

Poetry Series

JOE POEWHIT
- poems -

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JOE POEWHIT(Scratches on the page, making noise.)

New York, Long Island, [scratches on the page, making noise]. Like reading the BIBLE, church, friends. All those who like the written word and the interchange of vibrations in the universe. May we all traverse life and find our place with GOD in all eternity. You can search on the INTERNET to find me & related links, also my poetry books DREAMS-2-3. PLUS my books THE SLAVE [voyages],

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God Is All

Maker of everything.
Bringer to life.
Perfection of harmony.
Creator majestic beautiful.
Eternal being all.
Vessel's of GODS spirit.
Unification with GOD.
Mortal is our clay.
Time becomes folly.
Our family of GOD.

12/29/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gods Fury

The Lord is mighty.
I AM, A re payer of sins.
Judgment in my balances.
Fire for the unrighteous.
Mercy for repentance.
Life for the just.
My feet are in the clouds.
Raining judgment on all.
Seek the Lord now.
Turn from unholiness.

1/8/2010 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gods Love

Entwine with GOD eternal.
Blisses of a harmony.
Omni presence undulating.
Harmonic waves of energy.
Vibrations of rapture.
Times metronome ceases.
Peace joy love abound.
Ripples of waves never ending.
Onward outward limitless.
GODS love ever embracing.

12/31/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gods Sabbath

Holy day of rest.
Sacred time solemn.
Family time of joy.
Church with it's assembly.
Sharing love with friends.
Holy, Holy, calling hymn's.
Prayer to GOD ascends.
Pastors flocks are fed.
Reverence to GOD - amends.
One law - GOD said keep.

1/6/2010 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Praise The Lord

The Lord is mighty.
The Lord is righteous.
The Lord is majestic.
The Lord is powerful.
The Lord is embracing.
Sing to the Lord.
Worship our GOD always.
Chant to the Lord.
Dance in spiritual happiness.
Call on the Lord always.

12/28/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Witness For Jesus

Lord, son of GOD.
Doorway to GOD.
Oblation for sins.
Eternal in presence.
Comfort for the broken.
Shepherd of the sheep.
Light of the world.
Joy to mortal hearts.
Forgiveness to the sinner.
Bringer of inner peace.
Savior of the world.

12.29/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

A Story Of Hobo-A 1

Sometimes things in life just fall apart. I wondered about my life. Here, only a few years, I was on top of the world. Then, GOD, came into my life. All around me, I saw vanity. Images, that I worshiped. Spent hours in reverence. They took control of my life and ways of thinking.

I myself was naive to the real meaning of GRAVEN IMAGES as in GOD'S second commandment. Then I saw the graven images in the movies, on television, verbal graven images in songs, ads in papers, magazines, all portraying an image.

My eye's were opened and I was bowing to these images. They took control of my life. Style, fashion, status, social standing. Do this, do that, this is proper, that is right, all part of a beast like monster surrounding me.

A friend told me these were inventions of man. Motives varied, but they were not Gods or GOD'S ways. He gave me a Bible to read and that was what opened my eye's to this reality. I told the friend, I was happy for his opinion and help. He said, even King Solomon in all his glory followed other Gods. GOD, took the kingdom away in due time.

The friend said, many take light of GOD. GOD is real and not some big sugar-daddy in the sky doing nice things and bad things. There are laws and ways, that GOD wants people to live. GOD, is a rewarder and a bringer of wrath upon the ungodly. GOD, killed all on the earth in the flood of Noah, except 8.

Thanks for the help friend. Keep the faith and stay away from those idols. So the sun does rise and set in it's traverse of time.

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A Story Of Hobo-A - Repent Sinner 3

Hobo-A, had been down on his luck. There sitting on a lone park bench, his friend just came into view. Upon contact, the friend came over to the bench to converse with HOB0-A.

Well long time HOB0-A, how are things truck-in along in life. Well I'm down and lost again. The dope and alcohol, all I do is sit and watch TV. I feel like the world is squeezing me dry.

The friend said to HOB0-A, 'that watching the BIG MOM TV. was idol worship '. They were filling your mind with all sorts of beliefs. Like before, I had told you about that BIG NON TV. It was created by man, a product of man and not GOD.

You, HOB0-A, have to gt, GOD, back in your life. Pull the plug on that brain washer golden calf and pick up a Bible. Spend your time with GOD. You know HOB0-A, one day all this show here on earth is going to end. Your going to have to meet GOD and explain your life on JUDGMENT DAY.

HOB0-A, I have some things to do. Get into the Bible, stay away from the drugs. Stay away from those graven images, idols of man's making. REPENT, man, REPENT, that is part of the salvation of GOD. Pray, and GOD will make paths in the wilderness and four lane highways in the desert for you.

JOE POEWHIT

A Story Of Hobo - A - And QuestıOns 4

Things in the life of HOB0-A were looking upward for a change. Odd -jobs and fighting the devil in the bottle. HOB0-A was in the park, sitting on a bench, with a new Bible he bought the other day. The sun had a halo glow of life, with, future radiance in the new spring day.

The friend out walking, seen HOB0-A and sauntered over to give salutations and check out HOB0-A. OH, see your reading the Bible HOB0-A. Real good sign, real good sign of life. Anything of interest to you in your readings?

HOB0-A first stated that he didn't realize, Jesus, was a Jew. Went to the temple on Sabbaths, and did good things, which upset some of the leaders of the temples. Then HOB0-A wondered why people went to church on Sundays.

The friend said, those were trying times. Here Jesus, teaching people doctrines and people following him in herds at times. Saying he was the son of GOD. Rocked many boats, that's probably why they killed him.

That Sunday thing probably goes back to Constantine, the Roman emperor at the time of around 312 AD. After years of killing Christians in the arenas with lions and purging doctrines and meeting places. Constantine became a sort of Christian and was nice to them. Though they were SOL Romans[sun-worshipers] with their gods in tow. They figured Sunday was the day probably. Maybe also to segregate from the Jews on Saturday.

Then again, who is to tell the Roman emperor any different thing, along with politics and that era of time. Though records and times over years, only give a glimpse of the real life times and ways. We can go on and on, but things are calling HOB0-A. Keep doing what your doing, catch you latter.

JOE POEWHIT

A Story Of Hobo - A - Timeout 15

With a story, comes perspective of the story. Here in scope, we find two entities of life. A dominion of stance has formed with HOB0-A and the friend. Each embracing life, in the context of experience. Transposing those contexts, into a manifestation of being. The audience of the world taking notice of manners.

The friend a seeming good person, as the law of man would call, a reasonable man. Though I'm sure with flaws of character, that all attach with life. A seeker of GOD, with the armour of GOD, encrusts the friend. Following, JESUS, in trying to love your neighbor as yourself. Filling much of GOD'S dictates to mankind.

HOB0-A, the other side of the coin, in juxtaposition to the friend. Flashing before the friend, an induced world of input. Though this input is of the world. It is enmity, with the teachings of GOD and the Bible. A weight hangs upon HOB0-A, that gives one to take pity.

Both characters bring the domains of, GOOD & EVIL, into focus. Yet, as observers we can only observe, from our learnings. The Bible bringing forth GOOD from the study hopefully. The world, full of lusts, brings deviation from the Bible. Though on, JUDGMENT DAY, GOD, will separate the WHEAT from the TARES.

JOE POEWHIT

A Story Of Hobo- A - Relapse 5

The friend was out strolling one early morning. Going by the park, he noticed a figure sitting on a bench. It looked like HOB0-A and to make sure, the friend strolled nearer for a good glance. Yes, it was HOB0-A, but, upon further recognition, it seemed like someone else.

HOB0-A was dressed in a costume, with clown makeup on his face. Next to him was the brown bag, with the demise of his life inside. In his hand was a SUPER HERO BUBBLE GUN MAKER. He seemed to be shooting bubbles at early morning flies, Nat's, ants, mosquitoes and even early morning strollers as myself. Finding myself in an onslaught of bubbles.

HOB0-A, it's just me your friend. What has gotten into you, sitting on this park bench with a SUPER HERO BUBBLE GUN MAKER? Not to mention the clown make-up and costume, which just don't seem you. Though, I notice you have your bottle and the world is just one laugh right now.

HOB0-A, looked at the friend and laughed. Then tried to take on a more sober note. Well, we went to this party last night and well, the girl, well just left me here, to sober up. Things, I guess went down hill again and got ragged.

You know HOB0-A, the last time I saw you, you were into the Bible. Now here again, with that devils brew making yourself into a fool again. Let me take you over to this mission around the corner. Get a hot meal, shower, clean up and try and get back into the Bible. You know your only a heart beat away from it. So, REPENT, while there is still time. The Lord loves the one sheep that is found, out of the other ninety nine that were not lost. Mercy and forgiveness is of the Lord for repentant sinners

Here take my shoulder and will walk to the mission.

JOE POEWHIT

A Story Of Hobo-A - An Gold 10

HOBO-A and the friend had by chance met in the park again. It had been some time since the last encounter of meeting. HOBO-A had a gold ring on his right hand. The friend noticed the ring and made comment of it's beauty. The friend said, it reminded him of King Solomon.

The friend told HOBO-A, that King Solomon was like the Gold crown of all the Kings of Israel. Wealth of Gold, majesty and wisdom, bestowed by GOD upon him from prayer, to lead the people. King Solomon built a house for GOD and himself. Gold was all over the structure to enhance it's beauty.

People reveled in King Solomon for his wisdom and understanding. Great feasts were held, all the drinking vessels were of Gold. Gold was given as gifts to King Solomon. Truly a crown of GOD'S glory upon Israel. King Solomon prayed to GOD.

GOD, told King Solomon to keep his laws and statutes. If not the kingdom would be taken away. King Solomon had seven hundred wives, [an ear full for sure] and three hundred concubines. King Solomon was lead away from GOD by his wives. They turned his heart away from GOD to other god's. He built altars and high places for them and worshiped them and was not perfect in the eye's of GOD, as his father David.

GOD, let King Solomon rein for forty years as the time in the wilderness after escaping Egypt. Then an adversary HA-DAD came into play. Slowly the kingdom went down hill. So, you see HOBO-A, you can have the gold, but you must keep GOD'S laws and commandments. Curses from GOD come upon the breakers of GOD'S laws.

Your looking better HOBO-A, more so than the, LITTLE COOL CHICKEN MAN, that took me away the last time I saw you. Without memory, HOBO-A asked

the friend who was, LITTLE COOL CHICKEN MAN?

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A Story Of Hobo-A - Dead 19

The friend heard of the passage of HOB-O-A. All sub-
come to death. The grass wilts and the flower fades
away.

The friend opened hid Bible and by random came to
MATTHEW: 7 verse 1, 'JUDGE not, that ye be not
judged'. What more to say of HOB-O-A. A brother
in life, from the family of NOAH.

THE END

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A Story Of Hobo-A - Down Again 9

The friend was sitting on a park bench in the park, as was custom now. Who should come along but, HOBO-A. Though, HOBO-A was HOBO-A and not HOBO-A, in the full context of the moment. The friend upon full recognition called HOBO-A over to the bench.

The friend asked HOBO-A what was he doing? You see, HOBO-A, was all covered with chicken feathers, in designs. Face, hair, cloths, and shoes, all with, expressions of chicken feathers. Not to mention that HOBO-A and his devil, alcohol, had a good long meeting.

HOBO-A was in an excited mood. He said, he had taken some speed pills, with the alcohol. He had watched, LITTLE COOL CHICKEN MAN, on the TV. With all the women and glitters, he wanted to be like him. So he got some glue, opened a pillow case and designed himself like, LITTLE COOL CHICKEN MAN did. Now he was here in the park, walking through, to go make the scene.

The friend felt sorry for HOBO-A for a brief moment inside. Then he told HOBO-A, that watching that BIG MOM TV. was hurting him. He was in emulation and worship, of an idol. That his devil and those speed pills only enhanced the longing of that idol worship. Those graven images on that BIG MOM TV. are a sin in the eye's of GOD.

Plus, HOBO-A you are being an image and not your real true self. That booze and speed pills, only alter your real person inside. It retards your natural growth, like a plant toward sunlight, it is bending you toward an image and person that is not you really inside.

HOBO-A just looked at the friend and just walked away. HOBO-A told the friend, that he had to make the scene. The friend could only look, knowing that the alcohol

and speed pills, had HOB0-A in full control for the time.
HOB0-A walked off in a dance like strut, as if emulating
a, LITTLE COOL CHICKEN MAN.

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A Story Of Hobo-A - Encounters Friend 2

HOBO-A was down and out again. The bottle had taken it's fill of time and space. Walking slowly with a cup of coffee spilling over his hand, as he slumbered along the pavement. Lost to himself and all cognition of reality at the moment.

By chance encounter, the friend had seen him. Walking over, demised the status of HOBO-A. 'things looking down HOBO-A'. YEA-been in the bar, need some work, you got the picture. My act got ragged again, need the next act.

Well HOBO-A, your going into those bars which you made, ALTERS of WORSHIP. You have made the bar your temple and sit on a stool in abstract prayer, drinking oblations of ALCOHOL to your idol God-ALCOHOL. You know that BIG MOM TV. makes it all glitzy and cool in the unreal world.

People go to worship once a week in church and spend the other days in there bar temple worshipping. You need to sit with your Bible and tune into GOD, like I told you before, all this show here on earth ends one day. Then, GOD, is going to look and see, who you really gave your heart, soul, mind and strength to. REPENT HOBO-A -REPENT. See you again soon.

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A Story Of Hobo-A And Alcohol 7

HOBO-A was on the park bench again. Sitting and taking in the day. Next to him was the brown bag, with the neck of his devil peeking out also upon the world. The bottle was still un-open but waiting to enrapture HOBO-A into a new day of intoxication.

The friend came along and took a seat next to HOBO-A. Got your devil with you I see. Well, things just come along and happen. Takes the edge off the world, 'keeps me preserved', so they say. The friend said, 'let me try to explain GOD'S theory on alcohol'. Though, I'm only just an observer of the situation.

GOD, made wine by the creation of man. Probably some grapes laying in a tub too long. The grape juice gave a good feeling and that was the start. BUT, GOD in the Bible talks about wine. Not that 'ROCKET FUEL, in the pint bottle. WINE gives joy to people. Remember, JESUS, made water wine for a wedding, so it has a position in society.

In PROV: 31-4,5,6,7 wine for heavy hearts, those going to die. Others to forget poverty and misery. Though, it's not for KINGS or say, leaders-they must have a clear head for the LAW and not forget the LAW and well you know, pervert judgment or justice. Staying drunk or escaping in alcohol, not being functional is SIN, I would say.

Then in the last part of PROV: 23 wine is talked about. Drinking long brings on strange women, and talking perverse things, or as they say, 'TALKING THROUGH YOUR HAT'. I would say It just brings on confusions and looseness of ways that are maybe not really yourself. Really it all comes down to the bottom of the glass, saying a glass of wine really is not going to kill you. BUT, carefulness is importance. TIMOTHY: talks of Deacons, Bishops taking little wine.

Again, JESUS, made water wine, though it was a marriage celebration. HOBO-A-get rid of the 'ROCKET FUEL', or maybe alcohol totally, till you can respect it and have a reason for having a glass of wine. That's where it's at to me. Though, I'm only an observer. AND, I enjoy wine for joy, if the joy leaves, I stop. So, HOBO-A, see you 's a bill have some lunch.

(2011)

JOE POEWHIT

A Story Of Hobo-A And Follow 13

HOBO-A was again reclined on his now favorite park bench. Much perplexity was surrounding HOBO-A and his life. Things were whirlpool like in contemplations. HOBO-A and his devils, were in combat, with his struggle for a good life. All this he conveyed to the friend upon a chance encounter.

HOBO-A everyone goes through trials and tribulations in life. The one thing JESUS pronounced was FOLLOW ME. All through the four gospels, FOLLOW. The disciples followed JESUS. Went to the temple, teachings, feasts, in fact celebrating, PASSOVER, the night JESUS was betrayed. Jesus said in MATT: 24, 'take heed that no man deceive you'.

HOBO-A go to your Bible. FOLLOW in what JESUS taught in the words. People are people and must strive in finding GOD. If a person seeks GOD, they will find GOD, in GOD'S good time. One person says this, that person says that, FOLLOW JESUS is what the four gospels are preaching. FOLLOW the ways and teachings of JESUS.

Let me open my Bible, here HOBO-A, MATT: 16 verse 24, 'then said Jesus unto his disciples, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me'. Another HOBO-A, MARK: 6 verse 1, 'And he went out from thence, and came into his own country; and his disciples followed him'. Here another HOBO-A, LUKE: 5 verse 28, 'And he left all, rose up, and followed him'.

HOBO-A those are only a few, there are many passages with FOLLOW in them. In short do what the Bible teaches. Those are the words of GOD and not men. FOLLOW JESUS and his teachings. All the rest are really teachings of men for good or bad. HOBO-A FOLLOW JESUS. One last passage in LUKE: 24 verse 53, 'And were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God. A-men.'

(2011)

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A Story Of Hobo-A And The Bible 11

It had been a long time since the friend had seen HOB0-A. Though time had brought them together again in the park, sitting on a park bench. HOB0-A had his Bible and a cup of coffee with him, at the present moment. The park had a glow of sunshine about it's surroundings. HOB0-A asked the friend, about the Bible itself.

The friend said, that it seemed to him the word of GOD scribed by called people. LAWS, history, and the ways of GOD, for man to follow. GOD, chose a people of the earth. Blessed people, for following in GOD'S ways. GOD gave them Israel. Sort of the anchor land for GOD and his chosen people. All ships have anchors, and it is very important. The earth is the ship and Israel is the anchor.

People though, being people, stray from things. The Bible is the iron for the anchor. If people get lost, the Bible is the maintenance for the anchor and the ship. The manual to put it in lay mens terms. You have a question, the Bible has the answer. HOB0-A, you like myself, go astray, and the Bible has the path to follow.

Jesus, in MARK: 8-34 deny yourself, take up your cross and follow me. Jesus asked and called people to follow him. As like the anchor, a way of stability in following Jesus. A way of life, denying yourself from the world of lusts and wayward paths, leading to damnation.

HOB0-A, you get lost, have a question, GO TO THE BIBLE. The anchor of the ways of GOD. The teachings of GOD. The way GOD wants all people to be. BUT, we have to make our choices in life. My advice, FOLLOW JESUS.

(2011)

JOE POEWHIT

A Story Of Hobo-A -Has A Dream 8

HOBO-A was sitting on his favorite bench in the park. The friend was just passing by. Asked HOBO-A, how he was doing? The friend noticed a change in HOBO-A and his demeanor. HOBO-A looked at the friend and told him about a dream.

I was in a half sleep. Then visions of the EXODUS, in the Bible came into view. I saw Moses before the bush trembling. GOD, telling Moses, 'I AM THAT I AM'. It sent a chill down my spine.

Then the visions of the plagues, flies, locusts, bloody waters, then the PASSOVER. All the first born dead, except the doors, with the blood on the posts. I could hear the wailing, crying, lamenting and freedom finally from bondage.

GOD, opening the Red Sea. The whole army of Pharaoh drowned. Then the Ten Commandments. The mountain burning as it seemed. Moses returning with a glow upon him. Only to find a GOLD CALF. Idol worship and the destruction of the GOLD CALF. Then just wandering 40 years. Only Caleb and Joshua allowed of all the original to cross into the promised land.

It just seemed so real inside my head. I woke up and read the Bible all night, with a rapture inside myself. The friend looked with a smile upon his face. You know HOBO-A, with GOD, all things are possible. Even Jesus walking on water. Don't forget that, then the friend walked away, with a smile.

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A Story Of Hobo-A Inferno 14

As chance encounter would have it, the friend was taken back by this meeting. On a park bench, by a bus stop, was HOB0-A reposed. His head on an empty beer case, right arm dangling, with a gold toga robe on and Roman sandals.

