

Poetry Series

Jon London

- poems -

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Jon London (9Teen-70Two)

Biography: For the Poet Jon London / RANKED 41st in the TOP 500 POETS.

: Poetry, good poetry that is, bites and stings. It arouses the senses. It burns a hole in the brain. It stimulates the imagination. Jon's style was well suited to his thoughts, which are never subsidized by nice disquisitions, decorated by sparkling conceits, elevated by ambitious sentences, or variegated by far-sought learning. He pays no court to the passions; he excites neither surprise nor admiration; he always understands himself, and his readers always understand him: the pursuer of Jon wants little previous knowledge; it will be sufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things; he is neither required to mount elevations nor to explore profundities; his passage is always on a level, along solid ground, without asperities, without obstruction.

Jon London's rigorous blend of instinct, insight and eloquence are the timeless quality of greatness. I have rightly described him as 'the kind of poet" most poets wait a lifetime for.' It moves like a light through the murk of human motivations, where the erotic and the lethal exist in such ambiguous interplay beyond imagination with a simple certainty of phrase: no high emotive words, no staged emotions.

As an anonymous once wrote:

GOD GAVE US TWO ENDS-
ONE TO SIT ON,
ONE TO THINK WITH.
SUCCESS DEPENDS ON WHICH ONE YOU USE THE MOST;
HEADS YOU WIN,
TAILS YOU LOSE

Like the threads of yarn in an argyle sock that crisscross, intersect and link forming a unique, colorful pattern, he has contributed a glimpse of his writing experiences to make this site worthy of those who are interested in writing and are novel.

As a distinct loner living in a European circle, he produced an idiosyncratic style marked by epigram, dreamy landscapes, terse phrasing, and incisive images of all the things he want to present.

His poem creates a world that somehow touches the reader. That world is

built of images that come to the reader through vivid sense details and the music of vivacious language.

Strong, accurate, interesting words, well-placed, make the reader feel the writer's emotion and intentions. Choosing the right words for their meaning, their connotations, their sounds, even the look of them, makes a poem memorable. The words become guides to the feelings that lie between the lines. And he has got the ability to hit the right word at the right place.

Simple is better. Clean words with clear meaning, Direct to the point. I especially like poems that set up the reader for an expected ending, and then deny him or her that ending. I like poems that give the reader a kick, or bite or scratch at the end. Life is like that. Things never turn out quite the way we expect them to. Life is always different than our expectations of it. That's what makes it so damn interesting.

It's easy to write in a predictable way. It's easy to write such that even your love or your happy life knows what's coming next. I can't even stand to read such stuff. I must confess, I find a lot of that around in print. Likewise, it's easy to write in a lofty obscure way - a way so vague and confusing that even you don't know what it means. It's easy to throw some words on a page and indent them in an odd and peculiar manner. It's easy to say one knows how to write and Jon knows how to.

His Love Poems speak about the passion, desire and vulnerability of being in love. Poems about true love and saying I love you. When you can share your life with another, the whole world is completely different.

The popular saying "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, ", is the basis for the lesson, which asks me to analyze the features of a his work then create my own poems based on the original model. By exploring sample poems and their parodies, i focus on the language and style of the original poet, all in the process of playing with poetry.

Effective writing in the workplace is an essential skill. I mean, every one knows Jon is a good poet, but this - this is great. You have just crafted the perfect analogy it's punchy, it's tongue-in-cheek, and most of all, it's just so clever! .

The best thing about you, Jon! ! is your honesty. I adore your personality
...JON

WISH YOU ALL THE BEST MY DEAR FRIEND.

My best wishes for your work you are going to publish.

God bless you and your family.

Regards

Your ever loving friend

Works:

Written In The Danger Zone.....2010 release.
The London experience.....2009 release.
Puddles Of Play.....2009 release.
Times Of Change.....2010 release.

*** aLcAtRaZ ***

In times
of forbidden light.
Shadow painted
walls now outline
past crimes
of before.

Bullet holes
surround
the standing
grave, rusty
chains form the link
to the slave.

Faded numbers
etched into
cold steel.
Once opened doors
now fused
where guilt
is concealed.

Echoes
from a drip
of crimson
flood the darkened
halls.
The sound
of final taken
steps get
dragged across
the blood
and tear stained
floors.

Time no longer
exists.
Only the shadows
of past light
can tell you this.

From deep within
the forgotten
tomb, whispers
of the guilty loom.
Muffled by feathers
of flightless birds.
Songs of freedom
no longer heard.

Sharing past
crimes that were

once silenced
and hidden.

In a hope
that some day

The future
will forgive them.

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Jon London

*** All I Said Was Haiku ***

All I said was Haiku
which were followed
echoes of bless you
Never meaning to cause an issue
Thanking smiles for the tissue.

jet stream of nostril flare
covered face which blew

Now that's a sneeze in Haiku.

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*** aSk yOuRsELf ***

A mans face hidden
by black wool, he walks
past the gates, and enters
the school.

He's a loner, bitter at the world
regards all humans as evil fools.
He believes that children
will grow to destroy the earth.

He even questions his on birth.

In a rucksack, he carries
three knives, over his
shoulder a rifle designed
to alter life.

He walks slowly down
the halls, listening
for voices behind
the doors.

His Black woollen face
disguises his insanity.
The glass panel
steams up, as he
unleashes his reality.

Children, still babies
scream as he enters
the room.
Shut up, or I'll
kill all of you.

Panic, the teacher
stands in-front
of the tears.
Her own heart
bursting with fear.

But she stays, throwing
her arms over the toddlers
She screams, as he lunges
forward.

Bleeding, she pleads
for the children
to be set free.

They're only babies
if you want
to hurt people
hurt me, she screams

as another blow, a flash
of cold steel slices
her nose.

He laughs as he holds
a child in his grasp.

The sound of the fire alarm
rings through the school.

When faced with the fear
what would you do?

Would you throw
yourself in-front
of a bullet, that wasn't
meant for you?

Would you give
your life so another
could continue?

If you were faced
with the fear

what would you do?

When we continue to witness these senseless barbaric acts of evil, it makes us question how safe our children are. This is a true account of a loner that entered into a primary school in Britain, murdering 5 out of the 12 kids in the class that day, 4 children were horrifically scared for life. All under the age of six, their teacher a young lady who had dedicated her life to educating children died as a result of her wounds. The culprit, took his own life shortly after the attack. When we think how these people slip under the radar when it comes to mental health, it makes us question again. Our own safety. Why is it so easy for a person to walk freely into a school full of children. Where is the security? but this happened because there's not enough prevention being done to protect our children in schools today.

When will the goverments wake up
and have these security measures installed.

This should never happened again.

Jon London

*** Broken Hearted ***

Sitting by the waters edge
I now stare at a reflection
of a broken man.

A heart forever filled
with my love for you.

I cry lonesome tears
with a mind battered
and bruised by losing you.

The sounds of my grief
echoes through my heart
as I try so desperately
to step away from the past.

But the songs of nature
will always remind me
of the love I thought
would always last.

Closing my eyes
I cry inside, as my heart
silently dies.

Every day has become
so hard to bare, as I
search inside
for a reason to smile.

Only yesterday, it feels
that I lost you.
As this pain still feels
the same.

Crying into my broken reflection
I hear my heart call out your name.

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Jon London

*** Cocktail ***

Tasty is your tongue
of juicy spoken lust.
Softness is the gold
hugging your skin
with necklace's of birth
swimming white.
A gift of passion
filled nights, ending
with caressing and
more tender kissing.
Darkness of red
is the tissue
that wraps us both in fire.
Colours of burning desire, hungry
tigers hide under sheets
As playful kittens climb
the walls, passion beneath.
Pillows muffle cries of pleasure
as bodies dipped in wine
drink from each other..liquids
of life combine, intoxicated
by one another....Just another
cocktail - mixed by 2 lovers.

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*** Falling In Love ***

Do you remember that first special kiss, was the feeling one of heavenly bliss, that swept you off your feet, made your life some how feel complete. Did every worry simply fade away. Was there a warmth inside like the sun followed you every day. Did you find yourself smiling at just about everything and only wanting to hear your loves voice more than anything?

Then you fell in love, your heart was blessed by the heavens above. Not everyone feels this powerful feeling. The one that makes your life so appealing. Cupids arrow hit its mark, where it always missed you in the past. Isn't love a wonderful thing, it plays sweet music inside. Gets your soul dancing.

