

Poetry Series

Dessie McCoy
- poems -

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Dessie McCoy(08/25/1991)

Dessie Antonio McCoy IV debuted his appearance the world in Charleston, South Carolina in the odd hour of the night on August 25th 1991. He attended school at Goose Creek High. To stay away from trouble and keep his mind occupied he used the school's extracurricular activities like the Junior Varsity football team and his favorite sport the Varsity wrestling team. After his wrestling career ended along with the high school graduation he needed another distraction. He had only two choices if he was to ever make it with the fast moving society, which was to either continue his schooling by signing up for college or to commit to his lifelong dream of becoming a soldier in the US Army. School was a little too much for him so he chose the path of Uncle Sam. His is currently serving his tour with the military and wishes to make it long term and hopefully retire with at 20 years enlisted. In Dessie's past time he writes poems to express what projects within his mind, and tries to capture every moment and detail before it is forgotten. He has a wonderful family, his loving and supporting wife Sharelle his sprouting baby girl Jalea and his dream car Betty. They each bring different types of motivation through his busy days to continuously spill the bright memories onto paper.

Asylum

Welcome to my thoughts where the world tumbles around back and forth, with vivid colors and sounds.

Flowers stacked up tickling the sky in wondrous mounds.

I look upon through the clouds, where I can spectate the scenery that's happening upon the ground.

The greatest sight to be seen was the vibrance seen towards the hills, on how the values dance at the instance of sun down.

I love what goes on in my mind that projects on the inside lids.

The way the weeping gentle giant mountains cry should be a world wonder of it's own.

The courageous stream curls and whines along with the valley of what it roams. that's the lullaby I go to when in time for sleep or the time to ease, But I will not have the choice to always feel that faint summer breeze.

I snap out of my hallucinogenic trance. I'm back, I nearly cried when I said that. I wish you could come to my asylum where my emotions are at it's best.

Dessie McCoy

Drunk Checklist

Wow I wish Captain Morgan didn't pass me those shots.
I should of resisted those things but who cares, why not.
No chasers, I'm falling over now I'm throwing up wish i was sober.
Stumbling on my words and yes my feet.
Now I'm praying the bathroom would meet up with me.
Music is too loud but turn it up this is my jam.
Well i think it's my jam I'm bobbing to every thing that plays on the radio man.
I have work in the morning I better loosen up for this long bearded Uncle Sam.
In formation sweating bullets, trying to hold back my drunk smells which is
steadily pouring.
What the hell it's not my fault I blame it all on this guy named Captain Morgan.

Dessie McCoy

Jury On Corey

Everybody say Hi Corey, you wait and don't get a Hi back.

Cause see Corey made a few bad decisions, way when he called himself the Lil C Mack

Yes he liked to push fast cars and chase even faster woman,
but he was internally shocked when these same woman sent out dudes to go and kill him.

Corey always quoted that this easy money and dirty business will forever haunt me.

He lived by the code, No worries no pity and your soul will never bleed free.

Then again he died by his own street made laws.

Never had anybody stand up or speak wrong against him so he never heard his own flaws.

He always pushed the young and confused to take the fall and live behind bars.

So do you feel pity for this man, for what he has done in his past life?

Or would you charge and convict him through his casket,

but one thing you should know is that God will be the only judge tonight.

Dessie McCoy

Mommy

Away from home but I can still feel her presence.
Mothers show the greatest care, Mothers are the greatest present.
Mothers day has passed but I continue to still send my verbal flowers of love.
She took care of me from day one and doesn't do it for the just because.
In another state but always be on my best behavior.
Really not hard to say that this Woman is my one and true savior.
She watched me as I played and watched as I made bad decisions.
Grew up in her eyes and I will always try to remain the perfect man in Her
image.
She's my true love and I cannot say it's just because.

To: My Mommy for She's the reason I know the word Love. :)

Dessie McCoy

No Filter

My care to you may mean little but in fair contest I think I better than the rest.
I'm not the best and I don't act like I wear a Superman S on my chest.
I want to be your best like I was competing for a gold medal I stress.
Yes I stress that I do have the greatest sympathy for you.
It's true, I let my emotions flow like the great ocean blue
Fluid to the fact, no Dams to hold my true ways back.
I have unveiled my false acts, so i can get myself on track.

The road to happiness, is pointless without a GPS in hand.
Your my saint so i will march on the long path like a high school color guard
band.
Alone will be drawn out and exciting with my clumsy drunken love feet.
I hope that I, no I swear that I will make you happy to take my arm and be
guided by me.
I'm stubborn like a tree that only moves in the wind, but I'm free.
I follow the latest trend in fashion so that I can stand out but I only want your
eyes to see.

