

Poetry Series

Fleurette Elaine Harris

- poems -

Publication Date:

February 2009

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Fleurette Elaine Harris on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

A Maze In Disenchantment

Its all coming together now
Disenchanted beings
Demoralized by pain
Shame
Exploitation
Exhortation
Manipulation

Immortalized by grace
Faith
Hope
Love
The undefined power of God

There is so much pain in fusion
Sweet pain
Diffuses all confusion
Forming great union

But enchanting the souls
In vein

They stand amazed
By the blaze

Created by the storm of fire

Fleurette Elaine Harris

B.tch

Life is a b.tch and then you die
If I die what will be my reward
Snitch
Let me live and declare the works of God
Such good stone you have cast in the ditch
B.tch
Curse upon you lips
Witch
Let your word fly for they will die and form an
Itch
In the
Stitch
Of time and will save nine lives

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Be My Friend

I want to get close to you
To be your friend
To share your views
To fuse
Amuse
Not to confuse you
I want to use your energy
To hold your hands in mine
And feel our minds fold
As you mould me
For
Only you have the power
To move me
Let us remove the bolts of doubt
Touch my mouth
Feel my sweet peace.

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Big Thing

I am a big thing
I am wholesome
Substantial and self sufficient

I am a big thing
I can love and
I am loved

I am a big thing
I believe in the good and positive things in myself
And in others

I am a big thing
My heart is pure
And I feel sure
I am a big thing

I am a big thing
Tell it to your neighbors
Spread it among your friends
I am a big thing

I am a big thing
I live to grow
To show the world
I am a big thing

I am a big thing
I may not drive a Benz
Or own a mansion with the white picket fence
I may not have a degree
From a university
Still
I am a big thing

Bigger than the Benz
Bigger than any degree
Bigger than the university

I am a big thing
I am everything
Every thing that is divine
Is mine
Divine affluence
Divine influence
Divine intelligence
Divine prudence

I am a big thing
Look at my soul

And you will be told
I am a big thing

Open your eyes
And behold
I am a big thing

Big in truth
Big in self esteem
Big in beauty
Big in purity

Big beautiful black and bold
Tell it to the world
I am a big thing

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Count your blessings

Are you blind?
No you can see
And the hundred million receptors in your eyes
Enable you to enjoy the magic of nature
The flowers, the sun, the sea
And the birds in the tree

Are you deaf?
No you can hear
And the twenty four thousand fibers in your ears
Vibrate to the wind on your cheeks
The splashing of the ocean
And buzzing of the bees

Are you dumb?
No you can speak
You have dominion over all other creatures
Your words can calm the angry
Uplift the despondent
Cheer the unhappy
And praise the worthy

Are you paralyzed?
No you can move
Designed within your body
Are five hundred muscles
Two hundred bones
And seven miles of nerve fiber
All synchronized to do your bidding

Are you unloved and unloving?
No because you know love's secret
That to receive it you must give it
That it is never lost
And if it is unreciprocated
It will flow back to you to soften and purify your heart

Is your heart stricken?
No it is strong
Feel its rhythm pulsating
Hour after hour
Day after day
Pumping your blood through more than 60,000 miles of vein, arteries ventricles.
Pumping more than 6000 gallons away

Are you diseased of skin?
No your skin is clean and clear a marvel to creation
Are your lungs befouled
No you can breathe freely and easily

Is your blood poisoned?
Is it diluted with water and puss

No within five quarts of blood are 2 trillion blood cells
Within each cell are millions of molecules
Within each molecule is one atom oscillating at more than 10.000.000 times per second
Within each second 2,000,000 blood cells die to be replaced by 2,000,000 new ones

Are you feeble of mind?
Can you not grasp this?
You see, your brain is the most complex structure in the universe
Within its three pounds are 13 billion cells
More than three times the number of people on earth

Are you poor?
How can you be poor?
Use your brain
Count your blessings
Count them again
And again
And again
And again

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Dance with me

Gloom ova de country
Time change
We naw read outta mcmillan book again
But bwoy
De vibration whe a gwaan
A noh whe dem tink a gwaan

Mi see higher force pan higher plane a run tings
Whe dem get fi do from higher source dan dem
An mi see
One big big spirit
Him face big like the earth
With little Jamaica inna him han
An yu see when mi look inna di sunlight
Mi see the same ting whe mi know
Mi see all the light a kiss dem teet
Ka dem nuh know darkness

