

Poetry Series

Debra McIntyre

- poems -

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Debra McIntyre(September 11,1951)

A Good Woman

I am A Good Woman
A Good Woman who deserves
A good man
I deserve every chance
At happiness
And love
But
Far more than the above
I deserve
A peaceful spirit
Like my own
One that enjoys
My company most
When we are alone
Because
His eyes are wide open
To the damage caused me in the past
And
He knows that I could'nt last
One parting breath away from his kiss
Surely
I would be missed
If
Destiny came to soon
Because
He knows that
I am
A Good Woman
Deserving of a good man
And
We see each other's worth

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Beautiful

Unknown artist canvass city scapes
In search of passions full embrace
Of color
Too perfect for an artist brush
Yet
There they are
Exquisite blends on one smooth palette
Engaging images of loves imbalance
With emotions
So strong
So cunning
So
Beautiful
It is your face that I perceive
That gives birth to sweet emotions
Buried so deep inside of me
You are
The reason for my passion
And
I embrace you with opened arms
You are
The minutes and beats of my heart
I will forever appreciate the many colors that you are
You inspire me
You are
Beautiful

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Black Mocha

I am Queen Black Mocha
From the jungles of these urban streets
My spirit over shadows the southend brownstones
It's span reaches up to the murderous Mattapan streets
A darkness has fallen over cities
Humanity seems to have lost its' place
We live in a world dominated by thuggish children
With parents who chose alternate means of escape
My spirit refuses to allow the streets to raise my child
My voice is too loud to go unheard
My strength will beat the first man down
Who raises a baton to my son's head
It was your laws that removed prayer from schools
It was your laws that broke the golden rules
Do'nt spank your child
Now they kill their own parents
Their classmates
Cellmates
Themselves
Go to. Oh well
You created these monsters
Now
I have to stay up here where it's safe
Until the sun comes out
Or
A new generation is born

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Glimmer

Evening comes late on your shoulders
I am saddened by the news on your face
Love once again has passed you by
Your Glimmer of hope has been erased
Peace will be still
At lights first dawning
Echoes of faint hellos lost in the wind
Smiles that kissed sleepy lips yawning
Faded when Glimmer chose to blend
In with the league of shadows
Forever lost to the naked eye
I will wait
Until
His eye is on the sparrow
Keeping watch
Until
I turn to dust
Still I will wait
Until
I catch a Glimmer of my one true love
Or
Time ceases to escape

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I Am

I Am
The sum of all equal parts
That make up the universe
Are you versed in the rhthym
And flow
Of my peculiar days on earth
Or
Are you part of the thought processes
Of the feable and weak
Focus not
On twisted versions
Of reality spawned
In a crowded brain
There is no room for true logic
There in the minds
Of the criminally insane

I Am
Reclusive
I Am
Calm
I Am
The stranger that you see on the street
I can also be a seductress
Explosive
Wild
And
Boom
I Am
T.N.T
I Am
Every woman in a hard to crack nut shell
I do'nt make time for any man
Who has a hard on for sale
No
I need an entree that delivers
Deserts that are sugury sweet
I desire a man who is self assured
But not filled with conceit
A man who is pretty

From the top of his head
Way down to his big old feet
Who has natural hair
Bald or locks
Is confident
Ambitious and naturally sweet
I love a man with great smile
That always turns my head
A glance back in my direction
Might assure him
That he stands a chance
Of getting to know my essence
Who I Am
Not
Who I might pretend to be
I Am
Special
I Am
Self confident
I Am
Free to choose
Me

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Inaz Lol`d!

Inaz was a people person
Who trusted a smiling face
She had a lot friends
That she met in cyberspace
Of all her friends
She liked Fred the most
Based on his gift of gab
She told him all of her secrets
She told him about what made her sad
Fred listened to Inaz's stories
While making mental notes
On how to get Inaz to trust him more
So that he could float her boat
When he surmised that he knew exactly what to say
He told her his own sad story
And convinced her to meet with him that day
When Inaz got to the playground
All she saw was a middle aged man
Who didn't look at all like the fifteen year old
That she viewed on her webcam
She acted like she had lost her puppy
And made a quick retreat
She ran in the opposite direction
So that he wouldn't know her street
When finally she made it home
Shaking she dried her eyes
She deleted Fred from her friends list
And promised herself never to lie
About how mature she thought she looked
And never to trust a smiling face
Especially when the face in front of her
Could mean trouble
The kind that could erase her face

