

Poetry Series

Tristian Ford
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2023

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

Brute Force

Strong on its own
Strong when it's gone
Strong if it stays
Strong when this is how it outplays
Strong when peace delays
Strong with no company
Strong with no money
Strong with no job
Strong with no mercy
Strong when it's pretty
Strong when it's ugly
Strong for a reason
Strong for a purpose
Strong in a season
Strength is increasing
Strong with no cigarette
Strongly Breathing
Strong when it begins
Strong when it ends
Strong with no friend
Strong with no approval
Strong all along
Strong with no phone
Strong with no dope
Weak to think of them as negative
Reflections of no hope
It's weak to hold that head down,
even if drastic
It was weak to shed tears,
even if frantic
It stands strong
Laughs at us
Wretched powerless
Hardships and ordeals
Became uphill thrills
Now be strong enough not to look down
And Laugh
At whom we see - How it feels
Life in actuality

Lessons came Godsent
Hardships became Softships
Those blessings
Should Lessen
Those fears
Those tears
Discreetly,
Become Powerfully Confidently
Physically, Mentally, Spiritually,
and
Emotionally;
Overtly
Strong
Muddy waters become clear,
When those waters are left alone
The brute force of
Adversity comes over
Tossing & Pushing
Thee
But Becomes
Thee
Overcoming Adversity
Pushing & Tossing
Force - Brutally
What remained a mystery
Is finally clear you see
Obsequies and enigmatic
Eliciting,
Energy in thee
Unmistakenly
Meant to be
It provided ye with a useful insight
That guided thee
Sets us free
Mentally
Understand that tension and frustration
Will equally,
be part of understanding
Something totally unpredictable or extremely confusing and overburdened
That aversive state of anxiety and affliction
So high,
Evaded rather than explored

So betwixt,
Cautious rather than curious
So low,
Ineffective rather than headstrong
Staggered along
Rather than
Striding oneself along
A tree with one arm
Holding an umbrella during a thunderstorm
Not understanding identity
Not comprehending resilience
Why resist instability and development because of discord?
It's an act of faith to prevail,
To grow and evolve
Go forcibly onwards!
Get the drift of who you are!
A force to be reckoned with
Thus far.

—Tristian Ford

4/23/23

Tristian Ford

Nineteen Fears

Nineteen fears

When a man's child dies,
Allah says to His angels:
'You have taken the child of My slave.'
They say: 'Yes?'
He adds:
'You have taken the apple of his eye'
They answer: 'Yes'

He replies:
'What did My slave Say? '
They exclaim:
'With no strength to stand up straight,
and tears in his eyes,
(a sight That even Satan slowed down for a second and thought about crying)
He praised You and said:
'Verily to the LORD of HOSTS, we belong and unto Him, we shall return, '
Allah says!
'Build for My Slave a house in Paradise
and call it the house of
Strength.'

—Tristian Ford
3/28/23 Tuesday

Tristian Ford

Sequoia Tree

Sequoia tree

I often liken you
To a night without the moon
But when you make me laugh
Stars shine that makes me See
I Spoke too Soon.
Were it not for your smile
I would have never found My way through
That enormous dark doomed room

You often liken me
To sleep without having a dream
But when I make you laugh
Deja Vu makes you see
Me
Realizing personal effects
You've never seen.
Were it not for my heart
You would have never found your way through
That cosmic dark doomed room
At that flat dark screen
That got tuned off too soon.
Our routine is often liken
To us passing back and forth
When we should be asleep
But it's not dark,
The flash-lit canteen
On the day we can hold hands
and with our own eyes
Out our window screen
At a Sequoia Tree on a perfect morning

Imagine us laughing
At jokes from our heart
Because of our moon
Causing us to notice a dream
in a dark room
When we finally decided to turn on the light

A little too soon
It will be the only way to make our way through Unseen territories on
deserted grounds
Turn evergreen in dark rooms
Come to be bright enough to be called
Sunshine Moonshine
Serene.

—By Tristian Ford

Tristian Ford

One Idle Thought

Thoughts
are like little droplets of water.
A single drop
doesn't make a huge difference,
it doesn't mean much.
However,
if we continue dropping,
dropping,
and dropping negative thoughts,
we create a puddle.
Before long you can form a shallow pond,
then a lake,
then even an Ocean.
Sooner than later,
We can drown in all that negativity.
Consistent positive thoughts,
float on the Ocean of life.

The thoughts we think accumulate over time,
which will determine our
rainy tragedy
or
reign in triumph.
What kind of puddle are you standing in?

—Tristian Lamar Frank Ford

Tristian Ford

Alone 2023

Alone

Not lonely alone, wanting someone to join Alone.