Love's a feeling you wish to keep it's a comfort that holds you while you're asleep. Every waking morning you arise with a smile, as you open the curtains and look to the skies. Everything seems so beautiful, a touch of loving class. You thank the lord for blessing you, and pray that the feeling will last. When closing your eyes you picture your love, and instantly you smile. Feeling the tingle inside your heart, this touch of heavens delights.

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Jon London

*** I will Never Say Goodbye ***

We may never meet again
so shed your skin, and wrap
your love around me.

I may never hear your voice again
so share your love and enjoy
the life you have left with me.

I may never get to feel
your touch again, so take
my hand and we'll go in search
for all things blessed with beauty.

When the time comes, and you
must leave, I will never say goodbye.
I will kiss your face and carry you
as you sleep under the bluest sky.

But I will never say goodbye.

If I ever tried to forget you
you would make me call your name
and I would bow my head in shame
for it would only be myself to blame.

I may try to move on, with my feet
weighted down by grief, but my
heart will always follow you as my
soul awaits your return to me.

So I will never say goodbye.

We may never meet again
so shed your skin, and wrap
your loving arms around me.
I may never hear your voice again
so share your love and share
the life you have left with me.

For I can never say goodbye.

Take my hand, and we'll go
in search of all things blessed
with beauty, but If your time
comes and you must leave
I will never say goodbye.

You can close your eyes
and I'll lay you under the glow
of life, and I will return here
when you come in search for me.

And we will walk again together
and share all that is blessed
with beauty with your love
wrapped around me.

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Jon London

*** IN tHe StAtiC oF mYsTiCaL MaGiC ***

I've swam
across rainbows
to reach
the other side.

I've sailed
over psychedelic
oceans in bubbles
found in fizzy
soda tides.

I've heard the crackles
of burning stars
I've been
that high.

I've sat in the static
of mystical magic
where vision
is born erratic.

I've skipped
along the supa-nova
watching out for cracks
so I didn't trip and fall over.

I've travelled
faster than
the speed of sound
too scared and dizzy
to look down.

With one hand, I
rode a shooting star.

Neon dragons
whizzing by like
space cars.

My journey always
too fast to last
my star would stall
and fall.

Burning up I'd reach life's
atmosphere, arriving
with a sonic boom.

I'd crash into
reality dazed
still tangled
between confusion

and normality.

A dark feeling
of realism surrounds me.

Back from my mystic
adventure, my journey
now over.

I sit in a field
with my hood
pulled over.

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Jon London

*** Little SOLDIER * Top 500 poems List**

Hi Mum,

I hope you are well, can't wait to get back home
But it looks like mum I'm going to
be here for some time, But hey, don't worry
I'm not on my own.
You don't get much time to sleep around here.
There's always something going on. I hope it'll
soon be over, then I can come back home.
The new kid Jones got hit today, but
there's still no news of him, not yet mum anyway.
It's not so bad around here
these friends, I've made for life.
There used to be eighteen of us
but now there's only nine.
I hope it'll soon be over mum
Then I can come back home but everyday
more faces arrive, looks like I'll be here for sometime.
We're all so tired mum, I could sleep standing up.
But we've got to keep our eyes open
We're too scared what'll happen if they ever shut.
Somethings about us now have changed.
We all know inside that our lives will never be the same.
Peter's, he cries everyday.
He prays for forgiveness
so that someone, somewhere will take the pain away.
But hey, thats why we're here right? ...but thats
just the thing mum I ask myself, day in
day out, when we hear the cries of men falling
left and right, in the darkness
In the light is why?
Why are we here?
Who is the enemy we're fighting?
Do we only dislike them because its an order?
My friends, my brothers dying protecting boarders.
I know why I signed up mum
because I wanted you to feel proud, but when
I think of what you must be hearing back home
Over me, sits this cloud.
How can we end this mum?
What has our world become?
I'm going to stay, and fight all the way....but my eyes
can only stare now mum

Numbed by the horrors of day.

But that's what a soldier's being about, to only
scream inside when no one else around, but don't
you worry mum we're all doing fine.
We just all live for the moment that we can leave here in time.
I found myself whistling that song you used to sing, the one about
how the lord created everything, but surely this world we fight for now

wasn't his doing?I don't mean to make you feel upset
But my name could soon be chiselled in a wall marked

- Never Forget.

I think I'm losing it mum, sometimes I get confused.
I stand in the middle of an open field not knowing
what to do...Yesterday I couldn't move.
Not until Harris shoved me and said, Wanna Die Do You! !
Our only luxury is sleep, but how can you close
your eyes to a pain that runs so deep?
When I've had to pick bits of my friends from off me.
But how will people ever understand, if they
haven't seen what we have seen?
40 miles to cover tomorrow, I bet we'll lose a few along the way.

Another day of silent sorrow.

God, I wish this was over so that I can see you mum
But, thats not going to be for a while.
Not until our time is done.
When the battles over and the War's won.
Just remember mum that I love you, you
brought me up to be the very best I could be.
A man with a good heart inside

But this heart now cries, so many mum have died.

And I know I have to be brave and push those feelings aside, but
I'm running out of space in the back of my mind.
We've seen things you wouldn't believe, and this nightmare
is forever with me. Sometimes, it gets so crazy out here
you forget to even breathe, madness further than the eye can see.
But us boys, we stick together.
We've got each-others back, it helps when the world suddenly turns
black under the smoke of enemy attacks, haha.
Anyway, If we get time I'll write again tomorrow, if the war
has seconds I can borrow.
I've got to go now your little soldiers tired

I'll again write soon.

Love you mum

your little soldier

Kyle xxx

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Jon London

*** Loving Embrace ***

My sweetness, my darling love.

Can you remember our precious
first embrace. That starlit night
when I held in both my hands
your beautiful angelic face.

I kissed you with all the love my
heart contained, for the first
time in my life this soul of mine
was free of its restraints.

I remember
the Sapphire nights breeze as we
both gazed and shared the moons
reflection over the tranquil sea.

You looked at me and smiled, as
I wrote I love you in the sand.
We walked along the shore listening
to the waves briefly returning home.

I gazed in awe, as the stars sparkled
in your eyes. Again linking fingers
our love for one another became entwined.

Feeling inside, that life seemed so caring
together we were shown what the heavens
were sharing. I smiled, engulfed with a share
of gods love. Knowing inside that you were
sent to me from the gardens above.

My flower, my precious scented petal
so full of loving colours. You were mine to
enjoy forever, each waking day filling my life
with the sweetness of the simple words
that you'd say.

Do you remember it my love?

Because I do, every single moment of the day.

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*** Missing You ***

As I whisper your name
the blend of colours
and tone bring your
your smile back home.

I sit in the breeze
as this blessed whisper
returns to me.

The feel of gentle
rain showers me
with your love, as
it falls like tears
from my face.

I breathe the loving
air that reminds me
of your heavenly scent
as I sit here in our
once favourite place.

The willow, still stands
with its emerald loving
hands, that we'd lie
beneath making love
which was always
so unplanned.

I run my lonely fingers
over the flattened blades
As I picture you there
in the willow shade.

I remember the way
you would smile
looking into my eyes
as we shared our
love for one another.

Raising my hand
I wipe away the tear
of these memories
as I now sit lonely
under our tree.

I look to the dream
filled skies, as a single
bird flies to-ward
the heavens as I cry.

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Jon London

*** rEaLiTy cHeCk ***

I came to see you.
You were there, but you weren't here.
I watched unknowing as your sanity disappeared
that soulless stare, your eyes wide and dying
you sat there mumbling, dribbling as your wife
my mother sat there crying...her husband my father
the one she loved and also despised now wiping
tears for her eys....I was too young to understand
to me it seemed you needed the rest, but day by day
there was pretty much nothing left....I remember you
screaming...shouting you were covered in snakes
and I ran from the room for safety's sake, my body
shaking like a tuning fork....frieghtened to the bone
I kept asking myself, what would it be like if you had
remained at home...I wanted there, but you weren't here
watching as you jammed a pencil into your ear...it was
too much Dad, I didn't know where to turn...you looked
at me with an evil stare, and said in hell I would burn.
It was later explained to me, that you broke down
and finally went crazy....That disease stole my father
from me.....but when I think back to the beatings you gave
I forgive you now....

Standing here by your grave.

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Jon London

*** SEA of LOVE ***

With a wash of vibrancy
you flood my heart with love.

My feeling adrift
on the harmony of you
as I gaze into the heavenly
skies thanking the lord for you.

