Religious Leaders

Clergies, Emma, prophets; they're described
False philosophies, doctrines they inscribed
Meddles in politic, war; tainting world stage
Tolerating immoral sex & same-sex marriage

Manipulating peoples religious sentiments,
Seeking to satisfy their soul & enrichments
Crimes, evils committed; hatred inflame
Means of doctrines, they taints God's name

Men blow themselves up in the name of Allah
Threaten world stage for virgins, & dollars
Change of heart, mind, they `re not willing
blinded in sinful acts, they go on killing

Ways to reach God, deified idols of stones,
scornful spirit; put Caesar on God's throne,
worship disgraceful & disgusting images,
Both male & female change natural usage.

The God they worship, never known,
A divine instructions, never known,
leaders make the taunt; "God's too slow",
minds dwell in darkness; badness glows.

Clergies, eviscerate members of basic truths
Forging the love & words of God in splinter
Painting God as weak, as wicked & as cruel
Bringing sentences & inflicting destructions

Emma cheats, teach doctrine of war & death
Writhe in Jihad, create machines for death.
"Death to all"; in the name of Allah & religion
& Planting hatred & evils for God & man.

08/04/2006

John G. Nelson

We Our Own Author

we are the author of our life.
It begins with God, ends with us.
who made all things, truly beautiful.
our choices, he prepared our palms
To self dictates stars, good or bad.

How strong the human mind, heart
Treachorous and dark as the nights.
A conscience, our perceptive powers
Radiance, whose hand influence stars,
Chooses wails or chooses the lights.

A self-awareness, conscience & will
Whose hands give Wisdoms & insight
To Human freedom, power to choose
Many miseries, that mingle with pains
Or many boons that mingle with joy.

John G. Nelson

What A Beautiful Day!

As I sit & refresh by the road side,
Gentle wind blows, from side to side,
Swirling dried & siliceous beige sands.
Beautiful flowery trees waving hands.

Friendly grasses twisting, & turning hips,
Roses offer kisses, from their beautiful lips.
Creeping trees, resting peacefully in lawn
Birds sing & play as the sun gives it fawn.

For as often as I gaze the beautiful sky
Enjoying sweet smell, making life frisky,
Heart wonder at God's divine creations,
My eyes behold the pleasant revelations.

Life has reason to rise, not pains or toil.
Merry in pleasantness, not heart to spoil.
Here, beauty sits for man to gaze upon,
That hearts, grace & mind remain open

As the Sun looks with beautiful, eyes,
Beaming bright with adorable smiles,
Rocks `re cheering, calling from miles.
Crystal Streams fill with smiling fishes.

Hundred of roses calling grace to sprout,
Songs of grace, peace, love, they sing out.
Gentle breeze with soft hands touching deep,
Whirling peaceful vibes, from every steep.

(4/6/07)

John G. Nelson

What Prize

What prize could my heart bids?
How much more should I weep,
during the night to make you feel?
How much tears should I decent
upon my cheek to tell your beauty?

You slain my heart with bitterness,
You crush them with dying famine.
My skin shrivelled upon my bones,
just as a dried tree in the desert.
my heart fetters, due to its blazing.

Let me become the bread of love
Fending disquieting thoughts far...
Let me extinguish the blazing pains,
Let me kiss you & soften your heart
Saturating them with endless joy.

John G. Nelson

When I'M Dead

When I am dead, faded & gone.,
bones covered in dirt and stones,
Wail not darling, life fades away
life is, but mists, appear for a day..,

Young I was, I grew old and die,
From clay to clay, bone bare, I lie
Wail, despair not, when death greets,
My dreams & hopes, lay at his feet.

Let rot leaves, dust cover my bones,
weeds & hays cover my shabby tomb.
Dries Leaves fall, the wind stood still,
whilst mortals wail and sorrows fill.

Oh Death, a mighty ancient enemy,
Whose hands the young & old perish,
Whose name fill us all, dread and ills,
Snatch all our hopes, fill us sorrows.

And life is conscious, that he will die
But death is conscious of nothing.
I deceive not myself, with false reasons,
That souls mingle, with stars & live on.

But hopes, dreams, lie on the horizon,
When God, who is love wipe our tears,
Heâ€™ll actually swallow up death forever,
awaken those asleep, in Sheol & death

John G. Nelson

When I'M Weak

When I'm hunted by my ordeals or fear
Would you solace my heart and bone?
When I'm weary, bewilder or depress
Would you buoy my mind and spirit?

When I'm loosing my breath or dying
Would you rescue my dying flesh?
When I'm signing, squalling or groaning,
Would you console my anguishing soul?

When no one seem to care or love me,
Would you hug, cherish or love me?
When I'm starving, or dying of thirst
Would you bring me food and water?

When my heart's bleeding or broken
Would you put the splinters together?
When I'm abandon by my own in the dark
Would you brighten my eyes with light?

When I'm baffle or bewilder in my spirit
Would you comfort and give me hope?
When I'm weak, helpless at my feeblest
Would you make me the strongest?

John Nelson 1/4/2007

John G. Nelson

When Life Has Done Its Part

When life has done its part,
And death laid us all in his mart,
When distress splits hearts apart,
And agitation become our friend,
Who brings us solaces or defends?

When the sun scorches our souls,
Burning our bones in fiery flames,
When love decays & leaves us lame,
Leaving our hearts, minds in bruises,
Who fondles & softens our souls?

When the rivers & oceans dry out,
Draining our hands, lips & faces,
When roses die where they sprout,
Bringing drought, creating deserts,
Who saturates & fills barren spaces?

When the moon, stars become blind,
And the dark clouds savage our flesh,
When daylight shuts its mouth & eyes,
Blinding our eyes & tying our tongues,
Who'll emit lights & bring warm rays?

John G. Nelson

You Can Be....

You can be my soul mate, 've my heart adorn.
Enrich meadow with spice plants and corn.
let this at lest be said, every night and morn.
filling my milieu with joy, it shows you care.
you can show me wonders, if to me it's due.

You can be my dreams, my sweet chocolate,
I can make you a paradise of pomegranate.
Your expressions `re pleasing and wonderful,
wounds inflated by love `re true and faithful.
Every lyric to your songs, splendidly graceful.

You can be my heart, my light and my breath,
My source of energy, the morn breeze, I breathe.
There `re words I would expressed to please you.
There `re prizes I would paid to be apart of you.
Trace a records, you `ve engendered my feelings.

John G. Nelson