Poetry Series

Joy Lovelet Crawford

- poems -

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A Call for Guidance

Oh Lord, inspire me and inspire me now
Is it wrong to release your light and wisdom?
For at times, it is used to lighten up the pathway of darkness to open the way of doom

Oh Lord, enlighten me, enlighten me now
How to stop the pain and responsibility that one feels
To have opened the bottle for the genie to come out

Is it by weeping tears of penance or by educating the light to shine into your pathway?
Is it by enduring sleepless nights or by praying you'll capture the light to shine upon the world?
Guide me oh
Lord, guide me now.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

A Smile

A smile is such a simple thing
And yet, in its own way, it adds a touch of tenderness to any day
A smile can take the darkest cloud, and turn it inside out
For a smile is the beginning of what love is all about.
A smile can be the little seed that starts a friendship growing, with its warm, straight forward message
"You're someone well worth knowing"
Heaven and earth seems closer
For at least a little while, when people draw together
In exchanging 'just a smile'.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Amoeba

She has a way to her
I can’t really say, but its real, true, pure
She’s a gift, she’s beautiful, but yet unseen
Yes there is something
In her stillness, there is another being, closed away as in a closet
If let loose, it will hurt and maybe break
In her I sense the presence of a victim, one I may help and care for
But yet I don’t know her story, oh, where should I begin, this is my cry
I care, but why

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Another Place

I have gone to another place
A place, a lonely place
A place, a cold place
A place, a dark place
My place, where no one eagerly follows
My place isolated, immense, imaginary
My place cold, callous, cagey
The place where I am me, agony, heartache, numbness my partners
The only ones who always stay with me
Who will rescue me, who will dare come see me, understand me, want me, love me!
Who will bear with me, bother with me, be troubled with me, enough to take me from this place
I have gone to a place
A quiet place, a still place, a safe place.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Anticipation

I anticipate the inevitable twining of our bodies
The merging of our breasts, the pressing together of our hips
Our outstretched hands and trembling fingers
Penetrating gaze into bashful eyes
The warmth of our bodies no longer there,
Now replaced by a fire between our legs urging us to go deep inside ourselves pulling each other along

I anticipate the tremors, shakes and scream of pleasure
The pounding of blood vessels, the tingling of nerve endings
The shuddering, clutching, grasping, squeezing, clawing, slapping, then….
The stillness…..

I anticipate the sobbing, sighing …the quiet
The smile of glossy eyes, the release of the hold, the air rushing in to cool the atmosphere
The relaxation, the glow, the numbness of minds that fight desperately to recall it all
As the moment slips away and only the sting of passion remain

Joy Lovelet Crawford

By whose Authority/Who am I

Who am I to object, who am I to express concern
Wrong or right, by whose spirit do I discern?
Who gives the power of knowledge or the gift of experience?
Who creates opportunities, who give us power
That which is to come….will
That which is now……is
That which is to end……must
God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change
The courage to change the things I can
The wisdom to know the difference
For it is by your authority the truth stand
Though we maybe late
It is by your word that life com

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Change

He grows up to be passive and yet very sensual
That boy who had no friends
That boy who was as still as nature in its calm …
He grows up to be intelligent and powerful
That boy who was the last rung of the ladder
That boy who lost every fight
HE HAD CHANGED
The change in him was inevitable, there was no escape
He was a child incomplete and immature
Then change came and moulded a new being
HE IS A NEW MAN
Now he’s a man and needs to change
What will he be?
He’s changed yet incomplete

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Childs Destiny

What is a child’s destiny?
Is it our corrupt family structure, politics, prices, poverty, poor housing or our social condition?

Is it fair to let him face such a world?
Why create a generation and let them die in no time
Is it fair to let him face such a world?
Why create a child without a destiny.

Don’t do it for fun or for a pastime,
A child is important
Never create a being without a purpose
Think about the destiny of a child.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Cocktail

How am I suppose to live without you
How am I suppose to carry on after living with you so long
I started to cry but it was too late, but I couldn’t lie
Don’t you realize I’ll love you tomorrow, happiness is love, finding comfort?
At times I wonder why I try
Does a flower die on losing a petal, does a man die on losing a limb
Does a love die ……?
How can man love today and on the morrow be as distant as the horizon?
You have been the cool running stream to my thirst for water
You are the light of my life, I did my best but I guess it wasn’t good enough
Just once may we figure out what we were doing wrong to let the magic last for a long while?
Silly of me to think I could ever have you for my guy, but how I love you
How could you know all the things I do were done for you