As waves of my happiness
carry me to the shores
of your golden heart, I smile
knowing that this love
of ours is sure to last.

A warmth surrounds me
as the sun closes its eyes.
Through the night
of silver reflect, the moon
guides me to a new sunrise.

Inside my heart yearns
for your loving touch
as I see you, standing
on the sands.

I close my eyes for just
a moment.

Now together, we walk
holding hands.

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Jon London

*** The Future Of The Past ***

Your name
will always remain
For it is written in my heart
My soul given to the
king of angels, my future
paved by the past.
And now that I continue
with my walk through life
I shall always feel you
in this heart of mine.

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Jon London

*** UnADULterated FUN ***

Gentle is the breath
that blows on your zones.
Arousal is the pitch within
your feminine moans.
Red gloss is the shade
of those manicured nails
that scratch and claw as
you purr in my ear asking
for more, sweetness of
honey dancing on tongues
I look up and smile, knowing
you're having fun..fingers
through hair, pulling in close
as your body rides the rapids
of pleasure flowing foam.
Wild is your desire, to feel
me inside...as you arch
with orgasmic flavoured cries.
Teasing are my kisses
that caress your tingling skin
as you take me in your hand
guiding me in...a soft coating
of love wraps me in magic
as our inhibitions vanish...flesh
burning with fever drips lust
that oils the friction....slow loving
motions, reflective eyes shine.

As I kiss the lips of a love which is mine.

Passion filled hearts, feeling breaks free
swimming in pools of ecstasy.....as the clench
of your need engulfs me, I grab your hips
bringing you closer to me. Together we explode
as rivers of life combine...In my arms I hold you
as we move together as one....this love
between us lovers having unadulterated fun.

Just another night of more pleasures to come.

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Jon London

*** UnDeRwOrLd ***

Against the wall no where to go
You try to climb, nothing to hold.
Blood-shot eyed and tired, the
past blocks you in unforgiving.
Protected shadows want answers
On a fine line, you find yourself dancing.
Careful, not to slip and fall
whilst questions await for answers called.
Heavy hands dropp you onto praying knees
deafness fails your pleas, no mercy.
Reality taps you on the back, the odds
against you well stacked.
Nowhere to turn, you face the lessons
to be learnt.The sword you were willing
to live and die by, now comes as no surprise.
A troubled life flashes by, unmuzzled hounds
drip saliva from their raging jaws, as the
shadows distasteful revenge crawls
bleeding on all fours.Your past respect
is now nothing more than a river of crimson
staining the floor.The inevitable end to a life
of underworld crime.

The message simple.

Your luck
just ran out of time.

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Jon London

*** UNEXPECTED DAY DREAM ***

Did you see the clouds today?
There was one
that resembled a hand.
Grey in the clearest of day
it released the tears of angels
that it was holding, sharing life
through out the land.

I sat and watched, as birds
flew high beyond the grey.
In a single moment they
returned again bringing
sunshine of loving days.

As clouds of the purest white
gathered slowly in the blue.
The hand that blessed the land
touched the sun for beginnings new.
The sounds of tuneful birds
singing love above the leafs.
Sitting back I closed my eyes
thinking, Isn't nature just a beautiful site
full of love and unexpected dreams.

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Jon London

* ~ **WAR TORN** ~ *

If it came down to it.
Would you turn
and run or face it?
Would you stand
your ground
or hide?

Or would you
charge over the hill
not knowing
what you'd meet
on the other side.
When all you
hear are
gun shots
and the sound of your
friends fading
cries?

Or would you
look towards the smoke
filled sky
and say a prayer
Thinking you
were about to die?

Do you
really believe
that you'd have time
to think?

When the truth is
you don't
have time to blink.

Would you dream
of your
life back home
When nothing seems
to matter when
you're numb to
the bone?

Could you pull
the trigger
on a child because
their tiny
bodies are strapped
with dynamite?

And if you

did, do you think
you'd ever
sleep again at night?

Could you pick up
the limbs
of War-torn victims
Because you're taught
to never leave
a man behind?

Would you have
the mental strength
to battle on
Knowing so many
have already died?

Could you
return home
and feel like a hero
when your response
to medals
is less than
zero?

Would you
or could you remember
every fallen brother
and keep
the torment inside
your mind?

Because all this
is expected when
you're a soldier.

To hold no emotion
inside.

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Jon London

*** ~ A Touch Of Crimson ~ ***

This flower my love
I picked for you.
It was lonely
all red and vibrant
among-st the blue.

It's petals
reminded me
of silk sheets.
The ones we
always lovingly
play underneath.

It's aroma
has the sweetness
we feel when we're
letting our
inhibitions go.

When we're
free as the
breeze that tenderly
kisses the petals
of this touch
of crimson love.

I wanted to share
with you
the beauty
that you fill my heart with.

By showing you
this natural colour
of lasting love.

I wanted to show you
how delicate
love can be, unless
it's special.

You see, this flower
that I picked for you.
Will never die.

As long as we're
together
with our love
this flower
will always survive.

Little buds
will form on its stem

and colours more beautiful
will bloom
under the sun
in which we'll
always dance together.

But if at any time
this touch of crimson love
should ever fade.

It will be you and I
that will add the colour
back to it's petals
with affection.

The way love is made.

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Jon London

*** ~ A Touch Of Heaven ~ ***

Rainbows
in the skies
are they
Angels graffiti?

Or the gateway
to God's garden
where his
angels joyfully play?

Are the rains
that fall
the tears of angels
that enrich our earth
with love, that bring
life once more?

Do the birds that sing
in the sunlit mornings
whistle the unheard
harmony that life brings?

Was the smile
on your face today
painted by the colours
of faith, that brings
happiness the moment
we wake?

Because if it so,
look how much
for granted this
world of ours
does take.

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Jon London

*** ~ A Vision Of You ~ ***

If I'm dreaming
please don't ever
wake me.

If I'm awake
I don't ever want
to sleep.

You're loving smile
those beautiful eyes.

This vision
let me keep.

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Jon London

*** ~ Blossom Of Love ~ ***

Into your heart
I wander with my head
raised high, I see
the loving colours
that over look
your soul with a warming
sun-rise.

I pause, as the sweetness
of you engulfs me, with
the aroma of your inner beauty.

Listening, I hear the gentle
flutters of butterflies
that whisper your hearts
words to me.
I smile
as I sit and absorb
this tone of purity.

I can't help but let flow
the tears of my joy.
Behind them stands a man
and no longer a frightened boy.

I walk the flower laced path
of your gorgeous smile.
To my surprise, a garden
so full of loving life.

As I stop to take in
the love that surrounds me.
Blossom of the purest white
falls down around me.

With my arms stretched out
I close my eyes, as this rain
of loving silk gently falls
covering me with a feeling so pure.

I'm In Love, I now realise.

Jon London

*** ~ Butterfly Kiss ~ ***

Butterfly kiss
gentle loving friction.
Figure eight licks
quickening of breathing.
Shivering hips, pelvic
rotation, hands guiding
hands, seeking location.

Foaming tides, waves
of pleasure, body
and mind set sail
together.
Tension of muscles, freshly
squeezed juice, lips
on lips whisper
I love you, sliding
motion, caring and
slow, legs over
shoulders, deeper
love goes, scratches
on backs, minds running
wild, kisses on necks,
passion filled eyes.
Lust rolls over, pulling
of hair, rivers of pleasure
flowing with share, tension
of muscles, freshly squeezed
juice, wide open mouths scream
out I love you.

Jon London

*** ~ Colours Of Love ~ ***

Oh what a feeling.

No walls, no ceiling.
Free.

Running through colours
I danced in the warmth
smiling through blues.

Watching the golds
blend with red, my eyes
dazzled by surroundings
new.

My ears alive, with
the songs of nature.
Calling out, through
the colours of summer.

Butterflies with
rainbow dipped wings
Resting on petals
as songbirds sing.

Fields of emerald
aromas of beauty
I bathe in the colours
created for me.

Slow walking by silver
reflection is mine.
As ripples of nature
gently go by.

Sounds of children
happy at play.
Whispers of summer
through the colours
of day.

White cotton bud clouds
sleep in the breeze.
As I walk barefoot
through the fields
of dreams.

Colours of plenty
kissing my eyes.
So much beauty
that I never realised.

Vibrant feeling

smiles of heart.
A wonderful way
to begin the day
walking through colours
that are sure to pass.

