

Poetry Series

Jonas Blueford
- poems -

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Jonas Blueford(9/ 19/ 1997)

Jonas Blueford was born on September 19 1997 in Milwaukee Wisconsin at Josephs father left when he was ten and never returned. he was a good father till that point. he soon got remarried and moved away to Texas this inspired Jonas to write because, he was taught as a young boy to write his feelings out on paper. so growing up writing came easy to the summer of 09 Jonas and took in another form of writing called poetry in which he began to write numerous types of poems.

Changed! ! !

You try to. Change me with your lies
having me trip on whats right.

Putting my
flaws and dislikes
into a box to the side

you change my life
with expensive gifts and events
that last so long
before goodbye had exist
you try to take away the glory of life

not knowing
what you just put to the side
my hopes my dreams
my life has just been. Cleaned
from what i feel

is truly me
now i stand on the side
of the little oak tree
hiding from life
and all that is free

Jonas Blueford

Forgetting Love

She said she loved him,
he said it right back
They were different,
but opposites attract

She gave him everything
from head to toe
He used and abused her,
she did not know

So stuck on love,
would not trust her instinct
Cheating,
an image that was not distinct

She cried for hours nonstop
her tears fell slow
Wiped her face
yet memories did not go

Approached him the next day
mad and confused
He looked in her eyes
he told her the truth

Broken and depressed, she began to cry
He did not care about the tears in her eyes
He forgot,
he no longer remembered

Spoke of love,
but that was part of the big picture.
Like rain from the sky
her eyes dripped slow

Got her in bed
just to hit it and go.
He never loved her the truth was revealed
Her heart had been stripped,

no longer concealed.

Jonas Blueford

Girl Next Door

brown skin short haired goddess
soft touch, not to mention her body was flawless

may 1,2010
she's thirteen
but to the streets she's clocking mileage
her mind controlled her body
years pass self esteem reached an all time low

may 7,2012
she's fifteen
no self esteem and hormonal growth
never experienced penetration
but her mouth was a joke
even the hood nigga dropped kids down her throat

september 1,2013
her mom was an addict,
a slave to human trafficking.
never let her daughter see her in the streets,
so afraid of the lifestyle she neglected
every night she was cautious.
never took the time to show a man she was weak,
not even bruises and punches could drop her off her feet.

june 10,2014
depression
"i hate school,
why should i bust my ass everyday to get a diploma i don't even need";
giving you and everybody in this building the impression that you understand
me,
not to mention love.
i guess that's why my father left
see..
this school shit ain't for me,
i might as well drop out.

october 1,2015

bed time was eight but temptation ran till three,
unrobbed and used like a dirty contraceptive
just to make ends meet
no job or education
no wonder, she lived by the heat.
mom didn't condone
that's why she put her out on the street.
living a double life
like a agent,
a drop out
making money at the clubs.
tears couldn't clear the makeup
or disguise
living the life,
angel dust gave her a rush.
within years her childhood vanquished.
growing up too fast
left her alone and panicked,
by the time she realized her mistakes,
she vanished.

july 21,2015

body stagnant in motel 6
tied to the bed
and bashed till blood dripped
panties pushed to the side and molested till sperm hit
lost and found that's when reality hit.
a slave to the life
i guess karma's a bitch
not even the drugs or the glamour
could stop nor resist.

Jonas Blueford

Heart Monitor

Heart monitor...

When god made you he created a queen.
Beauty was far from what i was envisioning
What i saw was exquisite,
Because you were the star of my eye.
the point of my finger
the beat of my heart
and an angel none the less.

your eyes shined bright
so bright that I lost partial sight.
So I kept my eyes open
To see what's inside.
I stayed there gathering
Emotions on my side,
Finding what I can
Until I became completely blind.

Heart monitor...
Monitoring my heart, my life, my insides
Lost without you
In the shadow behind my eyes.
I may love you
If that's true
I have a million reasons why.

I'm like a cat with nine lives.
When I'm with you I'm alive
I could fight off a bear
or be killed by a snake
if you're still alive
I'll use the remaining eight to
hug you, kiss you
and tell you it would be ok

if you're not here...
if you're not here I'm not alive
cuz You're the reason I live

You're the reason I survive
I live for your heart
I live for your brown eyes.

