

Poetry Series

Ron Poetry
- poems -

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Ron Poetry()

Let me reintroduce myself...

I am a Ron Poetry,

A rhythm, a line,

Elaborated in time.

I am poetry

A work of art.

Fragmented heart.

I am poetry

A piece of a whole

Measure of a soul.

I am poetry.

A fraction of a story.

A meaning, with a glory.

I am whispered noise.

-Ron Poetry-

3 Kings

3 KINGS..

MALCOLM X

Forty years have come and gone since that cruel and fateful day.. Hardened hearts grow soft this day and age In some ways life is better, in others life is worse.. While on ghetto avenues he's earned a special place to carry his name.. Justice still eludes too many in this land so great Seeds of corruption growing with no end.. The backs of "COLORED FOLKS" carry most the weight worked beyond endurance, a message they now send to the next generation clean the corruption within your race..before it's too late.... For in the hands of 'We the people", lay a nations fate....

MARTIN LUTHER KING JR...

When I was little my dad told me he marched with a speaker against prejudice and hatred.. A man of ground breaking ideas.. He spoke of equality for you and me.. This man would bring people together of every creed and color.. He tried to teach us to live with each other side by side with toleration as brothers and sisters..

He did not expect us to live in bliss, but with respect without malice.. He had a dream so strong and true He had a DREAM of Equality, Peace, and Love they can be all be linked to that man who had a DREAM to let freedom ring..

His dream lives on today...

BARACK OBAMA...

The heart of mankind beats untimely when he speaks.. So calm and inspiring, deep down in our soul he reaches.. I am almost confident his actions are not that of his but the power of the most high... I BELIEVE is here to relive..

Blessed with the pleasant faces of Michelle, Malyia and Sasha 2 young ladies glowing and growing up brilliantly before America.. The grace of great parents.. Yet this stretches way further than the obvious.. There are those that are envious and those that are oblivious..However our President will show them we are smart and strong with the aid of that signature maker in his left hand..

For the right reasons, yet some prefer that which is wrong playing hate all over like a scratch record playing that song Yes sir, no sir, yes maam, no maam..Surrounded by hypocrites, a very deadly weapon..

His eye penetrates from a far, they will dig dozens of pits for him..Yet their missions will never be accomplished..

So I salute America's 44th President, Malcolm X and Dr. King. You have opened a door for tomorrow's children..

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

A Son Becomes A Father

How does a father tell his son he loves him? That he's number one?
How does son see father now, when all that's been could well be done?
How do these two fellas mark the special things that each has felt?
How will life turn out to be? Have all the cards been dealt?
What effect did you have on my life when December 21st, January 20th and
March 13th you three were born?
What pride I felt when one of you went your own way, yet still my heart was
torn.
What does the future hold for you? What twists and turns will come?
Whatever happens to you my boy, you'll always hear "Well done"!
Where will your life take you to?
Where will you go? What things will you do?
Where will your young heart lead your young mind?
Where will I be when you leave me behind?
When did life change? The day you were born?
When was my patience first frazzled and worn?
When was my pride first right off the scale?
When did you realize life's not a plain sail?
Who will your life and your soul be shared with each day?
Who will you love that apart you can't stay?
Who will you choose as life opens its door?
Who will be changed by your actions and more?
Why in this nonsense is there only one track?
Why, you'll always my son be, there's no going back.
Why do I want for you all I couldn't be?
Why, because I love you, I'm proud of you, I'm your Dad. Always there for you.

Ron Poetry

Abandon

An unclaimed, untarnished vessel,
Internal death settling in, reckoning, convincing my soul its unworthy,
Brings me through the years of the locusts
Out into the jubilee
With a muted voice raised
And reaching out with arms too fatigued
To embrace
The unjust reward
That has been paid upon me
When all I have earned
Is a place among the famished lions
So there I may suffer
At the clemency of those
Unfamiliar with the notion of mercy, forgiveness, sorrow
And only after I am ripped to nothing
Can I raise again
Three days have gone by everything still wrong, feeling like I don't belong,
singing the same ole song, just singing it wrong.. I'm I to raise from the ashes..
A man whom once was strong has been stripped, bare self esteem vanished,
starting over alone the way he has always, clinging to his name the only thing to
identify him as a man. Abandon as a child, left as a teen, forgotten as a man
dying alone unseen by angels. Where's home. Who will guide me home. Abandon
again.

Ron Poetry

Allowed To Dream..

The way the moon shines reminds me of your face,
Removing away the darkness and emptiness from my soul...
Stars were your eyes, that reached in my heart...
The chirping birds reminded me of your sweet voice,
Which made me feel the music amidst all the noise...
The cool breeze blew softly,
Bringing me your fragrance and the feel of your touch,
And made the leaves move..
That whispered your message in my ear...
The flowing beach brought the sound of your walk...
Tonight when I sit all alone..
All beautiful things reminded me of you.. Will balance my life away from you..
I tried hard to know who you are...
I found out and no longer are you just in my dreams.. You're in my soul... You're
real.

-Ron Poetry-

Ron Poetry

Bad Dream

I turn on my television and I'm flooded with campaign commercials, speeches, conventions of asinine assumptions and pointless conversations... I fall deeply in an angered sleep and dream of a futured world that's not Obama ran....Captive the children mired in gloom beneath dismal skies With broken umbrellas unprepared for the cold depressing rain...

Thick fog of disappointment covers the soul's landscape As nervous lips mumble prayers to the dissipating sunset of hope And I'm searching for a pair of eyes immune to graveyard imaginations...

Dark beliefs and spirit-killing thought disease contaminate our dreams, But I'd like to kiss your secret tattoo and supple skin as we make our escape to an unknown city where we can carry seeds of positive new identities to later flourish... If not then our children will float away in the flood of youth, life is winding down. The fortress of life slowly subsides amidst cracks and weeds... The rain beats wearily drearily over the fog-backed river. The maggot knocks in the night...

Dog eared moments always come back to highland burns Hosannahing down the bens of distant childhood Lately the badger woods shrivel away like leaves.. Late in the ghost season, Those who were flesh come oftener in my dreams... Wedded I was a poor crop A meagre harvest under sodden skies talking to stones and moonshine...

I am the parent of my discontent the sermons of infancy roar in my ears.. But I can say, and this most truthfully I have loved the fox and the shy quick darting bird and wish them many blessings in the name of the sun, which only shines on the rich side of this Earth under a Romney ran planet.... Wake me before this becomes reality...

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

Beauty

BEAUTY...

You can see it and hear it, it's a sensual taste, Yes It is truly a gift to behold, You can touch it or smell it on our senses it's based, aesthetically it begins to unfold...

So what is beauty, how is it defined? Is there a right or a wrong? What is beautiful to someone who's blind? To who or what does it really belong?

It can be hearing a song or a voice you love, which proves it doesn't need to be seen, thinking of the joys of Heaven above, what you love someone else will demean...

Meeting your partner for the very first time, Seeing your children come alive, touching the peaks of those mountains you climb, feeling pride as your offspring thrive...

