

Poetry Series

John Young
- poems -

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John Young(July 3,1988)

My name is John Young Born in y has taken me far and be on.It helps my mind to grow strong.I been writing poetry since i was poems are about my feeling about the world and about and relationships and the feeling that two people have with one another.

Basically i just want the world to know what I have to say and that the world better get ready for the next

John is what makes my body whole. I have a mind body and soul and a heart full of precise gold. For my objective is not to bring fear into this world. But to help the right put up a good fight so light can shine o so very bright. For I am humble and right always keeping up the good fight for when everyone thinks all as fail and there is no way we can prevail. My noble spirit can break the evil shell. And now I can Stand up and prevail for my mind is the key to unlock the goals I seek but without a mind my goals can never be complete. Now that all you need to know about me for now.

Church Poem

I'm a gospel arsonist,

My holy flame burns so bright it shakes the pillars of the unworthy,

Forgotten

For they know that the demon inside of me has been slain

And now God's lethal weapon is here to change the game,

They thought hip hop rap artists

Can only spit a flow so sick to make them filthy rich,

Well I'm hip hop's nemesis flow so delicious it's like skittles

You just got to get a taste of it,

For God is my addiction,

I drunk from the venomous pits but now i ask for re-newness,

See I rhymed with repentance,

But now I'm saved

Now my evil thought are relinquished,

My body is slowly but surely replenishing my good intentions,

For poetry is my obsession

And the gifts it brings has doubled my blessings,

For Mr. Fantastic's kind hearted soul has been resurrected,

I'll be proud to give the devil a verbal thrashing

Give him a coma like concussion,

I was raised by the devil but now I'm Gods lethal weapon,
The devil gave me grief but God swashed that beef
Gave me a taste of victory for you see,
I was once a CSI cold case
My identity was almost erased until
God reopened my case
Gave me a new kind of faith that no one can take away
Plus gave me a new face helped me fight my case,
I'm a free man again
The load I was carrying has been lifted
The pain I held was also lifted
And if more comes
I will continue demolishing its existence
The skills I lost God has resurrected its presence
I have regained my freedom of speech, spirit if Langston Hughes
The power of understanding my surrounding like the great Maya Angelou
"And Still I Rise",
I have the voice of a great leader commanding its troops
I also carry the name of one of the greatest men that ever lived
He paved the way for the one we call Jesus today,
His name was John the Baptist,

And with all that said I stand here now I give you my testament,

I will stand and fight back the demons of hell

Until God calls my name in the book of life

And tells me

My good and faithful servant you are welcome in my house

Peace is still.

John Young

Fantastic Freak

Mr. Fantastic is a freak
No a freak geek see I..ll
Lick your lips
And I..m not talking about the one above your ties
I..m talking about the one between your hips
Make you do a lisp like thisssssssssssss
I..m every women prince charming but
My gift is every mans bad memory
I can take your women from under your feet
And leave you crying at home on your knees
And I bet you your girl is at my house counting some sweet zzzzzs
Sleeping perfectly
See
Men like you make my life so easy
See you guys break women down like some
Skip rocks tool but I..m Mr. feel good
I got the right skills to make you feel brand new but see
I..m through with the kid games now its time to see
If I can play the grown man game and its called
life

John Young

Had A Fight With God

I was heated that day
There was so much anger and pain builded up in side me
Then god appeared in my mind
With a fiery voice I said
Why
Why did you let that 4-year-old girl die?
Ran up on him and hit him in the eye
But a tear fell out of my eye
And gods face didn't even break
And I use 90% of my strength
God said because she took her own life
She thought no one cared
What she went through in life
God bitch slapped me in the eye
That's for letting your friend commit reap
Now my face began to turn purple
And I felt like the people that were already struggling when bush
Got put into the white house
Mad then a motherfucka
Then I reacted and hit him in the chest
That's for not helping my friend out of that thousand-dollar debt
God blocked it and started to hit me with lefts and rights
Because he's the one who wanted to sell weed to my young people and that
Stuff killed a 12-year-old dream
He was hitting me
I was doing some Ail rope adop shit
But god was throwing those George Foreman power hits
Almost hit me in the throat
So I had to do what I had to do
Hit god in the family jewels
God push me back lift up his rob
He had a protection cup
Protecting his stuff
I got so heated I ran up and started to hit him with hay makers
In his face with a 100% of my body weight
But my face began to break I stopped and said
God why ant you showing any pain I hit you with everything
He pulled out a mirror and said idiot cant you see
You're a reflection of me