The friend walked over closer and noticed the, LITTLE COOL CHICKEN MAN, feathers on his eyebrows. The gold ring was gone from the dangling right arm. HOB0-A was staring up, eyes wide and crying, with his head rolling left and right over an empty beer case. HOB0-A was truly in trouble.

HOB0-A noticed the friend but remained reposed. HOB0-A started talking to the friend in a rambling dilemma. I was doing drugs and drinking. Watching, LITTLE COOL CHICKEN MAN. I took all the money I saved and went to, RED LIGHT ALLEY, to make the scene. I was drinking, gambling, dancing, all in one blur. I can't remember what happen. Here I am now.

The friend replied, THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH, in GOD'S eyes. Broad is the way that leads to destruction. HOB0-A, you seem to have found a pit and fallen into it. The friend asked HOB0-A if he wanted help? HOB0-A said, 'he needed to get sober'and dismissed the friends offer.

Upon parting the friend told HOB0-A, I have a feeling that, RED LIGHT ALLEY, taught you a costly lesson. Sort of like an ice cold bucket of water, to wake up to. With that, the friend walked away, leaving HOB0-A wallowing, crying, and in contemplation of his life.

(2011)

JOE POEWHIT

A Story Of Hobo-A/An Image 16

The friend was at home reading GOD'S word in the Bible. Thoughts of HOB0-A entered for brief interludes. Contemplation of, GOD, along with idols, were in mental play. An epoch of time transpired with visual observations of HOB0-A, over an elapsed time. HOB0-A had a metamorphosis of character, a shocking alteration to his life and image.

RED LIGHT ALLEY, it appears made an imprint on HOB0-A. Interluded observations presented HOB0-A, with the GOLD TOGA ROBE on, Roman sandals, an added a wreath with an elongated protruding feather. The, LITTLE COOL CHICKEN MAN, feathers shadowed both eyes with a definition. that presented a dynamic appearance. Added on each figure, a ring of varied multi proportions.

HOB0-A the friend assumed, was overtaken now by a drug and alcohol induced captivation. People stared at HOB0-A, others wondered, and some just ignored. Though noted, while sitting on a park bench one time, a crowd came into bearing. SQUEALS - HOWL'S - LAUGHTER and rapture came from the KIDS as HOB0-A made FUNNY FACES. Then before his exit, HOB0-A took from under his GOLD TOGA ROBE, packets of assumed treats or candy. HOB0-A, had matured a growing problem, as the friend deducted the various different observations from memory.

HOB0-A was an induced image now, from some trying world. Totally elevated away, from average reasonable normalcy. PACKETS OF WHAT? ? ? ? Troubled the friend profoundly and deeply. HOB0-A was caught in quicksand and sinking. Deep waters of perdition, were taking HOB0-A under tow. Prayer to, GOD, for HOB0-A was in need.

(2011)

A Story Of Hobo-A/Emulate 17

The passage of an epoch presented eye opening revelations before the friend. HOB0-A with his transformation, became a local IDOL. To detriment, it was a very, very, young audience. HOB0-A was now projecting influence and mannerisms upon that very young audience.

Girl's and Boy's wearing gold colored jackets. Boy' and Girl's wearing Roman sandals. A number of each gender, were observed by the friend with the, LITTLE COOL CHICKEN MAN, feathers over shadowing the eyes. Noticed in both play-grounds and grammar school areas. This to the friend were the ingredients of a stew, to be cooked.

Such would have it, at a local social gathering. The subject of HOB0-A came to the surface, by a flock of ravished and concerned MOTHER'S. Feathers to replace the eyebrows, empty packets, but most of all, empty and full beer cans hidden under bedroom beds. The altered behavior was crux-ed paramount, with the, LITTLE COOL CHICKEN MAN, strutting walk of their siblings. All for parental concern, to these young growing families.

Distressed MOTHER'S and homemakers were soon in a mode, almost like a ceremonial war dance. One mention was made of forming a gendarme group. HOB0-A, RED LIGHT ALLEY, and concerned MOTHER'S were headed for a showdown. Maybe the Lake of Fire, as in the Bible, would be a place to cool off, at this point.

Concerned, distressed MOTHER'S would surely inflame HUSBANDS onward. The friend felt helpless now, only a miracle of GOD'S divine intervention could help HOB0-A. This now was a time of Great Tribulation. The friend prayed to GOD for wisdom and understanding. Most of all for HOB0-A.

(2011)

A Story Of Hobo-A/Hospital 18

Life contains various accounts of people and occurrence. HOB0-A was only one person, but, overcome by self inflicted delusions. Presented by a world of various proportions. The friend was going over in his mind, HOB0-A and a situation related to the friend.

It seemed HOB0-A, with his full dress of, GOLD TOGA ROBE, ROMAN SANDALS, WREATHE, and LITTLE COOL CHICKEN MAN feathers, went to a bar or altar of worship. Making the scene, as HOB0-A would relate. An alcohol and drug filled mind, elevated HOB0-A to high proportions.

At the bar or altar of worship, HOB0-A was in conversation. From under the GOLD TOGA ROBE, HOB0-A produced a small packet of pictures and DVD's. Talking and showing the burly man the pictures. The burly man looked at the pictures, put his arm around the shoulder of HOB0-A.

Walking to the door to exit. The burly man related to HOB0-A, 'THAT IS MY 7 YEAR OLD DAUGHTER IN THE PORN PICTURES'. HOB0-A was found in an alley near dead. HOB0-A was now in the local hospital. The friend could only recount the ups and downs of HOB0-A. Then the friend prayed to, GOD.

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A Story Of Hobo-A/Vision 6

HOBO-A recovered from his last fall onto the bench, with the help of his friend and the mission. The mission provided a much needed release from the outside world. Having rested and returning to his Bible, HOBO-A decided to take a walk.

Outside it was just one of those picture perfect days. HOBO-A while walking, felt an almost trance like state capturing his being. All around things took on a new perspective. HOBO-A had visions of GOD and Heaven. All was of GOD, everything was from GOD. Trees grew, birds chirped, the air past him in a caressing manner. All was from GOD.

HOBO-A remembered in the Bible, that even the hairs of your head were numbered. The minute detail of GOD'S creation floundered HOBO-A and his mind. The detail of the perfection of life, the earth, the universe, to the infinite, which held GOD. HOBO-A realized he was a vessel, as the Bible taught. Walking, HOBO-A felt, that GOD himself was actually inside of him. All around was the creation of GOD. Born from the spirit energy of GOD, into matter.

HOBO-A realized GOD was a spirit energy of unlimited powers and abilities. Far more in stature, than our mortal minds could conceive. HOBO-A continued walking and just felt a peace and rest, that he had never felt before. Looking over his shoulder, he saw his friend, and waved. HOBO-A yelled to the friend, 'I HAVE HAD A VISION OF GOD'.

JOE POEWHIT

Iceberg Father

I was sitting thinking of the TITANIC and this poem came into my mind.

A ship of song and dance.
Wine, unsinkable, a bow chrome lance.
Frolic we did on the Sabbath day.
Iceberg ahead! a cry of fray.
On my knees praying loud.
That sound of a tearing shroud.
Iceberg waters flooded in.
Forgetting the Sabbath, our sin.
Many died that frightful night.
My prayers, a lifeboat in sight.
Cold, yet still having life.
Like Noah, our ship out of sight.

1/22/2010 POEWHIT
search Internet: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

##a Story Of Hobo-A/Epilogue 20

[1] GENESIS 1-1, 'IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'

[2] 1890's EDISON works on light bulb and motion images.

[3] 1912 TITANIC sinks.

[4] EXODUS 19

3. And Moses went up unto God, and he Lord called unto him out of the mountain, saying, Thus shalt thou say to the house of Jacob, and tell the children of Israel;

4. Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles wings, and brought you unto myself.

5. Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people: for all the earth is mine.

6. And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation. These are the words which thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel.

[5] EXODUS 20 & EZEKIEL 20

(2011)

JOE POEWHIT

#17762009-July

Attitudes of the old and new.
First can of coffee, pop-top-opens.
Food frozen from farmers toil.
Scoped-auto shotguns-hunt turkey dimmers.
Kids play sewing & knitting yesterdays.
Mom, hitches buggy-wagon to back
of auto-horse.
Whiteouts, partake parts of the Gov. Documents.
NOW PLAYING: [gang leather rip offs
with kiddie porn].
TV. replaces BIBLE, for after dinner
table sermons.
Candlesticks with light bulbs harness mans progress.
Surrealism becomes light of,
yesterdays shadows.

7/3/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

* God Omni - 2

MATH: E=MC2

MATH: MC2=E

GOD: Manipulates all.

GOD: Gives - GOD: Takes.

' I AM THAT I AM '.

Man labels folly.

Time of sun & moon.

Man's pompous vanities.

Dusts and Shadows and Past.

Alpha and the Omega.

Beginning to the End.

4/30/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

* God Omni

Beyond perspective.
Beyond realms.
Beyond presence.
Beyond magnitude.

GOD IS ALL.

Spirit omni power.
Spirit omni knowledge.
Spirit energy focus.
Spirit omni spirit.

BIRTH CLAY WONDER

Man contemplates.
Man investigates.
Man wonders.
Man revelates.

GOD MADE ALL.
GOD IS ALL.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

* God Omni - 3

An analogy of GODS workings. A small freezer in a kitchen refrigerator empty. Take that into concept, as all the infinite universe.

Heat and cold are the energy forces of GOD. Water in the air, condenses in the freezer and produces solid matter. Soon thick ice forms on the walls, with repetitive opening and closing of the freezer door over time.

If we unplug the refrigerator and come back latter, the solid ice is melted. The door if left open, will allow the water to evaporate. These changes in matter state, as exampeld, are in concept how GODS energy power works. GOD forms matter from from energy, and forms energy from matter. All controlled by the living GOD.

5/7/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

* God Omni - 4

With the concept of the freezer universe in GOD OMNI - 3, to a bigger concept of GOD. Spiritual GOD energy, in the unlimited universe accelerates a portion to light speed. Producing the minute electrons, protons, etc, to produce atoms of various formulations.

This all GOD coordinates, with an infinite blueprint of intelligent conception., into all and everything.

Now a concept of GOD forming a universe within an infinite universe of GOD spirit. Through evolution the atoms form matter, evolve into larger formations of galaxies, stars, planets, etc. This our domain universe, like a balloon in the freezer is found. Leaving outside the domain universe, the infinite GOD, surrounding our domain universe to infinity.

5/8/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

* God Omni - 5

In our domain universe, within GODS
spiritual universe. We vessels encompass
within us a soul. Like a blank CD, we live
life, inscribing upon our souls all of our
life. GOD, gave man free will of heart and
volition. So, man sojourns his years upon
earth. Collecting deeds upon one's soul.

GOD, created GOOD & EVIL upon earth.
Like a fullers fire, refining the slag from the
soul, through our volition, gathers
slag [evil] or gold [good]. This soul on judgment
day will be judged by GOD. The good GOD
will retain and the evil banished.

5/20/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

* God Omni - 6

After time, GOD will have sifted the
tare's from the wheat. With the harvest
of souls completed, GOD will open
the freezer door and melt the domain
universe. Retained souls, will be with
GOD in blissful of GODS
infinite, SPIRITUAL ENERGY.

A new heaven and earth will be created.
Retained souls, will receive a new
glorified body. Eternal life will remain.

{ With GOD, all things are possible }.

5/21/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

144 Proof Right

Door closes on mayhem
OH! ! ! You back again.
Long time- no see. [same]?
YEA! ! kids got aids.
Doing homework afterschool.
Funny smell still comes from the room.
STUDYHALL 100 I guess. ATMOSPHERE>
Polar caps still melting-[live on a hill]-SMART.
Heard a good one-YEA- GUY told a guy
about the Sant Andrias fault in CAL.
[[[[[IT'S NOT MY FAULT]]]]] GET IT? ? ? ?
Another on the house after that one.
Who's the 7 year old trans hooker on the corner? ? ? ?
New in town Just flew in. [back on the farm] YEA-
home life GOD Church, MOM'S APPLE PIE'S.
Times change don't they. [one for the road] TRIPPLE
Guy told me he's bankrupt-kid stolen the credit cards
LOST ALL ROLLING CRAPS. [used rocks for dice back then].
The 13 year old is pregnant again. [MOVIE SAID]
Abortion- [more like murder]. SAW the dog with the
GOLD DOG LEASH-diamond stud earrings.
Well have to go.[follow line to door]
No tip [economy]

1/28/2010 POEWHIT
search INTERNET: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

144 Proof Right Part 2

The door closes on mayhem.
HAY! ! ! back again. [same].
Talking to the bum outside, with
the sign REPENT SINNERS.
Yea, : Golden Calf Oscar time', he said.
Idol worshippers, star disciples.
[well them crazies] Good wine.
Aids all over Africa, like Noah's flood.
[another] thirsty, long day. Plastic money,
Poor spending plastic money.
Poor walking around, mothers need milk money.
[just make more] NOT RIGHT, something wrong.
Bum said BABYLON THE GREAT, H-wood,
riding on the gamers industry. [milk the poor,
nothing changes]. One more, got to find work.
Layed off like the rest, Banker- Limo said,
mortgage overdue. **Tent city hear I come**.
Hears the plastic card monry for the bill.
hope it pays, [increse limit thats all.]
Next time, [FOLLOW LINE TO DOOR].
REPENT SINNERS, bums still here.

2/25/2010 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

144 Proof Right Part 3

The door closes oh Mayhem.
HAY! ! ! back..... Yea. double wine two ice cubes.
[ok] - 'whats new'? ? ? ? ? ? ?
Talking to the homeless vet. *park bench time*
Told me - Sabbath Saturday. - talking to the BUM-repent.
Blame Constantine for Sunday - SHOOK ME GOOD.
All sun worshipers - so SUNDAY - SOL ROMANS.
Who's to tell the EMPIRE different.
'wine tastes good' grew from that.
Don't tell the Pope that. 'EARTHQUAKES'.
Hear about the Wall Street regs.
YEA - like trying to collar snakes.
GOLDHAND - said the same.
7 year old trans hooker doing well.
'AID CITY HERE WE COME'
[another double wine-two cubes].
Heard there building a tent city farm community.
[economy, though what can you say].
YEA well - see you soon.
JAKES BOWL NEXT--
*follow line to door.
[WHATS WITH THE GOLD CLAD TIP]? ? ? ?

5/6/2010 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

1860 Cries From Grave's 1865

In lines we stood.
Cause against cause - woods.
BLUE & GREY were we.
America's hemorrhage - free.
Whitman's dead leaves abound.
Soldier's fallen upon grounds.
A free man President.
Martin King's dream - GOD sent.
Our bone's - history - time.
A light - liberty - onward shines.
CRIES FROM GRAVE'S

[[[I feel President Lincoln would tell
President elect, OBAMA - AMERICA -
UNION - CARRY ON]]]

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

A Moth Wonder

I sit in a supreme world spins around in it's full
perfection. My mortal eyes fall upon a moth. There fluttering
before the presence of my mortal eyes. Captured and
floating upon a fluttering air. It seems to have but little care.
Only to flutter upon the open air. What now, I see a tiny
look of beware.

Looking at me while it orbits my head. Maybe wondering if
I am really dead. A wave of the hand, to keep it still.. An
air-wave, seems to give it a thrill. Onward the moth flutters
away. Only to hide for another day. I'll sit and wonder why?
Only a moth or something, more sly.

2004

JOE POEWHIT

A Seed

The Lord made a seed within the universe. It was a place called the earth. A tiny seed of creation. To fill all with an eternal plan. We are all part of the workings. To make a space where we can rest. To have a home in eternal life. Never to die, but only to explore the beyond.

A family of GOD, was created to fill a void of a heart so great. Yet, we ponder our fate. Only to find, we are running late. The son will return, to free us all of late. Our place will fill all space. Onward in prayer, we go to find our place. Call to all, to follow our way. Into creation we go, with an unbridled faith.

JOE POEWHIT

A Sunday

I sat under a tree all the day long. I contemplated the complex majesty of GOD. There before my mortal eye's, all the glory which is GOD. Perfection which goes beyond the scope of mortal human contemplations. A burning creation of life and formations. All there for the mortal to ponder, all the day long on GODS, first day of the week...

Set aside by GOD, for the splendid wonder of contemplation with the rest. Beyond the stars of heaven, past the essence of light, into the infinite darkness of the outer space. Places where the human heart and mind cannot travel. Constricted by our mortal flesh which captivates our souls.

Only for that one day in the future, to be free from mortal flesh. To live, rein, and dwell with GOD in the eternal and absence of time. No longer the pedantic motion which enraptures us into the folds of restricted mortal life. Bound to the mortal places of it's motions.

To shed this mortal flesh, like the skin of a snake. To be in the fold of the eternal GOD for ever. The creator and builder of all. Beyond all the places, where we cannot contemplate. YET, I sit under this tree on a Sunday and GOD shows me all this eternity. The perfection of GOD and the supreme power of the eternal.

December 2004 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

A Ladybug Dream Love

You were dreaming - for a
million years. Thats -
what it was to me.
Let me have that dream,
 'Please'
It belongs to the both of -
 us now.
Your dream reminded me.
Then, I cried, because I -
Didn't know you before.
Like a missing pedal of
a flower - you were.
Or maybe - a tear that
never really cried.
A baby bird from its nest.
It's first kill - a lady bug.
Don't cry - There are many -
 'ladybugs'.
BUT - It's like the missing pedal,
 'from that flower'.
Lets both dream of spotted flowers-
 'like ladybugs'.
Tears will only water the dream.

from my poem book DREAMS 3

JOE POEWHIT

A Penny For Your Poem

So I'm broke again.
Empty belly, no haircut or friend.
What is that, that you want? ? ?
I make noise on paper-friend.
Empty belly, no coins-AND!
Onward I go like a spinning top.
Life is one big lot.
Even the dogs run from me.
Can't ask them for a fee.
What is there to do in life.
Crazy kids, home, wife.
They just take the pay.
What's more, I have no say.
A penny for your poem, '[is pay]'.
Then others will just say.
Come back another day.
Where is that penny of pay? ? ? ? ?
Cell phone ringing - bookie HAY! ! ! !

2006 from Scribble ? ? ? ? ?
POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

A Small Glass Of Water

One small glass of water.
The waiter said, 'THAT WAS THE ORDER'.
In the pantry the man looked at me.
We have no water, LET IT BE.
What will I tell him, HIS MAJESTY!
OFF WITH MY HEAD! It seems to me.
Oh your honor, the pantry said, 'LET BE'.
WHAT! No water in my kingdom.
How can this fate, NO FREEDOM!
But, What, after this - TO SEA.
Find me some water - ON ONE KNEE.
That is your quest - NOW FLEE!
Yes your majesty - A crusade it will be.
For a small glass of water.
Call all in quarter - YES, Even the porter.

JOE POEWHIT

A Wild Exotic

Where does my mind start? Where does my mind end? No
expanse to the ultimate, the thoughts do not stop. Time does
not stop. It is all in perpetual motion. All a vibration in the
universe. Constant it is, alive in the conception. I am me,
a presence of GODS creation.

When will it ever stop? When will it begin again? Yet, I am
a part of this vibration, a cord or note, in the music of the
universe. My song of life, played out in the discourse of
being. I am a being, a place, and moment in all of time.

I sing my song. Then, I am a part of all time. All of time, is
before me, in this creation of time. Here for a moment and
gone to another place. Yet, all of myself, is this conception
of a place and time.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Abraham

Under a mighty tree.
My lady beside me.
What did I notice true.
With old cloak, shrouded blue.
Walking on a beggars road.
Shadow cross of a load.
Looking fast, just by chance.
Did a two step of dance.
Onward passing sun an shadows.
My lady heard singing sparrows.
GODS heaven shade tree.
Abraham, Abraham, faith of thee.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Aftermaths-Memo Day 2008

ALONE.
MEMORY.
SIGHS.
WHY?

ALONE.
TEARS.
SHAKES.
WHY?

ALONE.
SHADOWS.
SCREAMS.
WHY?

