

Poetry Series

**John Young**  
**- poems -**

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## John Young(July 3,1988)

My name is John Young Born in y has taken me far and be on.It helps my mind to grow strong.I been writing poetry since i was poems are about my feeling about the world and about and relationships and the feeling that two people have with one another.

Basically i just want the world to know what I have to say and that the world better get ready for the next

John is what makes my body whole. I have a mind body and soul and a heart full of precise gold. For my objective is not to bring fear into this world. But to help the right put up a good fight so light can shine o so very bright. For I am humble and right always keeping up the good fight for when everyone thinks all as fail and there is no way we can prevail. My noble spirit can break the evil shell. And now I can Stand up and prevail for my mind is the key to unlock the goals I seek but without a mind my goals can never be complete. Now that all you need to know about me for now.

# Church Poem

I'm a gospel arsonist,

My holy flame burns so bright it shakes the pillars of the unworthy,

Forgotten

For they know that the demon inside of me has been slain

And now God's lethal weapon is here to change the game,

They thought hip hop rap artists

Can only spit a flow so sick to make them filthy rich,

Well I'm hip hop's nemesis flow so delicious it's like skittles

You just got to get a taste of it,

For God is my addiction,

I drunk from the venomous pits but now i ask for re-newness,

See I rhymed with repentance,

But now I'm saved

Now my evil thought are relinquished,

My body is slowly but surely replenishing my good intentions,

For poetry is my obsession

And the gifts it brings has doubled my blessings,

For Mr. Fantastic's kind hearted soul has been resurrected,

I'll be proud to give the devil a verbal thrashing

Give him a coma like concussion,

I was raised by the devil but now I'm Gods lethal weapon,  
The devil gave me grief but God swashed that beef  
Gave me a taste of victory for you see,  
I was once a CSI cold case  
My identity was almost erased until  
God reopened my case  
Gave me a new kind of faith that no one can take away  
Plus gave me a new face helped me fight my case,  
I'm a free man again  
The load I was carrying has been lifted  
The pain I held was also lifted  
And if more comes  
I will continue demolishing its existence  
The skills I lost God has resurrected its presence  
I have regained my freedom of speech, spirit if Langston Hughes  
The power of understanding my surrounding like the great Maya Angelou  
"And Still I Rise",  
I have the voice of a great leader commanding its troops  
I also carry the name of one of the greatest men that ever lived  
He paved the way for the one we call Jesus today,  
His name was John the Baptist,

And with all that said I stand here now I give you my testament,

I will stand and fight back the demons of hell

Until God calls my name in the book of life

And tells me

My good and faithful servant you are welcome in my house

Peace is still.

John Young

# Fantastic Freak

Mr. Fantastic is a freak  
No a freak geek see I..ll  
Lick your lips  
And I..m not talking about the one above your ties  
I..m talking about the one between your hips  
Make you do a lisp like thisssssssssssss  
I..m every women prince charming but  
My gift is every mans bad memory  
I can take your women from under your feet  
And leave you crying at home on your knees  
And I bet you your girl is at my house counting some sweet zzzzzs  
Sleeping perfectly  
See  
Men like you make my life so easy  
See you guys break women down like some  
Skip rocks tool but I..m Mr. feel good  
I got the right skills to make you feel brand new but see  
I..m through with the kid games now its time to see  
If I can play the grown man game and its called  
life

John Young

# Had A Fight With God

I was heated that day  
There was so much anger and pain builded up in side me  
Then god appeared in my mind  
With a fiery voice I said  
Why  
Why did you let that 4-year-old girl die?  
Ran up on him and hit him in the eye  
But a tear fell out of my eye  
And gods face didn't even break  
And I use 90% of my strength  
God said because she took her own life  
She thought no one cared  
What she went through in life  
God bitch slapped me in the eye  
That's for letting your friend commit reap  
Now my face began to turn purple  
And I felt like the people that were already struggling when bush  
Got put into the white house  
Mad then a motherfucka  
Then I reacted and hit him in the chest  
That's for not helping my friend out of that thousand-dollar debt  
God blocked it and started to hit me with lefts and rights  
Because he's the one who wanted to sell weed to my young people and that  
Stuff killed a 12-year-old dream  
He was hitting me  
I was doing some Ail rope adop shit  
But god was throwing those George Foreman power hits  
Almost hit me in the throat  
So I had to do what I had to do  
Hit god in the family jewels  
God push me back lift up his rob  
He had a protection cup  
Protecting his stuff  
I got so heated I ran up and started to hit him with hay makers  
In his face with a 100% of my body weight  
But my face began to break I stopped and said  
God why ant you showing any pain I hit you with everything  
He pulled out a mirror and said idiot cant you see  
You're a reflection of me

