

## Poetry Series

**Feial Britton**

**- poems -**

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### **Feial Britton (January 31 st 1983)**

Born in St. Catherine Jamaica, the biggest parish in the country. [Parish is equivalent to States in America], the last of four sons. But at the age of 8 he ran away from home because of heinous abuse he faced from his father. But long before him, his other brothers had fled and he was only waiting until he could talk before he ran away. Anyway, he wanted to get away from his father, as far as he could go, fearing his father would find me and even kill him. So here he was, two worlds away in a strange land, no money, no food and thinning hope. He started begging for food and sleeping in old cars, waking up before the city.

Anyway, after a year of the repetitive cycle, he found himself stealing and before long his immaturity showed and he got caught and was sent to juvenile jail at age 9. His mother was contacted and was presented at the day of his court but when the judge issued the choice of going back home to his parents or an orphanage he strongly decided on going to an orphanage.

After his first few weeks at the orphanage, things weren't what he had imagined, young boys were being slaves and abused, little or no food, and absolutely no school, and so he ran away and was back at square one.

His life was tiring and hopeless and one lonesome night while he was sitting at Norman Manley International Airport in Montego Bay Jamaica a stranger walked up to me and starting chatting with him. His conversation were uplifting; telling him how he was special! A God-sent and he must suffer to build his courage and faith and then he will rise to be of major significance on society. With the message delivered the stranger vanished in the mist and left him buried in confusions.

Painfully his struggles continued until he got caught stealing from a local market and the repetitive court cycle repeated and he kept his decision: He was lead away watching his mother weeping like woeful willows in the wind and even though he was only a little older than nine years old, his heart was a stone! ! Of all the abuse she instigated or entertained, there was no way to convince him that she loved him.

This orphanage was much safer and there... the journey of a Philosopher, Poet, Author and a Musician was formed! ! To get the entire detail of his life story and see how and why ten years after seeing his parents for the first time he ended up in prison without a single visit from any family memeber, email him at [degital90@yahoo.com](mailto:degital90@yahoo.com), [info@starchildent.com](mailto:info@starchildent.com) or [fbbasketball\\_1@hotmail.com](mailto:fbbasketball_1@hotmail.com) add me if you have

any of these IMs

Thank you for your time and patience.

Works:

All the Colours of Life

## Democrats-The Illusionist

After I've read the history that their barbarous actions wrote  
I inscribe my restive thoughts to keep my mind afloat  
I'm flattered by the hard rich texture of their delusions  
And the schemes they created to keep us buried in confusions  
They were clever in the tampering of right and wrong;  
Mass Murderers whose crimes we helped along!  
Terrorist is the brand given to the ones who oppose them  
Saying that they were sent to free us, but who chose them?  
They'd undo every man for Democracy's selfish deed  
When peace and good will is what this world really need  
Democrats Communists- they're all the same;  
The evil that stir our mortal frame  
Yet we are kept clothed in persistent denial  
But when in need of aid, be careful of whose number you dial  
For it was the Democrats who had given us unfair trade  
Promising us how they'd grant us consistence aid  
It's the Democrats who still believe that wars are the only way for world peace  
The same God-sent who ignored the cries of the Sufferings in the Far East  
It was the Same Democrats who said, "give me liberty or give me death."  
Ironically, it was coming from a Slave Master's breath  
Democrats kill for that is their profession  
And will stop at nothing to obtain the world as their possession  
It was the Democrats who genocides the Indians and enslaved the Blacks  
So after this sonnet come and arrest me for these despicable facts  
It's the Democrats who were first to remove boundary stones  
And beheaded Black Kings and Queens of their appointed thrones  
Yes, I know all of them, from Operation Iraqi Freedom to the Revolution  
And wars are wars-same evil different evolution  
Communism is biblical, yes, I'm the first to say that it is spiritual  
An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, isn't that ritual?  
Well, not in my eyes but in the eyes of a believer in Christ  
Oh well, now you think my thoughts were pretty suffice  
But for every law that is set, there is a consequence for its breaking  
For every law there is someone who thinks the consequence is too shaking  
But what is more shaking than committing a mere sin and continuously burn in Hell?  
You explain the difference, for in my eyes, it's just too hard to tell  
This world is uphold by secrets, hypocrisy and collusion  
And Democrats way of thinking hinders any form of solution  
Democratic corruptions is veiling over many rocky lands  
As I see Democrats, greed and hate openly shaking hands  
But their hope had flown away like the summer birds  
Leaving them with savage advancing and deceptive words  
And over their sweet Democratic plain  
The Starving look down, like eyes of the slain  
As they build bridges of segregations spanning the universe  
Arguing that some nations were just born to be cursed  
And as the so-called Insurgents rushes with suicidal force  
We can trace every action to its source  
And this is how I see it, seeing the world in more than a glance  
And this is how I feel it, spending my whole life in trance

