

Poetry Series

**Chrispin Johnson**  
**- poems -**

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## Chrispin Johnson(20/05/1989)

The name is Chrispin, Cjay or chris, lives in the United Kingdom, England, London. Need to know anything ask is not the amount of breath we take but the moments that take our breath away.

# Blue Eyed Girl

Have you ever met a person that is the light of the world, when it seems everywhere else is dark or just makes the world seem like paradise?

I can say I have, her beauty holds no comparison and her generosity knows no bounds. Her eyes blue like the limitless sky, limitless is her need to see others smile. She takes pleasure in seeing nature express its beauty.

Her favourite colours show her inner beauty. Pink, the colour of universal love, which means she will forget you not. Orange, the colour of thoughtfulness and sincerity. Purple the colour of good judgement. Lime Green, Green is life, which signifies growth, which also symbolises her self respect and aquamarine which brings peace and serenity.

To have known this blue eyed girl is to have experienced paradise.

Chrispin Johnson

# Freedom Thigh Name Is

I yearn for freedom, my soul may be free but physically am bound by chains. Do i have to die to be free, NO! i reject that option.

I will rather die a free man than live as a slave. I cannot be at peace, unless freedom comes calling to me. Why do they judge me based solely on the colour of my skin, without encountering the content of my i not a man and a brother, Have i wrong them in any way and what sin deserves this kind of punishment. Freedom thigh name is...

Chrispin Johnson

# I Am.

I am, I am, I am the reason you question your existence.  
The reason you ponder upon questions such as:  
Whats my purpose in life and why am i here?

I am the contradiction to the Big Bang Theory. The  
mysterious air that you have so much faith in yet  
you can't comprehend.

I am the reason Grumpy became Happy, I am your conscience.  
I am the consequences to your decisions.  
I am the question and the answer,  
The problem and the solution, the moon and the sun  
Light and Dark.

I am the limitless sky and the Ocean, without me  
there is no you, but without you i do not exist.  
Riddle me this.  
What is existence if there is no one to know you exist?

Chrispin Johnson

# Life

Why do we walk the mysterious road of this journey we called life?

Is it our curiosity or our sense of adventure that makes us keep going. Although we do not know where the journey may lead we still strive on.

Step by step we march getting closer to our goals and dreams, living a good old age, being successful or something else we strive for.

Do you believe in destiny? if so who is this creator who has paved you a path. Is it destiny that decide how we live and have our path to life already been paved.

I think as human we all have freewill, it is what we do and how we do it that decide if your journey of life was lived well. When the time comes we will reach the end to our destination.

Chrispin Johnson

# Love

I need you as the flower needs the sun  
My love for you burns as bright as the sun.  
I eager for your touch every second we are apart.  
I eager for you to feed my beating heart, you are the air that i breath, your eyes  
are as beautiful as the stars that lingers above the sky, your smile so  
gentle and warm like the summer breeze that melts the coldest of heart.  
Your absence is like a flower without the sun, you are my sunshine on  
the cloudiest of days, without you i am like trees without sunlight or rain.

Chrispin Johnson

# Love Revised

The flower needs sun as I need you  
my love is burning bright and true  
your touch I yearn when we're apart  
I need you feed my beating heart

You're in the eager air I breathe, your  
eyes in shining stars from skies above,  
your smile a warming summer breeze  
which melts the coldest heart with love.

Your absence is a day of dismal view  
but sunshine always springs from you  
my cloudy days you put to easy flight  
my melancholy brightened with your light.

Dedicated to all the lovely ladies out there.

Thanks to Ivan Donn Carswell for the revision

Chrispin Johnson



# My Super Hero

You are my kryptonite and sun.  
My weakness and strength.  
when i feel like being a Joker,  
you become my Batman.

But at times, you become my  
Harlequinn and make me feel  
like the royal flush gang.  
you are my Nora and i'm your  
Mr Freeze.

At times you become two faced  
and can be an enigma, but i'm  
willing to be the riddler to decrypt  
the puzzle.