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Intoxicated

Midnight soirees and magical plum orange colored skies Intoxicated me
Sensuous jasmine resting lightly on my wrist
Neck and supple bosom waft through the summer breeze
Summoning my mandigo warrior
His love conjures visions of sleek gazelles prancing through the tallest African
reeds
His kisses draw me near like a moth to a flame
He intoxicated me
Together
We are the sweet elixir of mother earth
We satisfy the cravings of birth
We intoxicated one another
Until our rhythm is one

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Little Feet

Nothing ever sounds so sweet
As the pitter patter of Little Feet
Up and down well travelled stairs
With padded feet and braided hair
Walking swiftly, or, running wild
Little Feet always make me smile
When Little Feet grow
And, their toys are put away
In my mind they'll live forever
My love for them will never dissipate
We'll laugh and eat jelly beans
Then run through every room
Waving scarves like bright colored banners
Announcing the arrival of her heiness soon
They tap their feet on stage
And, swim in wading pools
They sit on a crowded school bus
On their way to elementary school
Little Feet share smiles with missing teeth
Warm enough to melt your hearts
But, mostly they spread joy and peaceful love
Imprinted with the stamp of approval
From the bottoms of Little Feets soul

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Lucky

I was born on the first Sunday
Of the ninth month
On the eleventh day
In the fifth hour a.m.
To the dreamers of a new kind of love
Ain't I
Lucky

Bleeding hearts of 'One Life To Live'
Suggested they go 'One Step Beyond' their natural selves
To achieve oneness in an already doomed coexistence
They were still playing house
Instead of playing for keeps
Ain't I
Lucky

Fortune tellers bible thumpers and knowing eyes
All wrote on napkins
One by one
The tragic ending to their epic tale
Everybody knows there's no fish swimming in water
Without scales
But
They forgot about me
Ain't I
Lucky

Lucky
Because I get to figure out life by turning a key
Stepping inside an empty apartment
Alone and afraid of shadows
With nobody to talk to besides
The face with jagged lines running across it
On the TV
Ain't I
Lucky

Lucky
There's nobody here to tell me if two and two equals four

Sperm donors travel unpacked
While mama mops another woman's floor
Ain't I
Lucky

Lucky
Darkness calls
The street lights answer
A mothers cries go unanswered
But
When she looks at me
When she smiles at me and her heart is exposed
Ain't I
Lucky
Yes

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Once

Once loves passion has been all but consumed
And,
The mention of your name draws a curtain on past commitments
I summon the courage to tell you that
Once
My heart was in bondage and its connection to my soul was incomplete
Once
My spirit spewed endless tears into the oceans
While the sorrows of the departed collected under my feet
But
Once
I raised my praises up to the heavens
My spirit was renewed with the warmth of The Guiding Light
My lifes blood began to burn with an intensity
That my body had no desire to fight
Once
Filled me with a blessing
A blessing that would sustain me throughout my many years
Once
Carried my heart and soul through a space continuum
Where it gently placed my spirit next to yours
Where I felt no fear
Once
Has His own purpose
His own reasons for removing my blight
He knew exactly where love would find me
And
Who's love for me would protect me throughout my life
Once
Is not my illusive past
He is
And
Shall always be a constant sublime
He shadows the living and comforts the dead
Once
Is the keeper of time

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Useful

Closed minds see the body of a female bent and broken at the waist
Delivering babies
Food and shelter to the anonymous faces in a society blinded by the truth of a lie
told over and over again
Leaving out the most validating parts of who stooped her shoulders
A klan of cruel and belligerent men
Who used her womanhood for their sexual pleasure
Her hands knarled and worn past good measure
Performing a days work in the fields of her enemy
Her breast sagging
Sore and empty
From wet nursing the massahs chillins
Neglecting the basic needs of her own little one
Baking in the hot Sun strapped to her back ailing with fever
Negro spirituals were birthed in those fields
Proclaiming the sorrows of a people to real
To comprehend
Digest
Or ignore
But
They were ignored
That is
For as long as it took to build these United States
Evident on the choke cherry tree whip scars etched on
The backs of men thought not to be of the human race
But
They were useful
And
Unrewarded for their tortured existence and contributions
To this very day

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