

Poetry Series

Cheri Odom

- poems -

Publication Date:
2005

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

Cheri Odom(July 13,1970)

Discouraging Faces

Don't laugh at the weary.
Don't mock the lame.
Stop looking for the misery.
But remember your shame.
A time will come and pass you by.
Because I will see a time you will sit in front of me and cry.
I will feel sorry for the blame you have put upon me.
I will look back and see all your miseries.
You jest at me as though I'm your joke, but now I see you're looking for hope.
I may fall once, I may fall twice, but one thing to remember, when I see you fall,
I will make sure I will be nice.

Cheri Odom

Give Me A Chance To Live

Just a babe am I.
Food should be put in my mouth.
Poison is for the destroying of hazardous waste.
You encourage my mentality with knowledge.
Tell me why do you discourage my body to be damaged.
We know there's suffering before conception.
Yet, you're here for our protection.
Eight against violence of any kind.
Something not to corruption on our minds.
Dirt is definitely for the ground, and not to be distributed around.
Keep me here to help others to relate, and not contribute to hurt or hate.
We know our nerves can feel.
Remember there is a chance to live and our will not to kill.

Cheri Odom

'Let Me Go! '

Why hold on to something that isn't there?
To me that is quite unfair.
You never had loved me from the start.
You used words, but it wasn't from your heart.
I saw the sadness on your face.
I tried to ignore it, because it was a disgrace.
Let me go to someone who loves me.
Because you do not want to see good in me.
Let someone else have this happy soul.
Because I want you to let me go.
Set me free from what wasn't there.
Set me free from tainted care.

You have always lied to me and not given us a chance.
Now I want to never lose my dance.
Let me fly like a bird in the sky.
My true love is here for taking me away.
You didn't stay!
You weren't my friend or husband until the end.
But there is a way through the narrow tunnel.
You need to look that way through the huddle.
I stand for the right, because Mr. Right is waiting.
Don't hate him, hate going.
You left without warning to myself and my child.
How could someone leave with guilt in the heart and guile.

We could have been left for dead.
Yet, still your words would have continuously been left unsaid.
Find another way to flow, but Mr. please, completely, 'Let me go! '

Cheri Odom

Materialistic

Try running an extra mile in my shoes, for higher heights, the idea is to gain control of respect.

Ignorance goes a long ways it just doesn't stop at your status, color, or education.

You may have the things you so desire.

Is it compassion for others?

I'm not ashamed to ask for what I want, and I'm certainly not greedy.

Starvation is in your country and so is death.

In order to receive, you'd first have to love you, and not just submitting only to yourself.

Don't confuse my identity with yours.

We're different as day and night.

We're different as good and bad.

To you, I may look like nothing.

Maybe, there's a decent reason for me holding up my head.

Yes, I still keep all my dignity and morals and values the same.

The value price of my soul is costly.

Sharing with you is not a problem for me.

Welcoming, you into my home, that's not considered to your standards.

I feed you and also give you money.

I take you out to my ordinary restaurant dinners, and not your usual gourmet dinners.

My pocket money may not match yours.

It may even be quite extinct.

Yes, I have shared with someone that was in need.

The apparel I wear maybe used and not unique.

My hair is combed, but not professionally styled.

Yet, on my face always remains a beautiful smile.

It may even seem as though I haven't got a partner.

I'm never alone.

You may not be happy, but I am, because I love God and you.

The individuals I converse with are quite well-known and not sarcastic to the bone. Say fellowman, 'Will you return the favor? '

Cheri Odom

One Certain Tree

Colors of all colors.
Leaves of all leaves,
drop down from above.
Softly and passionately
it said, "please."
Flowing around the sky.
Seeing the vision up high.
A delicate nature.
Different running creatures.
Here stands this tree.
People that of the view like to see.
"Don't pass me.
Here I am, please.
View me! Save me! Love me! Pray for me!
I have to grow.
I have to live.
I have to be with others,
so I will give.
There's fruit to be eaten.
Things to be saved.
Hear my cry, my cry!
Then I will stay.
Don't ever forget me,"
said one certain tree.

Cheri Odom

The Eyes To The Soul

Shattered pieces have consumed my thoughts.
Strong words keep manoeuvring around this spirit.

You left with no words to say, but the wind hitting your feet and the dust
shattered your lost soul.
How could someone without a sight of dignity run, but yet find complete foolishness
in the energy in a lost cause?

A broken spirit that chases a bad habit cannot satisfy the mind, but satisfy the
flesh for a seasonal moment for its own purpose.
Pain is driven so deep into the heart the memories are never washed away with
glorious promises.

I accept forgiveness in the manner of wanting to get rid of happiness, that has
not been there for you, but I have faith for what shall come to sustain the love I
gave for this martial disposition.

Cheri Odom

The Father Of Many Communications

Father, what must I now do?

I'm a doer of your Word, and a witness to serve.

A follower of you in these perilous times, to be examined from you, Heavenly Divine.

Father, what must I say, when there's everyone whom prays?

The bad wants to hurt the good, because the good is misunderstood.

Your Word is salvation.

For one, we're a different denomination.

Father, you're the Son of Man, with a substance that has the righteous brand.

It's pure as an opened light, that's revealing to my sight.

Father, I know to stand for the truth to help me up my way, this is to be the saint you have put me here to be.

Father, because I see to preach, pattern, and plead my way to you.

You my God, You have promised everyone what you will do.

Father, Lord Jesus, I know we're not here to stay, that's why I look for the eternal-way.

Cheri Odom