I can smell beauty in flowers and trees, Others see it glisten in the skies, A joy to behold is the taste of the seas, To all of our senses it applies...

There is so much diversity in that very word, Yet it's individual to one and all, That's why this subject is going to be blurred, what you love to some will appal...

Beauty is something we all seek in life, Look, it stares us all in the face It's a word that can cause such terrible strife, Yet it's something we all love to embrace.

You don't need to search for it's all around, We encounter it day in and day out, By respecting all life it can be found, It's a gift we are never w8ithout.

What you think is beautiful others may hate, So don't force your opinion on another, Some things will lift you while others deflate, What you love to some may well smother.

Don't be self-righteous step down from your perch, It's much deeper than the depth of our skin, What you can't see is where you must search, True beauty always comes from within.

It can't be taught nor can it be bought, You'll not find it in a book or a folder, The meaning of that word that you have sought,

'' Beauty Is In The Eyes Of The Beholder ''

Being A Black Male....In 2012

..... Why as a black male I feel so underrated even from my own brothers.. Maybe it's because we call each other nigga because we are too ashamed and ignorant to comprehend that they were once enslaved by the very word NIGGA.. My brother, far down your ancestry Your great great dear aunty watches over the ashamed.. and disgraced.. the very freedom she earned through all of her pain I promise you If she could she would lynch you by your own chain But she won't.. Hurt like stepping on a thumb tack Failed education because marijuana became your new colon Blacks dropping out of school to chase a street dream We all suffer trying to get whips and chains But I can bet your great aunty suffered from the same thing Don't be clouded by the smoke from the black Remember brother you black and the education you need that In slavery they were afraid to educate a black man Afraid of what vast secrets can be released I stand before you today Asking are we ignorant and enslaved as we were a 100 years ago Are we bound.. Chained from light like a caged dog on a Sunday night Why, why did we give up or dreams, Dreams of becoming strong educated and free Education was always the key Or maybe society advanced so far and made it seem like we were locked out But in reality we have become too weak to pick up the key But why Why are we so weak? You tell me, what time, what season and who allowed us colored people to follow knee deep in our own sorrows where we allowed our dreams to be strangled by the root of evil, Which made BLACK choose to play Russian roulette with their lives Instead of educating each other, and themselves...

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

Cherish Her

If she's the one you love and trust,
Who lives within your heart,
Then cherish her, for this you must,
Your true love to impart.
For love compels us to respond
To all we're meant to be,
Not just today, but far beyond,
For all eternity....
That's why God wants us at our best, Not coasting throughout life...
And if a man seeks to be blessed,
He cherishes his wife...
Forgiveness heals the burdened soul,
To free it from despair...
And yet more blessed is self-control
And when two hearts can share.
Togetherness brings happiness
And riches more than gold,
Such that contented souls confess
The joys they have and hold.
So cherish her, your other half,
Who makes your life so sweet....
With every smile and every laugh,
She makes your life complete...
Let others envy, near or far,
The beauty in your lives
And let your marriage set the bar
For husbands and their wives...
Not all are married happily,
We strive to make it so...
God tells us daily, love's the key...
The rest is ours to know...

Ron Poetry

Childhood Of Nightmares

Take a moment and walk with me backwards through my childhood to get a handle on the man that I am, the man proclaiming to be a poet...
The building on the left... I have lived here
since I was born
I'd give anything to make it disappear.. I lived there with my mother and step father... Wow my step father..
He controlled every move I made.. Close your eyes and feel what I'm feeling by telling you this.. I'm 17 again..
I can't handle this anymore
I want to run away,
he treats me as if I'm nothing
saying I'm dumb
and stupid. Mom ignores each insult, I've taken her nicknames..
no one will ever love you'
according to him
I screw up everything I do
I feel like a slave here,
I fear
to come home, but I do basically to check on my mother,
to be yelled at everyday for no reason, because you're hurting, war dreams have you scared, lack of education because your parents never cared.. Why am I paying the price? In this crowded world,
I feel so alone
when will I be good enough?
What did I do
to not deserve love? Feels like an Updated version of the color purple, but its not my sister writing, its my real dad.. Letters and cards hidden or burnt, I ask if ANY LETTERS CAME and that's when the
hitting and screaming,
crying and bruising, begin.. In my numb state I ask myself..
When will it stop?
I've had enough
maybe just maybe
hell isn't this bad, maybe tonight is the night he takes my life..
Its been like this since i was a baby
and now I'm seventeen
I need out
I wanna be free
I hide in my room

but i know
that soon
he will come in
and I always lose
and he always wins
one more year
and then I'm out of here..
Sometimes i just wanna give up
because this...
this is enough
but then I remember I have to be strong and worry about my mother because
for everyone else will.. People in the street would never believe that such a fine
well mannered young man
that has been treated this wrong, can write a song.. But until they realize it ill
just
sit here as he
screams and yells
but one day he will see
ill be gone from this prison cell.
At 18 I made bail.. He killed me..

Ron Poetry

Crushes

CRUSHES..

Questions..

How come every song you here has to be about love pain or happiness? How come noone ever sings about crushes?

How come every poem you read has to be about loss hope or fear? How come noone writes about crushes?

How come everytime your friend talks about their ex~girlfriend/boyfriend they have this painful look in their eyes and they talked as if they hated them? Why cant they be happy and move on? Why cant they realize its not always love but sometimes a crush?

If not for the crushes you've felt for people before how would you know true love? Crushes are like Northern Stars, leading you to love.... if you've never felt a crush how would you know if its true love or just lust?

If people look for love their whole lives how can they truly be happy if they keep getting their heart broke and think its hopeless until they find someone else, if they even do some people get their heart broken so many times they give up all togher and sometimes never find love. Because the fast forward from a CRUSH..
RP2012

P.S.

If not for crushes it would be harder to feel true love for you have to feel a crush to feel love because most of the time true love starts out with a CRUSH..

Ron Poetry

Dark Half

.. This dark half of mine Its black lava flowing through my vein burning with fierce intensity everything coming along its way Its leaping tongue of flame ready to devour me whole exhausted in my efforts to escape, I do surrender to it and watch helplessly as it commands my better half to kneel. The struggle that goes on within the storm that I weather constantly yet, something tells me this fight isn't new And its ending is never in sight either, But if I could distance myself just for a moment And not get involved with either side The broken self starts to cement itself The flames subside the black lava starts to disappear a ray of sunshine bathes everything under the shade of hope, a new poetic self is born again.

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

Ella & Lena

In my dreams there was this pond, with those lilies
I do, because I fell in trying to get one for you...
You laugh that sweet little laugh
But now I cry on that mound of dirt
Being away from you is just too hard
About our promise, I'll keep it
I'm coming to visit you again.
I see you in every night in my dreams, the guidance, the teachings, and even
though you passed before I held your hand, I shall always carry you in my
heart.. Ella B. Johnson my grandmother..

