

Poetry Series

**Justin Ashford**  
**- poems -**

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## Justin Ashford()

I am a simple man of words, hopefully i can bring light to all people who cross my path.

Your poems are your poems, it is what it is, you are who you are, they are what they are, keep writng fellow poets.

# I Pray

I Pray For Me  
I Pray For You  
I Pray For Children In Need  
I Pray For Sun  
I Pray For Rain  
I Pray So The Farmer Can Sow His Seed  
I Pray For Piece In Our World  
I Pray For Change  
I Pray For Growth  
I Pray, Maybe My Prayers Out Of Range  
I Pray For Soldiers At War, To Come Home Safe  
I Pray For Love Not Hate  
I Pray For Our World To Be A Better Place  
I Pray For Every Creed Colour And Race  
I Pray To God  
I Pray Hoping There's A God  
I Pray No More  
I Pray Hoping That All This Is Worth Living For  
I Pray That When We Die There Is Another Life.

Justin Ashford

# Sycamore Tree Dandy

Talent In Droves

Sacred Like Oil From The Olive Groves

Electric Warrior Take Ones Skill

Brigid Like, Towards The Tree Over The Hill

Feather Boas So He Could Show Us

Style And Grace, Cross Legged With Guitar, Glittered Face

Like The Swan On The Lake

Excellence And Purity, Make No Mistake

The Warlock Of Love, Climb The Tree Of Life

For A Clearer View Of Jesus

Look Through The Maple Leaves And Be Free

Sycamore Tree Dandy

Justin Ashford

# The Boy With The Dustbin, Brush And Shovel

Spending Time Doing Chores  
Sweeping Other Peoples Floors  
Working For Free, Perhaps He Feels Free  
That's His Freedom  
Simple But Kind  
The Job Not His Mind  
Twigs And Brambles  
Dirt And Leaves  
Who Is This Boy  
Where Is His Family  
What Are His Wishes  
What Are His Thoughts  
At Piece With Himself  
Doing Other Peoples Chores.

Justin Ashford

# The Menu Of War

A quiet fog, shooters breath,  
Rifles lay besides their owners  
War, a grey colour,  
A somewhat disturbing shade,  
Possession or freedom for religion,  
Death is more like the catch of the day,  
Most popular on the menu.  
A list of destruction,  
Death chosen by most,  
Send it back, it tastes rotten.  
Feelings of guilt ridden horror,  
Evilness in gargantuan amounts,  
Tragic sights, worn, war torn limbs,  
Bloody displaced bones and flesh,  
Where they should not be.  
Exploding mines,  
Change the life of both sides,  
Bullets lodged, shrapnel wounds  
Dished out like a dessert,  
From the menu of war.  
Politicians with dirty hands,  
Blood remains in their bodies,  
Not spilled out like a soldiers red liquid,  
Blooded scars deeply encroached  
Into their digits.  
The guns slip through  
Their so called leaders fingers,  
Playing that same tune again Sam,  
Change the menu of war,  
Will our food taste good again?  
Can we all eat in peace!

Justin Ashford

# Y.M.A

Very Kind  
As You Might Find  
Respect As You Expect  
Caring And Fair  
Do People Really Care  
Loving And Trusting  
Tenacity Is A Thirst  
Beauty And Beautiful  
Angel Of Angels  
Generous To A Fault  
Intelligence In Doves  
Modest Not Like Most  
Family Comes First  
Funny And Fun  
Hardworking, Work, Never Left Undone  
Everyone Treated Equal  
Peaceful And Tranquil  
Best Of The Best  
How A Mother Should Be, Very Special  
A Spirit That Is Free!

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