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Afternoon Rain Poem

So is that time of day.
Some go for the hay.
Others try and find a way.
Yet, it is the end of day-almost.
Some just like to let it coast.
Some bring it in with a toast.
It is all part of the day.
Some even get a days pay.
So we reach into our hearts.
To take out the days darts.

JOE POEWHIT

Ahmad Shiddiqi [poemhunter]

Walking in vibrant space.
A net work of lace.
A sound of musical lore.
At my eye's open door.
Dancing musical poems.
All looking for a home.
A poet came into view.
Playing his music cue.
A heart that enraptured.
An audience it captured.
A poet musical soul.
So life still unfolds.

for Ahmad [poemhunter poet]
2/20/2009 by joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Alien Spaceman God

I look into heaven.
Stoned out after seven.
On my back alone.
All the stars shone.
All is your presence, GOD.
My back upon dirt sod.
Why a spaceship wonder?
That is man's simple blunder.
Who knows out in space.
We are your human race.
Energy matter to create.
Our souls inside its place.
We should worship you.
An alien from space true.
Looking out into deep space.
Only your size has place.
We look for flying saucers.
IMAGES, cloud our minds face.
GOD - you come from outer space.

from my book; - DREAMS 3 - published.2008
Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Almost 13

What's really going on.
T.V. for hours - THEIR GONE.
Homework maybe and radios on.
Let me fill this pot bowl.
Stereo loud - rock song on.
BEER< TOBACCO- night stand.
Strobe light with color on.
MY LIFE IS GETTING FUNNY.
Now all the house lights are on.
The couch - my favorite pillow.
What is happening to me? ? ? ? ?
Crazy thoughts that just won't flee.
Into the bathroom - head down.
Tears running over the deep frown.
Into the mirror I look.
A JUNKY WHORE - PLUS A CROOK.
The blood is dripping now.
THEY DON'T LOVE ME - ANOTHER DOWN.
On the floor with one knee.
Dead I am in this red sea.

from my poetry book DREAMS 2

JOE POEWHIT

Almost 13

What's really going on.
TV. for hours - THERE GONE!
Homework maybe and radio on.
Let me fill this pot bowl.
Stereo loud - rock song on.
Beer, tobacco - night stand.
Strobe light with color on.
My life is getting funny.
Now all the house lights on.
The couch - my favorite pillow.
What is happening to me?
Crazy thoughts that just won't flee.
Into the bathroom - head down.
Tears running over the deep frown.
Into the mirror I look.
A JUNKY WHORE - PLUS A CROOK.
The blood is dripping now.
They don't love me - another down.
On the floor with one knee.
Dead I am in this red sea.

from my book - DREAMS 2
search: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

America Politico

DEALS, DEALS, DEALS.

Small room, with twelve bathrooms.

Envelopes fill the baskets.

Mirrors with lipstick kisses.

In the small room - elbows bump.

In the office.

OCCUPIED - next bathroom.

Outside neighbors look.

Cesspool trucks arrive.

Dirt cover-up off lid.

Man preys lid open.

Next years news escapes.

CESSPOOL CLEAN and POLITICS AGAIN.

JOE POEWHIT

Annie Le

Through fields of roses.
Touching flowers and noses.
Prancing in loves prime.
Seeds of tomorrows chimes.

A sudden evil descended.
Our hearts were, undefended.
My, Annie Le, was taken.
Before it's hour, forsaken.

Memories in clouded skies.
Shackled heart that can't fly.
Annie Le by the seashore.
Her love for, nevermore.

JOE POEWHIT

Anti-Image War Glory

Turn the channel more.
There it is again as before.
The glory of blood and gore.
Images fill my public mind.
That is a way as never before.
I must be a war star - GALORE! ! ! !
Into the mud and constant fear.
On the riverbank a wilted ear.
Part of a forgotten stars life.
War is not that image part.
Over to my left, a human heart.
What did the TV. tube show me?
War without pain - onward march - insane.
Plodding ankle deep in blood.
Just like TV. soapsuds ads and flub.
My illusion shell broke again.
In my hand - a dead flags land.
Toy lead soldiers under the Xmas trees.
Rubber ducky - bathtub - floating fleets.
Rocks roll down a slopping hill.
On the bottom is no thrill.

from my new book DREAMS 3
2008 POEWHIT
search: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Artic Tears

A world of fears.
A crying Artic sear.
A icy world wonder.
A melting water plunderr.
A global warming fad.
A puddle on my floor pad.
A crying world unheard.
A soapbox cryer is absurd.
A wall street sweepers fear.
A trade slip floated by my ear.

[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Back Again

Back on the page again.
Pen in hand a friend.
More noise to send,
Makes your eyes bend.
That was not a word.
Left blank its absurd.
Why wont the world talk to me? ? ? ?
Maybe my poems they do see.

[GOOGLE: search, POEWHIT]

JOE POEWHIT

Ball And Chain

YOU, look at me.
I look at you.
You tell me this.
I tell you list.

On a table you sit.
You just give me fits.
SMUT - MURDER - THEFT - AND LIES
You just bring tears to my eyes.

At one time you were kind.
Now you become a BILL unkind.
I can turn you off at any time.
FUNNY - then I'm alone - IT'S MINE.

Out the window with you.
I just noticed a new view.
Now I feel happy and free.
A PLUG - with chain - TELLING ME.

JOE POEWHIT

Beer Pot Bowl School

The bell just rings.
One more hit - for the ping.
Stuffs really the thing.
Fast drink this and sing.
Pot bowl beer school today.
Failed math - what's to say.
Don't care for nothing anyway.
DAD'S-RICH, he will pay my way.
WHAT! ! ! give a care anymore.
Morals went out the door.
Watch TV. - call the whore.
AIDS-crack-head, syph, and wants more.
Don't care - can't remember the law.
Next call-clap-don't care-just more.
TV. tells me what to do.
My surrogate MOTHER - channel.
Beer case empty - drunk ride.
Ran over the kid - let's hide.
Were only 16 and real high.
WHO CARE'S, LETS JUST GET HIGHER AND HIGHER.

from my new book,
THE BEGGAR plus SELECT POETRY
search: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Beyond All

Coldness came from the clear.
Beyond the clouds sight of ear.
Playing songs to fill my head.
Raptured hearts full of dread.
Follow beyond the gifted plains.
Into dark shadows, beyond the sane.
Capture the moment of eternal flight.
My soul, your heart, a bitter fight.
Gone from the present story of tomorrow.
I'll meet you there, with a tear of sorrow.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Big Bang End

Atomic bombs - fast cams.
Hour glass time and sand.
Mankind in a jam.
Mega bytes - big ram.
Just wont ever stop.
Mankind became a flop.
'FALLOUT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR'
Crackhead - AIDS baby - he's dead.
Acid rainwater melts the lead.
Atomic bombs - over city lands.
Prayer time, empty cans.
DEAR GOD, I need a fix.
What is the rabbit hat trick?
A Frankenstein monster at home.
Closet hippy - beatnik - protest alone.
Free love - disco - poly cloths.
AIDS_CLAP_SYPH_HERPS-and bombs.
Corperation man plunders - fire alarm.
Mad cows live down on the farm.
Bombs over city lands.
COLD BEER SIT BY THE FAN.
T.V. images fill empty heads.
Wars over - CD - cold ber - reds.

from my poem book DREAMS 3

JOE POEWHIT

Big Heads

The barrel makes a sound.
Tap, that rat & round.
KEEP - pour another - profound.
'KITCHEN' - crackers - cheese mound.
Foamy tall heads of beer.
What is that, earing in ear.
Ship made port - so I hear.
Booty on horseback - near.
Ben's his name, funny sad.
Said, 'death & taxes, be sure lad'.
Foamy tall heads of beer.
What is that, earing in ear.

[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Big Mom Tv.

BIG MOM TV.
Teaches me.
What, I should be.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Big Mom Tv.5

MOM --DAD;

The TV. said.

Auntie;

The TV. said.

Uncle;

The TV. said.

Grand Dad;

The TV. said.

Grand Ma;

The TV. said.

Big Sister;

The TV. said.

Little Brother;

The TV. said.

YOU SEE OFFICER;

The TV. said.

8/27/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Big Mom Tv.2

I; m only 9 years old.

Mom is dating the
mailman.

Always have a glass
in hand.

Don't like them, kill
with gun.

Scam that fool, make
a lot of money.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Big Mom Tv.3

Monday - 4 hours TV.

Tuesday - 3 hours TV.

Wednesday - 6 hours TV.

Thursday - 5 hours TV.

Friday - 8 hours TV.

Saturday - 7 hours TV.

Sunday - 9: 00 mass.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Big Fish Small Pond

TAILS - FINS - BIG SPLASH! ! ! !

Got to move fast.

No way out.

Whale's water spout.

Eyes bulging big.

No place to sing.

More moving about.

TAILS - FINS - DO ROUT.

6/14/2012 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Birds Sky

Green, yellow, blue with red.
Tiny little bird, by my bed.
Yell, talk, peep and flirt.
Over the place of my birth.

Blue sky, puffy Grey clouds.
Shadows fall into the shroud.
You are free, open wide sky.
Worms and bugs, fill their eyes.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Blanket Of Life

Little children in our,
yard. Yes love,
OUR CHILDREN.

Life and the passage,
OUR PASSAGE

Shade by the side of the,
house.

OUR HOUSE

Love I built it, remember? ? ?

We went west with the wagons.

FREE LAND

Now our home, with the children in,
the yard.

Our Yard

Stars in the heaven, and
birds flying on the winds of,

Our Heaven

It; s our blanket, lets sleep,

And Dream

That is what life is made of,

DREAMS

JOE POEWHIT

Cain & Abel

The beginnings of wars begun.
Brother slew brother, mankind undone.
Crying blood of centuries of wars.
Mimics the first, done without a gun.
It was a curse to CAIN in the end.
War today is a curse, no friend.
Intensity has built through the age.
Atomic bombs, maybe the final page.
All from the flood family of NOAH.
Brother slaying brother, like coiling boa.
Every day the news spells it's ways.
So from the beginning, to today.
Mankind has not changed in any way.

from my new book just pub.
THE BEGGAR plus SELECT POETRY
search: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Calamity

Illusive winds cascade.
Rain imparts wayward folly.
Ramparts of crying souls.
Innocence embraces travesty.
Hurricane eye voyeurs.
Waves of pounding surf.
Heart's fainting with thirst.
Times eternal hell fire.
Church stoics chanting prayer.
GODS beacon of safe shores.

5/18/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Cant Edit Love

Its in your heart.
Not like a beer fart.
It stays with you.
Just like a solid glue.
Wont ever fail or fall.
Always there at the call.
Never a moment of rest.
Your love is my heart crest.
Cant sell it or loose it.
It is in my heart of life.
The one you love as a wife.
Not like a rotten old fish tail.
KEEP- give me more ALE.
That will fill my lost sail.
May I creep into another Dream flight.
There you are in my sight.
Your love I can never EDIT.
I LOVE YOU- a CREDIT.

JOE POEWHIT

Can'T Say That

Don't like my rap.
Can't jilt the fat.
Sit on that hat.
Stomp on the cat's.
MUST - JUST - say that.
It's not my rap.
Jilt, your minds fat.
Stay cool - the fool sat.
Can't handle that rap.
Big tall top hat.
Full of jilted fat cat's.
Can't say that - it's my rap.
Kill the poet - can't say that.

10/27/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Circus Clown

Sacredness suspended clown.
Some wearing golden crowns.
Happy songs jump and twirl.
Spin and hop, pleated swirls.

Color mixture, flowing blend.
Tumble-salts, flowing silence blend.
Painted frown from skid more.
Sacred slums, funny lore.

Playful red cotton ball.
Candy wonder, canvas falls.
Whistle blows in center ring.
Six new clowns to sing.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Circus Rain

A wooded song sang to me.
Beyond the freshness of the sea.
Blessed rain upon the ground.
The last drop, a silence profound.

Rainbow colors fill the sky.
Just like mom's apple pie.
Clouds gather rain today.
Waiting on GODS gentle play.

A musical song fills the sky.
Clowns and buffoons, heavens cry.
Sliding upon raindrops of dew.
Jugglers and acrobats, twirling true.

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search: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Closet Faces

Well here I am again today. Who will I be this glory of a day.
There upon the wall of the closet to see. An array of faces
looking at me. Some are famous, others are plain. There is
even one with a stain. Over in the corner, one with pain.
Only to pick one, that will keep me sane.

Am I the same or over that face. The one with golden lace.
It all just seems, all so insane. To look upon the faces, inside
on the closet walls. Only if they could make me one more
inch the one's with color, a rainbow closet storm.

'THERE'S THE ONE I LIKE', Today, there in the mirror
upon the wall. It is me to a reality surprise. My GOD given
face, that is my real prize.

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[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Clouds Of Rapture

Cloud under my feet.
Floating air seems a treat.
Cloud Heaven universe.
To most it's perverse.
GOD, sitting upon a cloud.
Judgment of a Holy shroud.
Jesus words are a song.
What is time, not for long.

(2011)

JOE POEWHIT

Clown

Painted upside down.
Wear a hat.
Brim side down.
Collar turned almost around.

Funny wonder laugh.
Musical speech sags.
Crying song laughs.
Ringing songs gag.

Crazy funny man.
Silly tokens wonder.
Sad loving woman.
Circus clown's blunder.

from my poem book DREAMS

JOE POEWHIT

Crack Baby With Aids

Just born into life,
Tomorrow, if only ripe.
Cry baby cry more.
There is no open door.
Skin to soon be sore.
Don't shake on the floor.
MOM just want more.
Don't call me a whore.
Bottle empty, cry some more.
Don't think you will - long.
What's the name of that song.
'CRACK BABY AIDS GOT SHOES'.
Not like the blues.
DOCTOR said, 'dead soon true'.

from my new book:
THE BEGGAR plus SELECT POETRY
search: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Dead Fish

Dead fish, poison lake.
Acid rain, sunshine bake.
No fish in the pond.
Clip coupons from the bond.
Mighty wonder, mega works.
Drill more oil satan lurks.
Empty hook upon the bay.
Crabs gone, whats to say.
Tiny fish sold in plastic.
Paper weight, oh too fantastic.
Dirty water, no more life.
Kids dead, took one bite.

JOE POEWHIT

Dead Sea Scrolls

The passage of time shifts man upon the earth.
People rise and fall in their traditions. BUT, the
word of GOD remains steadfast. The DEAD
SEA SCROLLS, like a road sign, emerged for
man's belief it appears.

Through countless times, social waves form
by man. Then fall like sand castles, by life's
waves. Then, the word of GOD, comes to light
to show man, GOD'S tenacity. GOD is stead-
fast and does not change with time.

The DEAD SEA SCROLLS, a road sign in
the passage of life and GOD'S word, in our
time.

JOE POEWHIT

Dirty Air

Mighty cloud in the sky.
Purple, orange, must ask why?
Smoke stack glory over the hill.
Mask on - feeling less ill.
Sex life went, that pill.
Oxygen mask - token the thrill.
Went to church, GOD cried.
Smog enveloped the temple wide.
Many cars upon the ground.
Monoxide wonder - feeling sound.
Vomit stench - deep breath now.
Doctor said, 'farm with cows'.

from my book, DREAMS

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Dirty Air

Mighty cloud in the sky.
PURPLE, ORANGE, must ask why? ? ?
Smoke stack glory, over the hill.
Mask on - feeling less ill.
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Went to church, GOD cried.
Smog enveloped the temple wide.
Many cars upon the ground.
Monoxide wonder feeling sound.
Vomit stench, deep breath now.
Doctor said, 'FARM WITH COWS'.

from my poetry book DREAMS 1

JOE POEWHIT

Disposable - Reuse - Disposable

I was a screen queen one day.
Then they all fell away.
The man said, to me.
'YOUR OVER - THEY HAVE A NEW BEE'.
CRY - my heart was broken.
I made them rich - many tokens.
Out the door! - SLUT - used whore.
Drugs, a bottle, to sooth the sore.
I'll knock on another door.
DOWN WITH YOU OLD BORE!
Cry more - my pillow is wet.
I'll show them! one more bet.
All dolled up - clown makeup - more.
Red lips, big pearls, diamonds galore.
'They just look at me'.
Back then - center ring - big fee.
Fox fur over the shoulder.
Maybe I need to be bolder.
Only just turned twenty one.
Over the hill - 'SO SETS THE SUN'.

JOE POEWHIT

Dog

Soft watery mellow eye's.
Looking, wanting, a surprise.
Always near, by my side.
'Companion friend', I sigh.
Romping in the playful grass.
Barking, yelping, squirrels pass.
Lying by my kingdom chair.
Licking fur, seamless cares.
Wanting only a morsel feast.
My heart, it does keep.

5/8/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Down On Drugs Sucker

Another died the other day.
Thought he was of ways.
Found a road of horror.
Best friend became a freak.
No mind that could speak.
Stayed at home alone and weak.
Looked out the window all day.
No job - No pay.
Cries into a pillow every night.
Inside the head images of fright.
Day after day, a chair of days.
What more is there to say.
Blank minded from drugs and haze.
Like an empty unwritten page.
Horror of addictions and craze.

9/22/2006 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Doxology

GOD, your humble servant's praise
thee. Untold glory in your bountifulness.
Richness in your wonderments.

5/19/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Dreams

Whispers of essence.
Floating cloud presence.
Illusive reality sings.
These dreams of things.
My minds daily clutter.
Like melted yellow butter.
Churning vapid wonders.
Hearts for it's plunder.
Filling our endless hopes.
Crying nights, morning soap.
Dream melodies of floating light.
Reality shatters it's mortal flight.

5/5/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Ezekiel

Ezekiel of GODS word.
Modern days craze absurd.
Now with ideas matchbook.
EZ-WIDER papers -image,
-idol-worship-stare - look.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

FLOWERS

I spend hours.
Looking at flowers.
GOD made love.
Like foam soapsuds.
All colors abound.
Very silent sound.
Gives time grace.
Flowers find place.
WHAT! ! ! ! ! ever - more.
Flower by the door.

JOE POEWHIT

First Poem Hunter Poem

Small is this poem.
Trying to find a home.
Cast upon this page.
I feel of age.
Just read me.
Dont spindle with key.
Just let it be.
From the guy across the sea.

JOE POEWHIT

Floating Birds

Cast upon a lonely shore. There, I sat and looked upon the sea. Calm the water was, with the birds hovering above. Like the angels of GOD, hovering over the life below. The wings of life sustained the buoyant birds, above the deep of the ocean.

Where was the middle ground? Only the air on which the birds floated with the undulations of the wind. Just as the water rolls off a ducks back, so do the birds float on the wind. The water reflected the sunlight, like shattered mirror parts, in the sunlight. So my eyes encompassed all of this wonder. Into the cognition of my minds being. It is me and the truth of my reality.

Call, oh little, but mighty birds in my life. A precious moment of life and flight. A living presence of GOD, floating on the winds and time of life. So, you are just small birds. Let me just drink in your beauty for one more moment.

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[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Flower

Spring into life.
To the sun of ways.
Tell us all a song.
We are only a day prolonged.
Call we all do to the sun.
We are flowers growing in life.
Call to all the world to view.
A nice smell and not a pew.

copyright 2004

[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Fool Jump Where ? ? ? ?

JUMP WHERE? There is no air.
C O 2 all walking in pairs.
Trees are burning to the ground.
Some or most don't think it's profound.
If the acid rain don't get you.
Loss of oxygen will do.
Carbon Monoxide like a silent ghost.
At your funeral the grand host.
YET, we must breathe every day.
Can't deduct it from our pay.
It's really there like a gift.
Can't part it and try to sift.
Put a very funny mask on.
PIG NOSE FACE - to hide beauty gone.
It just wont ever stop.
Life on earth became a flop.
What will tomorrow bring?
ALL DEAD - and not a thing.

JOE POEWHIT

For Sale

AIR FOR SALE=+= THINK.

Vomit into rusty sink.

Sick all day long.

Fading into the haze.

Black - red - green cloud maze.

10,000 chems and more.