An light waan di people
Fi dance wid it
An dem naw dance
De sinting hat mi yu se
So one day
Mi go siddung wid light
An mi say
'Alright light mi know say dem naw dance....
But come mek mi an you tracks'

An mi say

Light tell mi some story yu see man
All when we waltz ova tha mountain
Light nevva once tep pan mi toe
All light do is warm mi heart and caress mi soul
Light mek mi look out
An see de deep blue sea
De rainbow
Mi hear one little sound
Swize pass mi ears
When mi listen
A jus one sound mi ketch
Mi hear some angels a talk
An dem say
'Immortal'

So mi say to light
"Whe dem mean"

An light say

"Yu see no battom inna you heart.....Inna yu heart you see no tap.....?
When you encompass me with compassion

Then you will circumvent the race and see healing for all kingdoms
In the kingdom of all existence'

An mi stay quiet quiet...an mi listen

Then I know

'As I am, I 'is''

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Deliverance Plan

A whe me do so man
Why things a go wrong
A whe mi do so man
Mi noh understand
If a mi a di man
An a mi mek di plan den mi noh understand
Why ting a go wrang

Dem say if yu waan good yu nose haffi run

Run go whe man
All across di lan?
Well all across the lan mi smell it
An mi want it
Gold
Brass
Cloth an
Land
Aluminum
Petroliun

Gole spoon inna mi han a fi mi man
Cause dat whe mi did plan
So mi no understand how it slip through mi han

Dem sey good tings come to those who wait
Wait fi wha man
An fi how rass lang

Mi wait and mi plan
Nuff faith yu noh man

Mi say mi pray
An mi stay cool a way
Away from the damn confounded man

A whe mi do so man
Mi nuh deserve dis ya disgrace
Whe di grace
Pick up de pace man
Time fi faith
An hope

Fi goodness sake man give mi peace
A mi plan
Tiday man
Yu nuh understand
Mi say mi wait too long man

Dem sey yu reap what y sow
Dough
Volvo

Friends
Not foe
Good times
Fine wine
Peace of mind is mine
So
Dig up the stone man
Gimme root an backbone man
A so mi did plan
And since
Mi a di man
Deliver man
Che!

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Frigidity

It is like seeking warmth in a cold place
In an ice box....

You wait until the power goes
When the ice melts and the water warms

But you have no control
Do you?

You must get out of the ice box my dear

Or you will freeze.....
Freeze forever

And painfully you won't die

Get out of the refrigerator my dear

And.....

Enjoy the warmth.....

The lushness.....

The greenery.....

Of...

The real world

A new Life

Fleurette Elaine Harris

His Eyes

Static
Satanic
Still forever changing
Cold like firmament

Seeing all things
Giving no light to nothing

Invisible to those who can't behold
Expressionless
Emotionless
Yet filled with compassion
Or is it unrest?

His eyes speak words like clouds
Confusing me in a curious array
Preventing me from seeing the light of day

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Look at Me

I want the same things that you want you know
To grow
To show how much I need you so
You take from me too much you know
Cant you see
When I share I bare my fear for you to learn to care for me
Look at me
Cant you see that you could grow from this same caring too

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Malnutrition

What happens to a soul unnourished?
Does it quail
Like a snail
Or does it fail to flourish
Like a butterfly
Flying about so high in the sky
Or
Does it flutter and melt
Like butter in the heat of the hell of the night
For
Must not the being that bears no nourishment
Surely suffer
And
Sorely die

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Not Alone

Not Alone

Sitting Alone
Watching the flickering lights
On my Christmas tree
Wishing I had someone special
Sitting here with me

But
Alas
It dawns on me
That someone special is here with me

So here I am
Not alone
Not forlorn
Because you see.....