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Damsel

Never walked this way before, the damsel glance around the corner
With apprehension and anticipation, she imagines and plans her walk down the road
This new road, this luminous road.
Leaving the safety of her familiar abode

She sets out with caution, her instincts her only guide
Staying clear of the middle of the road, clinging to the sides
I watch the damsel with keen and protective eyes
Not interfering, not scaring, only caring

I shadowed the damsel from the glare and heat, from the wind and dust off the street
Her strides are longer now, and she is moving faster
Her confidence growing, confident but not knowing

I will follow close behind, I will keep out of sight
I run ahead, examining every hedge, making sure the damsel is alright.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Dare to Love

Is it better to love than not to love at all
Is it better to give your all
While awaiting the fall
Is it better to have conflicting emotions drive you up the wall

When your love abounds and you feel so tall
Yet knowing for sure the day will come and you will feel so small

Like a turtle in its shell
You know all too well
That you've exposed yourself, but must retreat to where you dwell
When unfulfilled love …..
Damn this must be hell

Is it better to love than not to love at all
A crazy motion, for which I fall
So many times… I just sit and bawl ….

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Despair

I sometimes wonder why I was made
Though I was a child, friend, or even a dear person to someone
I sometimes feel out of place, misfit
Never understood or only appreciated when convenient
Always giving, very little receiving
Always sharing, very little been shared in return
Why? Is my despairing cry
Why do I feel as though only God is by my side
I feel and they know, but think little of it
Apologies, regrets, sympathy, you name it, they give it
But it never ends
It seems to be the beginning of the end of mankind’s nature, of self

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Emotional Abuse

Until a time yet to come
I have never been so emotionally abused
Never before have I been so openly humiliated
My truth became a lie
My virtue became dishonesty
My love became a burden
And yet I wanted to carry on….
My laughter became a perversion
My stare became an evil possession
My admiration became a mockery
My love became a burden
And yet I wanted to carry on ….
My heart bleeds for freedom
My soul cries for acceptance
My body aches for love
And yet I want to carry on this road
Cause I wish not to fight with nothing except me
To be true, honest, and loving
If not today……tomorrow
If not you……another
Will not abuse but use all I have to give

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Eruption

Rhythm beating, feet stamping, lights flickering, people shouting
The music beats heavily, it vibrates within the soul, the steam rises from the dance floor, the lights red, blue, pink and flickering silver capture the dancers

The person scream, shout, gasps at the peak of this sensational climax, then suddenly 'BLACK OUT'
Shouts, screams, gasps at the power failure, the emotions change but not the peak
The people argue, fuss, fight and bite as the eruption of the agony takes place.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

For all who dare to love

Is it better to love than not to love at all
Is it better to give your all
While awaiting the fall
Is it better to have conflicting emotions drive you up the wall

When your love abounds and you feel so tall
Yet knowing for sure the day will come and you will feel so small

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Joy Lovelet Crawford

Friends

Friends are treasures
Yet not like gold that is scarce
Or like diamond that is hard
Or like flowers that are seasonal and temporary
Friends are treasures
Of love and truth and understanding
Trust, faith and belief

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Futile Love

You pour out your love to him
He ignores it, but why?
He looks at every other woman
But looks not in your direction

Your love is wasted and futile
It has fallen on rocky ground
And will bear no fruit
Only because he knows not how to love

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Glory Days

Cloudy days, hazy days,
Pendulum swinging, moods battling, emotions deafening
I can’t see, I can’t hear, I can’t feel clearly
Is this for me?
I stumble along; arms outstretched searching for a guide
A streak of light, the glancing breeze, any part of nature
Not so dense, not so dark
I can’t breathe this pollution anymore, I feel drained
Losing consciousness, slipping low
Weak, exhausted, heavy steps, weighed down
Yesterday the sun shined, the skies blue, the birds sang
As I skipped freely along
Now suddenly the dark grey skies
No warning, no signal
I now lay still, beaten, wounded, hurt
Shh…. My soul is stirring, my heart racing, my spirit fighting, coming awake
Zeal and passion inspiring my mind
Hands reaching through, not letting me die
It is a good day, a great day, this and every day
Weather always changing…. The horizon in sight
What an awesome time, I dare not die
Lest I miss out on this, my glory day.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Great Gratitude