When the villians of negative  
emotions are locked up, we are  
as Superman and Lois Lane. But  
just as sure as the sun will shine,  
these emotions will manifest and  
we become Batman and Catwoman.  
(Dark, Dangerous but exciting) .

And i don't need no Scarecrow for  
me to fear that our negative emotions  
might poison (ivy) or clip the wings of  
our clay like relationship. Always shifting  
and transforming in to something that's  
offensive to the sense of beauty, but  
none the less thrilling.

And i love you, because you are my  
Super Hero!

Chrispin Johnson

# September 11

September 11 an ordinary day, wake up to the sound of the alarm.

A husband says goodbye to a wife, a wife says goodbye to husband. A dad says goodbye to his kids, a mother says goodbye to her kids, heading to their final destinations not realising that will be goodbye for ever.

A man, a woman arrives at the towers of doom. To them another tuesday just like every other tuesday, filling out paperworks, answering phones not knowing their lives were about to be deprived from them.

The simple joy of existing, not being able to feel the warmth of the summer breeze, the touch of a loved one, the sweet songs of the birds, the beauty of the sunset or all such wonders which we take for granted. Then suddenly BOOM, all those simple joys were gone along with the victims, no heroes of september 11, although gone they will never be forgotten, because they still exist through the hearts of their loved ones.

Dedicated to the Victims/Heroes of September 11

Chrispin Johnson

# The Wonders Of Nature

The whispers of the trees.  
The ripples of the oceans.  
The clapping of thunder.  
The might of lightening.  
The gentle breeze that brushes against you.  
The beautiful songs of the birds.  
The beauty of the sunset.

Chrispin Johnson

# Tis The Season

Tis the season to be merry, the snow falling  
gently looking like millions of fairies, shoppers  
scuffling along busy streets. the month were kids tried to  
get on the jolly bearded man's good list hoping he will bring them  
joy in the shape of a toy, the month that brings families closer and  
also merrier. Tis the season to be merry cuz it's christmas the month of joy and  
kindness.

Chrispin Johnson

# Untitled

This ain't a fiction.  
But a section of a listed past.  
So don't get it twisted like Hurricane Katrina.  
Allow me to tantalise your fantasy with a tale  
so true, so blue, yet so sweet.

I was born a common man, like common sense in the beautiful land  
of Africa.

As a people we are Kings and Queens. But take caution, cuz as a  
nation we are divided. The government corrupted, the people crippled.  
Radicalists making life so radical. Thats just the way it is.

But as common as a moth to a flame, let me open your eyes so you can see the  
light that we can dare dream bigger than life itself or make our imaginations take  
flight.

So don't make light of you opportunities, but make light of your worries, cuz it's  
better to be safe than sorry.

By Chrispin Johnson

Chrispin Johnson

## Untitled 2

From our first acquaintance, my world has become an inversion of its natural order.

It's as if the physical, biological and chemistry of the planet we inhabit has been transformed to such that physically when I'm not with you, I am like an atom without its neutrons.

Biologically it's as if a being without a heart. What I'm trying to convey is that I love you how Scooby loves Scooby snacks. If that don't interpret my love then let me convey it in a different manner.

My love for you will be as timeless as the may sound and look as a cheesy love poem but its the simplest way for me to say how much you mean to me. So to end it i love you.

Chrispin Johnson

# What Is A Hero?

Never did I ever think of the definition of a hero.

Is a hero someone who defends the innocent who can't defend themselves?

Does a hero need's to be arcane? Is a hero someone who thinks of others first?

Is a hero someone who faces dangers in times of peril despite all the odds? Is a hero someone who goes that little extra mile against all odds to make the world a better place?

Are heroes seen as heroes because they are intellectual, strong, fast, braves' danger or because they are arcane? No, a hero is someone who is hopeful in times when seen as all hope is gone, although hope may be frail it's hard to kill.

A hero is someone who fights all kind of injustice but also who is merciful. A hero is someone who is compassionate to others needs and difficulties, someone who is loyal to fighting injustice and sincere in what they are doing but with wisdom.

Show me a person with the attributes of being merciful, compassionate, loyal, sincere and wise and I will not only show you a hero but a Legend.

Chrispin Johnson