She lies there,
Her eyes closed to the world.
Like an empty shell.
My Aunts have placed upon her
Three things.
A heavy gold necklace with a cameo on it.
Her wedding ring.
A long stemmed flaming red rose.
She had picked out her own dress,
One never worn.
And she seems so peaceful,
So quiet, so contented.
No longer needing the silver rimmed glasses
She used to wear for reading.
No longer weary from the long
Hot day in the Atlanta sun.
No longer fatigued from the pains
And aches of her long life.
My Aunt says she see's her
Dancing finally,
Like an angel,
Filled with the Glory of God,
No longer trapped
In a body that had
Ceased to perform
Even the simplest tasks.
And she shone like a brightly lit star In a place without limitations.
I will feel the brush of her hand

Across my cheek.
I will look again into her
Beautiful brown eyes.
Happy Mothers Day grandma Lena..
-Ron Poetry-
They were my Grandmothers,
And they shall always watch over me.

Ron Poetry

Empty House/ Empty Heart

An empty heart is like an empty house... Even when they've moved on....
There remains something, indefinable and invaluable,
left behind in an empty house; once the boxes are packed and sealed,
the trucks loaded, the tedious inventory and heavy hauling halted, the obligatory
labor dutifully fulfilled,
something remains, standing on its own, without feet nor measure,
apart from that human sense of accomplishment.
Something undeniable. Something I cannot resist.
Something that lays itself upon the silence without body nor motion.
Something unseen before now, appearing before my eyes in crisp, full view.
Once the accumulated clots of clutter are removed
blood flows, in vigorous currents, throughout the
cleansed arteries of an impeccable empty house.
A house void of pots and pans, potted plants,
silver cutlery and crystal ware, plates,
clothes, loungers, divans, televisions, microwaves
comforters, mattresses, box springs and bedposts, ETC.
A house void of possession and convenience.
A house full of measureless, indivisible empty space.
Except you get no security deposit back on a empty heart..
-Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

I Am A Diamond...

I AM A DIAMOND.. I am a diamond in the rough. I don't care whether or not you believe in that stuff. One way or another, I shall triumph over adversity; My work will be read by people in and beyond Dublin City. With all possible effort, I will certainly become a writer Because I persistently declare myself a strong fighter. Despite a hard life, it is I who'll stand out from the crowd; I will not be ranked as low as a corpse in a shroud. Even in depressing times of loneliness, I stay at home Where I express my true talent in the form of a poem. I listen to no one but myself, most certainly not a bully, Because they simply will never understand fully That I am just a diamond in the rough And that the notion of quitting just isn't good enough.... SHE IS THAT DIAMOND... Have you seen her hands, knurled and crooked with age? Translucent skin accenting blue-black veins; White tendon cords contrasting through the spots Of dark-brown on the backs of her old hands? They had been once the strength of our household. They molded us into a family core. The mastic of their love had bound that core, Performing endless tasks, when young of age. Without apparent weariness, household Concerns were done, while only shadowed veins Conveyed fatigue beneath her eyes. Her hands, Saw all the dabs and daubs, all dirty spots. They dusted, swept and scrubbed unwanted spots. No motion lost in their intent when core Of principle involved. Persuasive hands In their resolve. Yet, in my tender age Of childhood ills, before those blue-black veins, Their touch appeased and stilled the whole household.

The home was left, no thought for such household Labor, when fever, with those itching spots, Had pulsed with heated flow, throughout my veins. Medicinal was their caress, the core Of youthful convalescence. Restive age Has slowed the winging of those birdlike hands.

They lack the strength, but not desire. Those hands, Were like swift eagle wings throughout household Routines. She sits immersed in her old age, She waits, while passing flocks, as distant spots, Take migratory flight away. Her core Is not a legacy of ebbing veins,

But golden recollections from deep veins Of unmined memories, as holding hands Exposed the ore of our familial core. How vacuous. Now, barren, our household. As Time had hoarded coin of youth, those spots Revealed that Time is but, that miser Age.

A woman's hands can consecrate the core Of meanest household tasks. She tithes her life, Exchanged for blue-black veins and spots of age. Ron Poetry....

Ink Filled Tears

INK FILLED TEARS..

INK DRIPS FROM MY PEN LIKE TEARS, MY PEN HOLDS MY POWER AS WELL AS MY FEARS, MY PEN WRITES OF LOVE AND FAILED ATTEMPTS.. YET I FEEL A DISCONNECT, MY PEN CARRIES A SADNESS I DO NOT.. I'VE TAKEN MY PEN THROUGH A SERIES OF EMOTIONS.. I've healed but my pen drips INK FILLED TEARS.. Pounds of pain punctured my of trouble terminated my tranquility.. Swarms of stress subtracted my substance.. My heart exploded like a thousand thunders. My mind melted and my spirit splintered...MY PEN..Hanging by a thread destined to burst..

I tried to wash away the spilled ink with words, But the stains were deeply dyed in concrete colors..Verbal detergents were badly and sadly defeated verbosity crumbled, fell at my feet and retreated Internal torment was the architect of my demise terrorizing my thoughts and hijacking my hope... I once traded my POETRY FOR SONG WRITING..

Music tried to massage me out of my misery.. But though the words were so wonderful and the melody so moving and majestic misfortune only mushroomed and multiplied..

I sought solution in the fraternity of friends But their fantastic fellowship fell flat on its face as the vanity of my vicissitudes vented and vomited causing emotional dehydration and mental suffocation.. I EAGERLY RAN BACK TO MY PEN..

Pounds of pain to be pushed out on paper.. Stupendous swarms of stress to secrete But nothing happened until a tear fell from my PEN.. It impacted me so powerfully that I began to write I felt so happy that I jumped for joy.. I was like a kid with a brand new toy.. From that day I celebrated the power of a PENS TEAR and with anyone who would listen, SHARE:

Hand picked from the clouds of my heart Providing me with an excellent new start A PENS INK FILLED TEAR...Carrying the DNA of pain washing away hurtful stains.. A INK FILLED TEAR Expressing unspeakable feelings.. Creating new channels of healing.. A INK FILLED TEAR Traveling through tunnels of tragedy transporting tremendous tons of therapy A tear rushing into a river of reformation Creating a deluge of consolation A INK FILLED TEAR Tearing down walls of internal imprisonment Building beautiful bridges of betterment A INK FILLED TEAR Providing homeostasis Averting my crisis A INK FILLED TEAR..Seasoned with the salt of reality Rescued me from the claws of insanity A INK FILLED TEAR.. Flowing directly from the tear in my soul..Anchoring my feet and making me whole.. A INK FILLED TEAR... POWER OVER PAIN, POWER TO HEAL, UPLIFT AND ENTERTAIN..

NEVER WASTE A TEAR.
Ron Poetry 2013

Ron Poetry

Invisible Battlefield

Invisible Battlefield

There's a war that rages daily With many a battle fought And it seems that no one really Understands the foe named 'thought'...

Pastor..

He seems so small and passive Sometimes he's good and kind But his evil can be massive As war wages in our mind..

Throughout Faith in Action

It's an invisible battlefield No allies at our side As the foe its power wields We cannot run and hide...

But we have a Great Captain in our Pastor And He alone can see Each battle and each out-come Defeat or victory..

Throughout Faith in Action

It's an invisiblebattlefield But we have God's true Word We have faith's invisibleshield We have the Spirit's sword..