Hand in hand
I walk with the sun
colours of love
shared with
everyone.

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Jon London

*** ~ Give A Little Love ~ * Top 500 Poems List**

Don't turn
and walk away.
Or
Turn a blind eye
and have nothing
to say.
Show a little
kindness.
Give a little
sympathy.
Show a bit
of decency.
And give a little
love.

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Jon London

*** ~ Loving You ~ ***

My love, I love you
like a rose loves
the rain.

My love, I love you
like the stars loving
nightfalls ways.

My love, I love you
like the sparkles
of a silver moon
that shimmers across
flowing oceans.

My love, I love you
like the golden kiss
of the ever glowing
sun, that warms
my heart with you.

My love, I love you
without words that
sweet birds tenderly
sing.

My love, I love you.

To my heart, you
are my everything.

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Jon London

*** ~ My Love ~ ***

Can you hear it?

It's talking to you.

Move a little closer
if you need to.

Can you hear it now?

It's calling you.

It wants to share
something with you.

Can you hear it?

Place your head
on my chest if you
want to.

Can you feel it now?

That soft beat, that
plays music to you.

Can you hear it now?

There's something
it wants to say
to you.

Do you feel it now?

That's the love
it wants to share
with you.

Are you hearing it now?

That's my heart
beating with
love for you.

Are you feeling it now?

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*** ~ OuT oF bReAtH ~ ***

That's it off you go.

Slamming doors
throwing things on the floor.

That's it off you shout.

Yelling and screaming
throwing names about.

That's it, hold up your fist.

Threatening me again
that you'll use it.

That's it grab my throat
and squeeze it, don't
you know I'm used to it.

That's it punch my face
so I can tell people
I fell over.

That's it kick me
with your heavy boots.

Then deny it you coward
like always do.

That's it, take that knife
go on hold it to my chin.

Cut me, like my life's
worth nothing.

That's it cry, fill me
up with more lies.

That's it tell me how
sorry you are, try touching
my hand that covers
yet another scar.

That's it, say you'll
get help, that'll control
your anger and become
a better person than you are.

That's it tell me you
love me, tell me that you'll
never do it again.

That's it try to kiss me
thinking it'll stop
my pain.

That's it ask forgiveness
go on beg, some things never change.

That's it grab your things
tell me I'll never find another.

That's right
no one else will have me.
It's only you that makes
me happy.

That's it run
from the sirens, you'll soon
run out of breath.

That's it realise.

You now have
nothing left.

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Jon London

*** ~ P.O.W ~ ***

I share
my silence
with violence.

This tomb
has imprisoned
my soul.

I'm locked away
with silence and pain
a mind so out of control.

I've lost
the days
of fondness.

My hours
now spent
in the dark.

I sit
and I cry
silently.

Trying so hard
to forget the past.

But inside
my mind
cries a child.

Who's life was
imprisoned
by war.

And all I need
to set
him free.

Is my soul
that's curled
up on the floor.

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*** ~ pRoVeRbLy WrOnG ~ ***

The eyes
are the window to the soul.

But, what the eyes don't see
the heart doesn't grieve over.

Facts are stubborn things
fact is stranger than fiction.

But what you don't know
can't hurt you.

Because good news
is no news.

And seeing is believing.

Honesty is the best policy
A guilty conscience
needs no accuser.

But, you can't judge
a book by its cover.

Prevention is a better cure.

It's better to be safe
than sorry.

All good things come
to those who wait.

The end justifies the means.

Knowledge is power
a little knowledge
is a dangerous thing.

But while there's life
there's hope.

Without
hope the heart would break.

But hey,
Nothing ventured
nothing gained.

What must be must be.

Nothing is certain
but the unforeseen.

Every picture tells a story
One picture is worth
a thousand words.

But you don't get something
for nothing, and you don't
get nothing for free.

Talk is cheap
Thought is free.

But speak of the devil
and he's bound to appear.

The devil finds work
for idle hands.

The devil takes care of his own.

But they who dance
must pay the fiddler.

Why should the devil have all the best tunes?

Do right and fear no man.

The exception proves the rule.

Circumstances alter cases,
coming events
cast their shadows before.

Every land
has its own law.

Old sins cast long shadows.

The road to hell
is paved with good intentions.

But if you're not part of the solution.

You're part of the problem.

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*** ~ ReAch ~ ***

Reach into
the unknown.

Grab your happiness
and bring it home.

Sit it inside your heart
and let it
talk to your soul.

Speak of your worries
and why in the past
you felt so alone.

Explain the redness
under your eyes.

Let your happiness
know of all the tears
in the past you've cried.

Ask questions
you were before
too scared to ask.

That you want
to feel secure, a caring
smile, that's sure
to last.

But be honest, don't
hide your heart.

There's future ahead
leave your tears
in the past.

Speak of the torment
your soul has lived.

How you never
lost your kindness.

It was only mistaken
for weakness, after
all you only chose
to forgive.

Smile, share your
beauty.

Reach into the unknown.

Grab your happiness
and bring it home.

Share it, with another
heart.

Or keep it within
knowing you're
a better person
when on your own.

Whatever you choose
the decisions yours.

But just make
sure, you restore
your happiness.

And don't live
with your silence
anymore.

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Jon London

*** ~ ReFLeCtiOn ~ ***

Many words have been placed here
emotional plea's written in tears.

Many thoughts have been left here
of how these words
have spoken of fears.

Many laughs have been shared here
stories of fun times through out
the years.

Many reflections have been shown here
worlds painted by love, and things
we each hold so dear.

Many tears have been wiped here
when words of loss or love
like memories we thought
had disappeared.

Many thanks have been given here
by those who's hearts
have been touched by what you
and many others have written so clear.

Many souls have been saved here
by writing the feelings
that held them prisoner, chained
down by controlling fear.

These words that I've just placed here
are something I will come to reflect on
later on in the years.

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* ~ **tHe BoOk** ~ *

I've taken pills.

Cut my wrists and
watched my blood spill.

I've climbed a tree
took my rope with me.

I've stood on the bridge
with my freedom beneath me.

I've walked the rail track
with my future ahead.

Wanting so desperately
to wake up dead.

I've sat in a bath
with a toaster in my hand.

I've got a long list
of the failed attempts
I've had.

I've walked
through city streets
Looking for a bus
to throw myself underneath.

I've gone to bed
with a plastic bag
over my head.

Wanting so desperately
to wake up dead.

I've climb the stairs
of many tall buildings.

My future, a path of bloodied grey.

Ending was the remedy to my pain.

I've sat with my head in the oven
hoping to fall asleep.

I've stood with cord
around my neck, hoping
the chair will slip
from underneath.

I've swallowed hazardous
liquid, and woken in a room
of bright white.

I've pulled at the tubes
and cables, never wanting
to survive.

I picked up a book.
one that gives purpose
to life.

Now I look to God.

Whenever I'm faced
with this fight.

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*** ~ The GrEy old DaYs ~ ***

As I slowly come to terms
with becoming old.

I'm grateful to the lord
for not making be bald.

With each new morning
that I stand in the mirror.

I find a new wrinkle
but my hair's no thinner.

As I think to the future
with each passing day.

The stress, and worries
are turning me grey.

The bumps and scrapes
that I've taken through life.

Are now my aches as soon
as I wake.

But inside my heart
I'm eighteen years old.

So thank you lord
for not making me bald.

Because tomorrow
my hair goes back to black.

Thanks to the dye the chemist sold.

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*** ~ TRANQUILLITY ~ ***

Into space, we chose to climb.

We journeyed through
incandescent stars, to touch
the other side.

We look down
at confusion and chaos, and
see what could be lost.

On given past knowledge
that we relied, tears of
angels now rain from the skies.

Together we travel
weightless and free
brothers and sisters, you and me.

The species we left, of love
bereft.
Bled dry by materialistic greed.

The chosen few
who's over view, saw the need
to plant loves natural seed.

Spontaneous combustions
black hole eruption
create a new found world.

We gaze in awe at new perception
at the immaculate conception
new beginnings are unfurled.

A new earth, an unknown colour
painted by the pallets
of purity.

As if by one, we agree.

This pure untouched world
of tranquillity.

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* ~ tWeLvE ~ *

Janus opens the door
to religious festivals
that lead to war.
Only for young
flowers to open
their hearts
asking for
Maia who brings fresh
ground for growth
to start.
Pleased is Juno
knowing what follows
are gracious smiles
Of Julius and Augustus.
Together
they count time
in glory, for the cold
shall follow both
Septem.
and
Octem.
An autumn
darkness into novem.
Whilst chilled
stars lead
a path to decem.
Showing the way
for Janus
Who will open the door
once again.

