

Poetry Series

Jennifer Kay. Simmons
- poems -

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Jennifer Kay. Simmons(Dec 19)

I am the Phoenix and my ass is on fire.

My imagination has me, .I believe the mind was meant to cross boundaries, and explore.I will open my eyes when everyone elses are closed.

if there were a box made to place my thoughts, it would be full of many holes.
nothing can contain my exploring mind.

I imagine.

Welcome to my world.

Between What Seems

One out of three don't sleep at night;
They say whats real is just a dream.
Darkness hides all the monkeys in the trees;
Open your mind, Think of nothing, and you'll see;
all voices that whisper all voices that sing.
Our universe has lines; they are straight up and down, parallel;
sometimes spiraling;
Think and believe and you'll see in between.

By: Jenn K. Simmons

Jennifer Kay. Simmons

Does It Matter?

No answers are given
Questions unheard;
Do they matter?
Stars of the show; out tainting souls;
So many, naive and nowhere to go
Fear screams in hate smothered faces
Avoid the mistake of showing your number
There's a woman down the road, she holds on to hope
Another sitting duck? , or a pick of the liter?
Old folks on their porches, mid November.
Innocent ones see what's real; wonder.
Who cries on a shoulder? that's not how it goes
the wicked and wrong,
Do no one a favor.

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Not Taking Applications

You know when you know;
What you know, you know.

Its how the story goes

Into the darkness,
Somewhere between the lines.
With a tripped out mind, there will be no control
Do not look below when you are way to high
Cross the boundaries, watch the tables turn
It is the bumpy road and the jacked up ride
You will lose your mind, and all your senses
Friends that come with an application, sign their names under false pretenses

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See

A want deep inside;
False hopes, and a vision.
Skeptical fears;
for a fool to be taken.
Within a dream;
beside my world,
You have my heart;
No other can awaken.
My mind hears your whispers;
Two souls meant to be
Its all in your voice;
Not in front, or behind
But beside me.

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Welcome To My World

Arm swingers, lighter holders, and those standing on corners holding signs.
Some dance around like no others, While the hard workers spoil their lovers;
And the wind still blows outside.
Dare devils, and risk takers meet up with the mind blowers;
While the innocent watch with eyes open wide.
Takers stalk the givers, while rich ones get hookers & the poor pay to get
inside.
Buyers and sellers expect the chance to be money makers;
While the secret holders are learning to fly.
Hope givers and believers search for all answers, Chasing clouds, and dive into
the unknown proudly with open minds.
The lucky and the strong don't care who wrote what song, addicts' love poets;
And wise men use others to mow their lawn.
Teachers, beggars, and chain smokers, take the back roads;
While the caretakers and mothers discover the truth of what's really going on.
Then there are the ones taking the pathways all others felt they didn't belong.
If you're in the dark when the lights are on, just follow me into the shadows, I
have matches, a drink, a smoke, and a song.

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What Is Will Be

If today you look back, there will be no tomorrow
 Enter the hallway that has no end.
Those who lie usually steal;
 mark them off as mentally hollow
Never speak of family, or trust new friends.
 Either one is a risk, and or gamble.
For he who doubts;
 will always pretend.
 Welcome the unknown;
 take the pan by the handle.
Shadows become voices;
 they enter your dreams
Voiceless whimpers, among mumbles.
 Upon you, they sneak;
 it is, as it seems.
To only yourself;
 this you must keep.
For what you take in, no one else will believe.

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You Will Know

Blindness driven to madness;
Love on the way to hell.
Cold hands, Causing weakness
Lacking money.
Not a thing to sell.
Reality speaks;
Truth on the side.
Unspoken words;
Hiding screaming lies
Slowly shutting doors;
Time taking sides.
Open your eyes;
See life unfold
Close your eyes;
And all things you will know.

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