Throughout Faith in Action..

The demons, darkness, evil forces Strive to take control But they cannot alter courses With the One who saves our soul..

Throughout Faith in Action..

It's an invisiblebattlefield No one to cheer with glee As evil thoughts and armiesyield To inner victories..

Throughout Faith in Action..

For many a tear-stained battle Upon these plains are fought With many a plea and many a prayer Prayed for this foe named 'thought'..

Throughout Faith in Action..

Someday beyond these borders This battle will bedone As God our foot-steps orders We'll fight them one by one

Trust our Pastor..

With Him, the foe we'll conquer He is a faithful shield For He is Lord and Master Of our invisiblebattlefield...

RK. Hudson

Ron Poetry

Message Of Promise To My Children..

Message to my children...

JUWAN....

My child as you go into adulthood you will find advice comes cheap, Yet I offer this, never make a promise that's questionable you'll keep. The world can only rely upon your word while God knows your heart, Therefore anyone who would try to fool Him is far from being smart.

LAURYN....

You're the girl of the bunch remember never make a promise when it's doubtful you will fulfill it, For a broken promise may bring damage that even time won't heal it. The intentions were honorable, yet the end results tell a different tale, As another broken promise joins that well worn, broken promise trail.

RONALD..

You're the oldest and know more but still beware, for there could be broken promises ahead for you, With my prayers being, there are no major ones and in all, only a few. Perhaps you'll just experience those politicians have made and break, As they try to win your confidence and vote, in the decision you make.

Laron...

Now child there are promises never to be broken, on this you can rely, Not just a few, but thousands which come to us from a Source on high. They can be found in the bible and are made by God unto all mankind, And child, of promises you encounter, these are the purest you'll find.. love you all..

Ron Poetry

Mind F..K

... TONIGHT...Please allow me to slip into something a little more comfortable... Something like, your mind its stimulating and erotic..Because thought processes excites me.. DEEP and WET with the waters of critical analytical thinking flowing like the rivers of time... Can I gently caress your intellect? With concepts that I have created with my own thought patter... Allow me to undress your thoughts with my intellect, allow me to take your imagination to new heights, mentally make love via thoughts orgasms from guessing.. Close your eyes and listen to the tone of my voice.. It's actually better that way... You'll get wetter that way... My mental love making stirs up these creative juices, they never stop flowing, all the while growing closer with each thought.. What I wanted.. you gave me... A piece of information, poetic intimidation that has you seemingly nervous.. Must be your first time.. I mean sharing your mind... Don't worry it won't hurt, but you might get addicted because once you get the feeling of trusting someone with your most intimate thoughts, feelings and fantasies it's hard to stop, no longer being restricted by mental limitations.. Having inclinations to do it every time I see you.. In public someone might see but they still wouldn't know that I was mentally making love to your thoughts.... Tonight you want me, you're aggressive, finishing my sentences making me breathe heavy... You've entered my brain's master bedroom, you notice my poetic thoughts, passion, angels, unfinished dreams.. We fall so deep in thought it feels like a dream.. But it wasn't a dream, it's truly real just without the ability to forget... Lay across my mental plane.. slowly ill thrust my swollen creativity deep inside your imagination rhythmically until our thoughts become one, simultaneously impregnating our minds with passion, poetry, uplifting and a new brand of love...

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

Mother

My Beloved Mother...

As a child I'd place my head on your lap, You'd caress my hair, I'd lose myself in your gentle touch, my love for you grew more love, the love I did not desire to share with my father nor sibling..

You are like the sun of the morning.. Welcoming me with your warm embrace on a cold day.. You are like the full moon by a delightful night, Keeping me placid, Glimmering my face..

Though, we battle with our colloquy swords Though, we disharmonize.. You approach me, with your anchored, adept, affable mind Implanting morals inside me, Authentic, Noble and Kind...

Forever, having absent-minded smile on your face..Laughing, making me laugh.. Though, my blooper fetches the dilemma molding our life.. you always laugh, you made me laugh..

The truth, You are a mirror, A Clarion, classy mirror, Where, I can see through for me.. you sacrificed fortune, fascination and fame.. Everything but truth, You are only capable of love, and love is all I see In your eyes... I can see the real me.

You had dreams, Beautiful dreams indeed unfortunately, I don't know what they were, you always focused on making my dreams come true, one dream you should know... The dream which came true the dream of you...

You kept me warm, warm in the winter, You still keep my heart warm inside, you are an open book as I go ahead, each word untouched and compelling, Though it is not the end, it would never end..... They say, -I am a God send to earth-HE Gifted Me My Life-True so true, -God gave me birth-My Beloved Mother -, you may not have birthed me in the natural, but spiritually..You birthed me life through guidance, love, trust and understanding.....

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

My Dear My Tear

Before you showed this path..

Pounds of pain punctured my progress Tons of trouble terminated my tranquility
Swarms of stress subtracted my substance My heart exploded like a thousand
thunders My mind melted and my spirit splintered Hanging by a thread destined
to burst...

I tried to wash away the wounds with words. But the stains were deeply dyed in
concrete colors. Verbal detergents were badly and sadly defeated Verbosity
crumbled, fell at my feet and retreated Internal torment was the architect of my
demise Terrorizing my thoughts and hijacking my hope...

Poetry tried to massage me out of my misery... Music became my mistress, but
though the words were so wonderful And the melody so moving and majestic
Misfortune only mushroomed and multiplied...

I sought solution in the fraternity of friends. But their fantastic fellowship fell flat
on its face..As the vanity of my vicissitudes vented and vomited Causing
emotional dehydration and mental suffocation...

Pounds of pain to be pushed out Stupendous swarms of stress to secrete.. But
nothing happened until a tear fell from my eye It impacted me so powerfully that
I began to cry I felt so happy that I jumped for joy I was like a kid with a brand
new toy From that day I celebrated the power of a tear...And with anyone who
would listen, I'd share:

My tear became my wife..

Hand picked from the clouds of my heart Providing me with an excellent new
start A tear Carrying the DNA of pain Washing away hurtful stains A tear
Expressing unspeakable feelings Creating new channels of healing A tear
Traveling through tunnels of tragedy Transporting tremendous tons of therapy A
tear Rushing into a river of reformation Creating a deluge of consolation A tear
Tearing down walls of internal imprisonment Building beautiful bridges of
betterment A tear Providing homeostasis Averting my crisis A tear Seasoned with
the salt of reality Rescued me from the claws of insanity A tear Flowing directly
from the tear in my soul Anchoring my feet and making me whole...Thank you
my DEAR TEAR, You are the reason I'm still here...

Ronald K. Hudson.

This is the closing poem to my book SHE IS THAT LIGHT. Dedicated to my wife.
Mrs. Ronette L. Hudson

Ron Poetry

My Harlem

This is my Harlem...

Live corpses wander littered sidewalks

Shoeless, clueless, toothless and tired...

The refuse of a city built on broken promises.

Pregnancy runs rampant - a self-perpetuating disease

Along with 9a.m. alcoholism

And prison tattoo battle scars.