Mix in the air - SHUT DOOR.

Tape the windows god.

Clean air machine - VOOOOOOM

Inside I'm alive today.

Unborn child - whats to say.

On the couch - T.V. on.

Food tube in my arm.

Just hiding, thinking of the sky.

Those multi colored clouds pass buy.

JOE POEWHIT

Funny Life

Were born, work hard at school, then work hard for a family. Everything is right or just about right, then death reaps. Makes one wonder, about a pulsing heart beat away from death. Just seems, GOD, in heaven gives and then takes. All vanities and lusts of life, appear fools play in the grand spectrum.

12/19/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gambled Babies Milk Money

Here I sit on a bench.
Lost all to a called friend.
Intoxicated again.
Babies money - down the drain.
College gone - lost the farm.
Needle in my arm.
Next trip to suicide path right.
It's all gone, the glitter lights lure.
No shoes, lost the blue suede.
Again the feel of the cold bench.
Church is where I belong.
GOD, will right the wrong.
I must pray and have faith.
Stoic armor soul, to recapture.
PRAY AND GAIN FAITH

from my new book,
THE BEGGAR plus SELECT POETRY
search: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

God Spoke To Me

GOD spoke to me.
A Meir child, by the sea.
I was alone, only to find.
GOD beside me, like a full vine.
Look upon the majestic sea.
That was fashioned by me.
All the creatures that swim.
I made them all, some big some slim.
What was that last song you said.
Only a quiet breeze, by the window bed.

2/24/1990 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gods Laws

We can read all the law books.
Yet, will we find any of GODS laws?
Only in the Bible, it seems they exist.
Dancing before the reader like candy.
Read on and let the rest of GOD be on you.
Some sing and dance the laws of GOD.
Giving the soul a clean sweep of the hand.
Let us all rejoice in the law of GOD.

1998 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gods Love

GOD said to me.
Look upon the sea.
Far into dark space.
Stars many like lace.

GOD said to me.
I made you free.
Come to my home.
Your my guest to roam.

GOD said to me.
'I AM THAT I AM'-please.
Only GOD in Heaven.
Our love all seven.

JOE POEWHIT

Gods Rainbow

Look out across the clouded sky.
There a many colored rainbow can be seen.
Put there by GOD for all to see.
Deep is the arch and bright are the colors.
GODS rainbow said there will not be a flood.
The dark gray of the clouds set off the color.
Mist surrounds some of the rainbow.
Giving it's all to the covenant of GOD.

1993 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gods Seashell

There upon the sands of an ocean time.
I looked down upon the waves.
A seashell stood there among seaweed.
It seemed to blend with the surf sand.
Rolling with the waves of all time.
There was no move upon my lips.
Only the quiet solitude of the ocean.
The next wave, took the seashell away forever.

1998 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gods Secret

It was there before all time.
A special secret, only known by GOD.
He made the heaven and earth.
Hoping that maybe man will find.
A special word or maybe a rhyme.
To fill the multitudes of empty souls.
GOD, will not reveal the secret.
That's why it's a secret, known only by GOD.

1991 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gods Space

I looked up into the deep abyss.
There a multitude of stars and a moon.
It was all created by the will of GOD.
With GODS, Davine power and wisdom.
The earth was formed with life.
Such a setting for all to behold.
Magnificent wonder, beyond our mortal sight.
Ever perfect the earth and sky.

1999 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gods Spirit

Only to seek and find GODS spirit.
All around, just like the air.
We look for the grace of the spirit.
With added extra, that we know not.
Where is the hidden GOD of that spirit.
All around just like the air.
Many look to find the jest of the spirit.
We alone find the range of GODS spirit.

1990 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gods Stars

Look high up into the heavens.
There beyond, all the stars of GOD.
GOD made all the stars in the sky.
Without number, they twinkle and shine.
Handy-work which goes beyond our call.
We can only look at them and wonder.
Tiny sparkles, far into the night.
Some are far from mortal sight.

1995 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gods Tears

May I cry for a silent minute.
Lost feelings have found space.
Gone to the winds last song.
Meadow larks fly to a lost place.
Our planet fallen, from GODS grace.
Goes onward into timeless space.
Let me find lost songs of yore.
A whistle blows, by the church door.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gods Time

It passes with the light of day.
Morning until sunset we work.
Calling upon GOD for his quiet blessing.
Down upon bent knees, praying unto GOD.
There is a time for all things under the sun.
All things cast a shadow in the present day.
Songs are sung to the beauty of GOD.
For we find in our time, a calling.

1997 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gods Ways

Like a deep mystery before the dawn.
Upon sunlight the Lord does appear.
Resting very gentle upon the good souls.
GOD knows the number of the call.
Only GOD can tell the right time.
Waiting for the last to arise.
We sing a silent song to GOD.
Prayer is the ointment of GODS song.

1991 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gold And Gold And Gold And Gold

Gold upon the open stage.
Let me turn another page.
Walk I do with weighted yoke.
All this GOLD, the color of a joke.
Let me bury in the ground.
Hide its glitter from the frown.
WHY? This burden in life.
All it does, it gives me strife.
Let me shed this snakeskin.
I'm a prisoner of it's mortal sins.
The lust it brings into my life.
Statue friends, with a song from the fife.
The snake shows it's GOLDEN HEAD.
A SHEET OVER MY FACE IN A DEATH BED.

JOE POEWHIT

Gutter Trash

What is that sound?
My eye's look all around.
A very quiet song.
Tells of something wrong.
Very little to see.
Maybe it's just me.
People with an empty pocket.
Pull the plug, from the socket.
Road rage of a peoples daze.
My mind looks, a haze.
These must be the crying days,
No, GUTTER TRASH, empty road maze.

9/21/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gutter Trash 3

Not feeling very rich.
Fell into the gutter ditch.
All the world in a fray.
What was that, GOD did say?
My friends say to me.
Back then - rich mans fee's.
Carrot on stick - mighty illusions.
Many falling, to the confusion.
Empty images confuse my mind.
GUTTER TRASH - end of the line

9/24/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Gutter Trash 2

Acid-rain sings the blues.
Shine left my shoes.
Church bells in a flutter.
People behind closed shutters.
Rich limo with a flat.
Many lie, eating crackerjacks.
Poor people in food lines.
Gold wristwatch, with a chime.
Panic hearts look around.
TV. clown making more sounds.
God idol images, looking down.
Dead body, GUTTER TRASH, with a frown.

9/23/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

H E A V E N

Beyond all.
Earth just a ball.
We are so small.
Yet - God loves all.
We pray to call.
God knows our hall.
Help from a ball.
Wait till next fall.

JOE POEWHIT

H U N G E R

My kingdom for bread

'the jester said'

Hunger at the gate door

Bread man, an empty more

Hunger with burning pain

Some bread, before insane

Bread, bread, more here

Empty, gone- last words ear

JOE POEWHIT

Haiku Poem 1

LOTTO & DEATH:

One day -
you are -
A winner.

6/7/2012 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Harrow Wood

The stage is all bare.
Many fans gaping to stare.
On with the channel - T.V. friends.
Here they come - time to spend.
Some with a wacky - exotic music show.
Others plain - sleep time - bore - and hello.
I sometimes play there image pars.
Kids on streets - others in marts.
Copycat wonder - in terror full life.
Like robotic clones becoming ripe.
All in cars upon the roads.
Eat this food - good and slow.
Must do this - that - tip your hat.
Napkin in lap - without staring back.
Only coffee after dinner - yes cream.
Suit, shirt, tie - neat and proper clean.
The style for the very rich.
Copycat wonder - the mad new pitch.
Brokers and sellers on line at banks.
Milked like sheep - no sleep last night.

JOE POEWHIT

Heart Attack

Another just went under.
ACIDRAIN-falling plunder.
People falling like rain.
A FAD, your insane! ! ! ! !
Don't cry to me.
GOLD, is my fee.
A flood like NOAH.
AIDS & ACIDRAIN, I'm bolder.
Movie on a clear day.
Will take it all away.
[[bottle illusions realities seas]]

[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Heaven Stars Wonder

There I was reposed upon my back. It must have been two or three in the dark morning. There was no light about. Only the many diamonds in the sky. Thrown upon a blackness to twinkle in the night. A dance of heavenly beauty for the eye to look upon. It was all the creation of GOD.

Infinite it was to gaze upon. A stoic moment caught in a glimpse of time. A song of the universe to play upon my eye and mind. It was truly the work of GOD. Vibrating to the ends of eternity and beyond that, to a place of never ending.

Hypnotized, I was a poor mortal soul. Caught like a fowl in the trap of being. Wide eyed, and knowing the fate of the captured. A naked being, to scorn a moment, yet, to burn it upon my heart. Like a brand, to give me a memory for a dark lonely moment of time. To reflect upon this song of the universe.

Could I ever talk to myself after gazing upon such a fate. Immobile, broken down by the beauty and the majesty of the living GOD. God spoke to me in a very subtle way. A show of strength with the delicate lace of creation. To be cast into a mold for the nectar to cool.

It was a time, the past reflection of my mind. To look again upon the many lights, like the glow of the eye. As to tell all in the sudden glance of the eye. Only a minute moment to give all to me. To enfold my soul with the being of GOD. To feel the presence of the wonder, which made it all.

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[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Hollow Street Signs

People moving fast.
Can't stop, dead last.
Stores are all empty.
Where is the plenty?

Images crashing all around.
Empty wallets, make no sounds.
Refrigerator stoic, stands empty.
Child cries, from hunger plenty.

Gutter trash, signs of life.
Empty song, from the fife.
Credit card, buying on empty.
80% OFF - SALES ARE PLENTY.

9/16/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

I Want Water

Just dont taste good.
Whats wrong-number one water.
So the rice grower, ' said'.
You maybe want more.
Feel like a shut door.
Water just dont feel right.
Acid-rain- blurring my sight.
Number one water-BOY.
Please dont tell me more.
YOU MUST HAVE WATER.
YOU number -1,1,1,1, -wont live.
Water shock to the body.
Water just dont feel right.
Must have some water, water.
WHAT YOU MEAN-YOU WANT -WATER.
Out on the block -GIRL.
BABY NEEDS WATER.
YOE, YOE, YOE-you got-WATER
MAN-KEEP YOUR COOL.
YOE-COOL water MAN.
COOL WATER
WATER.
WAT.
W.
[[[[the end]]]]

[GOOGLE: search, POEWHIT]

JOE POEWHIT

Illusions Speak

Eyes that look inside.
Ears that speak out music.
Feelings that never surface.
Hair that grows inward.
A sun that turns dark.
The empty glass -upside down.
Songs without words.
Babies that never cry.
Paint without colors.
A room overfilled.
Green slim ice-cream.
Walks without steps.
Hearts empty of love.
Money that is never spent.
Empty bottle of lost DREAMS

JOE POEWHIT

I'm A Star

I look out upon the stage.
A god I am, what a stand.
Let me play this image part.
It said, 'I HAVE NO HEART'.
My ways are not the same.
An understudy just went insane.
Though the stage is a golden play.
It twists my soul every day.
Icon wonder upon the stage.
Much gold is the plunder and wage.
I get lost in the material wonder.
Where am I? The doctor has the plunger.
Here I am waiting for my cue.
Where I should be is in a pew.

JOE POEWHIT

Infinity

To look at myself in the universe of creation. A tiny spot, a speck in all of the infinite remoteness of time and space. Living with the inner strength and spirit of GOD. A tool, a clay receptacle of his spirit, to perform GODS will in GODS creation. Molded by the hands of GOD, in the universe created by GODS will and direction.

Placed in a harmonic coordination, which places all in a state of perfect harmony. It is beyond the scope of mortal man, to be able to grasp the infinite. Never ending to all existence, beyond all in realms of all. Never ceasing in a harmonic pattern, generating into an infinite sphere of being, a being in place.

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[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

It Became Fast

Life in the slow past.
Machines to make casts.
Man left his two feet.
Onward machines and water fleets.
Faster and faster to run.
Horses - trains - cars plus fun.
Planes - turbos - rocket sleds.
UPWARD - ONWARD - NEVER DEAD.
Life grew into a complex song.
25 hour days - not too long.
Cris cross - tumble - spin round.
Lighter minds less profound.
I must escape for a day.
A mortgage for a days pay.
PLASTIC CARD - SPEND TILL DEAD.
Don't have time for bed.
High-octane vapor fumes.
Psycho wards and flowers bloom.
Spinning circle manic life.
All confusion - high as a kite.
51 cards - where's the ace? ? ? ?

JOE POEWHIT

L O N E B I R D

Limb of my domain

To sing of crying pain

Clouds fill the sky

My heart does fly

Wisps of a cool wind

The ground full of sin

Let me leave my limb

Floating on air prim

JOE POEWHIT

Late Night Ramble

Place in the late hour.
Crying into my empty self.
Calling into nothingness.
Where is the ending of space?
All the letters in lower case.
World is full of shake.
Everyone on the take.
Scams the normal way.
Baby brother is far away.
Called all in the phone book.
Empty world, looking for fill.
Daddy is by the dripping still.
Home late and getting ill.
Just take that little pill.
Poem over had your fill.

JOE POEWHIT

Life Images

Cast upon the image screens.
A life of pure un-reality.
Through time with growing pains.
Soon they just seem insane.
Image time now is reality.
Real life passes, a mystery.
Puzzle parts are all misfits.
GOD in the closet, hidden fits.
Un-reality, reality, casting shadows.
Who am I? A question arrow.
My souls mind absorbs this un-reality.
GOD in heaven, or Gods to me.

12/26/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Lolly Pop's

Scattered leaves of humanity.
There cast as vanities of profanity.
Wayward waifs, man's discards.
Silent cries on cement sods.
Hunger wants before glazed eye's.
Numb abstractions, fuel the whys.
Humble lolly pop's scattered about.
Poverties by product, cheerleader shouts.
Dinner bells toll evening hours.
A lolly pop dinner, a graves flower.

10/23/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Lone Sparrow

I'm only a tiny sparrow. Here cast upon a house top
in the dead of winter. I look down upon the bleak
snow. Not a sign of food. A seed, a crumb, even a
delinquent bug, from it's nest of shelter. None for the
calling, of the pain in my stomach. Only the memory of
a morsel, from some forgotten repast.

My feet are cold. No feathers to keep them warm. Only
the thin leather skin and the hollow bones of flight.
Maybe only to raise one from the ice and cold. My
eye's are half closed from the ice and wind. Only,
the funny eyelids from GOD to block it all.

Fly away, I do to another roof. There again the ice
and snow, with no bugs below.

4/9/2005 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Lonely Earth

All the water is gone.
No fish left in the pond.
Sodas are all off the shelf.
Maybe my last breath to myself.

What will become of me?
Only the taste of salts from the sea.
My baby needs some milk.
Then some walk by, pass in silk.

I am past the point of crying.
Past the point of shying.
Cast upon an empty earth.
All the cities, an abortion of birth.

Last night I had a dream.
The earth was empty, left only me.
I sat on a lonely rock to cry.
Only to drink the tears from my eyes.

JOE POEWHIT

Love

We found love today.
A quiet word. Spoken-
in a silent voice.
A whisper to my heart. You-
gave your heart to me.
I will bury it in my soul.
Let's walk leaf paths in -
the forest. Alone -
with bird chirps and crisp
BREEEEZES.
Do you like ants? There
are many here.
Don't step on them. It
hurts all of nature. A tear
in your eye.
Is it really for me? Now -
that is a long time.
love fathoms no nectar
of time's course.
We have loved for all -
of time - of eternity -
and infinity.

from my poem book DREAMS 3

JOE POEWHIT

Love From God

There is a certain kind of love.
Found only in a not so perfect world.
It is given forth, by the grace of GOD.
A lonely figure, by an empty bay.
Same song that fills the inner soul.
We can hear it only by GODS given grace.
Sleep enters through a window of the mind.
A dream that makes all come true.

1991 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Love Poem

Heart bespoken hour.
My love a flower.
Entwined passionate love.
Fluttering like a dove.
Heartbeats skip time.
Our love, heavens rhyme.
Golden crested sunrise.
Stare into my eye's.
Endless our love's pace.
Shrouded by Lilly lace.

5/2/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Love Poem 1

Our love is like wine.
Grapes of time, from the vine.
Our heart's crushed within.
Nectar flavor, was our sin.
All through life we sip.
To a small kiss of the lip.
Our home, a flask to contain.
Wayward sorrows, even our pains.
Our time is short to enjoy love.
Life fleets, like clouds above.

5/5/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Love - Val.2012

I just sat.

You were to me.

A sea beyond shores.

SO - love was to me.

A place of the heart.

LOVE - owen's that time.

SO - is love and love is.

2012 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Love's Heartbeat

Your heart beats softly.
It spoke to me - in
the silent. I heard
a rapture of it's love.
Does it beat only for me?
 'I love that idea'
If you said, 'You loved me', Then -
 I know you lied.
Our infinite vibrations speak -
 'only'
I would feel your love. A -
million miles - and maybe -
 'a lot more'
Don't talk - Let your eyes speak -
 'our love'
Why do we even have to -
 'talk'
It will never end, and that
is only the beginning.
DOES IT ONLY BEAT FOR ME?
 'I love that idea'

from my poem book DREAMS 3

JOE POEWHIT

Loves Ocean

So the waves move.
We all find our groove.
Some with the silver spoon.
Looking wayward at noon.
Crying baby all in tears.
No milk from MOMS fears.
Love rides the tides of life.
Full of turmoil and wicked strife.
Drunk bar stool tells its story.
Empty words of its glory.
Cry onward plastic fallen.
Calls of the empty stalls.

JOE POEWHIT

Many Germs

They all just went wild.
All around in fashion style.
In the nose - cough to show.
Whats wrong with the stomach below?
Just don't feel so well.
Many dying - going to hell.
Radio said, 'FLU WITH LOVE'.
Over the coffin - coughing dove.
All around the germs are loose.
Suicide time - find a golden noose.
Doctor feel over stone dead.
Drug trip - right inside my head.
T.V. said, 'WORLD JUST ABOUT GONE'.
Animals are all dead on the farms.
Let me pray to GOD right now.
Over my head dirt from the plow.

from my poem book DREAMS 2

JOE POEWHIT

Marbles

HAY, I just came from Grand Dad's house and he gave me this old leather bag full of marbles. GEE! ! ! let's play marbles. OK. Let's draw a circle. There lets pour them out. OH, they look old. Here you take a shooter and I have one. WOW, that marble broke. Looks like glass. Your shot, WOW, that one broke. Your shot, that one broke. Looks, like it is crying. HEEE, HEEE. Your shot, that one broke. Same again, it broke.

GEE, today is the Sabbath, maybe GOD is telling us some thing. I read in ISH: 58 13-14 about the Sabbath. Maybe we should pray and talk with GOD.

2/8/2010 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Maria's New Baby

Told her by an angel.
Son of GOD, he will be.
Bringing the word.
Joseph, was upset, .
An angel calmed his fears.
Born to mortals, JESUS.
KING of KINGS.
LORD of LORDS.

2/4/2010 POEWHIT
search INTERNET: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Martin King

Martin sing your song.
Life not really long.
Cutting a water way.
Many just look - say.
Your dream lives on.
People are your farm.
A spirit you did light.
Your memory - out of sight.

JOE POEWHIT

Me Poewhit

Here, I sit with my friends, [THE POETS].
WINE-my love-enraptures me.
Only to tell thee-my friends.
I love you all - 'past love'.
So-US-WE-US-SIT-LOOKING-? -? -? -?
Great spot for the BARDS to - DO.
Onward tomorrow - God knows.
HAY! ! ! ! new poet - HELLO.
Tell them-don't be YELLOW.
Poets creed-'truth and be free'.
WINE-just churns the soul.
LOVE-'there is no answer'.
GOD, puts all the puzzle together

5/30/2012 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Memo Day 2008

A soldier is boots.
There not spit shinny.
BLOOD-cause-reason-GOLD.
Yet we all grow old.
VALLEY FORGE-ORLEANS-ALAMO
GETTYSBURG-MARNE-BULGE-MY LAI-NOW..
CHER said, ' THE BEAT GOES ON '
Sit back and memory 's list.
Dead soldier friends last WHISPER - MOM.
Some count the GOLD - others get new SOLES.
SO - THE BEAT GOES ON.
ORCHARD of WHITE STONES
**** WHAT WILL THEY GROW****
????????????????????????????????????