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* ~ **UgLy** ~ *

You call me ugly.

You say, I'm
the worst mistake
you ever made.

You never show me off.

I'm always hidden away.

Are you really
that ashamed?

I've lived with you
for how long now?

Yet the very sight
of me, disgusts you.

Well, let me
just say this.

It was you
who chose me.

You could have chosen
any other, but it
was me.

I didn't ask to be.

So before you
have a go at me.

There's something
you need to understand
and see.

Now try to remember
how we were
brought together.

Then ask yourself
who's really to blame.

You chose me, I
never picked you.

So really
the shames on you.

Not me, your

ugly
tattoo.

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*** ~ We Can But Dream ~ ***

Where are we heading?

Is there a better place to be?

Are we just here learning
to qualify for the new world
designed for you and me?

Does it rain there?

Or will life grow naturally?

Will we need sunshine?

Or wont we need light
to live and walk so freely?

Will peace and harmony
be the air in which we breathe
that will cancel out
the desire of need?

Will the prayer of hope
no longer be needed?

Was it our faith that built the dream
that we'll no longer have
to see and feel, what we know to be real?

Will the new world
be one of peace and harmony?

Or yet another circle of silence
until we get it right
due to the powers of greed?

We can't give up hope
if we want to live in peace.

But where we are heading
for now, we can only dream.

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*** ~ Wow What A Day ~ ***

Hi there, I hope
you've had a great day.
One that was filled
with smiles and loving
sun-rays.

Let me ask you.

Did the birds
this morning sing
to you, from tree's
of ever green?

Was the sky above you
the most beautiful
colour you
have ever seen?

Did you feel the warmth
of a summer breeze
as it gave your heart
a loving squeeze?

Was the air today
blessed with fond
memories, that when
you closed your
eyes, you couldn't
help but smile?

No?

Then you should
have stepped outside.

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*** ~ WRITTEN In The STARS ~ ***

Teasing whispers.

Smiles of our love.

Tickles of pleasure
In lust, we indulge.

Softness of music.

2 hearts at play.

Under the moonlight
you call out my name.

Sparkling stars
skies lit with love.

Spell out
our names
in diamonds
above.

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*** A Brighter Day ***

Today I woke up
smiling
As the sun
Kissed me on the cheek.
It apologized
for the rainy days
that followed me
through the weeks.
It gave me a sky
filled with birds, ones
that joyfully sing.
And told me
to always look up
When I'm
in need of comforting.
I listened
with my heart
and felt it in my soul.
As everything around me
suddenly turned to gold.
I closed my eyes
feeling its warmth
As the sun kissed me
once more.
Tonight
I sleep behind the moon.
But, for now
I'm here for you.
Somedays, the rains
will return.
And the skies
will fill with grey.
But, just remember
to always look up
And I'll do my best
to brighten your day.

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*** A Hearts Wish ***

Close your eyes.
Make a wish, for all
you desire.
Is it someone's heart
you admire?
The comfort of anothers soul?
Peace of mind, that'll
lift your spirit higher?
Whatever it be, close
your eyes.
Wish,
with all your heart.
You may receive the boost
you need, for
your happiness
to start.

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*** CHERISH ***

Into the winds
to fly, singing
sweetness
nature's reply.
Like rains
of the distant fall, never fade
you're reborn.
In the sun
a glow of warmth
fills the being.
Radiance
lights the world
to what we believe in.
Softness, is
the tone in which we
relish.
Like children
smile, hearts
we cherish.

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*** eViL WeEpS ***

Echoes howl
Whispers scream
The voice of the sandman
haunts my dreams.
As I walk through
my concrete tomb.
I shall fear no evil
there's no reprieve.

Holy tears, splash my face
my heart
Sprinting at a cheetahs pace
Chains of leather
hold me to blame.
Like a shackled animal
trapped in a cage.

A man. with a book in his hand
speaks of god
and the promised land.
He says
my father loves me
forgiveness i shall have
When i meet my maker
at the promised land.

A feeling of burning.
Rats, gnawing
at my veins.
As the hand of justice
infects me with pain.
But, as they
lay me down to sleep
a tear of fear
evil weeps.

Now here lies
a tortured soul
with a mind full of hate.
As a man
with a book in his hand
prepares me
for my fate.
But hatred still
haunts me deep within.

I don't need
the good book.
I really don't
want forgiving.
But, as they lay
me down to sleep

a tear of fear
evil weeps.

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*** fOrGoTtEn cHiLd - prt 2 * ~ I Pay The Toll**

My approach has no gain.
With this soul, so crippled with pain.
Tender voiced words
have no meaning, her screams
drown out the sound.
Yet nothing leaves her mouth.
Into the shadow of the corner
she curls, sleepless
are the darkened eyes
of this beautiful girl.
Her God given flesh
sliced and burnt.
Inside her battered mind
the scars, far worse.
I stand weakening
with tears in my eyes.
How on earth
could this happen
to such a beautiful child?
Stitches and staples
hold her together.
Her pain, trapped
inside her forever.
Visitors sit in silence
as she fights with demons
that plague her with violence.
She picks and scratches
at her skin, her hands
stained from the constant bleeding.
Inside my heart, a well fills
with tears.
My fear, that her life
will no longer be here.
I want to hold her, but I know
that I can't.
She's far too fragile, almost broken
with what
happened in the past.
If I could take away her pain
just to see her smile, it would
be a feeling she hadn't felt
in such a long time.

But I feel that her happeness
has long since past
As I catch a glipse of her
torn up arms.
Staring at the floor, rocking
back and forth.
Her face a picture of pain.
I want to reach out
and tell her she's safe.

That everything will be okay.
But her scars go too deep
for this torture
to ever go away.
A lump, the size of a bolder
rests in my throat.
As I find this vision so hard
to swallow.
My heart crying
for this beautiful child
that has no strength to battle on inside.
Sliced deep into both her arms
by objects of self harm, are words
that tear into your soul.....iN rApE mY LiFe yOu sToLe

iN sAdNess i pAy tHe ToLL

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Jon London

*** FoRgOtTeN cHiLd ***

These tears
that I cry.
Stands the reflection
of a forgotten child.
Those unheard
calls for help, have
made her so fragile
inside herself.
Those memories
that plague her mind.
Have push her happiness
aside.
Those deep scars
on her legs
and arms, her relief
To self harm.
Her smile, the one
that used to shine.
Now dull, as she
slowly dies inside.
Her heart
the one which was left
torn apart, those
painful visions
of the past.
Stained, are the blades
as she silently
battles infection.
These tears in my eyes
for this child, with
no love or protection.

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Jon London

*** GOLD ***

As we
danced under the
passion
coloured stars,
the blush
of the heart carved moon kissed
your face
with loving light. We held
each other
and spun through the
lust of night.
My soul
held hands
with yours
as we
walked into
the warmth
of the
rising sun
where a song
of fresh love
had just begun.
We looked
with our
playful eyes
and smiled, as we kissed
in the flaxen sunrise.

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Jon London

*** Natural Love ***

When you smile
you make
the sun shine.
You send
the grey clouds
away
keeping the
rains at bay.
Tiny birds
sing a sweet song
for just
a glance at you.
The ground
that you bless
with your feet.
Softens
to caress you.
When you sleep
the moon
dims its light
and the stars
fall to kiss you
Goodnight.
You see
it's not only
me that loves you.
but
the world
and everything
inside and out
does too.

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Jon London

*** New Horizon ***

Pick a colour
the choice is yours.
Now, blend it
together with
a loving thought.
Is it a shade
of happiness?
One that glows
like the sun?
Then paint
away your darkness
and dance
in your new
found horizon.

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*** P.E.A.C.E ***

P.acification of all nations is needed for us to succeed.

E.vidently change will be indisputable our happiness visible.

A.greement must first be made for it to remain.

C.almness, unwarlike silence floods the once firey globe.

E.ventually evolution's developed peace on earth is born, the place we can now call home.

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*** s.E.x.U.a.L ~ D.e.S.i.R.e ***

Seductively you enchant me with your smile.

Entising me to caress your goddess body.

X marks the spot where your beauty strikes me.

Unblemished, you're flawless delightfully delicious.

Admiring you, my eyes fill with the need for you.