To he who has won my heart
You make me complete in every way
It is hard to remember when we were apart
Today as I pay tribute to you,
Feel honoured, my love because I am sure that been chosen by you is a gift from above.
Your love has spirit and fire, for many waters cannot quench it, nor rivers wash it away
Your love has depth and power, for it has an eternal impact and meet my needs everyday
So each time I say I love you, I hope you smile and feel secure
Because you are one awesome man for sure

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Helpless

There is a force that drives my being
Stronger than any I have ever seen
A force so intense, I can’t resist
It haunts me, as it whirls and twist
My mind finds no peace
The pains in my heart never cease
For I fight the force
Not sure of its source
Alone I face the powerful phenomenon
Thinking so hard I become numb
Fighting a battle, never to be won
Wanting answers, I fervently seek
The war in my soul, at its peak
Where should I go?
Where should I turn?
Who should I love?
For whom do I really yearn?
Desperate are my cries
With all my energies I try
To live a life free from lies
Let me be, is my cry
Freedom daily eludes me
As through the eye of the world I see
A life wrapped up in secrecy
Free, Free I need to be free
To express all that is me
Trapped, trapped been pushed all the way back
As every hour I face the fact
At my very best
I am helpless
Helpless because a force so great
Will no longer be asked to wait
Helpless, helpless, helpless…

Joy Lovelet Crawford

I want to love you

I want to love you so much,
I want to show you how
How I need to be with you
Forever and from now
I want to share your smile, your sighs, your tears, all your fears
Your anxiety, your ridicule, your sorrows and your joys
I want to love you so much

I feel with you, would you believe?
Whether you are near or far
But with reservations do I care
For to offend you is not my prayer
But to please and love
With all the blessings from above
Is all I dream of my dear

Joy Lovelet Crawford

I wondered who made it so

The sun was shinning yet the rain was falling
I wondered who made it so
I felt the warmth of the sun and the cool sprinkles of the rain drops
I wondered who made it so
And the air seemed so still as if nature was at rest
I wondered who made it so
Yet I could see no one at the control
The parliament was at so, .. so who made it so?
Only one answer, someone invisible and great above men
Only one answer, The Supreme Being of God.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

I've Missed You

I never knew how much I missed you
Until now that I see you
I wish you would hold me, love me, and kiss me with your innermost passion
Be with me, stay with me, physically and spiritually, think of me in your every action.
Let me love you, understand you, show you that I care
You may possess me without any fear
Never believe my folly when I may say “so what’
It’s just the child in me crying out “you love me not”
But I need you to bring me through, to prepare me, equip me for when you aren’t around.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Know your ways

When do you talk, what time to be quiet
When do you walk, what time to be still
When to have friends, when to be alone
When to stay out, when to go home

Do you know when you are needed, wanted, accepted, tolerated?

When you are needed, you are always considered
When you are wanted, you are momentarily considered
When you are accepted, you are conveniently considered
When you are tolerated, you are occasionally considered

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Life is what you make of it

I’ve found love in the darkest of places
In the basins and pools of red hot hate
I’ve found love in the lightest of places
In the bowls and the baths of affection and kindness
But somehow they all end in one direction…. HURT!
But why should I cry and let my tears be seen
Why should I subject my body, mind and soul to the awful pain
That penetrates my juvenile heart.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Listen Wisely

Its confusion, mass hysteria
They shout, scream and argue
Its loud and raw, but they know not what they say

He takes the stand, and they clap
She goes up next and they applaud
Who do they want, they know not

He barks loudly and she screams well
Who is the best, no one can tell
If you hear them both together, you are lost in confusion
Because you have never thought of what is said while it is been said.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Love

Don’t predict it, there’s no one who can
For love never happens according to plan
Love
Cannot be ordered, or purchased, and yet
It’s one of the dearest gifts, you’ll ever get
Love
May happen quickly, like “love at first sight”
Or slowly, with time shared, either ways right
For what really matters, is that you’ve found love
And with it more joy, than you’ve ever dreamed of

Joy Lovelet Crawford

love of your own

Through the days of darkness, through the cold nights of loneliness
I dream and hope for a love of my own
When shall this iceberg break and the igloos round my heart melt?
When will the joy of summer with her laughter and sunshine penetrate the fog and cloud that cover my emotions?
I need to gain insight to my romantic end, will I have a lover, husband, or just a friend
I wish, I pray, I could catch a glimpse, a mere glimpse of my escape into love.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Love the antidote