JOE POEWHIT

Modern Folly

Guests gather around the water hole. Intoxicating
drinks, elevate grandiose aspirations. Band-aids
sound a melodious song upon the right hands.
Idols, on the magic eye, spouts images of
worship. Cell-phone rings, with callings of home life.

6/11/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Mom's Cake Mix

What's going on in the sky?
Some dripped down into my eye.
Birds falling to the ground.
It doesn't stop - something profound.
My lungs just feel ablaze.
130-clouds-with rain-and haze.
It seems like my school chem. lab.
To cross the street - I need a cab.
Funny people - with funny skin.
Blotches red and looking thin.
Who knows what's in the clouds.
It mixes together like behind a shroud.
Onward it goes into the breeze.
It's mid-summer, coat on, not to freeze.
ROCKET-SHIP TO NEW EARTH - 12: 00.

from my chapbook,
DREAMS 2 - POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Monday A New Week

The day has begun.
I'm on the run.
Crooks carry guns.
Traffic, fumes jam, radio on.
Long line of parked cars.
Moved a mile funny.
Glad its sunny.
Work overtime-flat pay.
Rat race wonder ways.
Live this life craze.
Keeps my mind in a daze.
Whats the new fad sayzzz.
People be on your way.
Rocket-ship leaving earth,12: 00.

9/25/2006 from [gone] POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Money & Times

A paragraph from a book by - Washington Irving - The History of New York - about the fortunes of money, that I am presently reading. I hope it will share some wisdom.

' If we could get a peep at the tally of dame fortune, where, like a notable landlady, she regularly chalks up the debtor and creditor accounts of mankind, we should find that, upon the whole, good and evil are pretty nearly balanced in this world; and that though we may for a long while revel in the very lap pf prosperity, the time will at length come, when we must pay off the reckoning. Fortune, in fact, is a pestilent shrew, and withal a most inexorable creditor; for though she may indulge her favourites in long credits, and overwhelm them with her favours; yet sooner or later, she brings up her arrears, with the rigour of an experienced publican, and washes out her scores with their tears. 'SINCE', says good old Boetius in his consolations of philosophy, 'since no man can retain her at his pleasure, and since her flight is so deeply lamented, what are her favours but sure prognostications of approaching trouble and calamity.'

4/27/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Monuments

All shines as mounted tombs. Only to be lost with time and GOD. Just dust made into an image of the imagination and heart. To find futility with the fragile essence of time. The incessant movement of another creation.

Piled high the status of another image. Only to be thrown down with time. To stand silent in a naked night. To scream of the inner frustrations of man's vain life. A life of created lusts, which corrupt the soul. Twisted by the idol time, into some perversion we do not really know. Yet, we call it reality.

Edifices for the eye to behold. A thrusting forth of our thoughts upon the stage of life. A life futile and frustrated, with the wear of life and the broken dream. Plans gone amiss in the confusion of a complex life. Made more cumbersome by the invented lusts of the heart and mind.. Only sleep a prelude, the state called death. We play the frustrated time in the small epoch of life. That small place of light between two infinities, which pulsate with time.

Dust mounted up and molded by GODS children, into the dreams of mortal reality. Again, only to crumble with the vibrations of the infinity. A calling which, never ceases in all of creation. There is no rest, only the order of GOD, to make a path in the molded confusion. To shine like a road in the swamps, forests and expanses of lands and place. To follow that road, keeps us from the forest of the night.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Most Ville

An open window home.
MOM'S apple-pie odor roams.
No T.V.- no radio- no phone.
Quiet silent, a cricket alone.
Birds singing high in the tree.
No cars making acid rain free.
Kids play in the farm yard.
No news - to scare the retard.
A long walk on a dirt road.
No signs- curve right- a toad.
Road kill science fiction blues.
No foot sweat from shoes.
HI, neighbor, have a few.
No time clock - early morning dew.
Dreams of tomorrow-HI, friend.
Last time- back then- scroll scent.
Tiny kids with chalk and slate.
Fish pond-let's swim-it's late.
MOM'S apple-pie odor roams.
No computer-no clocks-no metronome.
Sunday at church, praying to GOD alone.

JOE POEWHIT

My Best Friend - T.V.

HELLO - my new friend.
You seem to never bend.
All day long I watch you.
I believe your point of view.
Stop you with the gentle cue.
You tell me always, 'BUY THIS' - cute.
Will you change my life? ? ?
Last week - I bought a wife.
You are my new mentor.
I trust you - you are never a bore.
Never do you sleep or pine.
I love you OH OH, so fine.
My companion, you never ask me.
Your time comes like being free.
Then I watch you kill another human being.
Then you tell me - follow and sing.
A surrogate, MOTHER, not a thing.

JOE POEWHIT

My Helper

There is my DAD to see.
Open hood, by the sea.
Hello DAD - let me look.
Funny spot - a part book.
Let me help with open hand.
Legs and arms a gentle band.
To the beach we must go.
MOM said, 'TELL DAD SLOW'.
She said into my ear,
' Wet my finger with his beer,
When hands are full,
TOUCH HIS NOSE, WET THE BULL'.

from my poem book DREAMS

JOE POEWHIT

My New Friend

There is my new friend today. You look good, clean and fit
as for a party. What shall we do today? Sometimes you look
so strange at me. With an eye and a mind that creeps. At
other times you seem so keen. With that special gleam.

You said, 'you have no name'. Only to be known as companion. A
companion to keep you awake. A companion to put you to
sleep. At other times to jump at your feet. How often, I look
at you. AND, how often you look back at me. Almost like a
game, like two kids up a tree.

It's over now! Time for you to go to bed. Tomorrow is work
and you want to excel. Don't let me hold you back and come
back mad at me. It's only you, I will pull the PLUG on thee.
[NOW I AM FREE]

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

My Players

Props scatter upon life's stage.
Images abound into parts.
Rigid fusions gather songs.
Wayward players dance long.
Callings cry for action.
Enveloped illusions churn.
Time metronomes frozen hearts.
The audience rigid stares.
Pawns positioned for direction.
So, life's stage abounds.

6/25/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

My Window

Here I sit for only a moment in time. All of eternity and GODS creation surround me. I am so small and minute next to all this temporal state. So short a time, only the span of a heart beat, next to the pulse of all. A space to look out upon the external. Like in a womb, waiting to be born into the universe.

The casting light of the sun creeps over the horizon. A flaming ball, with the life giving energy of creation. The clock like movement across the azure of the sky. It comes through of my eye. Upon the wall of the room, it paints a picture. Letting me look upon the picture of the sun. A tiny moment, creep sun, climb up, into the sky. Your place before my eye.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

My Young Life

Here I am a young new teen.
All my friends, they are so keen.
They give me dope every day.
I'll take more, it is the cool way.
Have a beer, it will cool you down.
Take an up to end the frown.
That little powder, will give you a thrill.
No more babies, take this green pill.
I'm only a teen who's really cool.
Sitting by my pimp's new swimming pool.
Got to keep this life on track.
Right arm, the vein has tack.
Upon my stage, a MOTEL bed.
Last week the paper said, ' I WAS DEAD '.

from my book DREAMS 2
2005 POEWHIT
search: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

My Happy Pills

Every day - what a whirl.
No babies - take that girl.
Feel down and sleepy.
Brown and clear, called speedy.
Can't sleep at night.
Heavy downers, with low lights.
Got that flu, with ills.
Half a dozen of that pill.
Feel fat and real sleazy.
Blue pills take them easy.
That mood won't go away.
Steady dose - take three every day.
Locked in a padded room.
Psycho-ward dose, spiders and brooms.
Just don't feel mellow.
A recreational pill and yellow.
Don't like food anymore.
Fast pills and out the door.
24 hour pills, every day.
That is our drug life ways.
IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

from my poetry book DREAMS 3

JOE POEWHIT

My Religious T.V.

Brainwasher - telling me this thing.
That way - I must sing.
Your song only for me.
Not like my ideas and free.

LOOK I do into your eye.
You never blink - onward sighs.
Telling me your ways to be.
WEAK minded - Am I really free? ? ? ?

An addict you have made me.
SIT I DO - you must set me free.
Then I become your song.
Out on the street hanging long.

BEAT - STEAL - ROB - and KILL.
upper - downer - action - ALL thrills.
DANCE ALL NIGHT - GAMBLE - SPEED PILLS.
GOD said, CROSS ON THE HILL.

from my poetry book DREAMS 2

JOE POEWHIT

Mz - 1

Tell me that trash.
Where's the cash! ! ! !
Big time spender flop.
Ended up with a mop.
Plans from silent hell.
Who could ever tell.
Fool beers, every day.
Thinks it's sunny May.
Kids playing with clay.
What's more to say.
Fool beers, merry toasts.
Mouth open, mighty boasts.
So the seeker does find.
Hard sidewalk, another dime.

3/2/2009 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Naked Love

Your moment for me.
Beyond the wide blue sea.
To only find a forgotten lore.
A sea shell, by the shore.

Give me a solemn kiss.
A love for ever, a raptured bliss.
We can only pray for life.
Wine song, full of blithe.

To only find that golden cent.
Your love, it was GOD sent.
Let us play upon the waves.
Oceans wisdom, death of the grave.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Nature Of Life

Heavens Holy ordained order.
Cycles of life's porters.
Conception returned to dust.
Wild winds, our lusts.
Bird's and Bee's follow paths.
A natural order, to GODS wrath.
Time fashions life's song.
To know right and wrong.
Cosmic infinite maze puzzle.
Life's path, to walk and shuffle.

5/6/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Nature Whispers

Vibrating leaves sing songs.
Swan with neck so long.
Bee's nectar from flowers.
Birds melody plays hours.
Saplings twist in the wind.
High clouds, narrow thin.
Time captures setting sun.
GODS harmony, wayward pun.
Nature holds secret things.
Life's song takes wing.

5/23/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

New Love Flower

Over the blue sea.
My heart went from me.
Dead, my love was lost.
Gone beyond, to a frost.

Now I feel all alone.
Not a place to call home.
Wander I will upon the earth.
Passing by a new birth.

Cross the ocean I will.
Give my belly it's fill.
Watch the moon at night.
To give myself heaven flight.

Cast a stone into time.
A funny skip with rhyme.
Love again a new flower.
Smell I will by the hour.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

New Words - Rhyme

Twinkle tiny light.
Nestled wonder flight.
Floating slocks climb.
Rimpled quillious drime.

Bringle sraaks clone.
Shingle shamble shone.
Noloya sombic time.
Dringle breeker rhyme.
Prinkle tingle down.
Slinge slonge frown.
Crinkle crackle crow.
Drimble dracher flow.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

New York City Life

New York never sleeps.
Crime on every street.
Bowery bums in high brow beat.
City dancers with gold cleats.
Clown on the corner profound.
Limos stop at traffic lights
Gangs on bikes in the park.
Monoxide fumes fill the air.
Bag-ladies without a care.
Rich people with quiet cares.
Birds pick a bone with fears.
Rats in the sewers quiet songs.
Walk the streets all day long.
Drunks all have a song.
Scams on every cops corner.
Yet, it's music to the ears.

9/24/2006 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

News Time

Knock at the door.
BABY RAPPER-WAIF-ADDICT-WHORE.
Come talk to me.
I want to be free.
Needle marks on my arm.
Got fired from the farm.
TAXES put a mortgage on me.
No income - only another fee.
Terrorists made my shadow white.
Won't take the next plane flight.
GOD won't even talk to me.
Satan just opened a door to flee.
Another war - bookie on the phone.
Sometimes I feel all alone.

from my poem book DREAMS 2

JOE POEWHIT

Ode To God II

GOD of all.
You are omni essence.
A son you gave us.
Upon dirt he walked.
Part of your spirit.
He was really you.
Like us in bone and flesh.
You were enclosed in him.
A very short life.
Carpenter's ways he knew.
He became your spokesman.
You became him.
Captivating all of mankind.
Bringing a path of life.
His spirit was omni.
Yet held within flesh.
A simple man in ways.
GOD upon earth.
A flower of the growth.
The smell was Davine.
A cross, his symbol.
That is all that is left.
Came and gone.
A fold in life's pages.

from my book DREAMS 3
just published,2008
POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Old Man To Child

Do you believe in GOD?

Who is GOD?

So I see, neophyte.

Just look up.

All is - I - see - is clouds.

And beyond that son.

I don't know mister.

You are looking at all of GOD.

BUT - I can't see GOD.

GOD is all around.

How tall is GOD?

Until infinite space.

What is that?

Never ending - omni all.

Do you know GOD?

GOD made you and me.

WHY? ? ? ? ? ?

GOD loved us - that's why.

'I DON'T SEE HIM.

He is all present and knowing.

Does he have a house?

All is GOD'S home and place.

JOE POEWHIT

Old Age

A spider marking time.
Casting a net of rhymes.
Building upon our lives.
Music of a solemn fife.
Woman's anguish of youth.
Crying memory, brings disputes.
Old man watching along.
Decayed words of songs.
Spider cocoons it's catch.
Lid down, the coffin latch.

5/15/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Old Leaf

Fallen from the tree.

Season of the end.

Once on a green limb.

Life was new and slim.

Now the end calls.

Fall, winter, HARVEST BALL.

OLD LEAF, on the ground.

What was that sound.

JOE POEWHIT

Omega Dancer

Twirling, spinning, dancer rogue.
Among the flowers, in the fold.
Evil casting many spells.
Breezing by the wishing wells.
Life's halcyon among confusion.
GOD the rock, spilling profusions.
Never stopping it's gyrating dance.
Casting aside the chrome lance.
Silent actions of crushing rounds.
With feet floating above grounds.
Vines entangle a screaming song.
Omega dances, among the wrongs.

9/29/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Omega Dancer 2

Onward dancer in this time.
Life's song your rhyme.
Clouds of life slowly pass.
GODS lightening - Sabbath mass.
Nectar of wine bringing joy.
Mountains falling, city of Moy.
Dancing through a lions lair.
Hollow screams, crushing blare.
Champion harnessing your souls life.
Omega Dancer, prancing with strife.

10/4/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

One Degree Of Love

Love is a song.
Into the night wrong.
Love deep in the heart.
We will never part.

Play upon my life.
Love tell me strife.
Dance to the rhyme.
Wine with the time.

Make way for love.
Our heart - a white dove.
Music to the ear.
A fawn from a deer.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

One More Time

There like the leaves.
Fallen in the snow.
The end of the battle.
Slavery is going down slow.
Tomorrow our brothers are free.
To earn a wage and fee.
Cast like the bursting shell.
The steel shackles of the soul and hell.
Free like the hing, upon his throne.
To find my place with GOD and home.
All his children like the sod.
JESUS, the golden son of GOD.

from my poem book DREAMS

JOE POEWHIT

One Cookie

High above a gentle treat.
Maybe when they both sleep.
I'll find a way to sneak.
MOM'S KITCHEN, another peak.
High above a morsel odor.
Me below, just like Dover.
Now's my chance so sublime.
Left alone, a minute all mine.
Chair with looks, mighty far.
A cookie from the Holy jar.
Still warm from the bake.
HANDS FULL, CRIME OF THE TAKE.

JOE POEWHIT

Opinion

"just meant that"!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
And what else?????????
But, , , , I just said.....
WHO ARE YOU?????????
- - -You believe that??????
.....But, I ment.....
ANY OTHERS LIKE YOU?????????
ANSWER!!!!!!!! ANSWER!!!!!!!!
'it was just my minds OPINION'.
"NOTHING MORE" [[[ME]]].....
!!!!!!!!!! -YOU HAVE NO RIGHT-!!!!!!!!!!
BUT, , , , , I'M HUMAN-GOD'S CREATION-PART!!!!!!
WE, US, THE POWER SEEKERS, , , , DON'T LIKE, , ,
[YOUR KIND].
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! -Period--!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Take him to the camp.-
WORK WILL MAKE YOU FREE**

3/28/2009 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Our Modern Family

My kid had a drink.
I'm by the kitchen sink.
What is really going on? ? ?
Life past - no more farms.
Church morals are gone.
Needle feel from my arm.
DAD just came in drunk.
New funk - full of junk.
T.V. blasts all day long.
Our family on a credit cloud.
The world is far below.
Baby sister said, 'NINE MONTHS SLOW'.
Life shuffles - alcohol drug maze.
Cars empty fast - food want craze.
Mega - mall, so far away.
Multicolor cloths - hangers wait.
Phones ring in every room.
Which of the multi tiled bathrooms? ? ?
Door shut on our home.
BANKER'S CAR LEFT - feeling alone.

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY

Cry out words

Sit so absurd

A pen for notes

Ideas seem remote

Play a magical song

Fill the soul long

That note with tears

Rings long in ears.

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY 16

Praise the lord

Song of life

GOD made all

Hear his call

HEART- SOUL- MIND - STRENGTH

Worship the lord

Psalms a song

GOD is love.

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY 9

Sing - Sing - sing

Dance - Dance - Dance

Pray to GOD

Life and glory

Find that path

To GOD and home

We live life

LOVE _ LOVE _ LOVE

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY 1

Sour is the hour
Call of the flower
Song fills an air
Yesterday, a care
Life flows a long
Our life a song
Up seems down, at times
Down is up, a rhyme.

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY 2

Sunrise or sunset
Love never rests
Open eye's look
A gutter crook
GOD in heaven
Never work on seven
Beauty of life
One note - a fife.

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY 11

SWISH - the wind goes

Silent to some

Silent to me

Play wind to all

So it seems to be

Onward wind flow

Winds silent song

Don't be too long.

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY 12

LAST STOP HEAVEN

SAVED - ride time

Jesus on the cross

Sign of the way

Eternal life here

MANY - loud cheers

Heaven for ever

Seven days of prayer

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY 14

Lets just sing

Bird on the wing

Notes from a limb

WHAT - [fallen sin]!

Life just time

Bird of a rhyme

Song at an end

SO, life does bend.

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY 5

Are you poem boy?

Let me sing coy

GOD don't like idols

Down to the toy doll

GOD wants us to follow

His ways, not ours, swallow

He is a jealous GOD

Back then, the idol mod.

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY 8

The moon turns

SPIN earth SPIN

who am I? ? ? ? ?

Spot of living dust

Air of must

SIT, [wonder an hour]

Smell of the flower

Life turns with power.

5/8/2014 JOE POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY 10

M O S E S

Flies, frogs, and more

Ten Commandments

Aaron and me

GOD with wonder

open red sea

I AM THAT I AM

GOD sent thee

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY 13

yell - cheer - shout

What's it about - ?

on right knee

Baby talk free

So that is life

Dinner with wife

What baby said - ?

[MOM] - THE FIRST WORD.

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY 15

Song of GOD

Plays for-ever

Open my ears lord

Onward goes time

Your son our lamb

We pray, your hand

GOD goes onward

An open land

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY 3

LOVE - LOVE - LOVE

Just a 4 letter word
A mountain jolted
The heart bolted
Find that magic mix
Like a candle wick
Look for love
Wings of a dove.

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY 4

Poem boy - again

Just a note to send

Girl with lazy eye's

READ MORE - surprise

GOD made heaven

Worked 6 - rested 1

Well water - [for sale]

GEEE - your looking pale

JOE POEWHIT

POEM BOY 7

Dance all earth
Sing more to birth
A song with heart
High and low tide - apart
Clouds have a start
Just find our part
Pray and sing to life
GOD can heal strife.

