Poetry Series

Kenneth R. Jenkins

- 22 poems -

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Kenneth R. Jenkins (1 June 1961)

A poet since a child, K.C.Colt has written hundreds of poems overthe years.

Published first poem in the 'Westside Weekly' at age 16.

K.C.Colt is living in Savannah, Ga. with his wife Vanessa

Blue

It's in your soul
Until it gets in your skin,
Then you try everything in you
To pull from it
Like glue that's stuck to you.
And when you're stuck like that
That's it!
The voices of the past
Seems to stay with you
Until the noise quickly leaves.
Blue-
Not just a song
A state of mind
A spoken wordartist dream
And a rapper's delight.

Hurry back home
So you can catch it once more!

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Bridges

No matter the distance
Between us in miles,
No matterthe lifespan,
Spread all thewhile
No matter the challenges,
Given from time to time.
And no matter the sadness,
For joy isn't hard to find.
No matter how many or few friends,
Or enemies surrounding you.
But no matter what may before,
There are bridges between us
And for this I tell you true,
The best bridge gap to us
Is PRAYER.

Kenneth R. Jenkins

CoLoR BliNd

I am a man-
No matter the color
No matter the race
No matter the time or place
I AM A MAN!

I am CoLoRlEsS-
No matter if I am WHITE
No matter if I am BLACK
But this is a fact
I AM A MAN!

I am human-
No matter who we are
No matter the boundries
I am color blind you see
And I AM A MAN!

No matter how you are
Rather black or white
Dark or light
A brown or gray,
I AM A MAN!

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Early Mornings

The sun didn't rise of yet
For it's early and the night slips away quietly
Like a thief it steals away,
Then sneaks up on you without notice.
Day strarts moving like a snail
Slowly but surely it moves
In motions and movements like never before.
And when the sun rises up
Raising its sleepy head shinning
Brightly and that's when the day moves
Even faster than ever in a pace of a rabbit
As the people travel along
Going about its business as usual
Hustle and bustle keeping up with the day
As early mornings bring about a change that day.

(April,2005)

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Freedom Cry

in memory of the children of South Africa

Freedom!
Lifted out of the ashes and into a river of hope
A river of joy
A river of peace.

Cry freedom!

Freedom!

As a country dies
And children die because of
What they believe in

Cry freedom!

Freedom!

You jail them in your jails,
You murder them,
Torture them,
Burn their schools and home
But we still

Cry freedom!

Freedom!

You can do all these things
And make spoils of it
And yet tell them they are not free
But we will with all our hearts-

Cry freedom!

Freedom!

No matter the strife
Feeling powerless at times
When there is no power
But yet we will forever- -

Cry freedom!

Freedom!

You break us down
Break our spirits
But we forever

Cry freedom! !

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Heavy On My Mind (Thoughts In Motion)

Brother
Listen to me!
There is something I must say
To clear the air of any
Uncertainty that may or may not
Come between us
But first you must listen
To what I am about to
What I must say.
I have been hurt! ! ! ! !
Not once,
Not twice,
But many times over
and over again
Over the same B.S.-
Nothing!
Nothing lost
And certainly
Nothing gain
But time is standing still,
Motionless
Like a non-moving clock of time
Where there is no movement at all.
Fighting.
For what? ?
Nothing
Fighting ove nothing
A piece of green paper
And a little white substance
That's controlling your every moment
Night and day.
Stupid fighting ove
Nothing
Where something can be
Worth something!
While wasting time over
Nothing!
While chidren hungry,
While mothers lose their children,
While young blackmen die on the streets,
While politics are usual
You fight over
Nothing!
Nothing lost
Nothing gained.
Lost
In a world that'sendless
With a beginning
And yet there is no end.
Women selling their bodies
For a green piece of paper
While men make dirty deals

While others get one meal
Andno three squares a day
Strugging
Striving
Everyday
Every moment where there is time
And where times are no more.
I got something on my mind
To say not what anyone may thing
It'son my mind tosay
Because it was heavy on mind.

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Love In Motion

Around
And
Round
It goes.
Somebody tell me where will it stop,
Where will it land?
How far will it go?
How deep
It will fall?

Love is like....
Aroller coaster
That goes up and down
And around
Until
It makes it point of return
And that's when
Love reaches you
And embraces you
Like nothing else
Like no else ever will in this lifetime
So
Embrace the love....
Grab it
It's yours!

Kenneth R. Jenkins

me, myself and i

me that single one

the singleness of oneness

there's nothing like it.

myself, my loneliness, my own

that makesthe difference for all of us

or maybe just the singleness of you

but single minded....