Love
The antidote for poison
The soother of pain
The comforter of hurts
A companion when lonely
When pain and hurts of loneliness is like poison to the soul
Love
The conqueror in all battles
The healer to all wounds
The provider for all needs
A companion when lonely
When the wounds from battling loneliness creates a need in our lives
Love
The greatest test for work
The most effective way of chastisement
The sustenance for all hunger
A friend in the crowd
When work is like chastisement and you hunger for a friend
When lonely wont let you go
Love
The joy of ones soul
The satisfaction of ones desire
The faithful to ones hope
A twin of every emotion
The only true consent in actualization

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Mighty Men

You mighty men Arise
Look to the sky, behold and dream, see the vision, see the light

You mighty men Arise
Powerful, effective teachers, evangelist and restorer of many
Spiritual, affable men of great faith and prayer
Come alive
You shadows of mighty men
Come alive
Take shape and form
Arise out of the mist, the fog, the clouds
Arise out of ambiguity, insecurity, timidity
Arise out of nothingness and become
Soul with a frame, a body, a purpose, a powerful source to be contended with
A mighty force, not one that retreats but one that always takes on the battle
Arise, come alive you mighty men

Joy Lovelet Crawford

My Destiny To give

Right, right, right, right
Will I ever get it right?
Even though I try with all my might
Fighting hard day and night
Turning over all stone, none untouched that is in my sight

Numb, numb, numb, numb
I have been so dumb, dumb, dumb
Fingers moving without the stability of the thumb
Stumbling around, and I drank no rum

Foolish, foolish, foolish, foolish
I dreamt and wished
Afloat like a dead fish
Only my medium an enticing dish

Lies, lies, lies, lies
Only seen when you look into my eyes
So subtle can you trust
The thin line between love and lust

Truth, truth, truth, truth
Can it produce so many different fruit?
Rob, steal, kill, shoot
Upside down, going straight to the root

Hurt, hurt, hurt, hurt
I lay prostrate, face to the dirt
Heart so blurred, can’t stay alert
Confused, am I in space or on earth

Live, live, live, live
My destiny….. To always give
Wrong or right, I cannot fight

Joy Lovelet Crawford

My Ghost

There you are far away
Haunting me throughout the night
Shadowing me all through the day
You touch me, hurt me, love me
In my work, in my play
All my thoughts are of you
At times you walk, run, and even fly
Your ever present force makes my heart cry
For you rise from the place of spirits to reality.
Do you haunt many or is it just me,
Are you my own ghost?
Do you share the night with others, or is it in my bed you rest, to walk and be with me when daybreak
Should I die to be with you or will you live and love me
Oh! My own ghost, stop haunting me and talk to me.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

My Man

He is beautiful and superb
And he compliments my every curve
He is tall, dark and handsome
His dimensions are not clichés …
When I feel his tender touch
It makes my love tingle so much
When I feel his firm lips
A kiss with a sensual bliss …
He makes my yearning soul cry out for want of possession
He fills this soul with my every suggestion
And yet my man cannot be described by any word my love filled soul can write
My man is only visualised when he holds me tight.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

My Stranger

It hurts, it hurts real bad
I feel the pain, the sting, the ache, the burning, it is making me insane.
The wound is gaping, oozing slowly, oozing fresh red blood, warm to the touch, the color rich almost velvet, odorless because it flows from a vessel so pure
The vessel of my heart

How did I get here, the details are vague
I can barely remember the events of the last few days
I recall feeling lost, needing to find my way
Needing help as I staggered and swayed
I wondered down the highway, cars rushing by, no one stopped, no one saw my tears, no one sensed my fears

How did I get to this place? ?
Before now it must have been good,
The clothes I am wearing, well tailored and smooth.

My heart races, panic setting in
My creator must be somewhere within ….
Within the turmoil, within this dark space
An answer needed, help, rescue, …. Must stop, cannot continue at this pace.