Feial Britton

## The Journalist

The Journalist  
A little girl sits at the foot of a bed  
And she is crying  
For her father lays flat with strings on his head  
And he is dying  
Burning pains and anger lies  
Deep within her eyes  
As his spirit sprawls out frozen and dead  
Glancing back at hope that had so long fled  
Their hearts are fleshly bleeding  
In the midst of years receding  
She had seen many faces mainly bent  
Trotting back to their lives that was vainly spent  
Does their fights have a conscious reason?  
Or was it better to trade the truth for treason?  
Well, as the cold wind howls  
And vicious thunder growls  
She clench his hands with a begging grip  
Trying to steal the words upon his lips  
Failure stare him in the face  
A used man denied by grace  
She wonders if the wrath of time  
Had turned him from the path of crime  
She cries in hours of lonely musing  
And it seems to her she wasn't the only losing  
She glares across the room- heart torn  
And observes the grown men as they mourn  
Other men marching fearlessly  
Had given their lives away so carelessly  
There were many races  
All with the same colourless faces  
Now that the truth had spoken  
She sits there with her heart broken  
Sorrows unending  
And she's still wailing

Then he whispers like voices from slavery  
Still grieving strong with profound bravery  
And when he opens his eyes and saw her there  
He immediately close them back withering in despair  
He could feel her battered soul unravelling  
As she was weary and bruised from miles of travelling  
His sorrowful words stumble  
As he opens his mouth to mumble  
"Let peace be planted on immortal soil  
And unification be our ongoing toil  
For this I say to you my solely witness  
That wars and strifes are a virulent sickness  
Politicians- they were built for deceptions  
Black People- were build for rejections!  
Religions- were designed for seclusion  
And the Heavens we yearn is only an illusion.

This World my sweet, is an heinous show  
It was created to con you wherever you go  
Nurses and Doctors conspire with drugstores  
To only lesser your pains, not finding the cures  
As stars were born to rule the night  
Monopolists were born only to exploit-  
Governments are the epitome of disgrace  
Renowned from the ruins of the Human race  
Uneducated soldiers marching unto wars only to kill-  
Just to be loyal to their Slave Masters' sickening will  
Police- the Civilian Terrorists, only oppress the Poor  
While the Rich break the laws and feel secure  
Pitiful Farmers who milk their cows  
And till their soils with savage ploughs  
They are the ones who gain no respect  
Even when wearing a vegetation around their neck!

Why is the world fill with so much sufferings and pain  
And when we fight against each others, what is there to gain?  
Look at all these disease-infested children dying  
Whilst politicians bicker that they are helpless- they are lying  
We all know, Poverty is the offspring of many local crimes  
Yet the Governments turn a blind heart whenever they read my rhythms  
But what will they do when starving roots refuse their weight,  
And the loving arms that's bent around them, suddenly turns to hate?  
Tell me where will the wicked man go after he had finish his run?  
And who will prosecute him for all that he has done?  
The restful truth no longer tucked away, like earth's old and weary cries  
So excuse me now, for I must go, it has been three long days, and I must rise.'

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