So I sit here pondering asking God and myself will this woman ever want to be
with me.
Cause see I exposed my wrongs and I know I didn't come off with any kind of
harm.
I not playing tricks and I'm not practicing like I'm about to perform.
There's only two things I want in this whole world, is to have you and the real
you.
There's not much left for me to say but I will give you my all, that's from the
heart I swear I'm true

Dessie McCoy

Poem Of Love

Relationships only last when your business is private.
But when your in public I still hope you don't hide it.
You care for me so deeply but present it to be shallow.
But you call me your man and make your friends want to act the same and follow.
Yes, times will be bitter and they will be sweet.
Yet the the thorns of loves will hurt but will bear the tastiest treat.
I just wish I could have the opportunity to rewind time, Yes a great feat.
But i would go out on a ledge, over the greatest obstacle just to have bended knee at your feet.
Present myself with delicate care and sweaty palms and ask you to be with me.

Dessie McCoy

Regular Mind Of A Man

Writing in my book of rhymes that's concealed in my mind. The pain the anger, frustration all the time. The pain stops me from looking back into the future and forward in the past. I'm confused everything is backwards to me. Running from my fears a yo I gotta flee. The anger is the one that builds up inside of me. Just ready to burst on through my dome is the way to blind me. This thing is overpowering me the rage is all inside me.

Dessie McCoy

Second Chance

Life is not a given and Death is your not decision.
So you live your days true and straight with accurate precision.
For you don't want to make wrong choices and harm the said living.
The one that's doing the giving is the reaper himself.
You can't juke or hide for what is said to come.
The best you can do is sinch up your belt.
On the grim's collecting day he only cares for the sins boil it down and melt.
Gather it all up make a evil image in place.
Set it free on the world with guns and drugs to corrupt and lay haste.
But wait, for when there's darkness their is the halo light.
The path to righteousness the Lord shining armor with all his might.
To step in free you of your wrong doings cleanse you and push you out again to
fight for the right.

Dessie McCoy

Spell

It's strange that I smell Ocean Spray when she is near. Belly ring feather of type, glint when glanced with slightest sight. Body ornament sets petite frame sort of elegant like. Make mouth water like a beast at night. Fight the urge to pounce like fox on fragile mice. Smooth chocolate legs free from bump and bruise. Shaved hair smooth like marbled floor. If it wasn't strange she would be my greatest decor. I'm feeling courageous off of her licorice liqueur. I over compensated my wobble, fell on gentle breast. It was the intention lets hope no one could tell. Maybe it's this thing the sober mind might call the drunken love spell.

Dessie McCoy

The Life He Chose

Now I have been through the stages of sorrow and death
Now i pray on god asking him what to do next
He's saying live your life son the path is long
Keep your head up, smile at everyone that's no wrong
Say no to the drugs say no to that fifth
Saying live your life son gun play's a trip
So now i see a path man, I see the world
With my eyes open now i see the girls
First I've seen money, cars, drugs, shoot kill kill
Now my arms are open for anyone to understand what I feel

Dessie McCoy

This & That

Everybody knows a guy that knows a guy that who once heard this or that,
but in fact you never really actually experienced the thing this guy has done
which is this and that.

He's climbed the biggest this and found the largest that,
but in fact you never really done none of that.

He's dated the model from here and want to take her to there,
but you think back and really don't remember doing none of that.

So you say hmm... and give the head a good ole' scratch and say I did do a
couple of things but in a matter of fact.

That guy that one guy knows is actually not doing much at all.

You step back and realize that the biggest ego is easiest to fall.

Dessie McCoy

Where Do I Begin

Where do I begin, I haven't shared my thoughts in a while. Where do I begin where I haven't had the chance to share my smile.

Where do I begin, Where do I begin.

So where do I begin where I haven't had the time to connect with an old friend.

Where do I begin while I strive to be perfect but not able to pull through with a win.

Where do I begin, Where do I begin.

Again where do I begin I try to hold strong without the need of a gym. Where do I begin when the ink in my pen won't stay because of my feelings writing it do I begin, continue to think hard and block all my tears. Where do I begin where every time I bat my eyes I get flashes of fears.

Where do I begin, Where do I begin.

Where do I begin when the closure is here.

Dessie McCoy

Words Of Wisdom

Power in a few words from a wise man is irreplaceable.
You deny the truth and try to deafen the inevitable.
The message still reaches it's destination reasonable yet implacable.
It's the unavoidable try and run but still inescapable.
The content empowered by a few syllables, strong and for ever meaningful.

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