A car slowed down, a smiling, kind face, a quiet stranger, gentle and with grace
I didn't hesitate, desperate for warmth and direction
I rushed and begged to be carried along, carried to a better place
All along the journey, the stranger complied with my wishes, meet my needs, dried the tears from my eyes
Not saying much, pleasant and polite,
My stranger carries me, I am feeling alright
Strength regained, gratitude high, I quietly forget the plight I left behind

…… where am I, what has happened.. Why am I sad, why do I feel this strain...
The ache in my heart, blood pumping from my veins
…… its coming back to me now, my stranger wasn't going my way
My stranger, the kind stranger took me only this far

Did I go too quick?
In my frustration did I make the right pick?
So much pain, did I gain
Was my rescue real, was it in vain

I smile, my body relaxes, my heart slows, and serenity is near
Sweet bitter pain I feel because along the drive my stranger cared.
Now as I get ready to enjoy timeless sleep
Never to live, to walk these roads again.
I'll remember the stranger… my stranger.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

New Plea

Journey with me, to a place where we are free to be
To be selfless without judgment, to be unconditional without ridicule
To love with trust and mercy,
To love without wanting only needing
To love without fear
A love absolute in caring
Stay with me, so together our perfection will see
Two people transcending into the light that guides love itself.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

No Fight

You captured me without a fight
And though I knew it was wrong
I kept hoping and longing for your true love
I know I could love you the way you needed to be loved
My wants rationalized when novelty can supersede,
And make wants appear as needs.

You captured me without a doubt
You knew I'm yours, every part of me, especially when we meet mouth to mouth
I believe in you so much, that now I'm afraid not to trust
The pain I would feel if the doubt in my mind became real
And won the fight over my heart that won't set me free.

Now here I am wishing things were alright
Knowing that we shared our last night
Wondering if I had shown how deep is my love
Praying that one day you'll care for me
Crying out to someone to come and share my plight
No one to blame for the hurts, cause I had insight

Joy Lovelet Crawford

No Return

Nobody should have to love this way
A love as powerful as mine should at least be returned in kind
It’s been a long time since you have hugged me and let it feel like love
I sit in the dark and watch the rain fall down, and I lay alone in the cold
The pain is severe and my mind is numb
No explanation, no indication
Everybody’s love need to be returned
Nobody should have to love this way
After all of this, you have no right to ask me how I feel
I can no longer go on holding on to time,
If you’ve lost your love for me, you should have told me so
I guess it’s so typical that love leads to isolation
You build that wall and made it stronger
You have no right to speak to me so kind
Cause just now, we’ll go on living separate lives
I never gave you reason to doubt how I feel
You could have depended on me

Joy Lovelet Crawford

No Words

I can’t write for you
I can’t write about you
My pen won’t release the ink
The lead in my pencil retreats
My thoughts are oblivious of what my heart wants to say
Because our souls are entwined each and every day
A bond not captured in any art form
A union that transcends the natural order of life, inexpressible
Except in spiritual cosmic ways
I can only write about you when I touch you, when I lay beside you, when I look into your eyes, when I taste your deep inner being
Only then can I capture you, and….
Only then can I recreate you in any other way.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

None Compare

I have been to Georgia and Seattle
And these places are fun
Cool weather and fancy fellows
Who glanced at me more than once
I’ve seen some pretty face and amazing places
But none compare to you
The way you looked, the breath you took
The way we had so much fun
I’ve heard great speakers, listened smooth music every day of the week
Learnt new concepts, practice new skills but none compare
None impacts me the way you do when “babes “ rolls off your lips

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Our Silence

Our silence is deafening, so loud, so intense, so shrilling, so piercing, so painful, so harmful
I have to close my eyes, trying to focus, trying to hear with my mind's eyes
To hear any sound, a breathe, a whisper, a whimper, a moan, a sigh
Anything to say we are alive
You have chosen not to speak, not with your voice, not with your thoughts and now not even with your heart
A silence that engulfs, that numbs the senses, shocks all nerves, that paralyses the heart
So still, so cold, so removed, so detached has the sense of sound become as it separates from all others
Not only destroying itself, but destroying our touch, our taste, our feel, our heart and our soul
Our silence is unreal, unnatural, unwelcomed
It fights the mind, lies to the heart, restrains the soul
Our silence is not a disability, it is an inability
Inability to embrace free speech, inability to accept truth, inability to trust the touch, the taste, the heart, the soul.
Our silence is handicapped.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Paralysed by Love

O how I love thee, but my love for thee is killing me
It is taking away my power of expression as I wish to please thee
It takes away my drive to live, as I fear living without thee
It takes away my will to fight as I fear winning thee
I spend many days in confinement viewing my every deed
Locked in a world of solitude, ambivalence and confusion trying to find a way to love, please and be true to thee
Today, you are happy and glowing, to let peace and love flow
I must find a way to energize my love for thee
That it will sustain not only in the tropics but will survive when the thick walls of ice appears and make life cold, tense and frozen
It appear futile loving you, for as I'm looking in the mirror of expectations, I see thee in pain
O how I wish I could love thee and not change your glow