Rap music blares from an old boombox.., remember that chick dancing in front of 125th record shop?

An antiquated relic spouting unrealized dreams.

Homeless and jobless soldiers of misfortune, war with the streets..

Congregate with social workers

As they wearily sigh in gospel harmony.

Hookers led by pimps work thankless jobs

Pumping the lifeblood of Manhattan

Even in broad daylight;

Like vampires immune to a sun shrouded in smog.

The living dead search for ways

To blend into a society that glitters

In defiance of their pain

With fake nails, a cigarette, and McDonald's fries.

Our Park ave has no glitter or gold but it holds history to white folks its holds mystery, to those that got lost out there it holds misery.. But still..

That's my Harlem..that's my LIFE.

Ron Poetry

No More

...Once held back by the vice of a mental chain, again and again, bones that snap to relief a break in my pain. Summer cast the spell to ice winter, seasoned to color white for no reason. Deep dwell my soul to shallow my hollow, disgraced by the mirror which displays only terror. Rewind my life to afflict more pain by pause, my way to hell, rather forward the play. Senseless reasoning which splatter vile in my mind, time is time, you need not to age, we are caged by our harmful rage. Written to protect, laws to bomb only the innocent to succumb by their poverty, we help to destroy. Do you hear the whispers from the dead, death is rising, she has released her fear. Ten thousand personal stars dead at different times and hitting me now.. The poetic words go one at a time like souls waiting in line to enter the kingdom.. But the stars come all at once the gathering crowd of ancient... They say sleep here we will surround you.. But they forget how long It takes to shimmer in the beauty of the night when comforted by the beauty in your eyes.

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

Poetic Bliss

POETIC BLISS

..How rare stars take flight, morning lights ecstasy.. I was riding the morning essence as night punctuated my poetic paradise... Capitalized it into a small black box within my heart.. Entitled poetic bliss.

This form of bliss threw away the key while eternal morning breaks and I watched in amazement as renewal stellar dawn light turned into a paled gray mist as darkness crept over the Earth..

Each day I saw the morning break spreading blissful circle around the Earths sphere....

Eternity begged artists of divine sight to come embrace the erotic bliss of poetry.. Together multiuniverses crossed in a verbal instant, words and thoughts took flight... Myriads of angels blessed us upon our gift to uplift the hurt, the broken the lost.. a poetic journey.... Starting

from SHAKESPEARE to MAYA ANGELOU passing through other great African American POETS ending with MYSELF...We focused on infinity with punctuation marks, capital letters, crossing T's and dotting I's.. Is part of nirvana liberation illumination transcendent consciousness body mind soul embraces stellar ecstasy.... Whether scrolling through the BIBLE, the pages of ESSENCE or EBONY, listening to LIL WAYNE or 2 CHAIN or logging on to view the pages of this humble POET, in one fashion or another you've experienced poetry.....

POETIC BLISS

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

Poetic Ecstasy

POETIC ECSTASY..

A poem too can be sensual or sexual according to the way we read it..

I write it upon your urging, you say you're lonely and you have no one near to comfort you and wonder if my words can fill that void....You feel vacant, blank and empty.. You are crying behind your eyes hiding tears inside...You express a need. I express a want. I am silent too. I know when to stand and when to sit upon your gentle command.

You ask for a poem about love. I write it... You want something harder. You want me to write the dance of forbidden lust. I comply.

I write a poem about an orgasm of words. Ecstasy buried within poetic verses.

I bow down to your urges as you uncover what wraps me, what encloses me.

The power of poetically written ejaculation and the receptacles of verbal orgasm.

Our mouths dry.. Our passion heated. Interlocking. And then it rains. You crave for me to write more.. But after what we went through..... There are no words possible.... ECSTASY.

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

Poetic Greatness

POETIC GREATNESS..

No one can know the potential, of a life that is committed to win; With courage - the challenge it faces, To achieve great success in the end..

So, explore the Poetic Dimension of Greatness, and believe that the world CAN be won; By a mind that is fully committed, KNOWING the task can be done..

Your world has no place for the skeptic, No room for the DOUBTER to stand; To weaken your firm resolution That you CAN EXCEL in this land...

We must have VISION TO SEE our potential, And FAITH TO BELIEVE Poetic Greatness; Then COURAGE TO ACT with conviction, To become what GOD MEANT us to be..

Your voice alone possess the strength and the courage to conquer WHATEVER you choose; It's the person WHO NEVER GETS STARTED, That is destined FOREVER to lose..

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

Poets Prayer

MY POETS PRAYER..

... Heavenly Father.. at times words refuse to flow out of me, they await an inspiring soul, I am waiting to write, with the wings of your inspiration...

I find myself trapped in a dictionary, Every step I take goes wrong, I need to see through the darkness within the meaning, I need a fire from your enthusiasm...

My shoulders droop, head held down, Every step I take goes wrong, The gift of knowledge is what I lack, I need a lift by your encouraging hand...

I reach for her hand, she shies away, Every step I take goes wrong, I need balance of mind, Give me peace and happiness from your everlasting soul...

Today I am worthy for yesterday is gone, I slept a wanderer and awoken a WORDSMITH. ask and you shall receive.....

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

Poltical Nonsense

Last week I turned on my television and I'm flooded with campaign commercials, speeches, republican conventions of asinine assumptions and pointless conversations from Romney's camp... So I fell deep into an angered sleep and dream of a futured world that's not Obama ran....Captive the children mired in gloom beneath dismal skies With broken umbrellas unprepared for the cold depressing rain...

Thick fog of disappointment covers the soul's landscape As nervous lips mumble prayers to the dissipating sunset of hope.. And I'm searching for a pair of eyes immune to graveyard imaginations...

Dark beliefs and spirit-killing thought disease contaminate our dreams, But I'd like to kiss your secret tattoo and supple skin as we make our escape to an unknown city where we can carry seeds of positive new identities to later flourish... If not then our children will float away in the flood of youth, life is winding down. The fortress of life slowly subsides amidst cracks and weeds... The rain beats wearily drearily over the fog-backed river. The maggot knocks in the night...

Dog eared moments always come back to highland burns Hosannahing down the bens of distant childhood Lately the badger woods shrivel away like leaves.. Late in the ghost season, Those who were flesh come oftener in my dreams... Wedded I was a poor crop A meagre harvest under sodden skies talking to stones and moonshine...

I am the parent of my discontent the sermons of infancy roar in my ears.. But I can say, and this most truthfully I have loved the fox and the shy quick darting bird and wish them many blessings in the name of the sun, which only shines on the rich side of this Earth under a Romney ran planet.... Wake me before this becomes reality...

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

Sensual Diva

Sensual Diva..

You're even closer now- I see your fire-black hair-cascading down your slender neck-your face like a erotic, passionate-with your full, tasting lips-your hypnotizing brown eyes-Sparkling with crystal stars-As in the darkness, they burn with passionate desire... Singing songs of life over stalled heartbeats..

Sensual Diva takes the Mic in hand testing 1,2 she shouts...