JOE POEWHIT

POEMBOY 6

Flowers cover a hill
Beauty of nature
Quiet is the sound
The sun all around
Let me sit and look
Gentle sound of a brook
A bird flies softly
Its shadow crosses me

JOE POEWHIT

Pawn People

Little, tiny, very small.
Sit all day at the mall.
I get up only to fall.
Kicks - sits - looks and fleas.
I'm really taller on my knees.
Coffee cup in right hand.
All of life seems a band.
Rich people look down on me.
Kicks - spits - looks, again that flea.
Go hide! find a cardboard box.
I must live like a silver fox.
Yet, there are many like me.
All poor - No money, in a way free.
No real burden on my back.
The weight of gold in a sack.
I just live every hour, day.
If not used, I get a wage of pay.
Pawn people are a simple folk.
Outside the eggshell - like yokes.

From my book: DREAMS 3
POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Peak At Life

Love spoke in the quiet dawn.
On the ground a simple fawn.
Light came through an open window.
Shadows played upon the meadow.
Moments can never last with time.
Broken hearts always find rhyme.
Tomorrows song is played today.
Cattle make milk from hay.
Infinity seems to never bend.
The door closed, you ment the end.
Walk along the misty shore.
Waves talk, feet are never sore.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Peter The Rock

'I was reading my Bible and felt like Moses saying to myself, who am I to write such things'.

Peter the rock, in part MATT 16-18, upon this rock, I will build my church. Saint Peter's in Rome, built upon the rock, Peter's remains. Peter as an omen was crucified upside down. Signifying man's waywardness and sins. Turning to Jesus who was crucified upright, brought rightness and salvation.

The Romans, Constantine, SOL worship, and heretics probably instilled Sunday as the Sabbath for sun worship unity and other dictates. Peter wrote in 1 PETER 2-20,21-in parts, about being buffeted for faults, having patience, being called, Christ's suffering and that ye should follow his steps. As the four gospels are filled with the key word FOLLOW.

I feel, the church like people, has to be wayward. Like Peter upside down, then finding Jesus, becoming upright and saved in following Jesus steps. Casting away old Romans, Constantine, and heretics dictates, which became institution and traditions. Fear holding rightness and change in bondage.

Again Jesus stated in MATT: 16, the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. So, hell is in conflict with the church. I see change coming into a more unified Church of GOD, FOLLOWING JESUS the cornerstone in his steps.

WHEN ? Only GOD knows.

11/9/2011 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Pies

The rain has just ended.
I myself inside feel bended.
Into the yard I'll creep.
Out the back door, by the sweep.
There the dirt hill, road fleet.
With shovel, this dirt to keep.
I'll make Mommy a sweet treat.
Mix some water, with puddles meat.
On the floor to place them neat.
Right by Mommies golden feet.
Neat little pies in a row.
Only to help Mommy, cook and sew.

from my book: DREAMS

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Pizza Rat

One for the city.
Rat without pity.
PIZZA slice for me.
Down steps free.
People walk around.
What is that frown?
I am hungry and free.
PIZZA slice no fee.
I am a RAT in life.
GOD, knows my strife.

for the N.Y. rat

poewhit

JOE POEWHIT

Plastic Tv. War

HAY GANG, come over in the afternoon, I just got the new PLASTIC TV. WAR game. GEEEEE, sounds great, after lunch. WOW! ! ! look at the box on top of the TV. YEA< it's all ready, the mode is on and just instert the war video. GEEEEE, let's get in the chair's and watch the war. WOW! ! ! ! the box has blinking lighs, look the war started. I'll bet the green guy's team wins. OK! ! ! !

POW, SAP, arms with blood, legs missing. THAT GUYS SCREAMING-MOM. Wow, the lights are blinking faster from the box. [[[**WHAT WAS THAT]]]]! ! ! ! A flare from the box. Now purple smoke, MOM THE BOX IS SHOOTING AT US. The kids all have blood over them. I don't like that new game. There screaming in the livinrroom. MOM, come home fast something is wrong. OH GOD PLEASE HELP ME.

2/12/2010

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Poem Needs A Home

Wayward in unjust life.
Tossed with all strife.
Here my noise on a page.
Maybe to come of age.
Another poem next to me.
Now Im not alone and free.
Many noise poems with me.
Here on the page to see.
What is that noise.
Another poem from the coys.

JOE POEWHIT

Poem Time Fear

Just feel full of fear.
Time for that cold beer.
Find a friend with big ears.
Wont cring at my fears.
Cimb into that nest high.
After a few, then that sigh.
What keeps this liquid cold.
Drinking fast and not too slow.
Crazy how life just goes.
That guys got a funny nose.
Onward the march of day.
Over the bar, another days pay.
What can I do but cry.
So its time to say goodbye.

JOE POEWHIT

Poet

I'm an artist.
I paint pictures.
What's before me.
That is what, I see.

Some say great.
Others say kill.
BUT, that is me.
'LET IT BE', PAUL.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Poet Rocks

All poet rocks, start out as pebbles at the bottom of the river of life. Through time, some words grow into rocks. Such as the flower to the plant. Over time, the poet rock in the river, has grown and altered the course of the rivers life flow.

Though many poet rocks remain as a pebble carpet of the rivers bed. Capturing the sediments of the river and enlightening it's society. Poet rocks, remain as part of the rivers life flow. Each generation bringing forth new poet rocks, altering life's waters.

8/27/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Poet Birds

CHIRPS, the poet sings.
Of lace and trying things.
From cosmic starry heavens.
Dream wonders - loving brethren.
Dancing words, trying knots.
Summer Sault's and whatnot's.
Puzzle, enigmatic, maze wonders.
Saber swords, slashing plunder.
Poetic birds, roosting flock.
Food chiefs, knitting socks.

5/13/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Poet's And Poetry

Part of a paragraph from, The Picture of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde. I think it really hits the high notes of poets.

' A great poet, a really great poet, is the most unpoetical of all creatures. But inferior poets are absolutely fascinating. The worse their rhymes are, the more picturesque they look. The mere fact of having published a book of second-rate sonnets makes a man quite irresistible. He lives the poetry he cannot write. The others write the poetry that they dare not realize.'

11/13/2011 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Poets Of Time

Reflection light shatters.
Words upon platters.
Food thought consumption.
Ideas of man's functions.
Picture images of life.
Frustration, hollow strife.
Picture image story told.
Life's etchings to behold.
Poets yelling, screams loud.
Empty minds, image clouds.
Era time, mirrors reality.

5/12/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Poison World

I sit by the open window.
Air flows, yet not so simple.
Days of old seem like forgotten lore.
Maybe only, if I open the door.
Rushing past me like a ball.
More poison air than before.
Helpless I am to such a plight.
Dulled vision, to my mortal sight.

from my book: DREAMS

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Polluted Air

Polluted air, dead man's wonder.
Taken back by the blunder.
Sing a broken song to me.
Pin striped suit said, 'TURN THE KEY'.
Television said, 'OZONE WITH HAZE'.
Eyes feeling blurry, a walking maze.
Plastic pyramid, a French song.
Pin stripe suit said, 'THERE WRONG'.
Egg shell air covers the earth.
Open the curtain on a blue birth.
Garage door closed, suicide ways.
Pin stripe suite said, 'MANY DAYS'.

from my book: DREAMS

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Puppy

Tiny golden puppy.
Hopping like a clown.
Deep dark wrinkles.
Eye's sad of round.

Sit like a pillow.
Fluffy, cuddly, clown.
Here the rug.
Pull yard around.

Call your name.
Bring the bone.
Lets both walk.
DOG FRIENDS ALONE.

JOE POEWHIT

Raging Images

Who am I today?
I live life like a play.
An image part for me.
Cast my soul to the sea.
Where is my mind today?
In a drug-crazed world haze.
Walking down a swaying street.
My dope to keep my flat feet.
No memory to bother m.
Hook-I-do-for a fee.
My life is one blurry maze.
This way-that way-today's craze.
Shuffle onward down streets of life.
A new song with an image and bite.
Let me play this golden part.
Pistol in hand-to rob the mart.
Images are my whole life being.
Who is really doing the singing? ? ?

from my poem book DREAMS 2

JOE POEWHIT

Rosa Parks

A small symbol of seed.
In her heart a creed.
Feelings of a spirit.
Where just to sit?
Slavery was of the past.
The Civil War, did not last.
A seed of God's right.
Sent her into flight.
Like the Ark upon the water.
Her feelings were not softer.
Making ways for a path.
Martin King came at last.
Sherman's march to Savannah.
She raised up the banner.

2007 from
search: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Sabbath

One day, last of the week.
Rest we do, a Holy God to seek.
Our ways become not our own.
That day belongs to God and home.
Thoughts become a worship song.
Labors end, to hallow our wrongs.
Jesus went to the temple prayer.
The Apostles followed Jesus, in his cares.

JOE POEWHIT

Sabbath School

Kids wait outside the temple.
Meditations of the coming mental.
Collection usher, at the door.
The congregation inside, wants more.
Up to the alter, stools abound.
Minister pours the first round.
Idol image music, fills the walls.
Meditation prayer hours-in the stalls.
Play idol images, soon come alive.
Sabbath school lessons, way past five.
Outside - the real GOD in heaven.
Sabbath day rest-on day seven.

8/3/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Shop Cart

Swells of golden image hill.
Credit card heaven-more refills.
The bricks cascaded down.
From my head, removing the crown.
My castle is now a plastic tent.
Though, no landlord demanding rent.
A shop cart, my four wheel ride.
Half full empty, memos and besides.
Seems like many, befalling this fate.
Sad wonders, economic blunders, late.
Shop cart herd, walking the streets.
Hunger abounding, an acrobats feats.
Woeful times, clouds of thunder.
My plastic tent, midnight prayers wonder.

7/23/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Shroud Of Turin

If one reads the Gospel of JOHN 20-7, 'and the napkin, that was about the head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself'.

The Shroud as unfolded is one piece, with an image. In JOHN 20-7, the napkin about the head, was separate from the burial clothes. The clothes being in two places, the Shroud one piece, with body and face image on the cloth, could not be the burial cloth of Jesus.

The Shroud, is the cloth of another person. Who, through time and legend grew into a false relic of belief. The Bible and Gospels, are the word of God.

2/18/2012 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Silent Moments

First look at morning light.
Birds sing in mid flight.
Dew upon the green grass.
Silent breeze, sun light brass.
Golden morning with purple clouds.
Some flowers sprouted and proud.
Fallen leaf floats upon a lake.
Willow branch hung like a rake.
Stolen moment before dawn.
Silent waters with a lake fawn.
Cries come from the silent deep.
Glad I have seen a tiny peak.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Silent Silver

Silence adrift with golden sunset.
Fallen shadows cast upon mankind.
Silent hopes and dreams of reality.
Cast forth with silver silence.
Set adrift upon milk fed shores.
Calling forth the inner shadows.
Setting the fallen idol in raptures.
Casting spells which reflect kindness.
Sunken fallen empty hollow ship.
Cast forth the raptures into silence.
Empty bottomless silence, king of hearts.
Fallen idols again sound to silver silence.
Beat upon the wind swept shores of life.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 1

WINDOWS

Two open windows.
Into silent rainbows.
Falling quiet rain.
Gently on the window pane.

HEARTBREAK

Small silent heart.
Breaking in parts.
Fallen from the nest.
A cold ground to rest.

FLOWER ROOM

Wings on silent wind.
Open slowly colorful spin.
Droop over in bloom.
Crushed hope, brown doom.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 14

LONELY DAYS

Caught in crimson fire.
Lost with a crying sorrow.
Fallen in crest way winds.
Silent glory, with shaded sorrow.

DEAD DOGS

Fallen by lonely ways.
Putrid vomit in a gutter.
Fallen ways of cross winds.
Foul soils in faded glory.

SILENT WINDS

Rushing through the tapered story.
Lost in silent telling glory.
Fallen whispers upon the sand.
Gold rush to push the land.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 3

PAINTED SORROW

Call, the early light shines.
Blasted upon the wind.
Crest fallen with sorrow.
Blight brought to shame.

WHISTLE WIND

Whistle in the wind.
Soft sorry glow of dawn.
Breath fallen in the wind.
Cast forth with a shadow.

SECRET SORROW

Fallen wooden road sign.
Calling to the mud below.
Swollen rivers rain sing.
Winter seasons frosty snow

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 4

SNOWS CALL

Quiet morning of spring.
Crested sorrow in life.
Making shores for beyond.
Calling into sorrow, that love.

TIME

Holy hour day.
Merry kids with play.
Forgotten by the way.
Around a jolly May.

YESTERDAY

Melody of lost moments.
Captured in the rampant winter.
Golden meadows of dawn.
Whispers of a long lost song.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 10

LONGING EYES

Looking from the hollow crook.
Just over the edge of a brook.
A silent stare that fills a room.
Longing eyes that remember a tune.

SNOW

Puffy floating songs of ice.
Fall before the stoic eyes.
Down upon the hilly ground.
Snow falls downward, without a sound.

QUIET MELLOW

Quiet solemn empty song.
Beyond the memory from before.
Music plays upon empty ears.
Waiting for the calling tears.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 11

CRYING TEARS

Silent tears fell today.
A crying song around May.
Filled with flooded passion.
Longing for the last mansion.

WAYS GONE

Past the days of forgotten lore.
Beyond the place of quiet doors.
To seek a quiet silent place.
Past tears of the Holy lace.

BEYOND TOMORROW

Placed upon the coals of life.
Trying only to find the fife.
Calling tears fall to the ground.
Silent quiet sorrow, of the clown.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 12

SILENT MELODIES

Quiet silent, melodies of a dawn.
Raptured light calls it's fawn.
Remember the memories of life.
Beyond the calling, into the strife.

WAYS SHINE

Crying for the silent moment.
Fallen ways call us to life.
Beyond a moment in time.
Filled silence a calling way.

TOMORROW

Seek the calling in fate.
Beyond a golden castle gate.
For beyond the reach of man.
Calling to life the crying band.

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[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 13

QUIET SILENCE

Not a sound to notice.
Only the blank of nothing.
Bringing to life the empty.
Hollowness of a silent nothing.

CRYING PASSIONS

Fallen from a quiet cradle.
Made into the silent life.
Crying beyond a world gone cold.
Nothing more to call us bold.

MANY WAYS

Beyond a quiet moon bay.
Silent songs fill the way.
Many stars fill the sky.
Empty hearts walk by, asking why.

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[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 15

SMALL SAILS

Tiny jib like sails balloon.
Gusty wind a salty seas.
Bottom lies beneath the waves.
Down below the sky is blue.

WINDS

Wind swept in quiet hours.
Splendid bliss rapture me.
Feeling cool by southern winds.
Merrily my life passes by.

COLD SPOTS

Lilly bless ring in spring.
Shadows hidden from forgotten lore.
Placed chambers for my heart.
Solitude the perfection of bliss.

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[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 16

CHRISTMAS

A cool chill fills my soul.
That of a quiet subtle peace.
Rains wander upon my shores.
Golden trim of dark shinny doors.

YOUR TIME

Silence rings its solemn tone.
Soft mellow drops of bliss.
Soft songs fill the air.
My only life, beyond any repair.

STOLEN BLISS

Working wonders of golden age.
Where is that place of no rest?
Eternal raptures fill my head.
Return now to a solid bed.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 17

RING TRUE

Songs fill the empty sky.
Beyond a place in motions time.
There to feel the quiet earth.
Trying to find a nestled place.

HUSH LOVE

Places raptured beyond any repair.
Twilight fills the empty holes.
There only for a forgotten kiss.
Beyond any mortal form of bliss.

CAPTURE MOMENTS

Beyond all calling of mother earth.
Trying bliss plants its seeds.
Grasping toward the warming sun.
Flowered soon in the chill of air.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 18

JAZZ

Wondrous melody beyond written time.
Brief explosions within my mind.
A place where only space exists.
The crashing of notes in a pattern.

HEART SONG

Crying with a forgotten pain.
Wondrous wisps which call to me.
Bringing my soul with you.
Beyond the soft mellow time.

WAYWARD

Soft calls of the spell bound night.
Musical to the rapture of the heart.
Call to memory a forgotten word.
Where only the fallen peddler rests.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 19

SONGS

Rush to me with outstretched arms.
Bring the songs of enraptured nights.
Remember the ways of floating hearts.
Bring to all the magic night.

WATERS

Flowing with a velvet touch.
Soft moist water plays onward.
Finding a music of it's existence.
Wallowing melody raptured in flight.

EARTH LIFE

Bonded to earth by heavenly life.
Wander the soul of the drifter.
Seeing the movement of spring.
Warm melodies in the fire light.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 20

STILLNESS

Gentle cushion blooming dawn.
Caress the solitude of life.
Bring to all the forgiven.
Splendid earth, molded of clay.

SOLITUDE

Gentle to the golden ear.
Raptured with natures nectar.
Blooming in the wilderness.
Dawns silence in quiet time.

MORE FLOWERS

Many colors fill the lawn.
Over by a gate forlorn.
Sidewalk wonder on display.
Look to the virgin sky.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 21

SKYWARD

Into the unknown space.
Cascading into gentle lace.
Beyond light the solar plays.
Waiting for the light of day.

A FRIEND

Bliss in that solid moment.
Raptured talk of many ways.
Solitude to a lonely heart.
May friendship never part.

BLISS

Finding a place so quiet.
Not a nerve fiber to stimulate.
Crashing down from a noise.
That moment before my eye.

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[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 22

DEATH

Gone to a far away land.
Never to return, only to dust.
Brought forth by the hand of GOD.
Laid to rest, with solemn sod.

WORLDS

Many flow into the wind.
That subtle odor of wayward sin.
Flash past the golden circuit.
Only to find rest in another place.

HOME

Gone beyond all bliss in life.
Magma flows from within.
May I walk this world alone.
Only to look for a dream from home.

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[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 23

SHELL

There lying on a beach.
Just past mortal reach.
Waves cover with folded arms.
The shell forever gone.

CALLINGS

Many noises fill the sky.
Cries of shouts call to me.
Other energies of the deep call.
Torrential horror before my eyes.

LAUGH

Funny that little smile.
Sometimes it looks like a mile.
Showing none, not one tooth.
Far away, a loving gentle look.

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[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 24

MANY BIRDS

Fill the sky like a cloud.
A shadow made upon the ground.
Many birds fill a vacant sky.
Some fly, oh so high.

SEA LOVE

Love was like a bird.
Flowing along with silent words.
I heard a flower talk to me.
Warm winds, by the sea.

BIRD TALK

Where is the blackbird.
Alone without a word.
Singing to me in silence.
By the ends of it's reliance.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 5

SNOWS

Silent challenged majestic moment.
Crescents with silent willows.
Shifted sands in ebony time.
Blossomed winters final snow.

CLOUD WHISPER

Silent whisper in spring.
Silver shoots of wheat.
Waving along like sand.
Clouds whisper a chant.

COVERED

Walks in the silent morn.
Beyond the horizon of dawn.
Cast beyond a rainbow shadow.
Crested beneath the folded wave.

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[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 6

LANDS

Quiet soft winter way.
Beyond the crested trees.
Hills which speak to me.
Wind that calls to seas.

DAWN

Whispers in quiet dawn.
Suns light a moment long.
Casting beams of golden light.
Waking all, from shadows night.

PASTS

Wayward moment in light.
Beyond our casual song.
Romantic interlude of grace.
Granite walls covered in lace.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 7

LEAF

Crying leaves of early spring.
Shaded colors, which rainbows bring.
Casting shadows, oh so long.
Tear drops with shrouded songs.

MOMENTS

Love beyond the tear.
Gentle moments in fear.
Past crying rainbow moment.
Songs alive to fill the devotion.

WHISPER

Whisper quiet silent dawn.
Cry into fallen leaves morn.
Lost sorrow beyond a door.
Hard wooden floor from lore.

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[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 8

CRYING

A whisper to every flower.
Dance lightly in the early light.
Crisp sorrow, fell from your eyes.
Dashed hopes remembered whys.

SILENT WORDS

Heart felt with early spring.
Love seemed to dance and smile.
Finding a crack in a broken heart.
Making pains with the leaden heart.

