

Poetry Series

Tricia Whyte
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

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

Tricia Whyte(July 17th 1977)

I was born too and blessed with wonderful, understanding parents. I was raised in a village called Vance River, south of Trinidad. I have lovely siblings and cousins who are now my support system. Aunts and Uncles who love me no matter what I do. God parents and neighbors who knew I would stand for something in this world. Friends I have known since I was a child and are with me in my adult life. Found, lost, regain and cherish the word love. Work in a society that helps people with MS. Live in a city where there are good days in Central Park and bad nights on Flatbush Avenue. I love to read books. Write only when I feel an unexplained emotion. I am me, Tricia J Whyte.

Confessions Of A Friend

We had sex.
That was all, nothing more nothing less.
We connected on a different level
I was in love
You were being loved
You took, I take
I pray to god that I will never wake
To be awoken from this dream
Where you are the prince
And I was a queen
It would be like cutting the act from the scene.

We had no love.
The aftermath is very simple
You don't talk and I will humble
Settle for the feelings once given
In moments driven
By passion, lust and pleasure
You and I found the last treasure
Ecstasy have plummeted our relationship
Coveted by need for companionship
Nothing is said about our friendship

We had fear.
We shared something that was all
Our life was explained in silent instant
Understanding came with the unspoken
We are no longer just friends
We now have to defend
What we hold dear to the end
Let us wait a while
So the guilt could disappear
From this lonely atmosphere

We had time.
We recognize our faults
We had something there before the fall
We opened a closed door
That could never be closed

Should we walk away?
Or stay
If we walk
There will be no more talks
And all will be lost
Stay to bear the pain
Of losing our friendship in vain

We had endurance.
We had sex that was not all
We had no love
But we got joy
We had fear for our guide
We had time to decide
We have to choose now
Friends or lovers
My Lover and friend
We are now at a dead end.

Tricia Whyte

Hey There Daddy

Ties are made so it could be broken
Secrets lives out it the open
Mistakes are made so we can learn
But no one told me how to earn

I mean, life is difficult
This much I do know
I was born without a silver spoon,
So I had to work twice as hard
To reach that gray moon

Who told them I could do this Dance
Where stepping on my toes seems Okay,
My daddy never taught me that
He told me be strong,
Speak when you are only spoken to
And answer when they call,
Hey there daddy, I don't blame you
You don't own a glass ball
So you could not see where you baby girl would fall

I woke up with bruises on my back, blood on my hands,
I had to fight so I could make you proud
In this unknown crowd,
Hey there Daddy I am ready to explode
But you never taught me how to reload

Daddy you should have told me
A lie could be hidden in the truth,
Maybe I would have not eaten
From the forbidden fruit,
Instead you taught me
When a person slaps you in the face, turn the other cheek,
Hey there daddy I don't blame you
How could you foresee
A man could be brave enough
To put his hands one me

Hey there daddy I am angry

The dance you taught has some regrets
For he lost his partners chivalry, equality and respect,
Daddy you did your best
Now is my time to show them what I have learn

I have a fire inside of me that water cannot out
And my feet is tired of being step on,
Thank you dear daddy for all you have done
Please have no doubts
But your baby girl needs to buy a new weapon.

Tricia Whyte

I Am Known As Woman

Truth left before the morning
The lies remain to explain its absence
I was left with my essence
To stand tall in your presence
Come with it
Try to break my spirit
I am known as woman

Worthy to bring forth life
Obligated to preserve existence
Masquerading as a representative of Zion
Answering all unclaimed questions
Never once will I alter
I am known as woman

Water don't flow through my veins
Obliterating all negative stains
Mirrored in the image of Queen Nefertiti
Anointed in the cup of my duties
Never will I forget
I am known as woman

Wisdom is my protector
Observer of all that is around
Messiah I will say, not master
Acclamation is for my father
Never will I deny
I am known as woman

Willing to forgive
Offensives committed against me
Mainly because I want to live in Harmony
Atonement is what I seek
Never ending my destiny
I am known as woman

Come with it
Try to break my spirit
Adam, Samson and Julius Caesars

Are your fore fathers
Eve, Delilah and Cleopatra
Are my mothers
I am known as woman.

