

Poetry Series

Troy Brown

- poems -

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My Oak Tree

My taste for love is what I long,
The secret so full and free
My heart of love beats every day
Because of this Oak Tree

The beauty of its leaves, we seldom admire
Oh Creator Lord to thee
How foolish our paths would have been
If it wasn't for this Oak Tree

How quickly this seed germinated
Our eyes could hardly see
I treasured every moment
Beneath this Oak Tree

As little children we play and hide
How sweet are those memories to me?
The games we played, the jokes we shared
Beneath this Oak Tree

I would never forget this Oak Tree dear
For she is very dear to me
It matters not how grey I get
For my Mother is that Oak Tree

I watched this tree as the leaves got dry
The limbs begin to break
I fell to my knees, and begged the Lord
"Please don't you this Oak Tree take"

Lord, if this tree should bend its head
I dread that day to see
May time give way to that glorious day
When we meet in eternity.

Troy Brown

My Peaceful Sea

Speak to me softly my peaceful sea
How your waves grow loud and loud
I can hardly understand the message you give
May your head not slowly bow

My peace I give to you my child
I have plenty of peace to share
I am shouting loudly to your older siblings
But they would not lend an ear

"Don't worry about tomorrow my love? "
Said this peaceful Sea to her son,
I want the best for you, my dear
And my little one

"O.K my mother", I said to this Sea
Your love is very rare.
I wander what can match this love
And what to it compare.

"Flow in peace", I said to my peaceful sea
Remember this world no more
For God has already made provisions for you
Upon you bountiful blessings bestow

Troy Brown

Survival

Remember our journey to town
In the coolness of the day
Mommy had no other employment
Than mangoes on a tray
We always looked for bargains
From the lady dressed in brown
So we can make a profit
The next time we walked to town

Mommy parceled them each day
So passersby can get
Some were even short on finance
But mommy never frets
Some days were blue as sales,
Business were very slow
She decided upon another trade,
She turned to icicle

My sister ate some for dinner
And took some home as well
Mommy never forgot my portion,
For her granddaughter Angel
She kept this trade for many years,
From school children she couldn't hide
She was very pleased to serve them,
Until that mournful day, she died.

Troy Brown