

Poetry Series

Ysanna.D.E (Cherish) John
- poems -

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Ysanna John is an English and Literature teacher who has been writing poems from the age of 15. She is practical and humble and lets her pen do the talking most of the time. She is married and has three children. She also enjoys reading, photography, art and craft, debates and of course writing stories and her favorite quote is: 'Attempt something so impossible that if God does not intervene, it will surely fail'.

I Heard It From The Donkey's Mouth

By Ysanna John

Wake up all you people and lend us your ears
We have a super, strange story, that yo neva hear in years.
It's such a strange tale, aint sure what to believe
It strange more than the time dem say a snake did talk wid Eve.

A SNAKE DID TALK WID EVE?

Shh! Way back up inna heaven, befo there was any sin
Befo these terror stories, vice and evil did begin.
The Father, Son and Holy Spirit come up wid a plan
Dem siddung on a council to find a way for man.

SO WHA' 'BOUT WOMAN?

Shh! Well Dr. Luke, him did tell me about a young virgin
Dem say she nice and dainty, it aint seem she ever sin.
Say an' angel come and tell she, here is where drama begun,
De angel tell dis Mary, she will be pregnant wid God's son.

GOD HAS A SON?

Shh! She fiancé Joseph was about to married she
Den she tell he how she h thought'"ADULTERY! "
He decide to dump she forthwith and hope nobody will find out
Dem could stone she dead in dem days if anybody run dem mout'.
De angel went and talk to Joseph in him dream
An' tell he not to worry, things were better than they seem.
He tell him marry Mary, everything will be just fine
Dem had one big wedding, on milk and honey dem did dine.

Den the emperor decide to see if he getting all him tax.
Him decide to count the people, though he already on dem backs.
Dem had to go places from way dem ancestors came
Mary had to travel far, far in her state, O what a shme.

WAY SHE GO?

Shh! TO BETHLEHEM! ! On a little donkey back she did ride.
On de rugged and rough country road, wid Joseph by she side
Noboby even had a room for dem to rent that night
Dem knock on every door, dem say, "we full"; o what a plight.

Den somebody took one look at her sad and tired face
An' offer dem some shelter, if u see de dirty place!
Was a hole in some crude rocks where all de animals does sleep
The mooing cows and donkeys, goats and smelly sheep.
Dem had no bed to lie on, de place was filthy bad
But Joseph fix some sleeping place wid de lickle that he had.
Him tek a cow feeding bin and heap um up wid straw
An' spread some strips of soft, nice cloth, the cutest crib you ever saw
Den he and Mary, dem lay dung on de sweet, yet prickly hay
De lickle Jesus boy was born dat night a so dem say.

WHO TEND SHE, ?

Shh! Angels sing one song to shepherds as dem dey a watch dem sheep
Dem run up to de stable an' stan' by de door a peep.
Some wise men say how dem see some big and new, bright star
An' follow, bringing precious gifts from lands far, so far

WHA DEY BRING?

Sh! ! Dem give he gold and spices and precious incense so rare

WHA KINDA GIFT DAT? DEM NEVER HEAR 'BOUT PAMPERS AND...

Shhhh! ! Dem give dem gifts to kings dem days so dey tell me, so me hear.
Me decide to follow dem to catch more a de story,
De shepherds say when de angels sing dem see glimpses a God's glory.

Well me tek a lickle walk behind de lickle crowd
An' peep inna de stable, see Mary sitting proud
She rocking de lickle baby boy, de heavenly chile
De donkeys, sheep and cows look on, me swear say dem a smile.

Me watch de scene for quite a while den tiptoe out de view
Den run come tell de story dat me now a telling you.
God's son come dung from heaven, dung to earth to be born
In a cold and dutty stable on dat fus Christmas morn.

GOD HAS A SON? ?

Shh! ! He come to save all a we from we sins, dat same lickle chile
Rocking in him mudder arms so lowly and' so mild
Him love embrace we planet north, south, west and east
God sen' him to save we, to bring fo all a we PEACE! ! !

GOD HAS A SON?

Shhh! ! YES, HIM NAME JESUS! ! Let's go spread de story everywhere.

WAIT FO ME! ! !