(1 march 2005)

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Moon and Stars

I look up above my head this fair evening
And saw the slender of it all,
How the night time is formed and fashioned
And with beauty of night delightful
Brings on that special kind of night.

Bring on the night!
Bring on the beauty of the night,
As the moon shines up
And stars paly up above
So, bring on the night!

Romance in the air
Bring on the night!
Lovers are in motion,
So bring on the night!
Delight me,
Kiss me,
Thrill me,
Bring on the night!

Kenneth R. Jenkins

My Muse

My muse-
My way of escape into a world
Of rhymes and words
Sprinkled in with other words.
My muse-
Poetry in three quarter measure
Giving you the greatest pleasure
Rhymes
Twisted andturned
Like nothing out of the ordinary
For this is my muse.

(16 Feb.2005)

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Poem # 12

in memory of Lisa 'Left Eye' Lopes

In hopes that your sleep
Will be the best ever
A sleep that's eternal
In hopes your soul be at rest.
First, hoping that you know Christ
Second, you recognized with others
In hopes your rest is at peace.

We will miss you
Your craziness
Your talent so grand
We will miss you dearly.
Liza you are loved
I pray your soul to be at rest.

30 April 2002

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Poem: live

Survival
In a world that owes you nothing
And yet they say they do.
Give or take a thousand or two
Yeah take NOT give
Death we will one day face
But as for now live!
Live each day
Given to you as if no more,
No more you say
Yes live for today!
For tomorrow
For tomorrow
Is not promised or either given
But brother keep on living!
Sister keep on living!
People keep on living!
Live life worth living- -

Kenneth R. Jenkins

PoEtIc AdDiCtIoN

You see, you make me wanna write,
You make wanna write words
So sweet and on the other hand
Words wind up so tight
Until it squeeze you when you feel me
Setting my poetic heart soaring free
Like a bird flying in mid air
But I don't care
As long as I can bring these poetic words to your ears
Leaving with happiness or either intears.
I am like an addict unashamed
And an addict by deed and name
Over poetry deep, deep, deep in my soul
No matter how deep or how old
Or how it sounds in words so dear
Until it just burns of your ears.
Fire flame to touch
No but yet not too much
Just a little at a time
With somewhere in there with you on my mind
Because I am an addict for poetry.
Poetry by any means you see
If by anything else is messed up,
Like the Crack head on the streets
I need to be fed my 'drug' that inner beast.
No not beast but pleasure deeply so
Until I feel and really know
It's that thing call poetry I am addicted to
Yes, it's very, very, very true
I love poetry for I am an addict.
And if poetry was a woman she would be my mistress,
My chick on the side I won't miss,
For I am an addict baby a poetry junkie,
Because I need my fix everyday,
And sometimes i a worst way.
My suppilers range many like Langston and Nikki and Maya and even a Butterfly too
Because I am an addict of poetry and this is very true.
Everytime I mix the poetic lyrical measures spinning in my brain,
As I write them down like a person whose going fool and going insane,
For I am an addict baby; a poetic, lyrical, words spinning miser, spitting out words so,
Addict of rhymes
Endless i space and in time
No matter what moves me
No matter what grroves me
I am what I am what I am so.
Give me a fix and I'll give you a rhyme
Give a little bit of time
And I'll be spitting out poetry as fast as you can say 'BLACK BALL'
I love poetry and I am an addict that's all.
If there was an 'Poet's Anonymous' I would be in every meeting everytime,
Spinning a rhyme for you in every way I can find.
My name is_____and I am a poetic lyrical of rhyme of a poet

I AM A AN ADDICT- -
A POETRY ADDICT!

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Poetry In Motion

You make write....

You make me write the world over
And just not settle for the best
Because I won't never rest
Growing weary of you
While the wheels of life are turning
Turning, turning around and around as I am yearing
Wondering, pondering about you.
It's poetry in motion
With every poetic motion going around
And around in my head.
You are like poetry in motion
Spinning around and around...

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Reality Check

They accused her of a crime
Yes a crime she did and they lead
Her to this strange man
Who talks strange,
And acts strange,
Asking this strange man
Should we stone this woman
Since it's the law?
He sat and said nothing for
The moment but wrote on the
Ground and that's when the stranger
Finally spoke saying,
'If you have no sin, throw a stone
At her.'
They thought about it and then
Declined the notion
Of stoning this poor woman.
They left one by one
Leaving the woman, the stranger
Only and he asked her
'Woman, where r the ones
Who accused you? '
She replied, 'There is none'
So go in peace', he said.
The people just had
A REALITY CHECK!
A close encounter with a stranger
And a case dismissed of
A woman in a crime
She should have paid in the beginning..

