

Poetry Series

tyrone allen
- poems -

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tyrone allen(02-26-1990)

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On this day. The world makes no sound.

The peace in heaven, rain down on earthly ground.

The memory of loved ones, on this day you see them around. On this rainy day no one is diseased or sad, they are grateful for their life and what they have.

On this windy but much needed day. I vacation my heart and gave it a break. No more crying and no more regrets.

After this day my mind is set. On this one of a kind day. Fathers come home and hug their children softly.

Racism no longer exist. Everyone is one color.

On this day everyone has the same amount of money and love each other equally. On this wonderful day everyone goes back to school and tell their teachers sorry.

The streets are empty because everyone has a job so in return they shut down welfare. On this holy day no one says (i can't do) .

But what will happen tomorrow, that my friend is totally up to you.

tyrone allen

A Born Gymnast

I came out my mom womb with a twist.

Born gymnast, everyone knew i was sick. From the day i was born until i did my first flip.

I realized this was just half of me, the impossible is nothing, i can defy gravity.

No coach, pure instinct. i am Never afraid to go higher and that is my curse.

I was never a loser, i have been the best since birth.

I do not think i am the shit. But the toilet over flow when i get on the mat.

I always have full focus, i never look around.

My objective is only complete until my feet hit the ground.

tyrone allen

A Long Time On This Road.

On this road, my heart feel sad. Because there is this girl, i can never have.

In the night i stared at the moon. With the stars saying something on the side.

Like My love she is so divine. The splitting image of a goddess, oh how i wished she was mine.

Can you tell me how you feel even if it may hurt.

Because life is strange. And if i want her to be happy then i must tell her to moved out of cupid range.

If destiny intervene and spread us a apart, my love will always be seen for you.

The first day i seen her smile, was in front of a bus. I had to say hi, that was a must.

Then i seen her sitting alone. My heart was racing but i asked her how she was.

She spoke a couple of words that made me melt, and gave me a look.

i can not tell you what i felt. I had love, a sense of purpose those little eyes sent me in to a circus.

I will wait, forever i will. But someday i will move on knowing that her love will come soon.

On this road, this lonely road.

I looked up hoping my heart will not explode.

Its been a long time on this road so what can i say.

Love do what it want. Like Leaving the mouth with nothing to say.

This probably won't have happened in Shakespeare day.

Beause love was real. They spoke what they meant or somebody probably got killed.

But i still remember all about the show. When you spoke on the stage and yet all that i seen

was a heavenly glow.

You spoke words. But i only concentrated on your face.

lost in love and lost in space.

When i came over i said Hi.

then someone else came over and your body language said bye.

So i left with a smile because you gave me the time of a queen.

And left the fool alone.

tyrone allen

A Mothers Tear

A mother tear is feel with fear and determination, stress in her voice cause her family face starvation. The longer she fight, the more they starve, so she shares her body with strangers and drugs. Her family ate with the money she made, regret in her voice cause now she have aids, slave to the needle for so many years, the ocean got deeper with so many tears, death was coming and now its hear. The 4 horsemen stood watching while the grim reaper stared. the pain is to strong, she could not bear the angel sung loud she could not hear everything went black can't see clear, her eyes went blank, soul faded away. family heard a beeping noise so all they did was prey. Father in heaven i love her so much, father in heaven she gave up so much, father in heaven i prey for my family and me that the hardships she went through, we won't see. Father in Heaven.

tyrone allen

A Place.

This Place for my pain, has made the paper bleed in each internal vein.

This place for my pain has been put up for rent. Since my heart always strain.
Why do i keep something, that hurt so bad.

Beause happiness goes, leaving my mind broken like glass, Memories in pieces
that is why they never last.

A place for my sorrow, And the place for my Hate, is up for grabs. But beware of
the sin in which it have.

The place for my love has been abandon for years. I wonder if i went back to
that place will i still be scared.