John Young

# Its Not Over

No more Crying  
No more Fighting  
No more Criticizing  
Because I'm gonna change  
I was a young boy that no one cared for I cried almost every day  
I prayed that god would take me away from this dangerous place  
A place that you are not granted to see the next day  
I fight each and every day to keep my name alive  
So many people try to end my life but mostly by word  
So now I speak to the sky because god is the only one that  
Knows why I cry  
Why I fight  
Why I get criticized about my life  
But god changed me  
He made me see and realize I will become someone one great  
Someone who can help this unstable place  
For instance you have black people not realizing they have joined the kkk  
Killing off your own people  
That's why our world rank is getting lower ever day  
An another thing why did we even let bush run for president  
he can't even speak perfect English  
Lucky he has his people write this speeches  
The only thing bush can do is write new slogans  
To put more people in Iran  
Hes a scam artist  
But I say today its not over until it is over  
Until they put my body six feet under  
And on my tombstone says, 'John was a true soldier'  
Its not over until the entire hurricane Katrina victims are fully help  
Its a shame how they fixed the rich half of the land  
And left the poor half with out giving them a hand  
It not over until it is over  
Not until I feel comfortable  
That the next generation has changed  
The definition of what some of us think about the flag that  
Represents our nation  
Red for the under cover cold-hearted murderers  
Blue for the feeling of ashamed  
Because we didn't pick the right person to speak for us

White for empty minded soul the ones who think they have nothing good to look  
for  
But I say this right now  
This very day  
its not over until it is over  
Until my heart stops beating not until my pen stops bleeding  
It not over until your hearts stops beating its over not until your pen stops  
bleeding  
For poetry is my last stand  
until God says its over  
I Will fight until the last man  
Until Every country pulls together and calls it even  
until we abolish the hatred and the thought of demolishing our fellow men and  
women  
it not over until the world creaks open its shell and shows are true selfs  
Beautiful

John Young

# Just Me

My words are unique in every shape and form

Maybe that's why turtles come to shore to see me perform

I complement my words not my human form

It shocks me when females tell me I'm the type of guy their looking for

I was raised with independence

Chastised through the fire of forgiveness

Then baptized by the devil's fallen minion that rose up and became one of God's

Lethal weapons

Now I write, again and again

Becoming more intertwined with my rhymes

When I write I am a living prodigy only the worthy can sit eye to eye with me

I feel more powerful then the Greek gods in thee odyssey

The more I write it's like the pen I use helps me manifest my words theologically

As I fill up my space on this page

I'm a different man when I write with the pen

Like drama is no threat to me

We no longer see eye to eye

It's no longer kin to me

I can't speak for everybody but that's just me

John Young

# Let Me Love You

Baby let me love you until the sun comes up  
baby let me love you  
until the world stops going round and round  
I'll love you so good  
you'll never think a grown ass man can love you like I do  
because I will  
rip you  
dip you  
make a Sunday up out of you  
and please believe  
I'll lick all of my desert up off you  
I can make you feel like a queen in bed  
but wait until I show how I can make you feel like  
"dam this kids a grown ass man."  
He's tall and sexy  
shit makes your mama wishes she wasn't 60  
God gave me a powerful gift  
because now I can learn from my mistakes  
Up grade my knowledge on  
how women thinks  
but the way you got me looking at u  
all my love is only going to be given to  
YOU BOO

John Young

# Mama

My mama breaths through me  
like the taste of ever-lasting sweet nectar from out of a tree  
our minds are one  
she is my matrix  
for my body cannot live without her mind  
the touch of her carefully god made hands  
touch my skin I fear no man  
for I will fight 100 man  
to keep the bound of this son and mother and also close friend

John Young

# Mr. Fantastic

They call me Mr. Fantastic for my words are ever lasting.  
They can wrap around your mind  
Make you think and make you realize that my words are  
Permanent  
Man, the only thing that I wish wasn't permanent is  
The choke hold on today's youth  
Like government  
For one day they're going to give me the boot  
Give me a gun  
And a  
Army suit and think I'm ready to go shoot  
Send me to Iran's soil to get more oil  
Man, I wish I had the real powers of Mr. Fantastic  
For I would stretch forth my hand  
Save every last innocent life in Iran  
But my words and my hand can only stretch so far  
(\*Hush little baby don't you cry, cuz Mr. Fantastic is now joining this fight\*)  
Not just to upgrade my appearance  
But to upgrade people's feelings about the war  
For are soldiers are not the only ones who have to fight to stay alive  
For the innocent  
Baby, the daddy, the mama, plus the grammas got to fight to survive  
But their cries are like plastic to you guys  
You can't see them so you just don't want to hear them  
Or  
You can see them but you just don't want to hear them  
But the people who hear and see and also listen to me  
I thank thee  
Now I get on one knee praying that god will hear my..NO  
Not my cry but  
Their cry, their need, their plead  
Please put peace in Iran  
Because  
They need to put the hate to sleep.