Alone

not depressing alone

Alone

Accompanying happiness

pressing the fact that the company is gone,

Alone

Like the kids are asleep,

Just like when Parents are gone

Free at last

Finally,

Like Macaulay Culkin

Peace and Quiet

in this home,

Alone

Alone

Not alone like the ones you have to pay back.

Alone

Like detached from an iPhone,

Fully charged

The wire is no longer needed,

Just dangling,

Left hanging,

alone

It's perfectly fine being all alone

Like a lone crab, no longer tagging alone,

amiss a bucket keystone,

Undeniably,

moving alone.

Alone

No pulling, pushing, or snapping

Not even an argument with myself

All this time, All alone

disjoined and not disturbed,

Standing alone.

Alone

Like irretrievable, irreversible
a mist joins with the wind,
disappeared.

Where have you gone?

Vanished without a trace

Yet,

I'm visibly happy,

alone.

Alone

Like unaided, single-handedly
getting alone,

Strong-minded, Self-sufficient,
exuberant and independent,

Most importantly,

I alone sincerely meant it.

Myself alone,

Loved you so much that upon returning to

Myself alone,

I realized the mask one had on.

Myself asked me,

"Why look out there before peeping within
inner self, all alone

Looking for something unconnected,

When your own connection

is connected wrong,

All alone.

The inside is soul tied, hitched up

and ready to help keep

you alone, protected.

Next time don't look to love anyone,

If you alone,

Don't Love Yourself.

That's exactly how hurt people

hurt more people

than they ever expected.

That notion alone has a gargantuan impact

on the fact alone,

love leaves hate
and yourself,
alone."

Just alone, No phone
Company long gone
Home alone, Hanging alone
Moving alone
Standing alone,
until you begin
disappearing,
No more Thinking
Just Sinking. Into oblivion.
Where alone, have you yourself
gone?

—By Tristian Lamar Frank Ford

Tristian Ford

Free Will# 1 Of A Young Man

Free will is bold.
Free will is outta control.
Free will is in our minds.
Good or bad intentions,
Free will is a part of our souls,
No Matter where it goes.

The Mystery
We all choose and act differently.
Free will—Free will
is still our responsibility.

Some philosophers used their
Free will to rename it
'determinism'
I used mine to read books.
Still Haven't found out how to train
my Free will to
Slow down my
metabolism
Jeffery used his to do
Cannibalism
The government is using theirs
to do
Capitalism
The Pastor, (every once in a while)
uses his to do
baptism.
I don't know how my
next-door neighbor is feeling.
He had a brain
aneurysm.

But this young man,
My Lil Cousin got
Life,
without the possibility of parole.

God bless his soul.
He still got his Free will,
He just won't be using it
to leave Prison.
He was only 25 years old
He used his free will to cry,
When he quit looking the Judge
He turned to look at his Mama,
in her eye.
Both of their Free wills musta been
Shell-Shocked cause
They never Said
good-bye.

Free will—Free will
He used his to kill
Now he gotta use that
Free will
To Live or To Take,
His own Life
down in Huntsville.

Free will, tell goodwill, to remind ill-will
That willpower still will out-will
If we all
don't chill and seek God's will.

We had rules,
commandments & statutes.
We were some sinful fools.
Then some moe fools,
Made some moe rules.
You got the right to choose
If we got to fight some fools
Die before we lose
the right to choose
Who you listen to.
It was given free to thee
But with thievery,
deceiving thee,

misleading you and me.

The Mystery

We all choose and act differently

Free will—Free will

is still

our Responsibility.

On second thought;

Maybe we should not fight,

That's right,

Don't fuss.

For the Lord is our Judge;

The Lord is our Lawgiver;

The Lord is our King;

He will Save Us.

Read His whole word—this is just one verb

He loves

justice.

Isaiah 61: 8

????????????????????????????

Tristian Ford

Tris#5

There was an uproar up there by the ford.
We have to go help him,
quite frankly,
we have to get to him.
We'll manage with all the courage we have

Sounds so Sorrowful, I've never heard pain hurt that bad.
So much pain, Scared to death
And confused,
not knowing,
not wanting to take the last breath.
His world has been taken away.

We gotta get her back to Tris.
How bold he is, How strong he is,
Life,
Hold on to this.

How long is this,

This loneliness?

Tris

She's a distance away,
To much a distance for me!

I've read many books,
Wrote so many hooks,
I once wrote a full page of words
And never opened my eyes to look.
I've learned so much,
searching, reading, and writing
That is all I do.
I was by myself when Solomon taught me something new.
How much harm
too much wisdom
would increase on you.

Those words and knowledge
I sought so hard 4,
Hit back hard though.
I won the fight
But still,
full of so much sorrow.

Since you act like you can't love yourself.
Learn that.
It's what you need that will teach
You
Who you are.

Since you are afraid
face that,

Those demons are afraid of You.
Reluctantly they approach
While you're awake.
When you sleep
They laugh right in your face.