Being in tune with her surroundings gives her insite, Placing only positive people in her path, Using her haters as her motivators inspite, As so called friends hide a frown behind a laugh. Progress is her objective as she climbs the latter of success, Turning obsticles into steppin stones along the way, Making every experiance a lesson and every task a easy test. Giving help freely cause its a blessing to do, Making the duties of a strong woman of business look easier. Knowing what you put out comes back in direct proportion to you, The true meaning of a real diva...

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

She Is Always Right

As your parents we care for you. We see you struggle and feel your pain but you were warned to stay away from those with selfish gain. Now it's time for you to listen to the lessons s being taught. Lessons of hope life fulfillment and dreams made true. But you see we had to go thru. Go thru to get to the place were we can hear what thus says the Lord in our ears. Now we are older and wiser too. Being raised by God a promise that clear true.

Ron Poetry

She Is Beyond Heaven....

Your honey skin, shines in this darkness,
Your halo kisses my lips and drips love so perfectly upon me
I cannot fight the feelings I am awoken by
I come alive from your wind upon my cheeks
Fly away angel, fly away into the mist of gold
The golden sun, that burns my soul like wild fire
I see your eyes, oh how I am mesmerized by you..
If everything is made to live and die; Can I spend my days in your arms?
My heart beats, my heart lifts, my heart rhythm to your voice
You breathe down my neck, it shivers my soul.
If you could see what I see, a new me, a new light,
I am dancing in your heaven.
I can smell your innocents, I can taste your life on my lips
I don't care what the world has to provide me,
I don't care for riches, I know nothing is better than this feeling
I live in your arms and I am alive
My angel, My sweet angel
Beauty is you, and your halo surrounds me, you protect
my love, see through my eyes, see how awoken you have made me feel
I just want to lay here with you for an eternity...
Can you feel me? I am feeling you.
Can you breathe me? I am breathing you.
My angel, what is your name?
I wish to spend an eternity in your arms..
-Ron Poetry-

Ron Poetry

She Loves Butterflies

She comes daily in my garden
Above the blissful lush green lawn
Smells marigold taking in nectar
Heaving a sigh, oh, there she dives,
quivering along the sky.
Sits on every flower
Among the brightest flowers
I watch her as she flies
Azure, blue and lush green,
Everyone adores her beauty,
One of the God's great reward we've seen,
So much of pride there she carries
So self conceited
Riffing across the sky
Oh enough she again leaps
I gaze at her as she moves smoothly
Over her delightful realm,
My anguish and aches goes away,
As I watch her fly...

Ron Poetry

Shes My Rib..

Why did God create Woman from Man's rib, when He could have simply created her from dust, as He did Man? This is a story that puts a beautiful touch on the reasoning:

“When I created the heavens and the earth, I spoke them into being. When I created man, I formed him from the dust of the Earth and breathed life into his nostrils. But you, woman, I fashioned after I breathed the breath of life into man because your nostrils are too delicate. I allowed a deep sleep to come over him so I could patiently and perfectly fashion you. Man was put to sleep so that he could not interfere with the creativity. From one bone I fashioned you. I chose the bone that protects man's life. I chose the rib, which protects his heart and lungs and supports him, as you are meant to do.”

“Around this one bone I shaped you. I modeled you. I created you perfectly and beautifully. Your characteristics are as the rib, strong yet delicate and fragile. You provide protection for the most delicate organ in man, his heart. His heart is the center of his being; his lungs hold the breath of life. The rib cage will allow itself to be broken before it will allow damage to the heart. Support man as the rib cage supports the body.”

“You were not taken from his feet, to be under him, nor were you taken from his head, to be above him. You were taken from his side, to stand beside him and be held close to his side. You are my perfect angel. You are my beautiful little girl. You have grown to be a splendid woman of excellence, and my eyes fill when I see the virtue in your heart. Your eyes: don't change them. Your lips: how lovely when they part in prayer. Your nose so perfect in form, your hands so gentle to touch. I've caressed your face in your deepest sleep; I've held your heart close to mine. Of all that lives

and breathes, you are the most like me."

"Adam walked with me in the cool of the day and yet he was lonely. He could not see me or touch me. He could only feel me. So everything I wanted Adam to share and experience with me, I fashioned in you: my holiness, my strength, my purity, my love, my protection and support. You are special because you are the extension of me."

"Man represents my image, woman - my emotions. Together, you represent the totality of God. So man: treat woman well. Love her, respect her, for she is fragile. In hurting her, you hurt me. What you do to her, you do to me. In crushing her, you only damage your own heart, the heart of your Father and the heart of her Father. Woman, support man. In humility, show him the power of emotion I have given you. In gentle quietness show your strength. In love, show him that you are the rib that protects his inner self."
RK. Poetry

Ron Poetry

Slave Minded

2012 SLAVE MIND

Expression used for people surrounded by confusion living in a vicious circle Of lies and illusions..

They hunger for prestige and luxury And thirst for higher society while creating a bubbled reality floating over society's misery...

Controlled by companies and publicity buying from them the image of how to be. They buy and use and buy again for any fantasy purpose or reason..

They value materialistic communities and they are blind to human qualities..

They dream up things to brag about like expensive things or trips down South..

Having the latest iPad, iPod or iPhone without an IDEA... Of what to do with the last 5 versions....Now don't get me wrong

Money and gadgets are all good, gives you style and attitude... Make the money if you want too But don't let the money make you..Standing on line for 24 hours excited for a product when you complain about being 3rd on line in a bookstore will allow you find that you are SLAVE MINDED, Confused and abused by the things you use.. STOP BEING USED.. Thinking is FREE.

...Ron Poetry ESCAPED SLAVE.. not totally free but I'm running...

Ron Poetry

Soul Vs Spirit

She sits alone trapped within herself.
Everyday is just another day shes made it through.
She's fighting a battle against her mind.
Shes trying to hold on, for whatever it may take.
Telling herself she cannot cry, tears are a sign.
A sign of weakness, she cannot be weak
For then others will see, she has to be strong.
She will do anything to keep others out and
To stop them from seeing.
She develops her own cure, her own secret
A secret that will eventually take over her...
Hidden within her secret belongings
A sharp razor, the perfect size.
As her heart is beating feurosiously
she drags the razor across her skin, relief.
Everything pauses, and for a moment
she feels bliss. But then its all back
All the memories and all the pain.
One more drag, bliss. Over and over.
The process never stops.
The blood drips, the tears stop.
She cleans up her mess.
hoping and praying that she will never have to again.
But knowing she will. Puts the razor back...
So now all is done, her wounds are nursed
and she says goodbye until next time.

Ron Poetry

Sun Has Sound We Never Hear

It makes one all right, though you hadn't thought of it, A sound like the sound of the sky on fire, like Armageddon, Whistling and crackling, the explosions of sunlight booming As the huge mass of gas rages into the emptiness around it. It isn't a sound you are often aware of, though the light speeds To us in seconds, each dawn leaping easily across a chasm Of space that swallows the sound of that sphere, but If you listen closely some morning, when the sun swells Over the horizon and the world is still and still asleep, You might hear it, a faint noise so far inside your mind That it must come from somewhere, from light rushing to darkness, Energy burning towards entropy, towards a peaceful solution, Burning brilliantly, spontaneously, in the middle of nowhere, And you, too, must make a sound that is somewhat like it, Though that, of course, you have no way of hearing at all.