I remember a time when peace was a reality in that house. Nothing did not
bother me. But careless slip through and played real violently.

So i wrote louder then thunder so nothing could silence me. And yet i'am stuck in
this place. Where my pillow is decided by fate.

It is sad that this house now thrive off hate.

In this place, this moldy old place.

Where a Guillotine stands in its kitchens space.

The room walls always descend when Anger is called upon.

This place has a owner. But as long as i understand the upkeep.

In return i feel no closure. Retribution is what they recommend because God is
their love, and i'am known as Sin.

tyrone allen

A Poem For My Dad.

I live my days with words to say. Like how much i love you and happy fathers day.

When i hear others call their dad, my heart bleeds dry, and sadness creeps, and i wish, i would die, it is just that deep.

My feelings are untamed, i unwillingly cry. God gave me free will, until he died.

But i had a dream of my father. He told me to move on that is all i can remember.

I woke up with peace and smiled with the morning.

In reality i hate having dreams because they always bring back memories of what i have lost and not what i have.

I will end this poem with love your father until he fall, take not less of his joy but all.

tyrone allen

Beast I Have Become.

How can someone love a beast which only can be tamed by love.

How can one mind, make such a conclusion. That beast with human is such a rare confusion.

But the beast is sweet, so sweet. Love is just a portion when you meet. What do you feel, how could you love what thrive off the moon. Hunting at night and then sleeping at noon.

Emotions cover up death and give you a cold and unwanted sleep. Could the beauty ever be a with a beast. Could life find beauty in which destruction keep.

Mind, Body, or Soul. Do the beast have. Or false life in which it is here. Speak the truth of beast who live among us.

Because when the sun hit dusk and beauty can not stop the burning flame of lust.

Blood is sweet. So sweet they say. But to change their ways, they change their prey.

tyrone allen

Beautiful Soul.

A dying angel, bleeds to death, On the corner of broad way, while the rich man slept.

The man dreams of a forest in which he is lost.

The angel get sick, but has no money. So she gets nothing at all.

Her mother got murdered while her father left to find his wealth. But forgot the real treasure and that is his daughter who he is missing.

Years and years past by. The man got richer.

While the young girl die, holding her parents picture.

Life will shed tears and there will still be her sign. Saying 'one dollar, can you spare.'

The man walk pass the same corner and did not even notice.

The little angel who bloom like a lotus.

So cheap he could not even spare a quarter.

But now so sad. He will never get to see his daughter.

tyrone allen

Daughter Of Mine

Daughter of mine inspire my poetic flow line for line. My love for her was expressed in so many ways, the day she was born argued the fact there was a hell. Until she lost her legs and cancer spread. The heart beat slow, thats what the doctors said. But i prayed that he was wrong, doctors always sing madness so i hear the bibles song. Daughter of mine, blessed by angels and cursed by satan, help God please no more waiting. So daughter live a long time cause you is on his list written with gold if god take you today or tomorrow, i asked him for atleast one more day to see you smile and to watch you play. Why did God create such pain in humans. Is it because you are as sad lost your son and so you made us feel the roots of your pain. A gift for a gift, is that what you say or how you feel. Uncertainty will never heal. When it rain is it tears,40 days and 40 nights was cause your son was going to lose his life. Well i say sorry for your lost, and say hi to my princess who skin so soft.

tyrone allen

First People

I came from Egypt. Born of dusk and sand.

I succeeded on the thought, of knowing i can.

The chains have rusted and our minds have grown. This i know. So i am proud of my race, who because of their skin was put so low.

But we succeeded and rose above the stereotype. We was the first and last who gave this world color. Only white? Not now, thanks to our mother.

We had our astronomers who gazed at the stars. The north one which led us to where we are.

The king, our kings. Loved the queens of the nation and protected them with a iron fist, not with a long thin whip.

If we can fight, not in a war but in a battle of minds. Our people will grow stronger and forever be remember in time.

tyrone allen

Heaven Or Hell

I am blind, I am speechless, I can only breathe.