John Young

Its Not Over

No more Crying
No more Fighting
No more Criticizing
Because I'm gonna change
I was a young boy that no one cared for I cried almost every day
I prayed that god would take me away from this dangerous place
A place that you are not granted to see the next day
I fight each and every day to keep my name alive
So many people try to end my life but mostly by word
So now I speak to the sky because god is the only one that
Knows why I cry
Why I fight
Why I get criticized about my life
But god changed me
He made me see and realize I will become someone one great
Someone who can help this unstable place
For instance you have black people not realizing they have joined the kkk
Killing off your own people
That's why our world rank is getting lower ever day
An another thing why did we even let bush run for president
he can't even speak perfect English
Lucky he has his people write this speeches
The only thing bush can do is write new slogans
To put more people in Iran
Hes a scam artist
But I say today its not over until it is over
Until they put my body six feet under
And on my tombstone says, 'John was a true soldier'
Its not over until the entire hurricane Katrina victims are fully help
Its a shame how they fixed the rich half of the land
And left the poor half with out giving them a hand
It not over until it is over
Not until I feel comfortable
That the next generation has changed
The definition of what some of us think about the flag that
Represents our nation
Red for the under cover cold-hearted murderers
Blue for the feeling of ashamed
Because we didn't pick the right person to speak for us

White for empty minded soul the ones who think they have nothing good to look
for
But I say this right now
This very day
its not over until it is over
Until my heart stops beating not until my pen stops bleeding
It not over until your hearts stops beating its over not until your pen stops
bleeding
For poetry is my last stand
until God says its over
I Will fight until the last man
Until Every country pulls together and calls it even
until we abolish the hatred and the thought of demolishing our fellow men and
women
it not over until the world creaks open its shell and shows are true selfs
Beautiful

John Young

Just Me

My words are unique in every shape and form

Maybe that's why turtles come to shore to see me perform

I complement my words not my human form

It shocks me when females tell me I'm the type of guy their looking for

I was raised with independence

Chastised through the fire of forgiveness

Then baptized by the devil's fallen minion that rose up and became one of God's

Lethal weapons

Now I write, again and again

Becoming more intertwined with my rhymes

When I write I am a living prodigy only the worthy can sit eye to eye with me

I feel more powerful then the Greek gods in thee odyssey

The more I write it's like the pen I use helps me manifest my words theologically

As I fill up my space on this page

I'm a different man when I write with the pen

Like drama is no threat to me

We no longer see eye to eye

It's no longer kin to me

I can't speak for everybody but that's just me

Let Me Love You

Baby let me love you until the sun comes up
baby let me love you
until the world stops going round and round
I'll love you so good
you'll never think a grown ass man can love you like I do
because I will
rip you
dip you
make a Sunday up out of you
and please believe
I'll lick all of my desert up off you
I can make you feel like a queen in bed
but wait until I show how I can make you feel like
"dam this kids a grown ass man."
He's tall and sexy
shit makes your mama wishes she wasn't 60
God gave me a powerful gift
because now I can learn from my mistakes
Up grade my knowledge on
how women thinks
but the way you got me looking at u
all my love is only going to be given to
YOU BOO

John Young

Mama

My mama breaths through me
like the taste of ever-lasting sweet nectar from out of a tree
our minds are one
she is my matrix
for my body cannot live without her mind
the touch of her carefully god made hands
touch my skin I fear no man
for I will fight 100 man
to keep the bound of this son and mother and also close friend

John Young

Mr. Fantastic

They call me Mr. Fantastic for my words are ever lasting.
They can wrap around your mind
Make you think and make you realize that my words are
Permanent
Man, the only thing that I wish wasn't permanent is
The choke hold on today's youth
Like government
For one day they're going to give me the boot
Give me a gun
And a
Army suit and think I'm ready to go shoot
Send me to Iran's soil to get more oil
Man, I wish I had the real powers of Mr. Fantastic
For I would stretch forth my hand
Save every last innocent life in Iran
But my words and my hand can only stretch so far
(**Hush little baby don't you cry, cuz Mr. Fantastic is now joining this fight**)
Not just to upgrade my appearance
But to upgrade people's feelings about the war
For are soldiers are not the only ones who have to fight to stay alive
For the innocent
Baby, the daddy, the mama, plus the gramma's got to fight to survive
But their cries are like plastic to you guys
You can't see them so you just don't want to hear them
Or
You can see them but you just don't want to hear them
But the people who hear and see and also listen to me
I thank thee
Now I get on one knee praying that God will hear my..NO
Not my cry but
Their cry, their need, their plea
Please put peace in Iran
Because
They need to put the hate to sleep.