RK. Hudson

Ron Poetry

Tables Turned

We need to talk....She looked at him with disgust, and proceeded to rip in to him. She told him that he was no good, never spent no time with her, always working, no time for her. Leaving her home with their 10 yr old. He barley knows who you are as it is, she says. Telling him she should of left him a long time ago. Trying to be patient waiting on him to act right. Only spending time with her cousin and best friend. Ready for their relationship to come to an end. Coming home looking all rugged and tired all the time. Eating dinner by herself, using toys to please herself because he's not there to do it. You a disappointment to me, she says. Wasted my time with you... for what? Leaning back against the counter, She waits on his reply...

PART II

He looks at her in amusement, making her madder... Sweetheart, he replies... I'm gonna tell you how good I am. I'm a doctor on call who saves lives on a daily basis. You get the joys of not working. How do you think you buy Chanel bags, Those \$200 shoes you buy? I buy those... with my hard-earned money. Of course I come home looking rugged and tired. I just gave saved a bus full of people that got injured by some crazy gunman. You say you only spend time with your cousin? Honey, I know your 'cousin' is your baby daddy... not me. I had a DNA test done already. Your cousin... he scoffs... really? How slow did you think I was? Our son has hazel eyes... the same as your 'cousin'. What? you didn't think I noticed? I knew that was your boyfriend. Why you think 'our' son told you we visited Auntie Dana? D-N-A... now you get it? I just been working so I can buy me another house and leave you for good... a new start. I knew he wasn't your cousin, he told her. Talking about using toys... you don't even own none. But that was a good one. With that... he gave HER a look of disgust. Have your stuff out by 5 or they WILL be removed for you. Laughing, he turned around and walked out the door, Leaving her standing there, mouth open. She didn't expect THE TABLES TO BE TURNED.....

Ron Poetry

Tarnished Ministry

..Scholar of conflicted thought processing-a joke that doesn't even garner a courtesy laugh. MY PERSONAL WAS SO PERSONAL THAT YOU USED IT FOR YOUR OWN PERSONAL REASONS...

Corrosive liquid swells up in borrowed bedroom eyes, that has most of these people believing, that...

I am a branded savage. Loneliness the bread of my affliction. Control is my addiction.

Brainwashed on top of a soapbox teaching the word of God, giving my deacons the nod as they collect tithes and offerings from the suffering you suffer from the guilt of being poor... Thoughts as innocent as barn raising with the Amish.

I stand apart from these clueless sun-worshippers who see God in a bush on fire.... My Moses didn't wear a watch with his Hebrew attire.....

Art is a decent alternative to God.

Forget your bedspread Jesus; bi-polar saint—dead man blabbing. A deadly apparatus.

In a city of 99 cent store daily words and defective theologian imitators, I prefer dinner alone...

I am the conservation of momentum. Considering therapy, also, the curve of the Earth.

There should be a church for citizens so profound...

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

That Word Love..

The greatest coward of man is to awaken the love of a woman with no intention of loving her..

That word LOVE...

Please consider this humble safety suggestion just for nothing else but to sooth any worries or apprehensions of anyone taking your prescription required medications. Though they may be far more beneficial then you yourselves conservatively claim, would you please include on your labels this caution when falling deeply in love...

Of all of God's creation its something about the WOMAN that is a foremost tower of beauty, passion, inspiration and the utmost brilliance..

Providing motivation giving men support helping ease frustration with sensual yet friendly comfort..

I'm frozen by your beauty melted by your touch... In my arms you long to be to be loved... You're protected made perfect.. Perfection to my needs..

Perfection to my wants...

RK. Hudson

Ron Poetry

The Black Angel

The Black Angel

The black angel in my blood tells me it's time to die, go, disappear from myself into the next loveless oblivion like rainwater down a snake's hole. The black angel in my heart laughs and reminds me how worthless I am to any of these who keep dying like rivers in a desert everytime I look to see if there's anything real to drink behind the mirage of their smiles. Look how they all salt their own gardens, killing anything green that had a chance to grow with their incessant no to anything that isn't a straitjacket they ripped off one of their mental dolls. My heart says die, my heart, too hurt to cry on anymore fires, says die and be done with all these shifting sands and lies that look like life but turn out to be nothing more than nothing more, black match heads trying to bloom in the dark, extinct flowers cut off at the root of being by their own refusal to open.

PAGE TWO..

No is their own rejection; no is the mirror returning their own reflection like a passport at a border to a face that isn't enough to be admitted in, to cross the threshold, to enter, flowing, the sea. And yet they all say they want to know, want to be more than the adolescent outside the dollar-store, peering penniless through the window, over the monkey-bars of a baby buggy. My God, how they cheep in their shells at the chance of any real sky outside the cramped confines of their postered walls. But show up like a crack, show up looking anything like liberation and growth, and everyone chickens back into the coop, wingless and terrified in the shadow of the hawk high overhead riding the wind for the joy of it. Frauds and imposters, day-old dainties in a bakery-window singing lead in a choir of flies. And the demons within me scoff, the black angel comes forward out of the miscarried dream, carrying the dead child that gave its life to believe in them and asks me if I've had enough of their toxic ordinariness, their insistent tainting of the secret wells it took so long to divine on the moon with a broken water-wand. Idiot children peering out of the shattered windows of an abandoned orphanage like tiny eyeless idols waiting the return of a huge blind god that can't see to sign their creation. And it isn't judgment, it isn't any lack of compassion or understanding that wants to thaw their glass tears and heal the home-made tattoos that puncture their hearts with dirty needles of ink, it isn't feeling above or beyond them that turns the life-boat into a floating hearse crammed with moaning ghosts; it's watching them look for salvation among the sharks that devour them one by one in a frenzied graveyard of fins. Tonight, so alone, so dispirited, so uselessly empty, a suicidal clown in a tentful of humorless junkies, I weep into my own hands like a man trying to wash off his own face in the acids of a private hell so complete death is the only rumour of a messiah these black

winds whisper in the ashes of everything I wanted to be. What's the use of love, what's the good that comes of wasting a lifetime learning to care, learning to give and killing yourself off to give more, giving away your eyes, your heart, soul, hands, blood, time, talent, until exhausted and immaculately impoverished you don't know what you've got left to give when everyone's smearing lipstick on their rectums and sewing their mouths shut so nothing real or true gets said when they tell you how much they appreciate the generosity of your death and ask for more before you're buried in their bull.

PAGE THREE

I listen and I listen and I listen with my ears and mind and heart until their small doomed stars are splinters of glass in my own eyes, their pain mine, their healing mine, their fate my own until the dagger's buried in the wound of my own being so deeply I alone am left to the business of dying over and over again in this solitude of regenerative hell where to ask for a dropp of blood in return, a touch, a smile, a last embrace, one word of genuine love to ease the fear of the passing is to be refused with honey and cunning, is to learn, bitterly that all you gave as a gift is taken in theft and fenced in the seedy pawnshops of their pedestrian greed. Look, there's my heart in a greasy window, over-priced, almost the cost of a new one with a guarantee, and there by the chipped plaster of a mantelpiece wolf howling at a nicotine moon, the soul I squandered like a sudden flashflood on a dry creekbed that said it was going nowhere.