Tricia Whyte

I Have Found

With all the warning signs, I lost control of my flight plans.
I tried hard to pull back, leaned to a safer landing but no;
The essence of your existence in my life
Was stronger than my zeal to remain secluded
There you were gently pulling me into your streams of sensual friendship.
Bracing me for the upcoming nuptials

Here I am, my wings clipped no longer able to fly away.
I paused for the moment, to enjoy the fruits of my past labor.
Hell I earned this, after all the tears, pain and abuse;
Why not stay for a while and immerse my self into a rhythm of your youth.
Yes, ah, you want my friendship it is here for the taking.
You want my sexuality; it is here for the yearning.
You want my heart; it is protected by the past but is here for the saving.

I have never known such pure pleasure,
It hurts, for I know it cannot go any further.
You cannot take me into the depths of love.
Travel along the road with trust as our guide.
Nor can you see the beauty of it all
Stretched across the big open sky
You open the window for me to fly away,
With silent words expressing the way you feel.

You played the song and I listened.
Your heart belongs to another.
That much I have gathered.
I know now I cannot fly away
And I am afraid to stay
Soon you will be joined with your other
And you will become my long lost lover

In moments gone
I have found a real friend.
I have found sensuality.
I have my found solid ground.
I have found heaven on earth.
I have found joy, laughter, and peace;
I have found Life's Heartache.

Tricia Whyte

It Is Time

He said that he will never leave
I said I will always be me
Then the years went by and we held true
To what we believe
Then, she called to say that you are there
I found out that you were never here

I smile to hide my regrets
You smile to hide your shame
Fighting to stay alive in this love game
After all these years who is too blame
I got a glimpse into your world
And realize that this tale is getting too damn old

I've been waiting here for you to come home
Trying to brace myself for the future
Without you in my life,
I know I have not been able
To give you what you need,
And the funniest thing is
You don't know how I feel
She said that you will be back
You said that you want a second chance
I say it is time

It is just the time to say our good byes
Our love was enough for us to let go
It was good to end the cries
It is time to let go of the love
That caused me to fall out of love
I have fallen out of love with love

Tricia Whyte

Love Tragedy

I have said this so many times
Trust me I'm willing to pay the fines
There he was knocking on my heart's door
Knowing I have heard this all before
But who is keeping score

Let me in so I could do some damage
I'll only give love that you could manage
His eyes were bright and deep
Tormenting me in my sleep
He said he is playing for keeps

There I have done it again
Fallen in love with my friend
This was not suppose to happen
Neighbors say it is too rotten
For a woman to be so forgotten

In the middle of the sun's beam
While rivers flow down stream
I have departed from my lover
For the arms of another
One glorious summer

Some say I did the right thing
Others claim it to be just a fling
Every morning I wake up smiling
At night I never go to bed crying
God, I ask you for some understanding

Watching my tears fall like rain
Falling in love caused so much pain
In life nothing is secure
In love that was never pure
Now I am looking for a cure

Death came calling one spring
Took with him my Jim
I was left alone to recover

Soon my love ones will discover
The petals of this wounded flower.

Tricia Whyte

Mama's Girl

From the sun she shaded me
When the rain fell she let me see
All the troubles I caused in this world,
Could not stop her from being
My mama

I have sinned a thousand times,
She branded me only five hundred
I cried a river of tears,
She prayed for a sea of happiness
So I will know no fears

When life swung an unjust blow,
She fought like blazing thunder
When I went under,
I was never faultless
She is flawless

Now I shout to the world
Mama's Girl is back
She has sent me forth
To deliver the facts
She have sustained her whole

I have worth, so I am stronger
I have wisdom, now I am wiser
I have love pure and true
Know this world Mama's girl has arrive
She is reborn and I'm alive.

So when sun shines
I need no shelter
When the rain falls
I will not asunder
For I have my mama.

Tricia Whyte

Me

First thing first, lets face facts
I am no lady
Never had time to be a girl
They stuck ribbons and bows
In my hair
And say; you're beautiful
In this messed up world

First came love, then sex
I remember thinking; what's next,
In the early twenties I smoke trees
In the late half I stuck to the booze
Yes Mama I hear you
I disobeyed the rules

But today I am a woman
And my days start at sunrise
My life begins at sunset
I find peace at midnight
After I taste some fine wine
This why I know the life I live,
Is only a passage through time

Monday to Friday I wear a suit
Friday night I wear my boots
Trying to look cutie cute
Saturdays Vicky keeps my secrets
Sorry to say on Sundays,
I found no love in Religion

John, Peter and Paul came
To me they all were the same
One tries to hold me with marriage
The other his fist
The last tried with his lies
Listen here fellas, I know Maya Angelou
She told me why caged birds fly
I had to say goodbye.