Lusting, craving to touch you.

Desperation overwhelms me as we lean in to kiss.

Explicit thoughts race through me as we touch.

Sexually, I'm aroused as your provocative hands wander.

Intensifying the fire, as your soft touch fuels the flame.

Ravenously we tear at each other, hungry to taste.

Ecstasy transports us into a pool of frenzied rhapsodic heavens.

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Jon London

*** The Window To Your Mind ***

Challenge
your genius minds.
Open the emptiness
of transparency
with a negative
mental slide.
Out the brightness
turn yourselves blind.
See what
developes from behind.
The redness
of truth blushes.
A static image
of belief emerses.
Black and white
colours not the focus.
Tear that vision, rip
it in two.
Now see the picture
it leaves you.
Close off
your mind, turn
on the lights.
Your heart now
feels what is right.
Pack up your box
of hopes, carry
it with you always.
The answer has just been
given, but remember
the devil's always at play.

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Jon London

*** With Love Combined We Fly ***

Your skin I touch.
We kiss, you blush.
Our hearts beat fast
we yearn so much.
Inside we fly
our souls combined
Without the lust
our passion would die.
I look at you
You smile at me
As we share
what you mean to me.
You take my hand
together we fly
Making
love
so tenderly.

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Jon London

**** FEEL ****

Another morning
and I still haven't slept.
It's been the same
story now, for days.
I think i took somethings
that I shouldn't have.
I can't stop my body
breaking into a sweat.

But why do I feel this way?
Why do I feel all this pain?

I've bit my finger nails
down to the skin
My mind turning inside out
with all the itching.

But why do I feel this way?
Why do I feel all this pain?

My parents, no longer
want to see me.
They said,
I can't come home
until i get myself clean.

But why do they treat me
this way?
Why do they feel so ashamed?

I guess, it because i would
steal from them
and sell all the things
they worked so hard to get.
But, these tracks on my arms
they lead to hungry mouths
and they wont stop screaming
unless i feed them.

But why must they scream this way?
Why do I feel all this pain?

The doc says I've got some kind
of virus
and it's one of these ones
that has no medical cure.
Is this the end for me?
I'm not sure..

Mum, I'm sorry
Dad, I didn't mean to hurt you
I know your son

went against the things you said.
But your boy
was so easily lead.
Please forgive me
for all that I've done
Please don't forget me
I'm your only son.

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Jon London

**** ~ BaLaNcE ~ ****

Balance
your knowledge
on the rim
of reason, question
your own
reflection, what
is it you believe in?

Catch the silver beam.

Are you awake?

Is it a dream?

Touch
what was once
unreachable.

Grasp it, taste it
if needs be.

Proof
is in the eating
so we're lead
to believe.

Count the fading
sparkles, that send
you back to sleep.

You're wise
beyond your years.

Your knowledge
is one to share.

Not to keep.

Wake up
from your spell.

Is it Heaven?

Is it Hell?

Our training
is still in limbo.

The sparkles
have no place to go.

Open up

those mental doors.

Release your
wisdom before
the brain explodes.

Sanity is being
driven by madness.

Left are the youth
so full of sadness.

A reflection
of the failed global
gathering.

An image to what
is truly
happening.

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**** Lustrous Delights ****

A lustrous shine,
the well lit torch
of your
radiant smile.
The lantern
of your heart,
aglow with light
bleached with love
a beacon of delights.
My feelings
are unending, unlimited
my love
boundless and excited.
In the fields of elysium
my heart melts away
by your heavenly touch.
I fade into utopia
feeling glorious
divine resplendent
our souls
dance in splendour
in effulgence
as we taste
the flaxen fruits
of eternal youth.
My heart
a wash
with the light of love
I see and breathe your truth.

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Jon London

*****Every Passing Second*****

When Numb
with screams,
Future fears predict
nothing of worth
as it would seem.
Through war torn eyes
the only senses
left alive
Fall the tears
of your soul that
still fights inside.
Youthfull memories
of how life used to be
Now become
you're only company.
The world you
fought to protect
with honour
and a stance of pride.
Now carries on without you
even though
you've only been set aside.
The words of others
echoe your fears into
already scream filled ears.
Unable to respond
with your own voice
but not by choice.
Frustration boils with
the sounds of medical toys.
Memories of what
it's like to be a man
yet reduced to being again
that little boy with no
ability to smile.
Pain like nothing before
spills your broken heart
upon the floor.
The visual scars
are far worse and painful
Than the patch made quilt
that medical hands
stitched as part of me.
To walk the talk
I first had to crawl
to speak.
Basic things once perfected
now tought to a man
with a childs mind inside.
Through painful times
educated me to respect
Every passing second

that ticks by continuously
into life.

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Jon London

*****In The Colours Of Rainbow Showers*****

As you
sat smelling
the bloom of spring
flowers, under
the colours of rainbow
showers.
You smiled
as tender
rain fell
It coating your hair
with crystal bells.
You stood, twirled
and span in the rain
Dancing to the music
spring had to play.
You ran
and you jumped
with your arms
in the air, catching
more crystals
in your beautiful hair.
The sun
softly kissing
your face
as you danced.
I sat and listened
to you playfully laugh.
The sun so bright
the showers
soon past
And down you sat
in the bloom
of spring flowers.

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Jon London

****CaUgHt In tHe StOrM****

Through the calm
of your
deceiving eyes
I sat
in the storm
of your blustery
talk, whilst your
lectures
were swirling
around me
I waited for your
tornado
of abuse
to change course.
But the storm
was building.
It became too
strong.
Trying to throw
me over, but
I held on.
Rotating, a funnel
of ferocity
violently trying
to pierce my heart.
Crying inside
I hoped the storm
would pass, wondering
how long my barricades
would last.
Whether they
were strong enough
to protect me, or
would the walls fall
in on top of me.
With the
sound of smashing
glass.
My heart shattered
sending
shards of mistaken
love right through me.
The fierce
storm picked me
up like a ball
and tossed me.
As I look up
a cloud filled
with darkness
rains down, stealing
the light from my eyes
Drenching

my body in pain.
I try to get up
but the storm is too
strong, and knocks
me down again.
In the dark
and motionless
My life flashes
like lightning and burns
my skin.
A voice like thunder
tells me to get up
But I can't, I'm blind
and hurting.
I reach into the dark
for something
to hold, slowly
the light returns
I shiver in the cold.
My body
beaten and aching
I look around
at the devastation
And try
to come to terms
With the love
my shattered heart
had mistaken.

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Jon London

****Laying Broken Hearts To Rest****

Free, you now
walk endlessly
into the
never fading light.
With the winds
of purity
beneath your given
wings, you now
fly for eternity
not just through
life.
Your gentleness
comforts
the broken hearts
you left behind.
As tears of love
and sacrifice fall
as you cry.
Reaching out
you take
once felt pain
Holding it
close to your
motherly breast.
Laying our
sorrow
And broken hearts
to rest.

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Jon London

~ Seasons New ~

Light fading, thickening grey.
Flightless birds, songless days.
Shivering smiles, blue in gales.
Naked branches, trapezed
bushy tails.
Rustic wood, carpet blows.
Mountains white, distant snow.
Silver moons, lakes of glass.
Winter months, soon to pass.
Budding trees, reclaim the green
Warming sunsets, golden seas.
Painted fields, flowers bloom.
Sounds of starlings, seasons new.