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Prelude

As the wind blows cold against my body, as cold as icicle cooling a fire
And my mind floats through time as the ripples on the ocean
All my mind-eye perceive is thee
Suddenly life has new meaning to me, there's beauty up above and love in my heart
I can see every curve of your hard, strong body and feel the tenderness of your passion
With thee I have a dream for every sleepy hour and a hope for each wakeful moment
Every time I think of thee, it's like the eruption of a volcano and yet like a genie trying to escape its bottle
Such contrast of force creates for me a dynamic entity
At times I cry! Won't one force dominate! So I can have peace in my aching soul
The way things go, the way feelings flow, you've got me falling in love again, just when I thought of giving up
And it all happens when I think of me with thee.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Recovery

I asked
What does it mean to recover?
From what are we recovering?
Oh, how I wonder, my Lord in desperation I cry
Show me Lord, Tell me how
When life is negative, things look bleakly, we go down and there's no light of hope
Man in his false humility seeks to recover.
But my good Lord speak to us!
What good is it to recover all our possessions and earthly dreams
And lose our souls, Lord I'm confused, I have no goal
I have been asleep, away from the hustle and bustle, I dream of awakening a new person with a new limb and a few added years to my life
I awake in a place of hope with much technology, and I am comforted.
All is just for a time…
There once more is the gun, the drink, the problem with the family, the lack of money, the….
That is some recovery!
Oh, Lord, I have heard of the eternal recovery, the only true way out of these things
Help me Lord; help me to make the discovery.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Select Few

You gave me you, in a way I know you didn’t want to
You gave to me, in a way that took away a part of you
You let me see and feel you, against your conscious will
You gave to me you, despite the odds and still
You took from me, a part that needed to be free
You took from me, my inhibitions, allowing me to be
One who will give and take
Whatever is at stake
You let me go places reserved for very few
I wish I understood, I wish I knew
What giving to me puts you through.
I know it’s just a glimpse beyond your fields I see
Your soul so deep, not open to me
And yet as I bask in the knowledge of you
There is no doubt in my mind
I am one selected by you
Thank You.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Standing in the shadows

Oh, how dark
I'm blind, I cannot see
This world of mine, it aches beyond my belief
Crying blood, laughing blood
Its pitch black with sin
Alone with hell eternal
Yet, there are people to bring restoration to my world
Their gates are a far off!
Tell me! How can one be all the way out there?
Unconcerned about the world and its cares
And seek to save someone living in a black world of fear

Joy Lovelet Crawford

The Chains of the past

Why can’t a man be free?
To do what he believes
Why can’t a man be allowed
To live the way he sees best
He has to hide from society
Cause he is ashamed to be like them
Then the day he choose to be like them
He is mocked
Then the day he decides to change
He is tied with chains of his past.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

The cry of a humble man

I saw two people, they looked very happy
They were walking and laughing ….
But as soon as I reached somewhat closer
I realised... the woman was mine
I called her name, she turned and looked at me,
But kept on walking in the same direction.
She kept on walking, the woman I loved
She kept on walking with my good friend
With tears in my eyes and pain in my heart
I wondered …. He wasn’t so handsome and didn’t fit her dream lover
So why was she leaving me!
She kept on walking, the woman I loved
She kept on walking with my good friend.
Then I saw the answer to my questions
They got into a white Datsun car, she poised and laughed and they drove off
She left me because I wasn’t a social figure
She left me because I’m a humble man

Joy Lovelet Crawford

THE CYCLE OF LOVE

The cycle of love is an endless sphere
Not perfect in its shape and yet a never ending form as we travel round and round
Then one day you realize that you have been this way before
Love is so simple in its being and yet so complex in its expression
Limitless in its reach and yet we seek to restrict it
Why do we try to possess this love, when it is not ours to control
Why do we need to own that we did not create?
Not even a fruit of love, the fruit of our wombs are ours ….
Why does envy and jealousy feel they can ever conquer the purity and power of love?
When my love flows freely through my being, running like a waterfall, crystal clear down dangerous rocks
Hitting those in its path, with the force of white water rapids
Those who encounters my love, gets thrown to and fro, with thrilling excitement
Knowing that if they let go of fear … beyond in the distance there is a calming, gentle ride awaiting that will bring tranquility and peace
Powerful enough to keep us all going the around the sphere, the cycle of love, around the circle of life.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