John Young

# My Poetry

My poetry has taken me far and be on  
when i was a kid  
i had nobody to look up to  
only but God  
and my mom is another person who joined the fight  
the fight for my freedom  
so i can carry on  
carry on the legacy  
just like how track runners still carry the paton  
see when i was 12  
i had no self-esteem  
My dad made me feel like i needed him to breath  
i needed to attend to everyone of his needs  
cleaning and sweeping under his feet  
like a slave that had no reason for living  
but it took me 4 years to realize that  
i must attend to my own needs  
so i started to write poetry  
i felt like I had found the cure to my heart disease  
so as i write my life in a poetic rhyme  
spittin out my pain  
going down memory lane  
but see it wasn't clear like seeing a yellow brick road  
this was a road that had so much to indoor  
for my soul was permannently scarred for life  
but i still push on hard throught life  
But now i'm done with my self reflection tantrum  
see i'm 18 now with my head raised up high  
letting you know how to get around  
the troubles that the world brings to you guys  
and the lies they try to hide  
see i realize that the world doesn't surround  
just me  
it surrounds everybody  
for this world got more hatred then a  
double stuffed vegetable pot pie  
Like the gang banging in the streets  
see you don't have to be a thug  
for a bullet to go through your lungs

you don't have to be a thug to  
get jumped while doing a grocery run  
don't you see  
we are the next generation  
you know deep down in side  
you have the burning sensation  
plus the key to create  
a well stand up nation  
so can't you see  
we need to put down the gaks  
tell that trigger finger and hate level  
to relax  
so the government can't hold us back  
behind their visible wire wall of law  
For we are the next generation  
we are like Hiroshima ticking time bombs  
waiting to go off  
all you need to do is  
just set your mind right  
get your life straight  
because poetry  
Thats what i serve on my diner plate

John Young

# The Freak In Me

When I look that you  
I can paint a perfect picture  
You and me  
making love under the forbidden tree making sweet poetry  
Connecting like Adam and Eve  
Now its time to show you the freakier side of me  
After we eat dinner you lift your shirt  
So I can get ready for some god and man made snack  
I make a honey trail down your neck to the root of your edible skirt  
Mmmmm.....now lets add some man made desert  
Add some wipe cream on top of your to mountain pecks  
That looks so happy to see me  
With a cherry on top  
And now I take my time eating the two cherries and wipe cream  
See they call me Jerico  
Lick you 7-time make all your wall fall  
Last but not lest make a Sunday on the crack of your back  
Now I'm ready for my god and man made snack

John Young

# The Gun Is In My Hand

I TOOK OFF MY VEST NOW LOOK AT MY CHEST IF SHE WAS USING REAL  
BULLETS I WOULD HAVE BEEN PUT TO REST WIT 22 HOLE IN MY CHEST I WANT  
A NO CLOSE CASKET I WANT YOU TO SEE HOW MANY TIMES SHE DONE  
BLASTED BUT SHE PUT THE GUN IN MY HAND LIKE IM THE ONE TO BLAME LIKE  
I SET MY OWN HEART TO REVIVE ALL THIS PAIN BUT SCENE THE GUN IS I MY  
HAND IM THE ONE TO BLAME.

John Young

# True Love

love is someone that you have a deep uncontrolled passion for in a instant not even a near second your true love that you once love will leave your site and now you will do anything to fight to keep her now there is no bound, no one on this earth that will keep you from calling, writing, leaving a message so we can intertwine are love once again but I want to know why you haven't return none of my calls, or none of my letters did you forget is your mom holding you back has anther man caught your eye is that why you made me feel like you tossed are love to the side but you know what this is now a no holds bar my gloves are ripped off my heart is now open like a picture book getting read to some first graders I dont care how many bullets go through my heart as long as it still beats I will do any and everything to get you back I know you want to know who Im talking want me to tell you really want to know..or do you want to keep on guessing..naw I wont do that to you well the persons name is..\*..? \$%!

John Young