I am with me

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Paradox

I must be strong
But not so strong
That nobody feel they can help me

I must have faith
But not so much
That nobody feel they should bless me

I must be wise
But not so wise
That nobody wants to advise me

I must be smart
But not so smart
Or someone may try to out-smart me

I must be confident
But not so confident
Lest you put me to the test and discover me

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Partnership

Emotionally bankrupt
Gone into receivership
Spent
Bent
Awaiting companionship
Thoughts are redundant
Illogical and unreasonable
Confused...Abused...Refused
No more to be used

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Play

Play equals the ability
To apply flexibility
To particles encountered
And
The movement of particles
Within the play
Is relative to the gravity
Of
The magnetic force fields that exist
Between
The two entities
Serenity being the result
Then
They are both of God linked
Within
And
Without
To
The one force
By
A force propelling vibrations
Stimulating
Cymbals clashing at angel's feet
I hear in ripples
On the edge of waves
The movement of all
In a dance
Fire by friction
Solar
Cosmic electricity triggered off by thoughts
Aligned
To
The flagship Cosmos
Docked on the shores of
'Is'

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Random things about my Mother

My mother whose eyes were strained
By a sadness that stained her eyes
With grey and blue hue

My mother who never blew
Out candles on a birthday cake

My mother who never knew
The thrills of flying in an airplane

My mother who forever threw
Her pearls to swine

My mother who knew
No contentment in living

My mother who never lived
To be even seventy two

My mother who it is true
Stopped living long before she died

My mother from whose mouth flew
Words of disappointment and fury

My mother whose lips
Tasted bitter tears

My mother sat impatiently
In sorrow through her years

My mother who like Kunta Kinte
Was tamed by Diabets

My mother who was tamed
By my father

My mother who was captured by my father

My mother who fought with my father
The two them struggling false teeth piercing each others flesh

My mother who my father told to go and cook the mint

My mother who would beat us and cause wounds and bruises to our skin

My mother who love to walk about

My mother who gave a toe
A day away

My mother who kiked with her stump of a leg after she lost her foot

My mother who was a great dresser

My mother who could sing
Sang on the church choir

My mother who would be at the front of the church earliest every Saturday
My mother who insisted I be baptized and save by the holy ghost

My mother had beautiful handwriting
My mother who had nine children for five different men

My mother who tried to settle down with my father

My mother who could never swim

My mother who loved to sing

My mother who would tie us up on leashes and take us for long walks through the town

My mother who sought out hand me-downs – for our clothing

My mother who was active in the Welfare Society at church so she could cream the
crop for her family

My mother who instigated many a conflicts with her numerous friend was left with only
a few in the end.

My mother whom I so wanted to help evolve

My mother who I helped to live

My mother who I had to let die

My mother who lives in me

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Remembering

I remember a long time ago when I use to dream
Dream of who I am today

I remember a long time ago when I use to feel
Feel like I am feeling this day

On those nights of old
When the sea breeze was cold
I would sit still and behold eternity

Picturing the future
A kaleidoscope so confusing
Has today become my reality?

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Thank You God

I thank you god for the opportunity to live and transcend karma in this incarnation

I thank you God for a life of health

I thank you God for the courage I feel that enables me to stand and say

Thank you God I have had enough

Thank you God I am healed and ready to walk again

From out of the shadows into the greater light

Show me my face in all its radiant glory

Thank you for helping me to accept and understand my story

Thank you for strength

Thank you for peace

Thank you for light

Thank you for life

Thank you for love

Thank you for preparing me for Glory

Fleurette Elaine Harris

The Awakening

Awoken like a bloom in a sacred corner of the earth
Land of the Fair Isle
Xyamaica

My heart spreads its wings like a free eagle in a playful dance
Splashing up water
And mother's discipline.

I thought this place was my little country
Until I met a map of the world

On the mountain top
I flew
To call upon my invisible neighbors
No one answered
I was talking to myself and to my God

Then I found a way
A heart abounding with limitless love
A showering of goodness to all beings
This became my meditation

There in solemn surrender
I beheld angels on tip toes
Decked in all splendor
Heralding the unification of all people
Sanctioned by the will of God

Thus I rose to my higher self
And heard a voice singing
"There is no religion higher than truth"
A truth that says
"We all are one"

Out of this oneness emerged
Diverse nation's united
By the common denominator called Love called
Aspiration for truth.