The discipline of nature

Nature is complete in itself
Its uniformity is systematic
As the progression is arithmetic
You listen to a child count 1.2.3
And you'll experience the magic that I see
Not one dropp is out of place
Neither in direction nor density
To you it might seem odd
But everything is in place to please God
Its movement timely
It's the discipline of nature.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

The fool of oneself

She is beautiful, strong and thinks she is unbreakable
He is hard, bold and thinks he is unchangeable
She placed her hand in his and he got the hint
They messed around till they were comfortable and could no longer frown
Their lips met but…
Nothing happened, they were both too proud
But not too soon ….
As the lingering sensation continued, they both melted
She became weak and broken
He became timid and changed
They quivered into the heat of love
But not too soon ….
It was over, it had ended, the night was over
She is strong and unbreakable
He is bold and unchangeable

Joy Lovelet Crawford

the Inevitable

Ever heard of the inevitable!
Well, let me tell you
What are you doing now?
Living, loving, caring, crying, sleeping, eating or even doing nothing
Stop now! Cause it will stop eventually.

The inevitable is the end of the present
The end of a today, brining a totally new tomorrow, new people, new thoughts, a new world
But there is only one end that brings an eternal beginning
The end of the inevitable, this creates the beginning of a new and everlasting state in the one that creates

Joy Lovelet Crawford

The Joy of Life

The joy of life is living
In living there is loving
In loving there is caring
In caring there is sharing

What you don’t have, you can’t share
But never go beyond your means to find something to share
You might lose yourself in doing so

So share what you have, as long as you can
Others will see that you really and truly care
And they will love and help you to live your life
And give you the joy, that only few hold dear,
The joy of life

Joy Lovelet Crawford

The joy of very few

The life we live is filled with times
Wintertime, springtime, and a time for loving thoughts too
No one could be more deserving of my thoughts than you
Very few knows, the deepest joys of been loved and to love
Are those joys we cannot see ……..
A happy heart …..
A pleasing thought ….
A cherished memory …..
A feeling of pure love with warmth and cheer
That fills the heart with gratitude for those we hold dear.
The thoughts of people we love are so dear,
Especially when those who are thinking.. meet and share.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

The Next Time

The next time, will be the best time, better than the last time, anticipating the next time

The next touch, the best touch outlasting the last touch, setting the standard for the next touch

The next kiss, the best kiss, a bliss that fulfills every wish

This time is the best time of all the rest of times

This time is the next time as will be every next time.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

The Prisoner The Society

The prisoner, the one who wronged
The one who pays
The one who regrets
And is willing to do his best

The society, the one who is offended
The one who condemns
The one who forever chastise
And will never forget

Those two are interrelated, but which is worst
The prisoner is willing to try again
The society not willing to let him
I wonder which is it who really is earnest in serving the king.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

The sweet bitter twinge of love

I speak not of the of pain; ..
Of the joy that people experience during intercourse with a lover
I speak of that feeling that creates sleepless nights, starving days, crunching muscles, aching hearts, tearfilled eyes, tormented minds and total unrest in the systems.
Some say it is weakness, but it is really when you need someone to live but you try to convince yourself it is not so, and in doing so, create a total unrest of the heart and make a fool of the body.
You don’t see that person for awhile and its like eternity. And as time go by you pray for the end. You are crazy in your thoughts and acting and its worst when you are alone in a quite surrounding. You cant live without that person. It’s a Bitter Feeling.
But the feeling of wanting someone and knowing that they’ll come to you is a relief. Knowing you will get close once again and all is not lost knowing that the moments will be alive and emotions will grow. It makes it so SWEET.
It’s the sweet bitter twinge of love.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

The world is mine

Today on a bus, I saw a lovely girl with silken hair
I envied her, she seemed so gay, and I wished I was so fair
When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble down the isle
O God, forgive me when I whine
I have two legs, the world is mine

And then I stopped to buy some sweets
The lad who sold them had such charm
I talked with him, he seemed so calm, and if I were late it would do no harm,
And as I left he said to me "I thank you, you have been so kind"
It's nice to talk with folks like you. You see, I'm blind
O God forgive me when I whine
I have two eyes, the world is mine

Later walking down the street, I saw a child with eyes of blue
He stood and watched the others play; it seemed he knew not what to do
I stopped a moment, then I said, why don't you join the others dear"
He looked ahead without a word, and then I knew he could not hear
O God forgive me when I whine
I have two ears, the world is mine

