

Poetry Series

La Janine Garrett
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

La Janine Garrett(August 16,1987)

My name is La Janine, the thing is I'm a nobody...
just someone trying to make it to the next day without completely going insane.I
love to write, when everything in life gets too chaotic, i just lose my-self in
colors(I can't stand color yet the intensity, passion, chaos, thought, and thrill in
each brush stroke. In any other thing in life, this is where lies can not be told.
It's to exposed.) and are another thing. This is when you have to be careful
things get twisted, yet it's so open in its self that who can stop the written word.
The words that come so easy to mind. so easily intense in there own right. This
was to be about my life, but this... is what wakes me.

A Ballet Of A Thought

A faceless man is what greets me
A blind eye, outward turn to the blazing sky
Lost seeds, that had taken a long joinery
Riding the western winds
Forgotten ways, forced way, feared ways
Is what lies ahead
A ballet that of light, as it parades
Shadows, its beauty over cast by the hinder smile
That smile that comes to me in the twilight
Of dawn, chills I to the soul
That warm rays of first light
Wild winds ripping at the young, pulling
Far to hard, for the youths of this world
Things better left forgotten, burns throw
Thick walls, as light races across the
Lands, at those very shadows that run to
Hid for the light to turn tide
A callous hand is what caresses me
Binding as thought as the mind that light
Those winds can turn, they can, you watch
The sky for those winds, forced ways
Can be made into so much more
Waves came, they came as the winds
They came at dawn; they came as life harden,
They came as our eyes drifted to sleep
They came

La Janine Garrett

A Paper Friend

Dear paper friend
How was your day
No wind has come
n' blown you away
No rain to stain
Your paper thin skin
Have you laughed this day
Smiled
Tell me
My paper friend
Or
Have your words
Not found there way
To my hollow ears

La Janine Garrett

Be That As It May

Be that as it may
I am this person
Medium height
Vertically challenge if you ask
My tall sisters
Dark golden eyes
The eyes of a feline
With the face of golden skin
Stretched across high cheek bones
A button of a nose
And nerve rackin tiny ears
With a head full of mid-night
Hair, which was last week
This day dark chocolate with hints
Of the night
That falls upon wide shoulders
Strong shoulders, as stubborn as
They are
With curves, I'm a nice size woman
A woman you could get lost in
Lost for days
And mite I add nicely proportion
Be that as it may
I am this person
A child of Africa
A child of this America
A child of both
With a smile all her own

La Janine Garrett

Common Things

Common things
Things that of another
Simple things
A single light
For you hold a single bulb
Friends to always visited
For the roaches will never leave you
Music all throw the night
For mice never seem to tired
Warmth in cold winter days
Who would not be warm with
Three warm bodies on a simple bed
Never have to worry about a nice
Cooling breezes for the windows are nailed
Half way shut
Nor excising
For ducking and diving from
A renegade belt
As well as never being locked out
For at the age of eight
We master the art of window hopping
In addition to never having to go to long
With the worry of money
For pipe, brick, swiss army knife
Find there way to welcome arms
One must say thanks to these simple things
Common things
And if you know not of these things
Do not
Worry ask you mother
Tell her its time you have the talk

La Janine Garrett

Dreams

She walks the streets from dust till dawn
Singing that song
One eye forever glazing to the darken sky
The other upon the things to come
Some may say she kept her hopes and dreams
Among the stars
Yet each night she walked these streets
Those stars would hide
Knowing full well that it was her will that let them be
They say she was not quite human
That she was made of sky and a soul of a child that
Left to early to mark this world as her own
They say that she walked these streets for her
Family had taken to the road
She simply sings her song of past things
Never stopping for you to hear the whole song
Thou it may take you years as it has I for I have never left
These streets, for she walks and walks never at a run
One step from the back
I walked as she swaying to that simple song of past things
Listening for her soft words
Soft as air those words be cutting those street life sounds
I still hold some youth to me
How old I be some times
It hard to hold to worldly things such as time
She walks these streets from dust till dawn
Singing her song still we walk, holding to her
Listening to her words as if gold
I once ask the night sky for a name to give this child
The ground shudder with a force
Then it came, that child I had hold onto
These many years
Those beautiful stars.

La Janine Garrett

Dreams Of Another La

the things i have done hunt me still
these dreams are that of another
there nightmares sink throw thick walls
walls that i have shield my very own blood
desires of my very being
things that even the devil himself shade from
these years have been that of an endless trial
a trial that i had once believe my self able to survive
childish thoughts dreams of an anther
when i was a child i played with childish things
when the hardness of the world came knocking
i put those childish things away
away so that as the night camed those piercing scream of mine
would leave in me in the light of day
as those shadow clouds
away i put those things
those things that once brought a easies to mine
for if i wish to survive in this place i am to hold no hope
for i am to hold no dreams
for i am to be nothing but that of the shadow of the night

but if done, what then is Left is worth nothing
other then then the spit of whole
as the day falls to dreams
as the night comes to play
those screams could be hear to the ends of time
for as the light fades
even the brave of brave falls to the siren call of the the endless
nigh's pleasures of pain