I can hear though, the whisper in the wind.

I felt my mom's tears hitting the ground. Which way do I go? I asked myself.

Right said my dad. He said son, let me show you around.

I jumped in fear, and swung my arm relentlessly. Why you ask? Because my dad has been dead since I was 16.

My heart was racing but I could not feel it.

A voice called out loudly. Your fate has not been sealed yet.

You are just in between.

When you fully touch the sky, your soul will rise and become one with the universe and live behind the sky.

No it can not be. On Saturday night what had happened to me. Let's put it this way.

It was not your fault. You tried to save her so let God be the judge.

So forget it and let the worm go with the hawk.

I screamed so loud that I woke in the dark.

Fire right under my feet. I can not think nor do I feel lost.

My thoughts are judging me, but at what cost.

tyrone allen

Illusion

I need no title to explain this poem.

The words that i will write needs no headline. Dont talk or think of the past. this is the year of 2008 where nobody cares not even god can make them fear.

The slower you walk, the faster you will died. The faster you walk, the longer you died.

Today somebody will died. And not knowing who or where, but he or she will died in a horrible way.

I hope this wont happen. But i'am powerless to stop it.

You might ask, how do i know of this. The truth is, this is 2008 where nobody cares not even god can make them fear.

Do not get worried, get blessed and quick.

I will end this short poem, with the ones who are about to died say this until it happen.

This is 2008 where nobody cares not even god can make them fear. My life is sheep and people are wolf.

I close my eyes but do not look. My life is ending as i hold this book. I will miss the things that i have and regret the things that i took.

tyrone allen

In The Rain I Became Clean.

The weather man forcast the city to be in rain, And late getting home i had a feeling i will be soaked with the homeless of this unholy town. Rushing toward my destination i have came to a conclusion i will not be there in time with the bus taking it sweet oh time. The rain drops started to fall, bunched up in my coat i was prepared to take it all.

This rain was strange. Not cold but warm, it was like a celestial storm. I slowly zip my coat down and threw it on the delicate yet tough earth humans was lent. As i looked around everyone stood still. The papers of business men fluttered the ground. Iam happy for the first time in my life i feel clean, perfect in a way nothing could interveen. This graceful rain was a experience more special then a solar eclipse and so brilliant not even Newton could comprehend.

The rain started to let up and tears started to flow from every man and every woman in sight. I felt energize and forgiven for all my lies. Sin no longer existed during this heavy drenching rain. I was free, i felt the true intentions of human beings, i knew this because i was

clean.

tyrone allen

Know How To Treat A Woman.

know how to treat a girl.

Love her until you can not love no more.

Touch her in all the right places until her heart hit the floor.

Tell her you love her, with a future in mind.

Tell her how she is pretty and surpass a dime.

Let her know how you feel even with clever lines, like how beauty comes with hate and she cause marches.

let her know that she is part of your world.

Stay with her, their is no better girl.

The sun will agree and shine on that pearl.

So take it from me and know how to treat a girl.

tyrone allen

Last Time I Was Me.

The last time I was me, I was young but free.

The last time I was me, I cried in the night, because in my heart I knew. My father was not coming back to life.

The last time I was me I wrote poems that could make a storm subside or make her smile with only love in her eyes.

The last time I was me, I stood in the rain and hope to cross the sea. Because i know someone that is waiting.

For the last time that I become me.

tyrone allen

No

You said that you were in love. And I said No.

Words are only between you and Man.

But Action is the movement of God.

tyrone allen

Poem From My Heart Called The Lady On The Bus.

Her eyes is fill with peace but her mind is really stressed.

Her baby cry all night, she never gets any rest.

She look up in the sky and hope to float away, i wanna die that is all that she would say.

She thinks no one will miss her and no one really cares, but her daughter needs a mother to wipe away her tears, and lead her through her life and help her to face her fears.