SHHHHH! ! ! Yo go wake up de picni!

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It All Began With You

It is said that the hand that rocks the cradle is the one that rules the world.
Each, doctor, teacher, lawyer, or whatever the job is called.
A woman, though some may not admit or realize
Is the true recipient of each degree, trophy or prize.

The sanitation worker who picks up after us
Is emulating Mother, who does it without fuss.
The attorney who tries to prove one's innocence
Does it in Mother's spirit, she presided in each offence.

The presidents of all the great nations of the earth
Owe their greatness to a woman who gave them life at birth.
The police who parades the streets and spots crime night and day.
Is alert just as Mother is to all we do and say.

No matter how simple or great our contribution,
Just imagine that there was a global convention,
And all these great men were babies once again,
Were hungry, sad or uncomfortable or feeling any pain
They would look for hope, for this someone no other.
And all the babies in that convention will scream, "I WANT MY MOTHER! !
"

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My Prayer

I, the blank, white paper lay
You, dear Lord, The Pen.
Write within my life I pray
A note of love to men.
May no blots be found in me,
May no blurs be seen.
So others through my life may see
That I, with you have been.
You have put within my soul
A peace that none can give.
You have cleansed and made me whole.
Dear Savior, through me live.
Let each message that I write
Be from your ink of love.
Let me inscribe only the right
And lift men eyes above.
Let each credit that is given
Be acknowledged to only you
Let the contents be of heaven
Let my preface and chapters be true.
May I publish your word of grace
On every page, each word
Your love, your light, your truth embrace,
I pray, Dear Sovereign Lord.
Until you should come back again
Keep me a faithful note `til then
To be an unfading message to men.
In Jesus' name, Amen

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The First Valentine

Captain Valentino, a man of brave heart. Was called to great service in lands far apart?

From his lady Romancia whom he had plans to wed,
And he knew this news will upset her but he said,
'My darling, Romancia, my country has requested?
That I take care of matters in which it has invested.
'What crazy and stupid notions till your head?
'Do you forget it's almost time for us to wed? '

'This can wait, my dear lady until my return
There's no need for my Romancia to mourn
I am bound in service to honor my king.
I will from far lands a red rose for you bring-.
Romancia entreated him with pleas and with tears, I3but it seemed as if her words
fell on deaf ears.

Then they said their goodbyes und the ship sailed away, '
May the God of the sea keep him safe, ' Romancia prayed.
And he wrote her love letters from across the high seas?
And little love gifts attempting her senses to please?
She put under her pillow the love notes that she read,
And their words filled her dreams as she slept in her bed.
The ship sailed on and on to strange, distant shores.
'Romancia wondered if she'd see Valentino once more.
Valentino decided to sail home one day,
And O how Romancia was happy and gay,
And she plucked a large bouquet of roses so white Which she hoped to give to
her lover that night

Then a freak storm arose with fierce winds and thunder
That fain would rend the small ship asunder.
And the stinging rain fell and eerie lightning flashed.
And the waves across the ships decks crashed.
And all the townspeople grew afraid and they ran
To the shores to lend a helping hand.
Romancia, bouquet in hands, a prayer on her lips.
Ran too, fearing for Valentino as well as the ship.

The ship came in sight all battered and torn
The sailors all looked so ragged and worn.

Cold, disheartened and hungry and lashed by the rain
They boarded the lone lifeboat that remained
The boat was crowded and no one else could fit
No room, no space for a body to sit.
Captain Valentino shouted to his men, 'row
ashore! '
They loathed to leave him but could do no more.

The townspeople hoped they'd make it across the rough waves
And return brave Captain Valentino to save.
But the waves were murderous and the little ship dashed
On the rocks with a sigh and a groan she did crash.
A cry and a wailing rose up from the crowd.
Romancia's, there was none other as loud.
As the ship descended to the bottom of the deep
The captain, her friend and her lover to keep.

Then on the water she spotted something red
And she remembered the words Valentino had said.
And she tossed a white rose from the bouquet she had
And it floated to meet the red one-O so sad.
Then the waters grew calm and the roses sailed away
And they sailed on and on and down to our day.
And that is the story of the red and the white
And how they started the first Valentines' night! !

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