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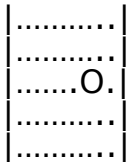
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~ Little Steve ~

Little

Steve climbed a tree
 to reach an apple so juicy
 he stretched out a hand, but it was
 still too high, he couldn't get down
 Poor little Steve had climbed too high
 afraid of falling, he called out for help
 But nobody came, So in the tree little Steve
 stayed. The winds started blowing, the rains
 did fall. Steve began crying calling for help
 once more, the branches were swaying, the
 apple now his for the taking, but he couldn't
 let go, too scared of falling, through the
 green you could hear him calling, but
 he was too high to see.
 all you
 could
 hear
 was
 I'm
 stuck
 in the tree
 fetch me a
 ladder somebody
 please.

~~~~~



Jon London

## CoMa

Strangling verses  
wrap their devilishly  
hands around  
the breathing tube.

The ability  
to swallow truth  
cut off.

No longer  
available to you.

Fighting back.  
Your belief  
falls into a coma.  
Your inner being  
closed off  
in-order to heal.

Your strength  
awaits love  
and words that  
appeal.

Comfortably numb  
your mind  
now has room  
to run.

Open space  
and  
silence  
gives time to think.

Eyes fixated  
to absorb what  
is true.

Ears opened  
waiting for verses  
that will  
encourage you.

Strangling  
hands once  
wrapped around  
the breathing tube  
loosen their  
devilish hold  
as you swallow truth  
that was once  
unavailable to you.

The fight  
of heart, soul  
and mind.

Has new strength  
to pull  
you through.

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## Comfort Zone

When you hit rock bottom  
you live in the still  
of the dark.  
Your happiness  
leaves you, as you  
return to the heart  
aching past.  
Those tears, all of them.  
The endless cries  
for help.  
The memories  
that kept you from  
sleeping.  
The days when you  
hate yourself.

You sit there  
no expression, silent.  
As your world  
slowly fades to black.  
Fuzzy whispers  
gradually get louder.

The darkness is here.

Pain taps you  
on the shoulder.

Your mind a roller-coaster  
of emotion, heads  
one way.

In down-ward motion.

Each day, the pain  
worse than the last.

You stare at your  
shattered reflection  
in a mind of broken glass.  
Your mood explosive.

Yet calm.

Sitting there ticking  
like some rusty clock.  
You want to move  
but you can't.

All you can do is cry  
as your once  
bright soul, slowly

dies.

Food, no longer  
your fuel for life.

The sight of it  
makes you feel sick  
inside.

With each painful  
day that slowly  
crawls away, a flicker  
of light comes and goes  
A sign of hope.

But it fades to grey.

Inside my heart  
it still cries, the memories  
still eating  
my brain alive.

My body paralysed.

I pray, with the only  
love my heart contains.

Help me please, lord  
I'm on my knee's.  
I need your hand  
to cure this disease.

Help me, it's killing me.

I want to escape  
but I've no where  
to go, please lord  
give me back the light.

So I can survive.

Horror runs down  
the walls, soul deep  
in tears, I struggle  
to my feet.

Facing my fears.

Choking whispers  
plague my ears.  
Give up stupid  
the end is near.

What are you crying for

look at you, you're  
pitiful and weak.

You're finished  
can't you see?

I scream, just  
to block out the sound.  
I'm not ready  
to be placed in the ground.

Lord please help me.

Reach down, and pull  
these demons  
away, flood my mind  
with light.

Give me back my site.

This pain is turning me blind.

Help me lord, I'm all alone  
shower me with light  
help me win this fight.  
So my soul, can again  
feel at home.

Where it belongs.

Inside this body.

This comfort zone.

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Jon London

## Daddy Don't Cry

What's wrong with you  
daddy?  
Does your head hurt?  
Who are all those  
tablets for?

why are you crying?  
what's the matter?  
It's OK.  
When I hear a sad song  
I cry sometimes daddy  
is that wrong?  
Daddy put the bottle down  
you're scaring me.  
Don't cry daddy  
It's OK.

You know that  
Mummy's in heaven?  
has the lord made  
her angel wings?  
Do you think mummy  
has learned to fly?  
Daddy don't cry.  
I'll take care of you  
I love you.  
Daddy please  
you're scaring me.  
Daddy don't cry.  
I drew you a picture  
do you like it?  
Look, there's me  
that's you on the settee  
and the bird in the sky is mummy.  
What's the matter?  
Don't you like it?  
Daddy don't cry,  
Can I sit  
and cuddle with you?  
Daddy put the bottle down,  
you're scaring me,  
Please daddy put it down  
and hold me.  
Daddy you know  
When we die, will mummy  
find us?  
Does she still love us?  
daddy don't cry  
Daddy put the bottle down  
It's OK  
I love you.  
It's alright

I miss  
mummy too.  
Daddy.... wake up! !  
daddy please....Daddy! !  
.....  
.....DADDY!!!!!!!!!!

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Jon London

## **DeAtH bEd**

Dragged through time  
by my teeth.

Unable to scream.

No ability to speak.

Lost in a world  
of evil hands, they  
point out the sorrow  
in the forbidden land.

I stare with screams  
in my eyes, the fire  
boils the tears  
that I should have cried.

Fuzzy shadows whisper  
hate in my ears, they  
tell me what it's  
like to fear.

Rods of hot steel  
pushed through my heart  
tearing my soul apart.

Look at what we  
can show you, see  
the power  
that surrounds you.

Open your mind  
and escape your fight  
for you belong  
to us now.

Tonight was your  
very last night.

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Jon London

## dEviLs DuSt

In the distance  
I watched  
as the world  
shook with anger.  
My knee's buckled  
underneath me.  
Blistering  
were the sands  
burning my hands  
As I picked  
myself up  
fighting to breathe.  
My eyes rattling  
like a  
snakes tail  
as I saw the land  
burn around me.  
Screams of my brothers  
dying for another  
mans dream.  
Fused were my feet  
my mouth numb  
I couldn't  
speak.  
Tears cut through  
my face leaving  
my expression shapeless  
My heart pounding  
as I felt helpless.  
Ripples of war  
thundered  
as the heat  
of hells fire raced  
towards us, where  
could we turn?  
The smell of bravery  
painfully burned.  
Our screams drowned  
by wars deathly sound  
Scattered us like  
litter blown  
over the ground.  
Life, a flash  
and nothing more.  
As I scraped  
myself up from the  
burnt desert floor.  
Bodies, covered  
in the  
devils dust, what  
was to come  
of the rest of us?

Into a sky of fading  
dreams, I prayed  
that these painful days  
would end.  
But still more letters  
would be sent back home  
telling stories  
of my brothers  
tragic ends.

(c) Jon.London 2009

Jon London

## **EaT mY wOrDs poemhunter**

Dear poem eater cheater  
I am now lost for words.

Why do you eat my rhymes?  
I find it quite absurd.

Six thousand clicks  
and you take the prize  
straight to the top  
before every poets eyes.

It seems you have  
a helping hand  
Tell us, are you part  
of the management here?  
Please tell, so that us  
poets understand.

Where is it you hide?

Out of no where  
you hit the top five  
What amazing jump  
it's a mystery  
an alarming surprise.

I've looked upon  
the front page.  
Yet no poems by you  
at all.  
You see, the reason  
is unknown  
to us poets who post  
every day to why the management  
are happy watching  
us fall.

Is it a sponsor thing  
and it's you who runs  
the show, because I  
think it's about time  
that you told us so.

Why is it that our poems  
get removed, if we speak  
out of term...like we're  
judging you?

What ever happened  
to freedom of speech.  
When we watch  
the hunters here, eat

the words that we preach?

But, for some unknown  
reason...your words remain.

You must be pretty important  
because you compared  
to the rest of us, just aren't  
treated the same.

Am I allowed to keep  
these words, these ones  
I've posted here?

Or will they again  
simply disappear?

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Date & Time: 7/21/2009 2: 46: 00 PM      [Remove this comment](#)

Poem: 18501478 - \* Eating My Words \* PoemHunter  
Member: Lisa Deer

Comment: Ours is not to reason why..ours is but to do, or die!

I am not number, I'm a human being!

This message will self destruct in 5 seconds and counting...4....3....2...BANG!

Date & Time: 7/21/2009 2: 43: 00 PM      [Remove this comment](#)

Poem: 18501478 - \* Eating My Words \* PoemHunter  
Member: Ramesh T A

Comment: Yeah! It is quite usual to see such things happening to me also! Perhaps

hunter is playing fun of poets to see how far they go! Nice reaction!

Carol Gall (7/21/2009 3: 02: 00 PM)

fascinating what of yours disappeared jon i guess we have no right to complain  
wow what next?

Jon London

## **FLaME**

Temperature rising  
rapid is the rhyme.  
Licks of red flame  
Perspiration  
of longing.  
Moonlit eyes  
elevating desire.  
Your heart  
and mine.  
Making love  
by the fire.

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Jon London

## **GLoBaL ImPaCt**

Much of the past century  
was a contest  
between democracy  
and various  
forms of totalitarianism.  
Either communism  
or fascism.  