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Spoken Word

to all my fellow poets

Word 4 word
Pound 4 pound
Spoken word 4 spoken word
Voices of poets sound.

On wings they fly
with their pen in hand
With reason and some rhyme
Is right where they stand.

Poetic words flow
From the lips of poet's delight,
With hand jesters to show
Spoken in their words tonight.

Rhyme true to the bone
With knowledge dropped by them,
Rhymes shown
Like a camera with film.

Shouting loud
Singing it to the world everywhere,
Rhyming proud
The poetic expressions share.

Word 4 word
Pound 4 pound
Spoken word 4 spoken word
Voices of poets sound.

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Sunday Shoes

Inspired by my wife Vanessa A. Jenkins

Can you walk a mile
In my Sunday shoes?
Go to places I've been long and wide
Or some place you'll pay your dues?

Can you wear my shoes
That danced in God's praises
Cutting a step or two
Head reared and voices raises hig
Those old dusty Sunday shoes.

I walked places far as well as near
And back again to go anywhere
To any place I want to go from here
And there again.

To marches long for Freedom's cry,
To Church on a dusty country road,
To fields where coteon grow high,
In my old dusty Sunday shoes.

Can you just walk in
These old dusty shoes?
Being foe or either friend
In those old dusty shoes.

If I have to walk to hell and back
I would in these dusty old shoes
But I only walk to Church in them in fact,
These old dusty Sunday Shoes.

I'll keep walking in them until
The Good Master calls me home
Hoping someone will someday fill
These old dusty Sunday shoes.

10 Dec.2007

Kenneth R. Jenkins

The Soul of Jazz

The soul of Jazz
Where Jazz is soul
And the soul of Jazz is within
Bringing back the days old
Where Jazz was Jazz andJazz was soul.
Coltrane, Davis, the Duke playing in a style
That livesand breathes like wild.
I love for the soul of Jazz
And Jazz as soulfuly divine
A form of music not hard to define
But a form of music you hear within
And it's within you'll hear is no sin,
But a crime if you treat it so
Misuse it, leave it in the cold
But loving every moment everytime.
Progressions of changing measures twine
Notes conclude with one note blend
A musical style that will never end
The soul of Jazz as Jazz is full of soul
And everybody who's somebody knows,
Jazz is the purest sound of music
Because it's the soul of Jazz as Jazz is soul.

(16 Jan 2005)

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Trippin'

(A ghetto type of verse)

I am trippin'off of you
And the things that you do,
And the way you walk,
The way you talk,
Baby it's such a delight
To see you the way you are
And everything you do
No matter how near or how far
I be trippin' over you!

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Wake Up! Wake Up!

Politicians-
Wake up from your sleep
Of political thinking
High prices, high taxes
And back breaking
It's time to wake up!

Preachers- -
Wake up from your sleep,
Preaching sermons of greed
Blinded by the LIGHT
Practicing in the world of sleaze
It's time to wake up!

Mother- -
Wake up from your sleep
Of finding that man
To pay for all your problems
Then away he goes
Away he ran
For it's time to wake up!

Teachers- -
Wake up from your sleep
Of educating young minds
Wasting
Their lives away
With them it's hard to find
It's time to wake up!

Father- -
Wake up from your sleep
Of being a runaway man
Stand up for yourself
And don't lie down but STAND
'Cause it's time to wake up!

Wake up! Wake up!
Sleeping time is over.
He that sleeps too long
Will miss God at work.
Your very life uncovered
For it's time to wake up!
WAKE UP!
WAKE UP!
WAKE UP!
WAKE UP!
WAKE UP!
GET UP!
WAKE UP!
GET UP!
WAKE UP!

GET UP!
WAKE UP!
GET UP!
GET UP!
WAKE UP!
WAKE UP!
WAKE UP!
WAKE UP!

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Words

I open my mouth-
And the words are there
But all of a sudden nothing comes out
And those few words that's shared
Still flows on nodoubt.

I write the words down-
And there's no meaning or rhyme
Or poetic measures to skip a beat
And something to make tap my feet.

I write down my thoughts-
But it's just not the same
With those fashioned together so
Making me screen and shout your name
To make the whole world surely know.
Somebody give back my groove!
Somebody give me back my groove
Somebody give me back my groove!

(C) 2004

Kenneth R. Jenkins

Words of Inspiration

To Langston H.

I sit here writing these words
Inspired with pen in hand
But I can seefrom where I stand
The rivers of flowing from here.

You inspire me
Giving me that desire
That buring fire
Lit within this poet's soul.

The words flow from this pen
First from themind
Then the hands that signs
Then the last words of this poem
Inspiration never cease.....

(21 Jan 2005)

Kenneth R. Jenkins