The mom is about to leave. But the baby is thinking clear.

Where is my mommy going? i really need her here.

i wont leave she said. I would not dare.

The lady on the bus gets off with her story unfinished.

she only has one dream and i hope her daughter is in it.

tyrone allen

Southern Angel

She is so pretty never the less. from her head to her toe she is so bless.

Her swag is so calm. Beauty undeniable, even her mean streak be also likable.
When i'am around her i get so shy, but when iam writing poetry is when i speak
that make the heart go wow.

Will i ever say it to her face. Can my shyness be shattered or will destiny follow a
path and make my heart any sadder.

Can i speak without a studder and say whats on my mind.

So this feeling won't hover. If she really knew, she might say yes. But who
knows emotions sometime don't follow the rules.

Because society might step in and then make people all so rude. One day i'am
going to speak to her alone and tell her how i feel.

So With my heart, i make this deal. With her i will try to be real. If not i follow
these rules and i shall be cursed and

Screwed.

A test of nature to change my ways. Shyness will no longer matter, while i live
my days.

Because To overcome fear you must overcome pain. The taste of freedom is
wider then a plain.

tyrone allen

Spoken Word

So sweet with a nice personality.

I can not have her though, this is where i face reality.

If you have no melody when you speak, or the swag that first hit her eyes, a blue-ish color that make you want to die.

How can i explain the female nature. Taken in by money, not knowing the chart.

That twenty percent, cry in the dark. while the others lose their heart.

Some just want a bad boy, who fit the script.

Drug dealer, tough guy, i'am sorry this man will not be this.

i'am not afraid to protect a girl, i can hold my own.

Some choose quickly just so they won't be alone. And risk

getting hurt and hearing the same song.

tyrone allen

What Could Be Worst.

What could be worst? A bus hitting little children playing in the street
or a rapist meeting a child and midnight is when they meet.

What could be worst? The devil get thirsty and blood is his thirst or a old man is
lost and soon it is getting dark.

What could be worst? A pretty girl turning you down or getting locked up
because your skin is brown.

Ask me, what is worst? Being scared because more black and Latino males fill up
most of the city jails or stuck in a cage because you can not make bail.

Life is dilapidated to the point of no return. Will humanity ever learn. Tell me.
What is Worst?

Not knowing your path or Separated from your past.

Knowing the true intent of this world and why it won't last.

What could be worst not getting in the gates and burning in hell or life itself you
can not complete, so you become lost in time like the holy grail.

What is worst? than being put in a school where there is no obligation to study
or read. The face of the world, look down on our ancestor seed.

What could be worst? Writing this poem and scared to grow old or looking in my
heart and finding a downcast soul.

tyrone allen

Write A Dream About A Poem.

Write a dream about a poem. let your mind soar low. Touch the pedal of a seed and watch it grow.

Dive in to a river where forgotten music go follow the notes to the edge and then say no.

Grab a pen and write a dream. But beware of your emotions or your pen will scream.

In this world is the most beautiful girls but they are pure, god like almost.

Lets take a Trip to Santa pole and dig through the ice.

lets look deep into the hole and pick some of china rice.

This world. This everlasting world, will never let you go. Because reality is harsh and protecting you it do.

Life is hurtful and dreams are freedom. So Let your mind, release a gas in which it make you sleep.

Do not be scare and embrace the seldom in which you write.

Your dream about a poem while you are living in this painful life.

tyrone allen

You Loved Me While I Was Blind.

If only i could see the flaws that i have.

That can make you uncomfortable but why do our love still last.

Does it not make what we have formidable.

Why am i so stupid. Why could i not see, when i did you wrong.

You even gave me a sign, and we are together. Why? Because you looked
passed my faults like Jesus did for man.

while i was blind, you cared. I cried and finally seen your love.

You called me dumb, and i said what? you called me deaf and i said not
again. But i hope you love me, until this end.

tyrone allen