If love was a crime
I would be a repeat felon.
Because every day I see u
I fall in love all over again.
Like Romeo and Juliet
You're my heart no blood spill.
You make me smile when I'm feeling down
Heart monitor...

If I'm lost
I'm searching looking for a way out
It's a one way street to your heart.
So I take the road
That brings your hearts traveling miles none stop
I'm a snail in a motherfucking rabbit race
Winning this race at a constant pace,
Cause we never separate.

We stay together
Like to of a kind
We are two sides of a heart
You're the left and I'm the right
And together we make a whole.
So as I sit here in the rain nervous and cold
Will you take my heart and be my whole.

You're all I need
With you I don't need a coat
Cuz you and I create
A mathematical equation
That stops at two,
Me and you.

Like presents on Christmas
You give me joy
Christmas for me,
Is each day.
Cuz each night with you is a gift

A present.
I find myself looking in the present
Cuz your my now, soon, and later
I can't seem to shake it.

It's a different type of feeling...
These feelings I'm having for you!
I'm not sure
What I am sure of is
I want to be with you
Be your right hand man
Be your man
Be the only one for you
Be true to you.

I want...
I want more than sex frequent hellos and goodbyes
I don't want your body
I rather feel the pleasure of you standing be my side
I want love letters, poems, kisses and explosive nights
I want you by my side as the world end
I want you...

The real you...
I want the real you by my side as I say good night
Good night to a new morning
Cuz my heart is like...
My heart is like daylight
And you feed me sunshine
Now I bow my head as I say goodbye
Goodbye to those lonely nights

You're my all
My ray of sunshine
And when I hold you...
And when I hold you I feel alive, reborn
Like...

Like what I was
And what I am
Was never the same
cuz you make me who I am

I'm no longer the same man
Shit damn

Hold up...
It's a shame that's lives much different now
Things that were done in the past
No longer has karma, has restrain
but always its advantages
I lived in the edge like a crook

like life...
Like life because when you die your shadow takes your place
who you are is no longer important
and what you where and what you did
determines if they would rather
forget then take the time to remember
remember what's already forgotten

I can say what I say because...
I can say what I say because I lived in the dark
never brought shine to the light because light...
because light has its own road
and the road I'm heading is one of a soul a heart
heart monitor...

it beats when necessary and stops when life's up
never went through life as a black, loving, fool but..
never went through life as a black, loving, fool but...
when love takes over there's nothing you could do.

cuz when I love...
huh...
cuz when I love
I take the time to admire your body, beauty, brain, and smile
Telling you I love you
Every single day
cuz when I love...
cuz when I love I'm here to stay
Heart monitor...

It's contagious
This love I'm feeling for you is a disease an infection

You infect me with feelings I can't control
The disease is that I think of you whenever you're not here
Heart monitor...
You keep it going
You keep me...
You keep me focus ready and proud

cuz whenever I stare into your eyes
I have that feeling...
that sense of awareness that your mine
Where standing face to face,
yet I see you by my side
heart monitor...

beat after beat,
song after song,
line after line as I write this poem.

see love is...
love is an act of endless forgiveness, a tender look which becomes a habit(Peter
Ustinov)

I am love now reach down and grab it
if you give me your heart...
if you give me your heart I promise not to break it
cuz when I love...
huh...
cuz when I love every day is valentines

because all the time were together brings light to another time
a time when you're on my mind
lost chasing thought

can't rewind...
can't rewind because to rewind is to go back
being lost
heart monitor...
can't find love because
Love is a train of thought.

So I pulled the plug
As you as my first, last and final thought

Heart monitor...

Never gave up on love
Because love is a drug
I maybe in love...
if that's true I'm addicted
You got me contradicting, Lyin, forgettin
Cuz my heart was in pieces until you fixed it
picking up the broken pieces
Heart monitor...