Then I began to see a time where
Illusions are transformed into
Reality
And the world became as it was ordained by
God
The arena of the greatest celebration

Thus I rose to my higher self
And heard a voice singing
Rise up ye mighty people and know

That

We are all reflections of each other
Bound by the destiny of love
Graced by our service to each other

Fleurette Elaine Harris

The Other Woman's Exit Letter

I accepted the part
Because I liked the leading man so much
He excited me
But the truth is
I am not comfortable waiting in the wings
My life orientation is
Being the leading lady
I have too much energy
And I know the play too well
To be the chorus girl
In that role
I am unutilized
I feel suppressed
And I do oppress others
So now
I must take my exit
Through the backstage door
Sorry for the tension and confusion
I'm just not the ideal leading lady's understudy
Thanks for the privileges
For the tender moments that we shared
But most of all
Thank you for
Another profound experience
That's taking me closer to my quest for fulfillment

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Transition

I am so tired
Tired of getting things wrong
Of making the same mistakes
Of not getting it on
Tired of pacing
Of making two ends meet
Of racing and scraping my poor tired feet

Lord I'm tired
Of rising above it
Of making it right
When I feel so uptight
Of being forthright
Of seeing no light
Lord I am tired of the same old plight

Oh I am tired
So tired of this
Life without love
Fulfillment and bliss
Tired of mystery
Delusion myth tapestry

Tired of loneliness
Of my soul knowing no rest

Lord I am tired of the lack of reward
The lack of companionship

But most of all
I am too tired to fall

Lord I am tired of waiting
Of "hanging on I there"
So tired of hoping
for help from despair

Tired of debt
Tired of wreck
Tried of betting
Of needs not being met

Oh I am so tired
Of the challenges of life
Of facing them alone
Of making blood out of stone

Of having to constantly fight
Of facing no delight

Lord I am tired
Of building new bridges

Of filling the gap
Of constantly being caught
In the same old trap

Lord I am tired
Of having to be strong
When I really don't want
To keep going on

Lord I am tired
Tired
Tired
Tired
Tired of these words
So tired of this world

Lord I am tired
Tired
Tired
Tired
Tired of this poem
So tired of this omen

Lord I am tired
Tired
Tired
Tired
Too tired to hear you
Your voice is so small

Tired
Tired
Tired
Speak up Lord
Can't hear your call

Tired
Tired
Tired
I am listening Lord

Tired
Tired
Tired
Yes.

Tired
Tired
Tired
Rest?

Tired

Trojan

You are packaged in plastic
Hidden from view
Wrapped up in plastic
Protecting who?

Your
Plastic packed heart
Plastic packed mind
Plastic packed body
Plastic packed soul

Can't dis ease me
Wont deceive me
Cause believe me
I am indestructible at the core

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Warmonger

A whey u tek mi fah
Jus true I give you a piece of my peace
Soh yu use it
Yu abuse it
Warmonger
Yu satisfy yu hunger an
Yu thirst
A whey u tek mi fa
You are for war
So yu tek it so yu lash it so yu bang it so mi bawl
Yu call an say
"Whaapen yu naw let off....pass the coshumpem...."
Well listen now when a say
" yu betta pass it ova...a whe yu tek mi fah"
I am for peace yu betta know before rage war on yu claate
A wha so
Yu know mi
Jus tru me
Wha? ? ? ? ?
A wha yu really tek mi fa.....
A wonda!

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Weight

Each morning I wake up and find myself waiting
For oh so long I have been waiting
For divine ideas I have been waiting
To uplift my soul I have been waiting

For light to shine I have been waiting
On the path I must climb I have been waiting
For the sound of your voice I have been waiting
For the spread of my wings I have been waiting

For the taste of love I have been waiting
To inspire my life I have been waiting
I have been waiting I have been waiting
I have been waiting

To behold glory I have been waiting
Let me see...I need must see...I have been waiting
Behind these mountains I have been waiting
To climb....for wings to fly....I have been waiting

Show me how....I have been waiting
To move over....I have been waiting
For glory....I have been waiting...

I am waiting to finish my story!

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Where Is My Passion

Where is my passion
Far too much pain

Where is my passion
Must I love in vain?

Where is my passion
I need must know

Where is my passion
I want so much to grow

Where is my passion
Lost in your lips

Where is my passion
I feel for your kiss

Where is my passion
Lost in your eyes

Where is my passion
Release me to fly

Where is my passion
There in your hands

Where is my passion
Touch me...expand

Where is my passion
Please...be a man

Fleurette Elaine Harris

Who are you sister?

I wanted you for my play mate
You turned out to be a stalemate
Poor headless toy
You pull out your own hair,
Pluck out your own eyes
Now you turn on me
For what?
Back off dolly baby
You can't scare me
Rock yourself in a cradle
Make baby things
Pretty Dan Dan...
Clothe yourself in that damn man

Who are you sister?

Stop pulling at your own hair
Don't let your eyes run
look towards the sun!

Fleurette Elaine Harris