La Janine Garrett

Glide

As I step to the side
Those divine tears greet me
As I stand to speck
That pulsing, demanding need
As I smile to show care
This new founding thing jitters me
A simple plus, nothing more
I find myself lost
The fact that I haven't a clue
As to the sway of the wind
Does nothing to the damning
Waters

La Janine Garrett

Gordies A Woman All Her Own

A woman of time
A woman of strength
Have no fear for as those of above watch
In name of that of our mother
May they guild your hands
As they grace your steps
A mother yet young
A beauty all your own
Hold no shame
For time may have laid a deep question
Upon your feet
The young need to hold no fear
For if you were the one to speak of such words
For you a women of time
A woman of strength
A mother yet young
Hold truth to your lips
Time may have shame you with this quest
The moon may have graced
You with its tears
That shall not fall from those clear eyes
The sun may have moved the clouds
To shine its might upon you
But you Young one
Who holds a thing they shall never complete an
Imitation
A beauty all your own

La Janine Garrett

Just Beautiful

Come see, the old man leap
Do you see
Do you see, how his bod shakes
Come see the old man leap
Old as time these legs be
The heal corroded hard as the ground
They walk upon
Do you see tell me do you see
Those eyes half blind, they be
Old as the sun that have guild his way
Come see the old man leap
Do you see how his back twisted
This way and that
How his bod shake with fever
Hands frozen in time
Creaked, scar in pain
Come see, how the old man leaps
Eyes never looking for the ground
Head thrown back in ecstasy
Jaws lock
Lock in firm
Come see the old man leap
Do you see
Do you see, this old man
Old as the ground, from which he stands
Born before the stars that great him
Come see, the old man leap
Mind half gone
Yet still strong
Do you see, how he leaps
Never stopping, forever moving
Moving to a tune his half baked mind
Has come upon
Do you truly see this man
This beautiful man

La Janine Garrett

Life Line

Do you know what the worst about,
having your insides turn inside out
Or maybe it's the best, I just guess
it depends on how your willing to
look at it?

Is that after, all the pain and scaring,
o' yes there will be scars. Some visible
outside of the eye. Once done, everything,
every thought you once had, dream, lie, truth
truth twisted, in a way, everything gone.

What's you?

That empties, dazed, that blank
Sheet that becomes you,
That empties may very be your life line.

La Janine Garrett

No Never Again

We say no
Never again
Yet like addicts...
Our voices hold no strength
We scream our pain
Yet like that of the addicts
We pass swearing
That we'll never be them...
Yet we rage war
Our voices hold child likeness
We say no
Never again
Under going
The same day
That has scarcely pass
Screaming in silence no
Never again
Our voices fading
Yet like addicts...
Yet we rage war
Asking things
The moment you start
Why this...
Why That...
Then one day...
Like the disease it is
The question you been
Dancing abounds...
Why scream...
You look up and see
Them swearing
They'll never be them
You try to stay quit
Knowing your voice
To be too horse
Knowing that even
If you find some hidden
Strength that in the end
It's to be the same

Yet still you fight
Screaming no
Never again

La Janine Garrett

Simply This

"As I lay down to sleep
I ask the lord for my soul to keep..."
I had once said these words
These very words
As I had lay down to sleep
A peaceful dream is what kept me
Freed of the world and all its things
I stopped that day, that day
Those words that had once brought
An ease to my mind, stopped me cold
"As I lay down to sleep
I ask the lord for my soul to keep..."
I had once said these words, these
Very words so long ago
This day I had to stop as I realized
Those words were sliding as if crystal water
Let no one say to you I hold no hope,
For as I lay down to sleep those words
Still hold strong on the tip of my tough
As time goes on as everything in this world,
They fade
So I had to stop, so that I can remember,
So that you may say in this you know
That I had dreams, that I had hopes
Though they may had slightly change
These years there meaning still hum true.

La Janine Garrett

Speck Now

I am who I am
I am what I am
I speck of a nomad
I seek that of above breath
I know what I know
I step were that of light
Does not reside
I hold no name for
I am who I am
I am what I am
That which lays in wait
A predator, a huntress,
A woman born of that
Of another and yet I am
More
For that of life I grew'
Now here in this I now
Reside and I tell you
This my friend
No longer does this tongue
Know of which of which word
To speck
This breath was born and feed
Its mother milk and
Led into a time were there
Lays another path one I have
Not seen, nor another of this line
May have seen, so who am I to turn
I hold no name for
I am who I am
I am what I am
I seek that of above breath
So...so what do you have to say