With legs to take me where I'll go
With eyes to see the sunsets glow
With ears to ear what I would know
O God forgive me when I whine
I'm blessed, indeed, the world is mine

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Today is mine

Live this day completely, use it well
Extract its treasures, they are yours to spend
They have been given by the gracious hand of our Eternal Father
Changeless friend
Then let us rise and greet the morning freshness
With laughter in our hearts, as well as prayer
And savor every hour, like carefree children
At ease within the safety of His care

Today is mine to do with as I choose
Lord, Grant that I may always wisely use
Each passing hour, to brighten, warm and bless
To fill somebody’s world with happiness

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Todays Child

A child grows with time, and time changes,
But does the child change?
Yes, he changes
But how does he change?
A child’s future depends on his people, his elders, his friends
The world today decides the future of the child
Look upon the child, see him, hear him, and understand him
Do not ignore the child and destroy him.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Unsettled

Shaking, trembling, mind floating, heart racing
Sharp, short breaths, dull ache in my chest
Sweaty palms, this needs to stop! !
I need to rest
Seconds feels like minutes, minutes like hours, hours like days, days like months, and months like a whole year
A lifetime since I started wanting, needing, loving you
When I am with you I am unsettled
When I am away from you I am unsettled
Thoughts of having you, I am unsettled
Thought of losing you, I am unsettled
Shaking, trembling, mind floating, heart racing
Sharp, short breaths, dull ache in my chest
Sweaty palms, this needs to stop! !
I need to rest
If I keep this up, won't my entire vessel burst?
If I keep this up, won't I die, ..? my body, my heart give way
In this state, will I forever stay?
Shaking, trembling, mind floating, heart racing
Sharp, short breaths, dull ache in my chest
Sweaty palms, this needs to stop! !
I need to rest.
Do I? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Untamed Love

I am at a place where the force of my love is under bridled
control.
Like a stallion been broken. Wild passion raging under the
ropes of life’s norms
You found me in a coral grazing with the mares. You looked into my eyes. And saw I was out of place
You opened the gates told me to run free. To feel the wind through my mane. To feel my muscles tighten as I race headlong towards the horizon
You lassoed me. Rode me and broke me
Now I lay grazing in your meadow. Contented to chew my cud and to wait for you to ride me again

Joy Lovelet Crawford

Woman Invincible

Wisdom ingrained in you from birth
Outstanding with every step, your entire length and girth
Made in the image of your creator
Adapting everyday, becoming greater
New opportunities you create as you learn to love yourself in a special way.

Instinctive far more than any creature
Now need to rise up and cease your future
Vigilant in how you approach
Intricate details, subjects, we must broach
Never yielding in your quest
Claim every skill needed to be your very best
Intimate probing you must embrace
Because you are at the centre of the human race
Life will not roll over and hand you a dime
Eventually if you value you, you will win all the time.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

You

The power to know is within you
Your search for truth will be futile, unless you search within
The greatest person is you
The most beautiful woman is you
The blessings of the creator are there for you
Allow all the beauty you possess inside to run free, free from inhibitions
Allow the magic in your smile to shine into the core of every being
Allow the strength of your every action to flow, that everything you touch shall prosper
Recognize every man but emulate only he who feeds your soul with strength and wisdom
Take pleasure in the natural elements of this earth and behold in awe the spiritual dimensions
And now that the gate to the ultimate knowledge is open and the way pointed out
As you place one foot before the other,
Remember there is someone who is willing to help you out.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

You have to dream the dream

You have to make a wish before it can come true
You have to dream the dream before a dream can work for you
If you would gain an end, you have to make a start
To have the work in hand, you have it first in heart
You have to sow a seed before you reap a crop
You have to make a climb, if you should reach the top
There is an ancient law
As simple as can be
You have to know the truth
Before the truth can make you free.

Joy Lovelet Crawford

You on Me

You have a way about you that makes me love you and want to be with you
You have a way to see me, to perfect me, covering all my flaws
You have a way to hold me, to embrace all I am, all I can be
You have a way to kiss me that electrifies every stem in me
You have a way to love me that transports me to a state that defies all natural laws
You have a way to laugh at me that makes all hurts seems as though you laughed with me
You have a way to talk to me that mellows my fears and anxieties
You have a way to grow with me that inspires me and makes me soar
You have a way to dream with me that gives me hope that defies all odds
You have a way to believe in me that makes me believe.

Joy Lovelet Crawford