John Young

My Poetry

My poetry has taken me far and be on
when i was a kid
i had nobody to look up to
only but God
and my mom is another person who joined the fight
the fight for my freedom
so i can carry on
carry on the legacy
just like how track runners still carry the paton
see when i was 12
i had no self-esteem
My dad made me feel like i needed him to breath
i needed to attend to everyone of his needs
cleaning and sweeping under his feet
like a slave that had no reason for living
but it took me 4 years to realize that
i must attend to my own needs
so i started to write poetry
i felt like I had found the cure to my heart disease
so as i write my life in a poetic rhyme
spittin out my pain
going down memory lane
but see it wasn't clear like seeing a yellow brick road
this was a road that had so much to indoor
for my soul was permannently scarred for life
but i still push on hard throught life
But now i'm done with my self reflection tantrum
see i'm 18 now with my head raised up high
letting you know how to get around
the troubles that the world brings to you guys
and the lies they try to hide
see i realize that the world doesn't surround
just me
it surrounds everybody
for this world got more hatred then a
double stuffed vegetable pot pie
Like the gang banging in the streets
see you don't have to be a thug
for a bullet to go through your lungs

you don't have to be a thug to
get jumped while doing a grocery run
don't you see
we are the next generation
you know deep down in side
you have the burning sensation
plus the key to create
a well stand up nation
so can't you see
we need to put down the gaks
tell that trigger finger and hate level
to relax
so the government can't hold us back
behind their visible wire wall of law
For we are the next generation
we are like Hiroshima ticking time bombs
waiting to go off
all you need to do is
just set your mind right
get your life straight
because poetry
Thats what i serve on my diner plate

John Young

The Freak In Me

When I look that you
I can paint a perfect picture
You and me
making love under the forbidden tree making sweet poetry
Connecting like Adam and Eve
Now its time to show you the freakier side of me
After we eat dinner you lift your shirt
So I can get ready for some god and man made snack
I make a honey trail down your neck to the root of your edible skirt
Mmmmm.....now lets add some man made desert
Add some wipe cream on top of your to mountain pecks
That looks so happy to see me
With a cherry on top
And now I take my time eating the two cherries and wipe cream
See they call me Jerico
Lick you 7-time make all your wall fall
Last but not lest make a Sunday on the crack of your back
Now I'm ready for my god and man made snack

John Young

The Gun Is In My Hand

I TOOK OFF MY VEST NOW LOOK AT MY CHEST IF SHE WAS USING REAL
BULLETS I WOULD HAVE BEEN PUT TO REST WIT 22 HOLE IN MY CHEST I WANT
A NO CLOSE CASKET I WANT YOU TO SEE HOW MANY TIMES SHE DONE
BLASTED BUT SHE PUT THE GUN IN MY HAND LIKE IM THE ONE TO BLAME LIKE
I SET MY OWN HEART TO REVIVE ALL THIS PAIN BUT SCENE THE GUN IS I MY
HAND IM THE ONE TO BLAME.

John Young

True Love

love is someone that you have a deep uncontrolled passion for in a instant not even a near second your true love that you once love will leave your site and now you will do anything to fight to keep her now there is no bound, no one on this earth that will keep you from calling, writing, leaving a message so we can intertwine are love once again but I want to know why you haven't return none of my calls, or none of my letters did you forget is your mom holding you back has anther man caught your eye is that why you made me feel like you tossed are love to the side but you know what this is now a no holds bar my gloves are ripped off my heart is now open like a picture book getting read to some first graders I dont care how many bullets go through my heart as long as it still beats I will do any and everything to get you back I know you want to know who Im talking want me to tell you really want to know..or do you want to keep on guessing..naw I wont do that to you well the persons name is..*..? \$%!

John Young