La Janine Garrett

Tattered Eyes, Seeking Forevermore

I know nothing of that Light for I
Have seen nothing of her beauty
As time goes, this I know
That as these youthful eyes
Forever seeking, Questioning
Demanding, Begging
Tattered, Scared, Bone weary
That as I lay down, to rest that I
Will it so, that I have gained
Hard earned each Blow,
Wound, Disfigure, Mutilation
I may never see this light
Hear her laugh, I have heard
Others speck of it so
I may never have the pleasure
Of looking her in the eye
I have look demons dead on
I may know nothing of that Light
Or seen her beauty, but this
I do know this, the beauty
That lays within these wounds
Of taking a blow, I may nothing
Of your world but I have yet to
Even scratch the surface of the
Night, thou he may hold me
Her name is what wakes me
It is my name that scares me

La Janine Garrett

Tell Me, Father Time

Can any one see the darkness
Surrounding Me
Nights getting colder
Days getting longer
Tell me anyone missing me
It's gotten harder to see
Tell me can anyone see
The darkness
Surrounding me
Life getting harder
Time getting shorter
Tell me anyone missing me
It's gotten harder to see
Tell me
Tell me can any one see
The darkness
Surrounding me
Can anyone see what I can see

La Janine Garrett

The Blind Shall See

And the sea ran red
Its sandy grounds remade in an image
That shall burn its way into a blind man mind
His toughen gone and its remains rotten throw
On count one to two shall praise his right to left
And as its waters its sky shall be that of never more

La Janine Garrett

The Day I Escape Glenmont

O how I long for a simple day
To walk throw a door
Lay my tired body upon the bed
To wake with life
To speak of next day with bliss
O how I long for
Afternoons of rare laughter
Nights of passion
Mornings of excitement
Yet these days are long
And hard as if they wish you not to wake
A simple day
That is all
A day to just laugh long and hard
On the floor can't caught your breath
Yet I am here waiting for the clock to strike
And when it strikes o how I'll smile
If you wish to see this smile
For you will never see this smile
Till this
O how I'll smile
A rare smile at that

La Janine Garrett

These Hands

My poor hands
Long rouged and wide
My poor hands
Hard worked these hands be
My poor hands
Innocent of this world and its deceit
Hold the air of being that of mine
My poor hands
Untouched by powder gold
My poor hands
Scar by man
Scar by I
Young n old in same
These poor hands
That bare what I am
My poor hands
My poor soul

La Janine Garrett

To The Night Without Stars

I have known rivers
Ancient, dusty rivers
To a night without stars
From the tears of the moon
That filled these ancient rivers
Calm, cool face steering
Back at me, asked I for a kiss
I smile and nodded
Walking that sooth walk
On down to those tears of that of
A man who had once hold me till
The light of dawn
Who am I to deny
What was given freely to me?
I stop there along those muddy grounds
And cast one more glance to
What was once my lover
I reach to show care
He smile and said no that
This was mine
Mine alone
That I had nothing back there in the dark
Other than my mine's sanity
What that is needed done
Had no hold on or
Meaning of that of mercy

© Janine T. Garrett

La Janine Garrett

Touch

'For your Touch stains me...'
'tell me that of pain
for I have lain here blind
these many years and
all I can conger up is this face...
that cannot be true, for that of
pain have lain these many years
in my touch'
asked the Beggar to a
Man of many riches.

La Janine Garrett

Uphold

These things say she
Who holds the gift of life
Who walks along a hard road
As time hold no means for at dusk
The word of truth takes hold
Who children shall over write one future
Children intertwine with the elements of
Past and future
Cannot control the fate they flee
One by one
Oldest to youngest
Destiny shall claim them
In the Corse of time
Past and present shall clash
Fear and lost hold new means
For these children question shall be asked
Children lost
But this prophecy, is not that of hope and love
It is that of pain
For pain is life without pain there is no mercy
Yes, these children
Yes, this prophecy is not that of hope and love
But that of the way of life
For each child that screams out in pain
Another screams out with laughter
Yes, it is cruel
For this is the way balance of time is uphold

La Janine Garrett

We Ask This

we ask that you bless those of us
who are lost in need of hope

we ask for our souls are long
are eyes wide
we ask for we can not lay in wait

we ask for this for we have asked
of many times
we ask for this for our voices
have grown tired, are eyes weary

we ask this but of once more
bless and that in kept of those that are lost and
need of hope

we ask simply this
for the tired ones can not walk
these many miles with out that of hope

La Janine Garrett

What I Do Not Hate, But What I Wish That Peace

I know your love
Yet I do not

I see your eyes
Yet I do not see
The truth within

I know your words
For you scream
Those many, of times
Yet I, I know nothing of
Your voice for when you speak it is
As if you hold your tongue

I know your face for it is my face
Hints of who I am
Yet I know nothing of yours
For you hide it behind a mask

Who am I to speak, for you know
Not of whom I am
For I slipped away these years
I didn't mean any harm

As you have not
Yet it is what it is
I know you know
Not of my voice
For I stopped in those days

I know, what I known then
Yet could not find the words
To our silence

And yes I miss you too
Yet we both know
This is the end
For you will not speak
Nor I, so this is love

I say this for I do not
Remember saying so
Now this is good-bye...
Only that shall remain
to be said is that of
What could have been

La Janine Garrett