Today I am a just a woman without a man
Not by choice but for my peace of mind
I have to wait to give birth to the unknown
Since I can't be a girl, I never like being a lady
Life will give me my throne

Tricia Whyte

Mistaken

First thing first, who I am?
I am no lady
Never had time to be a girl
They told me I am beautiful
And push me into this world

First came love, then sex
I remember thinking; what's next,
I now shamefully admit
I became a part of the system
Where his touch made me his victim

It is not the same he said she said
Not the same love gone bad
It is the case of broken identity
When his touch caught me off guard

He came to me like a thief in the night
Took my essence and my fore sight
I could not see beyond his love
That there will be no white dove

He gave me what I needed
I gave him all I had
He told me that he was leaving
I thought I would be glad

What is left is barely enough
After this sudden rebuff
His touch broke everything inside
To allow loneliness to reside

I have no wings, so I can't fly
I have no tears, so I never cry
I have no faith, so there is no entity
This is a case of mistaken identity

Today I am a just a woman without her touch
His hands no longer love me

Now I say, what is, will be
To the love that never made history

Tricia Whyte

Rasta

Hey there Rasta I don't know you, but I want too
Dress in your khaki suit you seem so cool
Hey there Rasta I don't know you
But I will love to attend your Soul school

I want to learn what is to be love
To know the touch of a mans hands
You see I enrolled in a boy's class
They never completed my tasks

Hey there Rasta what is your sign
Come over here and feed me your line
Fill me with your sweet talk
While we wine and dine

Teach me how to dance to your rhythm
Show me the steps, promise I will follow
Release me from these chains of sorrow
And I will wake up with you tomorrow

Hey there Rasta, I don't know your name
Come over here I not playing any games
I need to be taken on a higher ground
You seem fit to wear that crown

Educate me in the ways of above
I will be your humble student
You don't have to be scared
I will shield you with my love

Hey there Rasta, I need you
Come on over, let do this scene
You keep my nights warm
And I will shelter you from any storm

What I need is healing
I need to be taken to a place
Where loving is given,
I want to feel it crawl deep within

When we create a new sin

When you touch my lower back
I want my body to respond
Like an addict without crack,
Simple gestures I will accept
Only if it is to keep me in check

Rasta you don't have to be on me 24/7
I take it from 7 to 11
Along with five nights of sweet heaven,
Hey there Rasta you don't know me
Trust me we will be.

Tricia Whyte

Set Me Free

Bound by emotions tied to your lies
I sense myself being heaved into memories
Of the past that once was,
I no longer live in the present
But dwell in the mishaps of tragedies
That our ending love has sent

Who do you blame, when there is no shame?
I mean who's to act, when there is no reaction,
Emotionless I submit myself to you
While in the night I dreamed of being touched,
Only to know your hand is there
Brining pain I no longer could bear.

Who is to answer, when there are no questions?
Who's crying, when I see no tears?
Saying goodbye sounds so simple
When it lurks in dark
Behind the shadows of your mind
Knowing it will free your heart.

Bound by emotions tied to this lie
I exist only to say the words
I love you,
When there is nothing left to declare
I feel myself being trapped
Only because I am afraid of despair

Set me free I silently beg
Release my heart
I will share the blame
You will hold no shame,
For being not alone
Is worst than being on your own.

Tricia Whyte

Sister

Cut from the same cloth they say,
I know a few who
Would argue that point of view
For where you stand strong
I often stray in the wrong

On your worst given day
I will never see you cry
But let my nail break
You are sure to hear me whine

Mother and Father made us both,
This much I know is true
If I look in the mirror
I will never see you
Honey and salt make a sassy taste
That is why you and I will never hate

For as long as there is day
There will be a night
Where ever I am
What ever I may do
You will be
My source of light

We have the same features
Eyes, cheeks and smile
If it comes down to
Who is better?
You are ahead of me by miles

So my dear sister
I will not let you down
I will walk in your shadow
With out a frown

Oil and water never mix
Night and day rarely shake hands
Yet through out time

My dear sister
Our lives will always be entwined

Tricia Whyte

The Masters

As a child the first tune I heard was by a Sparrow
He had a mighty voice that I just had to follow
His song 'Jean and Dinah' made me see
A part of Trinidad's History
I never read about it in my text books
His lyrics let me know the true crooks.

When I was ten I prepared for First Communion
Did not know much about God but I had religion
Then I met this man from Point Fortin
All dress in Blue, he asked me
Who are you?
I said I am a Catholic
He said that he was A 'Soca Baptist.'