Atmosphere changer awake
To God hopefully one day;
I'm not in a rush,
but
I can't wait.
The pain that comes with knowing your name,
Let me tell you one last thang,

You are a strong, bold distinguished warrior,
With the right names that mean somethangs, no games,
small frame,
five smooth stones,
one book,
a pen,
a pad,
And one slang.
I got everything I need,
yeah,

ev'ythang.
Wisdom will never leave me,
I'll never be lonely,
A-gain.

Tris

Tristian Ford

My Brother Richard Wright

My Brother Richard Wright
by Tristian Ford

- It was the father of sorrows
 - the beginning and ender of grief.
 - I was the bud and the blossom,
 - the late-falling leaf.
- It cured the tears of a heart sick,
gave answers to a curious mind,
- when it came near to sing.
 - It made me an indentured servant,
 - your words accidentally made me a King!
 - I still go to it, brother
 - when am
 - bewildered and weary,
 - when my lonely heart swells.
 - Knowing Bigger Thomas
 - was not the last one that
 - this society kills.
- As you know, they are not done, I'm also its Native Son.

Tristian Ford

You Are

You are a person
No matter what kind of person
The person you become is up to you
The things that make you that person;
Well, that's not up to you
you are giving the same options as us all
Chose wisely
You are responsible
You can run, you can even hide
You were born and You are going to live
No person is going to be left untouched
You are a hammer or you are a nail.

Tristian Ford



PoemHunter.com

Jupiter Tree #2

After a long journey in the wilderness, I saw a beautiful tree on the path. A sense of infinite peace brooded over the distance. The glooming sun cast a rosy hue across the evening sky. Golden fingers of sunlight lit up the path with love, trust, and purpose, leading to this anomaly which made its intention fascinating. It stood about 14 feet tall, with low-spreading shrubs and long trailing branches. Its evergreen needle-like leaves stirred with the breeze, bending but never breaking. In such a way, it seemed to be telling a secret sweeter than the sea or the sky whispers, and it was speaking to no one but me.

Respecting the command with one foot in front of the other.

I heard its words but could not interpret its language. Ineffably stunned aesthetically because of its serenity and voice, Yet terror-stricken with the crystallizing approach. The closer one drew, the calmer the Wind grew; the calmer one's Mind too. Rapt- Halt?, Where the acorns sprouted, then both ceased. Invigorated to a state not sleep but resting, not dead, just euthanized consciousness.

Letting go at the same time grabbing on, pessimistic, nevertheless optimistic, leaving and arriving, open-hand, still reluctantly tight-fisted, selfless but stingy, lost but quickly found, rich but still broke Somewhat HilArious, but this was no joke.- I AM- Euphorically at peace, with no restrictions to time, space, or terra firma. Just a gratifying sense of indisputable completeness; and otherworldly delight. At last in the all this deep suffering, and get a ternal, please breeze really confidentially under this is scintillating tree.

Tristian Ford

Entangled Roots

The apogee of my growth is dazzling to anyone's eye, I'm just another tree pointing to the sky.

Once Covered with Smooth, dark-gray bark, now after all this time of becoming fissured and scaly with age that only hurt when they turn brown, or winter over my stage.

Yet, my growth and beauty are on every viewer's first page.

The three-sided, rigid leaves scatter along my long shoots, and clustered dense tufts at the end of short spurs.

make on-lookers amazed at my favor, a maxim moment because I'm silenced by theirs.

For what seems eternity their beautiful eyes stare.

So I give the best advice, the best way I know how.

Pointing to the sky, in this, we should all avow.

Even if beauty is the only thing noticeable of one another as we look, at least not one moment was wasted thinking about what it took.

It is nothing to many who pass by, until today, I never thought to ask why.

I even learned how to think and speak when this woman leaned on me and began to cry. I could feel the difference between her and I.

She murmured; ' is any suffering like the suffering that was inflicted on me? ' But there was no way for me to tell her the life of a tree.

As she walks away, I have no choice but to stay put. The places one would go, if I had one Foot.

She leaves behind a smell of melting chocolate mixed with fruits.

Moving onwards with not one thought of my Entangled roots.

The nadir of suffering is somewhere we all must go.

Hoping we understand why the knowledge of good and evil was something He didn't want us to know.

The Knowledge we need in both cases is over our heads. To define the kind of intelligence it takes to make alive, what had become dead.

How do we all manage to adapt to all kinds of climates?

How we die, yet live again, deterioration by way of sin.

The mind continues to learn and adapt despite pain, anxieties, and fears, It

would be an immense help to give the purpose to her tears. I've wandered about the transmogrification of these walking, talking beings for years.

They all look different but have the same hoots.

No matter the uncertainty of these pursuits, eventually, we'll understand,
Entangled Roots.

-Tristian Ford

Tristian Ford