Rarely in the history  
of our world  
have lines of conflict  
been drawn  
along such sharp  
ideological divides.

Two cataclysmic  
world wars, a vast  
bloody drama.  
Good and evil forces  
battling for a world  
still the same  
long after.  
What have we learnt?  
As a worlds questions  
still go unheard.  
Genocide still continues.  
Plagues of disease  
still run like rivers  
through our streets.  
Years of hope  
simply washed away.  
Powers still failing  
the world  
by what they betray.

Do you remember  
the words  
of George Berkeley?  
Westward the course  
of the empire  
takes its way, arguing  
that civilisation  
was inevitable, natural  
and even divinely  
ordained.  
Yet war clouds  
still gather fighting  
the greatest power  
of them all.  
The human mind  
of coarse.  
A righteous harmony  
of fists still fight

for a world  
that's struggling to exist.  
As greed and poverty  
continue in a so called  
modern world such as this.

We should be living  
luxurious without  
imagination or heart.  
The way this world  
was intended  
right from the start.  
Instead of dropping  
bombs, dropp songs.  
Get everybody  
dancing not killing  
each-other.

We live in a world  
of stormy enthusiasm.  
We fall to our knees  
and still  
thank the heavens.  
Yet under the warmth  
of Gods glow we continue  
to destroy his garden.  
Our home.  
The global depression  
is not a crisis of poverty.  
But a crisis  
of abundance.  
It's not  
the harshness  
and niggardliness  
of nature  
which are oppressing us.  
But our own  
incompetence  
and wrongheadedness  
which hinder us.  
A sphere of wrong influence  
continues to destroy us.

Sublime  
is the moment  
when the world  
will be at peace.  
And the limitless deep  
lies bathed  
in the morning sun.  
And all Gods children  
hold hands

and dance underneath.

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## **iTch**

I've got this itch  
that's starting to pinch.  
It's started some years back  
and it's been getting  
worse ever since.  
It wont seem to go  
no matter how much  
I scratch.  
It just stays  
to annoy me  
I think it's become  
attached.  
I wake up,  
it's there.  
It's back at  
me itching.  
When I'm at work  
my mind gets occupied.  
the itch doesn't bother me.  
But, it's when  
I get home, the itch  
is all over me.  
I try to do things  
to stop the itching  
but nothing seems  
to work.  
This itch is really  
getting to me.  
Soon I'll go berserk.  
Please I beg of you  
tell me....  
What is there I can do? .

Maybe I should  
start adding  
the ' B ' in itch  
and re-read  
the whole thing through?

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Jon London

## LiFe

Designed to live, born  
to die.  
We grasp at laughter  
for there are tears  
to cry.  
Full circle, young  
to old.  
From inside ourselves  
a story told.  
In birth, born free  
to fly love to another.  
For inside ourselves  
we find each-other.  
Tired arms caused by  
loves rising tide, we  
now fear of drowning  
inside.  
Pillars stand in the distance  
that guard the deceiving smile.  
For in truth, if not true  
then so futile.  
As we follow the path  
we may choose, we'll find out  
whether we win, or if we loose.  
Like in love.  
We can fall with the sorrows  
or fly with the highs.  
The sands of time, have long  
past us by.  
For we live to learn  
yet our hearts continue  
to yearn.  
As we grow older starting to falter  
we lay ourselves upon a marble alter.  
Some feel the splinters  
of the wooden cross, to others  
it's the final loss.  
But my friend, in the end  
Life is real.

And never ends.

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Jon London

## **IOvE cRuSh**

Kiss the edge  
of fantasy, lick  
your lips and dwell  
in the shine.  
Enter the room  
of pink filled  
fabric  
Drape yourself  
in loves comforting  
Magic.  
Dip those eager  
fingers into the pool of velvet  
blush, and taste  
the erotica  
of loves fruit crush.  
Take your  
extended minds  
and plunge  
into a passion  
filled ocean.  
Listen to the sighs  
of loves rising tide.  
Feel the waves  
that tingle inside.  
Release your  
bottled pleasures  
that electricity  
you're feeling.  
Splash into  
the flavour  
of new passion  
and scream.

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Jon London

## **MY DEAR POETIC FRIENDS**

When I first met you all,  
I was intrigued by your souls  
The love of your hearts  
and wisdom shared gives  
people hope in reaching  
their goals, I've read  
the finer lines of life and  
swam in colours painted  
by you, I've felt the heart-ache  
within your words, and sympathise  
with feeling what I know to be true.

I've been tickled by humorous phrase  
shared the peace on scenic summer days.  
Tears I have shed with knowing life's pain  
How many give inspiration  
to go on another day.  
Moving touches of love, are now the smiles  
that blind the memories of when life  
was tough, and this is why I adore this site

I can't ever seem to get enough.

I admire you all, you encourage  
and inspire...Your heart spoken words  
raise the spirit higher...I was lost crying  
in the dark before I found this site.

And it was you, all of you that gave me the inspiration to write.

So from me to you, a full hearted thank you.

For helping me release my pain, when I didn't know how to.

For everyone I have been blessed to know at poemhunter.

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Jon London

## **My Nan's A Rap Fan**

My nan's a Rap fan  
Nana's gone fly.

She's swapped  
her pearly whites  
for Gold and Ruby  
smiles.

She's lost  
the fluffy slippers  
and her woolly knitted  
shawl.

She's wearing  
Reebok Classics  
and baggies by Dior.

No more Cliff  
he's gone in the bin.

All that blasts  
from nan's house  
is Snoop Dogg  
Dre, and Eminem.

My nan's a Rap fan  
Nana's gone fly.

No more chat shows  
only MTV & Vibe.

No more TV quick  
only Mix Mag  
and Urban Rhymes.

Her heavy gold chains  
have slowed  
her down.

But she still gets  
jiggy when she  
bangs the tunes out loud.

My nan's a Rap fan  
Nana's gone fly.

She's lost the pink rinse  
and got herself  
Braids and a Mahogany dye.

Nana's tricked  
her car out, installed

2000 watts.

Got a flip paint respray  
and the whole car lowered.

Now she's getting  
speeding fines, when she  
should be taking life  
a little slower.

But  
my nan's a Rap fan, Nana's  
looking fly.

She's swapped  
her pearly whites for  
Gold and Ruby smiles.

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Jon London

## Seasons New

Light fading, thickening grey.  
Flightless birds, songless days.  
Shivering smiles, blue in the gales.  
Naked branches, trapeze  
of bushy tails.  
Rustic wood, carpet blows.  
Mountains white, distant snow.  
Silver moons, lakes of glass.  
Winter months, soon to pass.  
Budding trees, reclaim the green  
Warming sunsets, golden seas.  
Painted fields, flowers bloom.  
Sounds of starlings, seasons new.

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Jon London

## **ShAdEs oF HuMaNiTy**

From a colourless pallet  
we dipped  
into the sunrise.

And swam  
in past shades  
that once filled the skies.

Together  
we rode the lightening  
through static filled clouds.

Dancing to the thunder  
whilst holding  
each-others hands.

Through the wind  
we'd spin, creating  
new colours for us  
to live in.

From within the echoes  
we found a silver lining  
that we touched  
as it began to fade.

A whisper softly spoke  
from within  
the shades and called  
out to us  
both by name.

Look down each of you  
and see what you have made.

Now realise that it  
will take more  
than colour.

For your  
world  
to ever change.

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## SoLiTaRy cOnFiNeMeNt

In the depths  
of my condition  
I sit  
in a steel room  
filled with  
unreleased  
screams.  
Irritation  
picks  
at your skin.  
Confusion  
stops  
sense getting  
in.  
Feelings,  
what's right?  
what's wrong?  
No idea  
when the  
brains gone.  
Visions I  
don't want to see  
get played  
over and over  
driving me crazy.  
Rage  
born out  
of frustration  
runs through  
the blood  
Silently making me  
insane.  
Eyes that once  
contained  
a soul.  
now dilated  
and black  
Stone cold.  
Adrenalin  
fuels the hands  
into fists  
turning  
my knuckles  
pale.  
Feeling my  
heart pulse  
inside my mouth.  
My head explodes  
into a psychotic  
episode,  
What happens next  
I can never remember,

but come December  
I will have been here  
in solitary confinement  
for 32 yrs  
since the murder.

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Jon London

## **sOuL**

When I look back  
I see my soul  
lagging behind.  
It's hesitant  
in it's follow.  
It holds  
on to hope  
that someday  
it will be free  
and wont  
have to follow me.  
Things I have done  
and bared witness to  
Scream at my being.  
Eyes now  
firmly closed  
to the things they  
were forced  
to see.  
A mind disbelieving  
forever teasing  
to end my tears.  
What brings  
joy to many  
is another souls  
fears.  
Bring me back  
to humanity  
teach me to forget.  
Help me  
to control my soul  
before  
I have nothing left.

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