As a teenager my parents tried to warn me
But life was sweet and they would not let me be
Mother said she will send me to the grandfather
I told her what I would rather
After meeting me and my friend
The man wrote a song call
'Watch out my children'

In the early twenties I lost touch with my roots
I had new songs to go along with my dancing boots
I never understood what they were saying
And was not sure if it was music playing
My Uncle told me they will pay for their deeds
When I come back from 'Rally around the West Indies'

In my thirties I began "Face Reality"
I did some bad things, and said a few
I have hurt people and people have hurt me
Some I had to cut down to a smaller size
Why must "I Apologize"
Then my God Father put everything to rest
When he told them I am "still de best"

The night Watchman had me in a conversation
He said you see that young man
They once told him "he was too young to soca"
Watch him now he "Attack with full force"
The grand master gave him his source.

I stand tall and proud because of the guidance I have receive
With the memories of my school teacher's Chalkdust on my shirt sleeve
If trouble come while I am on the path to Zion
I know how to come out fighting like a Roaring Lion
One day I will shake the hands of the Explainer
And tell him thanks for making understand
Why Lord Kitchener Grand Master

Tricia Whyte

The Storm

Sunrises inn the morning
The wave hits the shore
Therefore I breathe to let in more,
Everyday I put myself to the test
In hopes of giving you my best
That dream was laid to rest

The day claims the light as her sister
Night and darkness are famous brothers
Mothers will always love their daughters
While I hold back my tears
Trying to pretend I don't care
That you stole my years

First comes the scattering lightening
Followed by the roaring thunder
Know this; a son will always follow his father
While I learn to love another
Today I burry my sorrow
So a smile could be worn tomorrow

Morning brings the sunrise
The day holds onto the light
Afternoon wind moves a warm breeze
Fighting off lightening and thunder
I promise you I will find shelter
In this stormy weather

Tricia Whyte

War

Listen here Mister I was raised on Yam and Dasheen
Please don't come here and not expect a scene
I know the difference between white and brown rice
That is why I don't do anything twice
These half cook peas you just serve
Is the reason I always keep one in reserve

Potatoes and eddoes are not the same
And I don't like playing games
How could you disrespect me in broad daylight?
Then come here to lay with me in the night
Since you are a known lover
I was raised as a heavy weight fighter
Let's don't even bother

Take this, take that, is too much blows
For some one who never tasted Aloes
Onions still make me cry
And I am tired of all your damn lies
Since two hen cannot live in one cock pen
This foolishness must come to an end

Listen here Mister, I am no boil corn
So let me tell you how this is going down
I am standing here with cause to attack
With Mr. Puncheon and Coke in the back
You take this and I will take that
Before we end up playing tit for tat

You see this salt fish I just cook
I didn't learn it from a Naparima Book
Please leave with your back yard loving
Because my next man is coming
With some cassava dumpling
I am done talking.

Tricia Whyte

Where I'm From

I am from a small town
There you find my memories linger
Through hills and valleys
In the sky and over the seas
I'm from a small town
Known as Vance River

In the times when the world has gotten the best of me
I drift off to the days under the Mango Tree,
When I got my heart broken
And believe it has been done,
I swim back to the place where I'm from
There was boy
Whose love was never shun

The Sunday beach limes
The afternoon soccer games
The Girl Guides teacher
And my Mrs. Norma,
Their kindness blows back to me
Like a warm summer breeze
Trying to brace me from life's blunder

To the boys and girls from my home town
I lift my hat to your memories that are unsung
We surely had some ups and downs
The village excursions, Sunday Bazaars
They all know
We gave the best damn Fashion shows

Where I'm from
There are Teachers, Nurses, Accountants, Preachers
Officers and beauty queens too
We wear suits and heels, boots and shoes
While we try hard not to break the government rules
We sit at the top
So our parents could proudly reap from our crop

To the John's and Ma Call's

David's, Thomas's and Reid's I must not forget
Surely you remember Carnival Sunday night's fete,
To Miss Joyce, Janet, Vio and Greeta
My belly has never had any regrets
To the past angels
Sammy, Mrs. Mamrie, Wallace
And my dear friend Tan-Tan
Although I was not there to wish you fare well
I know in my heart you never saw hell

So to that little Village called Vance River
Your child sends her love
Through the streams and valleys
Over the hills and mountain top
Until the next time we meet
Say hello to Mr. Franklin Rum shop.

Tricia Whyte