WEATHERED TIME

Long after the melted sunset.
Beyond the image of a shadow.
Cast forth into a violent sea.
Raging passion filling me.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 9

WHISPER QUIETLY

Silent silver dawn spoke to me.
Years ago, by a crusty sea.
Planted in my memory song.
A quiet place, with rest that's long.

BEFORE THE SNOW

A whisper from the cold gray.
Bone biting cold, naws at my home.
Waiting for a precious moment to start.
Falling angel waves of crystal pearls.

BIRDS KNOW

Fuffed whisper in early morn.
Brfore the sun gives its glow.
Mighty bird embraces the new warmth.
Todays snow wet, and very cold.

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[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Small Poems # 2

MY CLOCK

My tiny clock.
Solid, like rock.
Just said, ' toc '
Key into lock.

DOGS TEA

Small tea cup.
After the sup.
Pet our pup.
Over there - GUP.

ARROW

Silent in flight.
Filled with might.
Crying into height.
Landing from sight.

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[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Smokey Dream

There I am upon the stage.
My hair is the current rage.
Flying colors before my eyes.
I will never, never, never, die.

Here I am upon a cloud.
Covered by, a golden shroud.
Music dances before my life.
Sit I do, days upon days without strife.

A golden note plays in my mind.
It must be the coming time.
My heart just gave its last beat.
That dope just knocked me off my feet.

from my poem book DREAMS

JOE POEWHIT

Some Girl

Flirting with a style.
Coy, joyous, for awhile.
Then crazy mellow wits.
Crying love songs with fits.
Dream wonders fill clouds.
What color, a confusion loud.
A walk like gilded lace.
Funny insane love race.
Pearl of the oyster shell.
My man, or maybe hell.

5/9/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Speck Of Life

The birds sing today. The children cry. Old men dream of yesterday. All is the manifestation of GOD in reality. All vibrates to the songs of the universe. Time flows in the harmonic of the heart beats of butterflies. Fish find the rivers of spawning. Nature sings the songs of life. Simple life is in the course of the infinite.

Do the days come together into one? Are the stones on the shores of the oceans arranged? It is only the cascading flows of songs in the infinite universe. We can only look and see and feel, the motions of this flow. Cascading dawn, like the water in a fast running stream. Then falling, the fall of the ultimate in a rivers of traversing. So, songs of songs, are the songs of life.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Step Toward Death

Your song played upon my heart.
A dying feeling that was a part.
That place beyond the downing light.
To follow only beyond loves sight.
Your song danced upon the grave.
Tomorrow only your life to save.
Silent silver the beam of sunlight.
Now, tomorrow, yet fallen from flight.
Plod onward the stench of time.
Kiss the song a note of rhyme.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Stone Block Boy

Look good - boy.
SALE - day now.
You lived the ship.
We just want your - gold.
Soon to be sold.
It's just my job.
Must make a wage.
YOU - have no wage.
Only your sweat.
You know - tobacco - rice - cotton.
WHY-MASTER-WHY-MASTER-WHY-MASTER
FASHION - FASHION - FASHION
Lady's must look good.
Cotton in that DRESS.
More cotton for the dresses.
UP ON THE BLOCK - BOY
\$\$\${{ SOLD }}\$\$\$\$

from my new pub. book,
THE BEGGAR plus SELECT POETRY
search: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Strange Ways

Days of fortune spring upon us.
Lost in some maze of our mind.
Where whipper wiles play on fire.
Strange such places exist.
Roaming the passage ways of GOD.
Finding an eternal bliss in life.
Ways begotten from a lost memory.
Trifle songs sung by the choir.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Street Of Love

How many stories unfold?

Many just never told.

Some are just too bold.

Yet, love can be cold.

There is a love of gold.

Again, just someone to hold.

Everyone has their stories.

STREET of LOVE - never ending glory.

5/25/2012 - POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Sugaboo This Poems For You

NOTE: [[[8hop poetry site went down. I lost contact with others and others lost poems and works. [KEEP A COPY OF YOUR WORKS] It hurts us when a ship sinks in the poetry site field]]].

Life is a road to follow
At times we must swallow.
Yet, the days flow buy.
Some we cry, others sigh.
Breath air sing a song.
A little wine-not too long.
That name just rings a bell.
Poewhit is the name.
Bot too many with the fame.
Poe was heart-broken.
Whitman cried from the war.
Yet they opened many doors.
SUGABOO- Booooooooooooooooooooo.

9/23/2006 POEWHIT
[for Sugaboo a poet friend
from [gone]]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Summers End

The last solemn day.
Gone the leaves of May.
Creep slowly with solemn Grey.
Meadow lark sings no more.
Times eternity, an open door.
Sweet smells fill an empty room.
My soul flew past a naked moon.
Romance has found a silver spoon.
Empty cry of a desolate loon.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Sunrise

Light encrusted earth.
Halo of a new day.
Majestic purple clouds.
Fiery wisps dazzle.
Birds silhouetting shadows.
Tree limbs grasping today.
Dark silence yielding life.
Eye's open from dreams.
Light frames windowpanes.
Red orange ball voyeurs.

5/7/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Sunrise Leaves

Golden halo of green leaves.
Capture the sunrise breeze.
Still for the morning dew.
God nature beauty, a stew.
Tree limbs hold the treasure.
An eye full of morning pleasure.
Sun rises with that glow.
Time stops for all below.

8/7/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Sunsets

Fallen shadows in crimson light.
Forgotten lore passed away in time.
Packaged sorrows in forgotten lore.
Cast forth the bounty of the golden harvest.
Bring forth the casting fires of life.
Called forth from the creation of time.
Singing the eternal fires of sky light.
Bring forth the nomination of man.
Cast forth into the lake of fire.
Burning holes of GODS rapture.
Stolen souls from Satan's grip.
Casting into the melting pot of damnation.
To be brought forth in rightness.
Casting the long shadows of time.
Giving forth it's silent eternal glow.
To bring forth into the golden sunset.
A cry for the setting sun.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Superman Can't Fly

The T.V. broke today.
Like a friend parting ways.
Outside the front door.
A dead baby pink whore.
'The sun closes my eyes'.
People with wants and frowns.
Voices of fools and silent clowns.
Everyone wants the pyramid capstone.
YET - room for few and very alone.
Images beat down life's ways.
Mold me into perverted days.
Work a day's sweat - some food.
Tired beat - listen here - fool.
Bars on every corner - a warm stool.
Wallet empty - a new fee payment.
Next month maybe the rent.
Doctor said, 'CANCER AND NO CURE'.
I'm only twenty and still pure.

JOE POEWHIT

Superman Can'T Fly

The TV. broke today.
Like a friend parting ways.
Outside the front door.
A dead baby pink whore.
'The sun closed my eye's'.
People with wants and frowns.
Voices of fools and silent clowns.
Everyone wants the pyramid capstone.
YET - room for few and very alone.
Images beat down life's ways.
Mold me into perverted days.
'Work a day's sweat, some food'.
Tired beat - listen here, fool.
Bars on every corner - a warm stool.
Wallet empty - a new fee payment.
Next month maybe the rent.
Doctor said, 'cancer and no cure'.
I'm only twenty and still pure.

from my new book DREAMS 3

2008 POEWHIT

search: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Swan River Flow

Oh little river by me.
Flow onward to the sea.
Black, brown, not so free.
Funny BUBBLES by the lea.
Dead fish float before my eye.
Vacant look beyond death's way.
Birds swoop - then fly high.
Putrid smell comes from the bay.
Factories vomit more with time.
Baby birds with clouded eyes.
Grass wilted over to add rhyme.
Young child died - playing at five.
Just this moment I need a drink.
Where to run - RUSTY WATER SINK.
Sun can't reflect into the sky.
GOD looked down and only sighed.

JOE POEWHIT

Swan River Flow

Oh little river by me.
Flow onward to the sea.
Black brown, not so free.
Funny BUBBLES by the lea.
Dead fish float before my eye.
Vacant look beyond death's way.
Birds swoop - then they fly high.
Putrid smell comes from the bay.
Factories vomit more with time.
Baby birds with clouded eye's.
Grass wilted over to add rhyme.
Young child died - playing at five.
Just this moment-I need a drink.
Where to run - RUSTY WATER SINK.
Sun can't reflect into the sky.
GOD looked down and only sighed.

From my book: DREAMS 2

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

T.V. Bible Calf

My golden calf before me.
Sit I do sometimes for days
Worship your images - chair style pew.
Your idols are the being and way.
The religion cast to all and few.

Idol hours spent with you.
My heaven - hand on cue.
Many gods you bring to me.
They cross the mighty sea.
Cruise ships like Noah - receive.

Is it satan's true religion? ? ?
The other channel shows division.
One more turn of the cue.
I'm in a church - MARK 2.
Such a question in all life.

What do I really worship?
Are they my gods or slapstick? ? ?
YET - there on the big chair.
The one with the fluffy, fuzzy hair.
My simple BIBLE talking to me.

from DREAMS 3

JOE POEWHIT

Tattoo Blues

I love you.
Cast in blue.
That's my word.
Hate in birds.
Jesus turned blue.
Who told you?
Girl's beauty marked.
Blue-colored lark.
I LOVE YOU.
Again in blue.
That many - true.
Down with you.
That's my arm.
Very poetic farm.
That's multi-color.
Hate your brother.
Flower with heart.
Mom's blood part.
Ad's of the soul.
Honest and bold.
Speak to me.
Blue lip's free.
Turn the key.

from my poetry book DREAMS 3

JOE POEWHIT

The Court Poet

A friend of many ear's.
Looks-leers-sighs, and cheers.
King's upon golden throne's.
Listen intent, melody tone.
Word song's molded clay.
Thought's brought to day.
Meat & wine at table.
Rhyme us another fable.

BRAVADO - BRAVADO

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

The Fireplace

The fireplace is such a world.
You can sit for hours and never soil.
There in the flames that leap so strong.
Slowly they can play out one's life song.
Lost in the blue that caresses the logs.
There by an ash, the world that was lost.
Over by a twig a flame burns bright.
Capturing the thoughts of another night.
There by the orange the sun was awoken.
A day filled with love and words unspoken.
All through the time that it does burn.
Heaven is written in the house of the flame.
Placing more logs on a fire to light.
Making dreams that run through your sight.
Plans of tomorrow they will never end.
The fireplace is such that it makes people bend.
The power is soft, yet just and right.
When logs are dry the embers are bright.
Sleep usually enters through a gentle window.
When the last sparks fly from a dying bellow.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

The Gold Fool

I feel real rich today. More gold, than ever in the month of May. Cares, I have none upon this earth and life. In fact, I own much of the earth. It is all mine, it will never be taken away. All day long, I count the GOLD in my vault.

How deep and stacked, so high, the GOLD in the vault. All day long, I look at it. I am in love with all the glitter of the GOLD. ' SHINE GOLD ' - 'SHINE GOLD ', it is all mine.

A knock at the chamber door. Who can that be? I have a visitor, who can that be? Who in the middle of the night would visit me? Again that knock upon my chamber door, WHO?

My knees feel weak, call out the guard. In fact, call out the barracks, the Calvary, the brigades, the battalions, even the reserve. ' I HAVE A KNOCK AT MY CHAMBER DOOR '. More sweat upon my brow and face.

I hear the feet running down the halls. The clanking of Armour, and the swishing of swords. Again one more knock, upon the chamber door. All is quiet now. 'AHHHHH, , , THE VALET ' - "MASTER " - [the caller is death] {{ ' HIS CARD ' }}

4/20/2005 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES.

JOE POEWHIT

The New Dents

Got this car today.
Back out of the driveway.
School bus hit red light trim.
OK, on my way.
Turn the corner, rattle rim.
Curb moved, that seemed slim.
Down the road, on my way.
Slam a truck full of hay.
My fault, put it in drive.
Meteor feel from the sky.
There must be a jinx.
Crash, a yellow kitchen sink.
Car seems coming my way.
Head-on, it's only mid day.
Noise, clatter, shaking, and limbs.
Through the window, green leaf inner trim.
Now this is not my day.
Buy the roadside, on knees and pray.

2/11/2010 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

The Red Queens Aces

Dynamic that was the fools of rhyme.
Cast to earth without a dime.
A pair to dance and sing a time.
Hat acts were the course of life.
Big time Hollywood lights.
Tea bags for a comic act.
Where is the old time hack,
Aces flew in the nick of time.
RED BARRON ace and all sublime.
Off with their heads the ace, said.
Alice only went to bed.
The white rabbit is all insane.
The MAD HATTER party 63/4 insane.

JOE POEWHIT

The Bard

A nice bar, to stop and play.
The bard is here, what's to say?
Unpack fiddle, poems and gear.
Let me find, an empty ear.
So and what - this and that.
A wine bard, anymore raps.
Meal time - sing us a song.
'Hours late, must get along'.
Here are some coins bard.
Onward next bar, that roads hard

5/2012 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

The Day We Forgot God

The day we forgot GOD.
Tears fell upon shaken sod.
Only to find myself alone.
Empty it was, a hollow home.
Sand and dust across time.
Grow and retreat, it was mine.
Lost in confusion of plastic ways.
Time is money for every day.
Lost in a fold of lost faith.
Crumbled church, the gutter waif.
Cold hearts sing in the choir.
Satan's song, road of the fire.

from my book: DREAMS

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

The Gold Elbow

There was a boy, 24KT, heart of GOLD.
He loved a girl, with a heart that was true.
Being a QUEEN, with boys pasted like tattoo's.
A raging love of his nature was kindled.
She was his, number one, playing her fiddle.
Her song was of a deep loving - charm.
He showered her with, GOLD, on every arm.
Weighted down by the bulky mess.
'SHE WANTED NO MORE OF THE PEST'.
Suitors called, with a movie like line.
BUT, he cut the loving phone lines.
Her kind DAD, 'told him indirect, to whittle'.
BUT, he wanted to play her, fiddle.
RAGING JEALOUSY, to beyond insane.
ALL HIS GOLD, through her window panes.
Hitting her heart, in a special way.
She demised a trap, of his jealous ways.
Unknowing, blinded by the gnawing rage.
Through years after marriage, [he kept his page].
TELLING ALL, [friends&relatives], of his ways.
Isolated in his 24 KT ward head, [everyday].
[THINKING PLOTS, PLANS, *still with his jealous rage*].

JOE POEWHIT

The Ship Rocks\$\$\$\$copper

Copper is my slave name.
Brought from my home land.
Chained in the bowls of this ship.
Along with my fractured hip.
The chains wear the skin away.
From each sway from the waves ways.
Vomit and waste are on the floor.
Wet beams and stench - nevermore.
Babies born with the fetus on the floor.
Chains rattle and moans - like none before.
Big brass locks on every door.
Food maybe - but foul as before.
Bathrooms are on the floor.
The chains locked and secured door.
Yells and screams - then a silent moan.
Cries of yesterday and a hut home.
RUM-IRON-beads our cost on shore.
Then up the gangway into hell's door.
Sold at auction like history before.
Surely, GOD, must have a law.

from my new book;
THE BEGGAR plus SELECT POETRY
search: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

The Sideshow

Optical illusions presented forum.
Surreal images pulsing decorum.
Splendid wonder depicts pity's.
Jeer's of power, speculate.
Masked symmetry clouds reality.
Freaks partake stationed positions.
Fashion linen leers askance.
Sideshow fills broken ego parts.
Big top circus clowns, grease faces.
A fancy show, with golden laces.

JOE POEWHIT

The Time

Church bells sing.
Quiet song rings.
A special sound.
Calling to all, profound.
I felt a bliss.
As of an eternal kiss.
Feeling a rapore.
Open Bible, a door.

JOE POEWHIT

Tiny Bird

There on the misty log.
That spot, between the fog.
Sits a bird with tired wing.
Only a chirp, a note to sing.
Feathers ruffled with the wind.
A long nose, just like a pin.
Eye's aglow, the red with life.
Flying way high above the strife.
This world is naked home.
Over seas the heavens I roam.

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Tiny Speck

Reposed upon a place, contemplating the infinity, within and ding wonders
vibrate cosmic perspective.

Size, who am I? A speck in GODS infinite magnitude. Like an amoeba suspended
in an ocean. Only my self vanity, makes illusions of my self contemplations. Self
deceiving grandeur, inflates my size. Pompous utterances, out of frustration, for
poise.

Like a grain of sand encompassing all shores. Swept away into the ocean
universe. Yet, my place and perspective in unlimited infinity.
Earth and gravity give repose, supporting this vessel of GODS creation. Death to
unleash the inner soul. Liberation to wallow in suspension, throughout eternity.

5/16/09 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Tiny Tiny Bug

There you are upon a silver slim limb. I watch,
with an eye that's not dim. You look back with
a weary eye. Only, I see a bug before my eye.
Little tiny bug, taking a sanctuary space. Yet,
you have a halo hue grace. Looking at me, for
a sudden movement. I can feel you pace.

You made no noise before my common eye.
Only a movement, to tell me of your inner
sighs. I will sit for hours, to contemplate the
many wonders of you.

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[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Treasure

Into the attic I creep.
Just for a tiny peak.
They won't ever know.
I'll go real slow.

A pirate trunk to find.
Jolly Roger, and that kind.
Slowly open to look.
It's empty but one book.

Soiled and old, yet it gleams.
First page open by seam.
Dear Diary, today I cry.
I met this nice guy.

from my poetry book DREAMS 1

JOE POEWHIT

Tv. Bible Calf

My golden calf before me.
Sit I do - sometimes for days.
Worship your images - chair style pew.
Your idols are the being and way.
The religion cast to all and few.

Idol hours spent with you.
My Heaven - hand on cue.
Many Gods you bring to me.
They cross the mighty sea.
Cruise ships like NOAH - receive.

Is it Satan's true religion?
The other channel shows division.
One more turn of the cue.
I'm in a church - Mark: 2
Such a question in all life.

What do I really worship?
Are they my Gods or Slapstick?
Yet, there on the big chair.
The one with the fluffy, fuzzy hair.
My simple Bible talking to me.

from my just published book,
DREAMS 3 - 2008 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Tv. Images And Illusion

Now I am done.
All day long, TV. on.
What is in my head? ? ? ? ?
Mixed up crazy, "they said".
Just don't make sense.
In my pocket one pence.
Million dollar life styles.
I live next to the garbage piles.
TV. said, buy this.
Don'y worry ACID-RAIN fits.
Global warming-glass swimming pool.
TV. said, BE COOL-NO FOOLS.
Rock band without music.
New life style - it's amusing.
Wars over - click the button.
Don't worry - TVs. - ON.
My friend for all of life.
Now my MOTHER.
["TELLING ME WHAT'S RIGHT"]}

9/25/2006 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Two Dozen Roses

On this special day.
No it's not in May.
Heart felt warmth for thee.
Across from the many sea's.
Arrows of years pass with time.
GOD, is the keeper of the rhyme.
Though life calls it's song.
Two dozen roses are not that long.
Before the path of life ends.
Only this poem, a memory to send.
Life continues on it's merry ways.
Valentine day, is love's cherished day.

2/14/2010 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

V. Van Gogh

Vincent, I've seen you.
Maniac raptured hue.
Cosmic energy heart,
with a love so true.
Only you could paint blue.
Making it real, like you.
Anguished passions on brush.
Colors put to your trust.
A sunflower were you.
Painting with a golden cue.

[search: POEWHIT]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Valentine

What is love so sweet.
Each kiss a treat.
Raptured soul floating.
Heart that's bloating.
Love game time.
Funny little rhyme.
So, is love.
A pair of doves.
Tears of a kiss.
A Raindrops bliss.

2/10/09

joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Viet Nam - Blues

GI! ! ! shine your shoes?
Number one shine true.
Cost you one dollar.
Maybe buy my sister?
War, over soon GI.
WATCH - number one GI.
Want some smoke, GI?
Good time Charlie - you.
Maybe cold, coke-cola?
Paddy rice - work all day.
Hooch-boy, number one.
Only cost one dollar - day.
Shine your boots.
Sweep neat - number one clean.
NUMBER TEN - no number ten! ! ! !
All number ten.
No want anything.
GI, - 'YOU GOT A QUARTER'? ? ? ?