TO BE CONTINUED....

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

The Heart Of A Poet

THE HEART OF A POET..

To look at the ocean, and envision a universe, To compare a flower to a lovely woman, Putting in words a metaphorical flight... Expressing happiness would make all a poet...

But it takes a poet to express pain, To look at hurt in a different light.. To search for joy in a sea of sorrow, A lonely plant in a dead battlefield...

The ability to look at a sunset, And see fire; the moon cold and distant. But to see the essence of love In the flame of a dying candle,

It takes the heart of a poet To find peace in sorrow, joy in pain, music in silence, sight in darkness, The cosmos in an insignificant grain of sand...

Soft and mellow, filled with compassion, Yet tough enough to traverse through fire, It takes the heart of a poet to take the burns And turn them into joyous tears.

It takes the heart of a poet to empower words to move stone to turn tears of happiness and love simply by caressing them...

To understand love, to spread love, To reduce the ache of a throbbing wound, All it takes is a few short words flowing from the heart of a Poet.. This wordsmith Poet..

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

The Philosophy Of A Blessed Husband

If we take things a little further than say Aristotle's table of opposites when we have learned to embrace them to make or give the picture to the 'whole' we turn to the silent partners the nun, the nurse, the wife who does equal if not more in the background to ensure the smooth sailing
we carry it further with the researcher or the researched for the completion of the pattern if we could only then understand giving back to the individual it is understanding there is God
we may then explain intuition that unexplainable something that leads us to the answer to the problem
that the problem is not a problem any more that it is the solvable the sav'able the saviour-able the copable and there is Abel calling us clean and bright and shining it is Jesus who gave us our sight it is we who are not lost just moving in the dark it was Plato in his Symposium who admired poets who felt he couldn't measure up it is Shakespeare who gives us the answer who led us to the Holy Books it is the educated embracing the uneducated it is the unknowing who is drawn to the all knowing it is the lost who will be found the scientific finding that gives the jubilation: there's no measurement of time in the surpassing
that an eclipse is a communion; unity a joining in the eyes of the beholder that a leap of faith can lead you to the answer: we each go our separate ways to get back to each other.... Rekindled through the spiritual world as we die in the natural.. loving on a higher level.

RK. Hudson

Ron Poetry

The Rons

I've waited for the longest time for my dream to come true..
Now it's right here, standing before me. with her hands rubbing my shoulders
ever so gently,
as she kisses down my neck with such compassion.
It makes me nervous what to expect next and how I would ever react.
Safe in her heart I breathe so heavily.
My heart pounding ever so roughly,
as if my heartbeat was dancing her name.
Her lips so soft almost makes me sleepy,
wanting more and more of her blissful desire.
Her soft thin lips reach mine as I hold my breath and kiss her as if it was the last
time I will ever kiss such a woman.
It is much more than making love it's self.
She gives her body heat to me, with the warmness of the heat crawling up my
body along with her as she whispers my name and lock eyes with me.
In her eyes I see her for who she is, no matter what she's done.
Pulling her closer and closer each second, her heart as my safe home, her heart
as my own beating heart, connected together as one.
She takes me to a different place.
The place I've always seen in my dreams, and couldn't describe the
meaningfulness
until she showed me her sexual passion for my desirable bliss.
She knows all my secrets, all my regrets, all my mistakes,
all my times when I've been the worst demon alive.
The taste of her juices fill my lungs with lustful sin as the moment arises when I
enter her.
Entering her body ever so gently. Ever so caring.
Pleasing each other, she slowly calls out my name in such a voice, yet such a
fading whisper.
Under my body she locks me in,
wanting me to stay and never escape.
In her heart she holds me ever so close, pulling me closer each second, with my
chest squeezing up against her firm juicy breast,
as she moves her face closer to my face, her lips right next to my ear and
whispers
Never leave me....
I exhale passionately.
Feeling peaceful and loved by her.
She has given me the most powerful gift any woman could give.

She gave me the gift of tomorrow.

-Ron Poetry-

Ron Poetry

The Sinning Poets Prayer

Allow me to learn to teach relevantly what has been bestowed upon me.
To allergically ignore the norms and follow thy footsteps.
Overcoming materialistic oppressions to acknowledge valor in thy eye.
...Forbidding my tongue to stray away from thy divine wording for disastrous
predicament Would await at my forfeiture...
For I am inadequate of all measures for the flesh bind me
Like shackled ankles.
To drag on with miserable pestilence aiming with diligence
To withdraw unto thy shelter with convicting will.
While my trinity float calmly in synchronizing melody with consensus
of pledging my all unto thee.
-Ron Poetry-

Ron Poetry

Unsaid

... UNSAID....There are some things that meant to be unsaid and some that were meant to be said but hidden. There are many word to say to bring this up but i curve my question and answer to another direction. It is better to keep the things as they are... There is no need to say the truth to make another person uncomfortable. Lips sealed are better than wide open. To say I Love You and not mean it is meant to be UNSAID.... I dreamed a dream, one so full and new
And woke up with thoughts of being with you..

I dreamed a dream, where I held you close
kissed your lips and whispered why I love you the most..

I dreamed a dream safe in my sleep..

Where you were there with me and my charge to keep..

I dreamed a dream before the sun crossed the sky..

Where 'Forever and Ever' was our lover's cry...

I dreamed a dream and woke with a sigh..

for this dream was just a dream and even a dream can lie..... REMAIN UNSAID

Ron Poetry

Ron Poetry

Words From A Butterfly

What is the hope of His Caspian.g for our lives? Hope, Ernest expectation. What are you expecting these days? Are you hoping or expecting that the promise you made or was told to pass? Are you Hoping for a better future but planning for yesterday? Are you searching for the answer that's been in your face the whole time? WISE UP! ! RISE UP! ! You can't get what God has until you do what God has called you to do. He did.t make a promise that He did plan to keep so neither should you. My children be Leary of the things that you do that make your heart feel untrue. Untrue to yourself first then to others.

RONETTE L. HUDSON

Ron Poetry

Your Presence

Reality – THIS reality in which YOU live – is more beautiful than the dream, I am content, it would seem you can work wonders with your presence, when you are there, the sun comes out, when you speak, you open my heart, when you pronounce, my mind wakes up, with your sonorous voice in my ears, I understand the meaning of living this life Thank you for teaching me to trust by being trustworthy and holding my hand when my fears held me over the abyss, thank you for turning back as I fell trying to follow in your footsteps, thank you for being just who you are even when others did not comprehend your great spirit and sweet intent – I appreciate you, right here, right now, Just as you are, without fear that you are just a figment of my imagination – because you are not, you are so much bigger than that – no fantasy can reach the height of your stature, you just keep growing, I love reality - at last...

Ron Poetry