Jonas Blueford

Perception Of Beauty

The reflection of a model is what you want to be.
Covering your insecurities with makeup to make up for the images you made up.
Magazines show real women exposed like vogue,
unrobed. To pose from idols to hoes to playboy and vogue images sold the
concept of a bad bitch untold.
You would rather live life as a side chick
reminiscing and contradicting them niggaz who called you a side bitch.
Settling for second best like a sidekick.
Going for the team
so the man of your dreams you can't find it.
Flipping the script
saying every guy before was a lesson
and every man after was god's blessing.
Beauty is hidden behind everything that's real and made up
but the waters flow deep like a quick stream
so mentally you want to catch up.
I see reflections through these lenses
you push perfection
and like a bottle I see the message.
so much of my generation has been mesmerized
to idolized the image of perfection.
The same reason attraction attracts the less attractive.
Matter of fact it's quite tragic.
Instagram and Facebook got people living anorexic,
so hungry for the fame
bodies blasted with no message.
Searching for that model figure
but what you have is so much better than that Barbie image society wants you to
have.
It's sad
if you're over a size 6 beauty
and the thought of being beautiful is something you will never have.
Not to mention Skin tone and complexion
makes it harder for black women to feel natural,
beneath perfection.
All this light skin, dark skin drama is irrelevant
because beneath skin tone
we all share similar perceptions

Scared To Love!

My heart is in pain
Leaving nothing but a permanent stain
Throwing myself into a constant grave
Losing you is like a continuous wave of pain

Putting a nine to my brain
Pulling this metaphorical chain
If beauty was a picture...
You would be made with a frame

Your lips is my nectar
Your eyes was my guidance
And your body is an addiction
That's why it's hard to be without it

I mean...
What's a king without his queen... you
Got me catching this love like disease
I'm lost in this emotional trauma

Got me going back and forth like a relay
Playing games,
ready to chase like second place
If dreams were real

I would be face to face
In a dark place staring in your eyes
Lost and out of place
Because I been hurt so much
I don't think I can take one more heart break...

Jonas Blueford

Suicidal Thoughts

My heart is in pain
Leaving nothing but a permanent stain
Throwing myself into a constant grave
Losing you is like a continuous wave of pain

Putting a nine to my brain
Pulling this metaphorical chain
If beauty was a picture...
You would be made with a frame

Your lips is my nectar
Your eyes was my guidance
And your body is an addiction
That's why it's hard to be without it

I mean...
What's a king without his queen... you
Got me catching this love like disease
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Playing games,
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Trust

Denied my care
denied my soul
when it comes to trust
i shall uphold
the truth might be devastating

but as we all know
the truth sometimes injuries
but shall not be told
to trust another
when one is gone

can take weeks
even months alone
but shall we forget
the the crushing blows
not to the heart

but to the soul
night by night
i see the old
smashed by the truth
and turned into stone

murder perhaps
seeking in vain
just a classic mist
that once was named
ashamed by glory

barely maimed
once before
i had no shame
if words are
Expressions why dont they go away?

Why must they express
the feeling put away
a trusty steed

i once had to betray
as shocking as it is

i still remained untamed
claiming to this day
i shall obtain
the awful truth
That ran threw my vains

now im alive
but only one choice remains
should i move on
or should i
Run away

Jonas Blueford

Why? ! ? ?

Why?

Why do I continue to hurt myself? seeing u is like cutting myself
cuz the pains so deep it leaves bruises
These thoughts n memories are cut throat
like I murdered myself
came back to life just to show u myself

Why?

Why can't I find myself?
Wake up just to hide myself
Covering my heart with tape
Call that filling empty space
Looking to the right cuz there's nothing left
Losing sleep over this shit to many memories n thoughts got my mind corrupted
running threw my head like I killed
Bugs bunny got my memories scattered cuz I put my heart on a platter
Now I'm plastered

Why?

Why are you in my head?
images through my mind like a slideshow
Stuck on repeat like I lost the remote no coset
Lookin for your love is like finding nemo
But I take the risk
Cuz Love is a gamble
And my heart is casino
Stuck in my head like lyrics when u read em
My hearts so cold you would think I was a demon

Why?

Why do I love you?
As if my love for u was unknown
I could point out the little things
Your brown eyes, your soft lips, your cute smile
Just a few to get started
It's like I'm first in the race but losing my mind as you appear in my brain

Call that personal space
It's like My hearts Passive aggressive when we texting I feel like running the
distance with no leverage
Why?
Why is it so hard to forget u?
I don't mean 2
But I love u
Keep my mind clear
Like there's nothing above u...
Why?
Why do I love u?

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