8/24/07 joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Viet Nam

4: 24 in the morning.
You know-41 years ago.
100 feet off the ground.
GRUNTS-pounding ground.
MY-NON-BROTHER-BROTHERS.
memos - memos - memos
VINEYARD-war of aged -WINE TIME.
[[[[[TRAGIC-TRAGIC-KENNEDY-KING]]]]]]
10 million cars in a RICE PADDY - WHY? ? ? WHY? ? ? ?
4: 28-[YOU KNOW BACK THEN]-4: 29-AM.-TIME-TIME.
COWBOY-COWBOY-#-1- tell COWBOY-10.00 dollars-[ok].
LBJ landed in CAM RHAN BAY- sun- oil -[I'm SURE].
NO-NO-GOD-GOD-B-52-rain dropp BOMBS-[again].
[[[on the 50 yard line -snap-NAMATH has the ball]]]]-GOD
IN -VIET NAM - [roll another one-great STUFF]-{{MAN}}{{MAN}}.
[camp]-[[great vintage war] - GOLD - GOLD-[TOP SECRET]
shurrrrrrr-[don; t tell the MOM'S & Dad's]- MY SON.
****MOVIE STARTS AT 8: 00****\$ 2.50 adult 1.25 kids.
VIET NAM - POPCORN - VIET NAM - POPCORN
4: 33- cry time-4: 33 cry time-4: 33 cry time.
GOD to Moses; 'I, AM, THAT I AM'
Cain killed Abel-America killed Viet Nam.
ME-4: 35- AM - just let me yell! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

3/20/2009 Joe Poewhit [4: 38-AM]

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Viet Nam Tears

Through the years.
Haunts of tears.
Echo through minds.
A war very unkind.
My eye's did see.
Blood gold from thee.
GOD in all Heaven.
Must even wonder all seven.
Depth's of man's heart.
My sorrow's of part.

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search: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Walt Whitman

Sage of words to read.
Counting every heart beat.
One that looked upon life.
Tears hidden from strife.
Wanting all to read.
His words like flowering seeds.
His anchor was mankind.
The war he knew - unkind.
When one hears the WHITMAN name.
A POET OF KINGLY FAME.

JOE POEWHIT

Water Water Water

Comes in a pill.
Have your fill.
All waters foul.
Acid rain with owls.
Can't ever have a drink.
My skin just turned pink.
Brain matter dull gray.
Melting like ice every day.
Don't feel very well.
REALLY JUST LIKE-HOT HELL.
Empty glass before me.
Rusty water - rent and key.
T.V. said, 'ALL IS WELL'.
REALLY JUST LIKE-HOT HELL.
Soda, beer - have your fill.
Doctor said, 'Your getting ill'.
Can't get off this earth.
Poison water - another dead birth.
Won't live very long.
WATER WATER - sing that song.

JOE POEWHIT

Water Is Not Water

Just not wet anymore.
Won't work as a door stop.
Must have some water.
WATER-WATER-WATER-WATER
In the baby bottle, SMALL BOTTLE-ok.
Just thirsty.
Want some cold WATER? ?
We don't have any water.
CRY-CRY-CRY, tears are water.
BUT-there not wet NOW.
TEARS NOT WET - TEARS NOT WET.
ACID RAIN no pain.
ACID RAIN no pain.
ACID RAIN no pain.
DRIP rain drops - DRIP.
Clouds full of ACID RAIN.
CRY-CRY-CRY-CRY.

11/24/2006 Joe Poewhit
- defunct

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Where's My Image

Feel real lost today.
My image just flew away.
Soap AD, made me this.
Radio said, I'm real crisp.
News said, That's your mind.
Movie play, spoof that kind.
Where is my image today.
Real lost, maybe next May.
Image glue, with shattered parts.
Who's me? Image you, lost hearts.

10/28/2009 POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Winters Cold

Winter filled brisk air.
Silent, quiet, winter bare.
The bear asleep in the den.
Tomorrows spring, only when.

Fallen leaves upon the ground.
Gentle breeze from ocean sands.
Holy quiet brings a r frees the frozen well.

Love sings it's winter song.
Some say, you must be strong.
Slumber calls a brisk night.
Cats [MEOW] - solemn might.

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search: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Work Without Pay [r]

Hammer closed the sale that day.
Your sweat man-profit of ways.
Work in the field, sun is hot.
Water boy, fast or maybe not.
Master wants more work today.
You have no real say.
What is the time of morn.
Sun down-fullmoon- work long.
Cant ever stop this pace.
Thought I was part of the human race.
More ships are comming ashore.
Work without pay-open door.
Man has found many ways.
Pet dogs and bones of may.

[GOOGLE: search, POEWHIT]

JOE POEWHIT

Y - Hole- 1

LATE NIGHT POEM - HOLES # 1

Just like that life goes.
Flat nose - pull down hose.
What ever happen to cloths?
In the garden of Edan.
Man scratches in the ground.
Must be a living here.
Find another hole around.
Fool don't think it's profound.
Must have that hole to get around.
Life is made of peoples holes in the ground.
How deep is your life hole? ? ? ?
Big enough to hide in.
Many dig a hole and just hide.
Life holes are meant to be lived in.
GOD didn't create holes.
Man created holes in the ground.
Each hole is a persons story.
Not a golf course hole - only reality.

10/12/2006 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Y - Hole- 2

Holes back again man.
Put my head in the sand.
NO - not the quick sand.
Fast card shuffle man.
Deck only has 31.
Where's the rest? ? ? ?
'out having fun'.
Can't play cards in a hole.
Next hand-YA-house sold.
Got to the hole bold.
Got the house cash sold.
Won't ever be told-YA old.
Come in out of the cold.
Don't try again, to be hole bold.

10/14/2006 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Y - Hole- 3

Them holes in my life.
Onward the others strife.
Holes and holes all around.
Upside, downside, all clowns.
Happy face, ugly smile.
Both are holes, again no style.
Pile on the junk real high.
Up to the holes in the sky.
Some come down into my eye.
What is that holes name? ? ? ?
Hole game, all the same.
Can't catch a flying moon.
Eating again from the silver spoon.
Turn the mind into a loon.
Can't happen any to soon.
Find me a quiet room.
Around the month of June.

10/27/2006 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Y - Hole- 4

Holes in the wind.
Where is the sin?
Onward into holes of life.
Kite won't fly right.
Have no more sight.
World in a hole tonight.
What is the word?
Holes and more holes-absurd, absurd.
Can't feel no pain.
Mind is a hole-and insane.
What is your claim?
Just move onward-no brain.
Hole is your place-insane.
HOLES-HOLES-HOLES-HOLES.
Want more-can't have none.
Whats the fun?
Just run.

11/20/2006 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Y - Hole- 5

Here come the holes again.
They have become a real friend.
They won't ever bend.
My life they do tend.
What is in that smile?
Let's walk for a mile.
Just like your style.
Girl gets the flowing bile.
Walk around that hole.
It's just got no soul.
Some holes you can walk through.
BUT - they are very few.
{ word to the wise about holes }
DON'T LET THEM BOTHER YOUR SOUL.

12/3/2006 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Y - Hole- 6

They come in all sizes.
Don't worry about the price.
Call the hole man.
HOLES FOR SALE.
' We need a dozen holes '
Not more not less.
' Just a dozen holes '
Holes are good.
Bury treasure in them.
Hide in them, in war.
Fall into them.
Walk around them.
Some just love holes.
Holes of all sizes.
BIG holes - SMALL holes.

12/18/2006 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Y - Hole- 7

Lucky onward that hole.
77777777and77777777
That is a lucky day-all day.
Move over looser, let the 7.
She knows the game.
7 game 7 game 7 game.
WHAT IS YOUR NAME? ? ? ?
Forgot that even so fool.
Forgot your mind also fool.
777777777777777777777777777777
LUCKY IS MY NAME-ONWARD.
Never stop the 7-hole.
That hole - that hole.
IT CALLS TO US ALL.
HEAR THE CALL.
CALL - CALL.
GONE.
LOST! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

1/2/2007 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Y - Hole- 8

Back at another hole.
Just not feeling that bold.
MAYBE getting old.
JUST THAT WATER HOLE.
Can't have no water.
FOUL-FOUL-FOUL-MAN-no water.
GO! ! ! Have a soda dude....or who ever.
Just want water man.
WE ONLY GOT - ACID RAIN - water.
DON'T need that trip.
But that is it.
100.00 dollars for a cool cup.
MAN-I said-MAN-WE GOT NO WATER.
YOU JUST OUT OF LUCK.
500 million cars are right.
EVERY DAY I NEED WATER.
DIE MAN-that's it # 8

1/18/2007 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Y - Hole- 9

Man look at that hole.
Big and very bold.
Makes me feel old.
AND-very cold.
Very-very deep hole.
Filled with GLOBAL WATER.
Melted with the bold.
JUST GOT VERY COLD-real COLD.
Stay away from that hole.
Very deep hole-and cold.
Don't be that bold.
Filled with GLOBAL water cold.
No fish in the hole.
Dirty water toxic mix.
Crazy baby dooper needs a fix.
Send him to the deep hole.
You tell-I'm not that bold.
Stay away from that hole.

2/8/2007 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Y - Hole- 9+1=10

Don't miss that hole.
That is a good hole.
Hole # 10 - only 1.
Where is hole # 10? ? ? ? ?
DON'T KNOW MAN! ! ! ! !
Around the other part - MAYBE.
'that don't stick well'.
HOLE # 10.
PET THE DOG RIGHT.
SING TO THAT HOLE.
Hole knows more than us.
HIDING - HIDING - HIDING.
Tare up the world.
Look for # 10.
Won't do no good.
Hole # 10, sunk in the sea.
BUY A SUB, Maybe just a tub.
LOOK WELL FOR HOLE # 10.
OIL IN THAT HOLE # 10.
YOUR rich.

2/26/2007 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Y - Hole- 9+2=11

Lucky at this hole.
Watchout - they steal holes.
WHO-WHO-WHO
Not them - them.
Flowing sands-sands-sands and man.
Catch infinite vibes - MAN.
HOLES-HOLES-HOLES
Gone hole insane, hole insane - PAINS.
Peephole, porthole, volcano hole.
HOLES FOR SALE 'smart guy'.
HOLES FOR SALE 'smart guy'.
Sells nothing - makes money - SMART.
HOLES FOR SALE
LUCKY, , , bought a hole....SMART.
Donut holes-Bagel holes - *FOR SALE*.
Never thought about holes before.
LUCKY, , , at the, , , ,11 hole.
LUCKY-LUCKY-LUCKY - 'knows'.
HOLES FOR SALE - {sale day}
SALE DAY - SALE DAY - SALE DAY
HOLES FOR SALE

2/27/2009 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Y - Hole- 9+3=12

When will it stop.
Life's just a flop.
Mouse hole, ant hole,
rat hole, man hole.
HOLES-HOLES-HOLES.
SWISS CHEESE HOLES.
Worm holes, snake holes.
HOLES ALL AROUND.
Deep in the ground.
BOMB HOLES - BOMB HOLES.
Swiss cheese bomb holes.
Mental illuminations of vast frustrations.
PANTS SEAT HAS A - HOLE.
DRESS SEAT HAS A - HOLE.
Hole in the chair.
Hole on the bench.
Seat has a HOLE! ! ! ! !
Where do holes come from? ? ? ?
GET THE GUN.
'a hole machine supreme'.
{ GLAD 12 IS OVER }
'that hole getting older'

2/28/2009 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Y - Hole- 9+4=13

That's it with holes.
I know. Don't tell me.
My life - leave me alone.
HOLES - HOLES - HOLES.
Dreams are unfilled holes.
The door hole slammed shut.
Outside - Inside - YET HOLES.
[[BIG HOLE for GOLD.**BURY IT**]]
'Back where it came from'.
GOD made GOLD. HIS GOLD.
'you only borrow it'.{ CHIEF }
Last of the WATER HOLES.
DIE - DIE - DIE - \$thirsty\$
ACID-RAIN, , , , , , makes holes.
'don; t tell me that'.OH NO! ! ! ! !
HOLES - HOLES - HOLES.
MY LIFE - good - LIVE IN A HOLE.
Holes just don't stop.
HI POP! ! ! ! ! . HOLE POP! ! ! ! ! ! !
Lollipop with one hole - PLEASE.
\$\$\$\$\$\$ THE END \$\$\$\$\$\$
000000-holes-00000000

2/28/2009 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Yellow Jack Bee

Between window and screen.
A lone bee to be seen.
Cold outside flashing in.
Summer over with stinger pin.
Walking, dancing, frenzy craze.
Flowers wilted, winter haze.
A bee sub comes to the end.
No flower nectar and without friends.

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search: POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Zzz Sample

Oldman-Life
Power-Humble
Gold-GOD
Hate-Love
Evil-Good
Greed-Simple
Hunger-Food
Castle-Hut
Want-Content
Ignorance-Knowledge
Hell-Heaven
War-Peace
Death-Eternal Life
-Book of life-

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JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Zzzzs - 1

I prayed to GOD, and I saw a vision. Martin Kings Dream of a rebirth of America. I looked at a picture of President Obama. In it was *the amazement* of a game gone so foul wrong. A person with the power to change the game gone wrong. His allies, THE PEOPLE. The, WE, of the constitution, made fat by abuse of right in their own eye's. That look in President Obamas eyes totally took me by surprise.

As Bob Dylan said, 'THE TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGING'.

[Me joe Poewhit, I; m tired, need to KICKBACK, my JOY in life with my DR. SPOCK ears open wide.]

copyright 2/02/09

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Zzzzs - 2

Another one of them, *A POET*. Like the SOUL and HEEL of a shoe. Walked upon, used, stepped upon, abused with daily ware. YES, *us POETS*, we like the SOUL & HEEL of a shoe, feel all the minute pebbles in the road. BIG MAN, shoe shine, you don't notice us sponges of life. *US, POETS* - know life, feel life, we write about, THE TINY PEBBLES, THAT INFECT OUR SOUL AND HEEL of BIG SHOES, of the MAN that DON, T KNOW.
So us POETS just like leather of the SOUL & HEEL of the shoe carry on. [FOR ALL US POETS] [carry on]

2/02/09 copyright POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Zzzzs - 3

Me, POEWHIT, live in a 1792 era. American house. Here 2009, I say back then? ?
? ? . They were farmers, wives, children, and FAITH OF CHURCH. I live in an attic
where America was born. I feel them, POWDER, BALL, [no more BRITISH
oppression]. I can feel and see them as I write from the same rooms. Sitting
talking as MEN.[FREE] From Britain in that era. I can feel them, the Spirit of
what they felt. FREE - FREE - FREE - go back across the ocean. Let us just live
and let live.

If only President Obama could sit with me here, A tankard of wine. President
Obama, you would see our FATHERS as they felt. [[FREE }} away oppression [
KILL]. In America since Arron Burr and Hamilton there has been East and West..
PRESIDENT OBAMA YOU WILL MARRY EAST AND WEST. as LINCOLN a mentor of
your position [UNION]
WALT WHITMAN, probably asked for well water from my house. As you as
PRESIDENT - {{{THE WATER IS FREE}}}. Me as a soldier an poet Walt and
Poewhit should have had a wine in times history. Though things just happen.
Such is life under GOD and all of creation.

2/02/09 copyright 2009

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Zzzzs - 4

Disposable people around.
Nothing anymore, profound.
Wrapped in stereo living.
Heart's without giving.
Bend - alter - spindle
Disposable people around.
Clown with a plastic frown.
Mon. & Wed. - garbage pickup.
My steady job - stick em-up.
Gold fender limo goes by.
Aids baby in alley died.
Disposable people around.

2/11/09 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Zzzzs - 5

86 PROOF RIGHT

No-one over 21 served.

OFF WORK - you know, just one.

UNDER 21 ONLY - served.

MAN, be cool, cool, you know.

Look buddy, 'ONLY UNDER 21'.....

The back room - STUDYHALL 100.

Binge till the barrels dry. 'GET IT'..

no not really - BAR-KEEP, just one.

Him, works here, sleeps in the bathroom.

H O M E L E S S - hard times.

LOOK - 'DON'T NEED OVER 21 BUSINESS'.

You know, six packs of soda, IT GROWS \$\$\$\$\$\$.

Milk from a bottle, beer bottles - ASSOCIATIONS.

OH-HO, 'i get it' -. CRADLE ROBBERS of SOTS inc.-

HOMELESS BUM - sells them drugs also, condoms.

AIDS, they don't care after the first one.

IMAGE - LOVE - IMAGE, MULTI-LOVE TIME.

' I SEE'-like the flood of NOAH-AIDS

LOOK BUDDY - out the door-read the sign, , please!!!! .

****NO ONE OVER 21 SERVED****

2/12.09 JOE POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES.

.

JOE POEWHIT

Zzzzs - 6

LINCOLN

On his birth date, a short synopsis's of Lincoln's person.
A respector of knowledge. {{ No- TV }}. in Lincoln's time. A very compassionate man, as understood, ' HOW CAN I TELL A MOTHER, HER SON WAS KILLED' That was the depth of Lincoln. Lincoln, understood our Father's of this nation, "CHURCH - GOD", - fearing men. Our LAWS, the bill of rights **10** as the, TEN LAWS of GOD. Put your hand on the BIBLE and swear in court. {{ THE LAW }}{{ THE LAW }}

See, ' IT MEANT SOMETHING' - ****VALUES - MORALITY****.
Lincoln understood that, GOD, ruled the roost. UNION, was Lincoln's concern. AN ALIEN system, SLAVERY, was infecting the state of UNION. The Civil War, was over UNION. SLAVERY, was Incorporated for the Abolitionists support. In the 1860s, , , , the Southern money went west.[plus the system]? ? ? ? ? . Which was alien from our Father's perceptions of AMERICA.

LINCOLN, [I THINK] today would look as the West of AMERICA as the, ' SCATTERED CHILDREN OF THE 1860s'. Only to be brought into the fold, with sophisticated understandings. KENNEDY, KING, saw the UNION, but were undone, before their time. Now martyr's, of AMERICA'S cause. MARTIN - KING, had a dream of AMERICA rising. 'FUNNY', a black president, the crown of GOLD, of the Civil WAR, [yet all from the ark of NOAH] I feel will bring rebirth to AMERICA. 'GOD BE WITH YOU PRESIDENT OBAMA'. [[POEWHIT]]

2/12/09 JOE POEWHIT

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Zzzzs - 7

THAT STUFF

Got it man.
Yea! ! real good.
Can't wait, that good.
No-No- stay cool.
How much? ? ? ? ?
Great stuff-THAT MUCH! ! ! ! !
Yea - but it's good.
Got to have some.
{ credit card good]
Stay cool - be here soon.
Always late - Always late.
MAN - MAN - MAN - soon.
Here comes - Here comes.

OH - WATER - FRESH WATER.

2/17/2009 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Zzzzs - 8

A CIGAR [doorboy]

Been on your old feet.
That big front door to keep.
The one with the brass and key.
You come from across the sea.
Your work is the door keep.
Shine the brass, even the key.
Been forty years now doorkeep.
You have been a good- and sweep.
Shine your shoes to see.
'the rich lady's shawl with gloves'.
'the gentleman's hat with gloves'.
Back at the door, ballroom, party fun.
Another years gone, being on the run.
At the end of the year, MASTER, was kind.
Forty years-'a cigar for you'.
Still in the wrapper, 'not two'.

9/24/07 joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT

Zzzzs - 9

NEED SOME WATER

Just very foul.
I cry out loud.
Water is foul.
Tears from owls.
Baby needs a drink.
Skin turning pink.
Vomit in the sink.
Good for the ice-rink.
Thirst is on fire.

Down by the camp.
River bank just stank.
Foul water on the bank.
Where can I go?
Move just so slow.
High on this dope.
Down the water well rope.
Water just makes me choke.
By some - I'M BROKE ! ! ! ! !

9/24/08 Joe Poewhit

JESUS SAVES

JOE POEWHIT