

Poetry Series

Makeda Browne
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Makeda Browne()

Footsteps In The Sand

Silence began
And as i strained my ear
I can hear the whispers
I can see a tear.
Jesus cries and listens
As he looks at all our sins
Then the song grows louder
The choir now begins

Their voice is like a unison
And i feel deep with guilt
I see the bag in Jesus' eye
The bag that we all built.
He lift his head to look at me
The hairs in my head waved
He opens his mouth to say three words
And thy are' 'you are saved.'

My cheeks are soggy now with tears
My mouth spred across my face
I hear the choir sing about
My lords amazing grace.
The choir goes decrescendo
I reach and hold his hand
He walks with me along the beach
Our footsteps in the sand

Makeda Browne

Friendship

It's, like,
The best thing besides
God and love.
It's, like,
A sister's bond
As pure as a dove.

It's, like,
Nature itself;
At the beginning of spring.
It's, like,
Nurturing each other
Under your wing

It's, like,
The right hand side
To the breath of life
It's, like,
Caring for your daughter,
Mother, wife.

It's, like,
Dying on the cross
for the one you love.
Friendship isn't man-made
It came from above

Makeda Browne

Gulf City

A crowd around me
Some food in front
I finally went
Gulf City this month
My grandma quarrelled
'This food has no salt! '
We sat and awaited
My mum and my aunt

A day at the mall
Any girl would survive
But my guts were melting
Till mummy arrived
Holding back tears
Wouldn't do any good
And mummy arrived
As she said she would

Alas! She arrived
Yet made it all worse
I can't escape
This horrid curse
I'm freezing cold
My apitite's gone
Gulf City felt worse
Than when my brothers were borne

Makeda Browne

I Am Life

I am the terror that brings men to their knees.
I am the screams in the middle of the night.
I am the beginning of hurt and suffering.
I am not death.
No.
I am life.

I am the tears shed in the midst of pain.
I am the last prayer when hope is all but lost.
I am the worst fears that creep into your mind.
I am not death.
No.
I am life.

I am the waves crashing on the shore.
I am the peace in a thunderstorm.
I am the love yet to be expressed.
I am not death.
No.
I am life.

Makeda Browne

Look A Little Farther

My hands are holding on a rope
I look a little farther
Some children going down a slope
But look a little farther
Construction cars are on the move
But look a little farther
Is that a school beyond the way?
Oh, look a little farther

Some houses there, in building pose
But look a little farther
A mist ahead merely quickly rose
Just look a little farther
Mountains my eye could barely see
But look a little farther
Oh, no! The mist has triumphed me
I cannot look no farther

Makeda Browne

Look At Me

If you look at me
You may wonder
What is this girl's dream?
What is her goal?

Does she think of the future?
Or things of the past?
Is she an only child?
Or is she one of three?
Does she have many friends?
Or is she very lonely?

I am weird.
I do things normal
Humans won't do.
My gifts are unlike others.
I will talk to animals as if their normal.

I can put myself in your situation
And understand you fully.
I will look, feel, and
communicate with nature
As if I am nature itself.

I am young
A beginning
Still new to the world
A puzzle
That no man can solve
For you will never quite understand
when you look at me

Makeda Browne

Making A Difference

I don't have to be the President
Or rule over the land
I don't have to be an einstein
I just have to take a stand
I don't have to be powerful
To tackle the coming tide
I just have to be me
Because God is on my side

They say that i am only one
And i can't win alone
They say that I'm not capable
Of making my dreams known
But I am just like David
My fears like Goliath
I'm still making a difference
I'm following the right path

Makeda Browne

Ruined Spring

No sound

Just the whistle of the wind on th grass

Feel its gentle blow pass

No sound

One sound

A chitter chatter of chipmunks

Scrambling over a dead tree trunk

One sound

Joy

The animals come out of their bunks and holes

The joyful creatures with merry souls

Joy

Death

A silent bullet in the air

Removes the light of a mother deer

Death

No sound

Just the whistle of the wind on the grass

Feel its gentle blow pass

No sound

Makeda Browne

San Fernando Hill

Over San Fernando Hill
I see a fog below
The little cars go passing
While their numbers quickly grow
The houses like a stadium
The tournament at hand
It looks like rain's about to fall
Across this misty land

A couple sits along a bench
The wind blows through their hair
The trees above them gently wave
God's spirit feels so near
My hands against a lingay rope
I leave against my will
I shall remember my look over
The San Fernando Hill

Makeda Browne

See

When you look at the sky
What do you see?
Do you see a cloud
Shaped like a tree?
Do you see God's angels
Flying over me?
Watching my steps?
Keeping me healthy?

Do you see the widowed mother
Struggling each day?
Do you see her children laughing
Heartily each day?
Do you see the poor guy
Who's been in an accident?
Do you see the medicant
Who cannot pay his rent?

Do you see the billionaire
Who cares for not a soul?
Do you see the mine owner,
His pocket full of gold?
Do you see the starving child
Who's still being abused?
Do you see the world and how
It is being misused/

Do you see the violence
Do you see the crime?
Do you see, Because i see,
We're running out of time
Do you see the money spent
On careless little things?
Do you see the winter's mood
Is almost just like spring's?

Do you see how teenage girls
Get pregnant in a while?
Do you know the foolish words

Men use to make them smile?
Do you see the arrogance
I see in every man?
Do you see, oh do you see,
That 'The Time' is at hand?

Do you see, oh do you see
That we soon shall be gone?
Do you see God taking us
And Leaving all the wrong?
Do you see this poem
That you are going to send?
What do you see when you look at the sky?
I see this poem's end.

Makeda Browne

Sick Chev.

A cooking
A baking
A girl comes shaking
My best friend had fainted
The girl said panting

The girls
The group
Tears in all their eyes
But i could not cry
T'was too much surprise

Some prayers
Some kisses
Some hugs and some wishes
The news was so scarce
The blow, so fierce

I felt
So blank
My mind on a plank
On Sabbath, required
Till time had expired

Her face
So sweet
So joyful and neat
I chewed up a tear
And gave her a bear

Makeda Browne

The Sun

I looked to the sun
And what did i see
A beautiful light
Staring at me.

That extraordinary light
Which amazed me so
Stood in all its glory
As i watched from down below

I cannot explain
That glorious sight
But if you look too
You won't miss that light

Makeda Browne

What I See

When you look at the sky
What do you see?
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Shaped like a tree?
Do you see God's angels
Flying over me?
Watching my steps?
Keeping me healthy?

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