

Poetry Series

Echo WalkerJacobs
- poems -

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Echo Walker Jacobs (May 8 1978)

Echo Denise Latisha Walker was born in 1978 in the beautiful twin island state of Antigua and Barbuda. I always wanted to be a writer. My inspiration comes from my best friend Deborah Henry, My Daughter Londyn, and all of my other good friends, and family

I consider myself to be realist and I cannot stand fake individuals. I also believe, we are over shadowed by what we want to achieve and we block out our true selves and characters - we can only find our true faith if we are willing to be ourselves. When you make this decision only true and real things will come.

When you are a writer it appears that you were never born and you will never die for words are eternal.

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I love life and I love my family thats my biography

An Ernest Prayer

For Mommy and Londyn

God give me solitude
When I am lost
Give me grace and strength to fight loss

Bless me God with a giving heart
Hands that work earnestly and hard

Give me a mind that I may speak
Only praises to you and sing song so sweet

Let me be determined and true
At all the tasks I set my mind to

Take the fear from me oh Lord so I may be bold
to do the right tings for my soul
Until the day
The hour
That change occurs
Keep us safe
Until we are able to move away

Echo WalkerJacobs

Drawing With Words

I am a great artist
My skills require not paint or brush
No canvas or easel will these hands touch.
Maybe a still picture; a burning passion and unfulfilled desire

Like Pasico
I do need a quiet space
To let imagination reign
A hill top view
The light feeling of soft mountain dew

For this artist
Only ink and blank sheets will do
The best natural paper I love to smell
The feel so stiff, So crisp its fills my head
Instantly I am ready for my pen
It dances
Movement, motion is my talent
Flawlessly it curves and twirls, a ballet's grace my hand has seen
My masterpiece is never far off once the dancing starts

my hand it moves to every beat, alternative, hip hop, soca, my mood gives it
more speed
Writing is an art fueled by more than a passion
no narrator could ever give justice, to flawlessness
my ink and pen are truly my best friends for when I'm done writing
the melody never ends.
my canvas it is the book, my easel, probably my bed
my paint the ink my brush the pen.
no other feeling gives me joy than drawing with the words of my mind.

Echo WalkerJacobs

Fill My Cup

How do I know that you will fill my cup?
Meet my needs and cater to all my whimsical wants
You are a stranger
A brief distraction from my wounded life
Yet you find me alluring, somewhat exciting
And you say I fulfill you but can you fill my cup.

What I need is not love but understanding not an inconsiderate love or an
insensitive partner
What I need is freedom don't tell me what to do I am my own woman my own
provider
Don't waste my time or yours I've been hurt too many times before
So no matter how you say I am platinum a precious jewel
Can you fill my cup!

Will I have to look over my shoulder for you will I ever need to speak ill of you
Does she know what you do to me what I do to you
How we kiss so passionately
Floating to our own worlds melody
How long will the music continue
If you are unable to fill my cup

Forget how we met or who we have look to the future with fresh new eyes
Think long and slow at what I've said
Look deep in your heart and not from your head
Don't waste my time again I say
Let me know soon
As soon as the truths conveyed
If you know how to fill the cup that I have given you

Echo Walker Jacobs

How Love Died

today I mourn, for love has died
a cruel and terrible death she was killed by lies.
That boneless thing, concealed by mouth
Is the most poisonous serpent, you can find about

It hisses and kisses loves very ear
While planting seeds of doubt, insecurity and fear
As the seed grows roots it shadows the truth. Consuming all that love held dear,
Stripping away potential, possibilities a future she hoped to share

This boneless thing meant love no harm
A harmless touch, a kiss, a whisper, noting much
Someone saw that, someone did this - A baby, a bottle, a new brand ring,
some sort of a fictitious fling.

So the seeds continued to bring forth a plant its essence just flavored the tree of
lies
Love had no choice but to weep, No water came, just heart ache, pain and
bitter grief

The boneless thing grew stronger, had more power, as Love become weaker and
weaker her heart beat grew slower and slower.
If only her love could return the truth
the poison of lies never ever stays mute
yet truth stayed dumb, allowing the poison to stay and continuously run
breaking the sole mate's down, sun after setting sun.

As love took her last failing breath the boneless thing reveled itself
The mouth opened and tory jump out the lies that killed our love was just the
spoken word.

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Like Making Love

It's like making love my writings you'll notice
If I'm not inspired to come I cannot see
If my focus is off I cannot complete
If I only get distracted the longer it takes, for my juices to flow and nourish my
brain
If you cannot keep my attention, then I just move on
to the other pages I turn too
for spice is life, what I need is simply sweet delight.
Maybe some chocolate cake
and a quiet place to reminisce
Where the waves meet the sand and swash and back wash has no plan.
I need a clean and gentle breeze to caress my face
New love, it's sent, its embrace
Sometimes just to watch the mongoose show its face.
Somewhere that has its shelter enclosed a nice little quiet cove
Maybe in Willkies or English Harbour maybe Town
Where I can release my inner most tensions and thoughts of peace are easily
found
if I need to get naked I can in this place, freedom has no price, time isn't a race
I can seduce the beach into deceiving the trees
My pen moves oh so frantically caressing my need, the ink makes the page quiver
as I need to write down each and every word; each and every phrase each and
every whisper
My pores are open my senses are sharp
my inspirations comes as sweet as the climax only from my heart
I'm content, falling back as the last word is written to end my thought.

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Reality

Our lives are entwined by faith
Only we can control our own destiny
When faith kicks in destiny becomes a reality
Like a seed planted deep inside a woman
Only faith can determine its conception
We cannot choose who to love
Nor can we ask some one to love us
It just happens
We just happened
I lay awake beside the one who faith
has given me
Watching my reality sleep
Touching my reality's nose and gliding my tips across his brows and lips
I'm still
my heart beats ever steadily
I smile as if his sleeping eyes can see me
my reality, my baby has finally come to me.
a random meeting time and time again I ignored your eyes
until the day I met them
how piercing
my destiny is our faith which has made my reality
my baby has finally come to me

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She

She sits on her throne as if a queen
Pretending her pastures will always be green
her deceit knows no limits
her lies can kill the greatest spirit
How devious she is
Plotting, the premeditated sin
Telling lies to seek the truth
Eyeing each suspecting youth
Pondering on each written note
Wasting precious time reading between those empty lines

to look at her you will never know
what evil plots lay within her soul
what lies beneath its more like steel
getting harder and harder when the days get hotter
she insists that trust is key
but withholds her love as penalty
how lonely it is, to be she
no joy comes from her reality
yet she remains and complains
every chance she gets,
letting fear of loss eat away at potential happiness
contentment never comes her way
she is too bothered with what others may say
this is the price she pays
for being a woman who wants to stay?
or is she spiting the very man
who she says she loves and can do no wrong.
if you love your man
love him hard and true
and maybe just maybe he will be faithful to you
no woman every knows the heart of man
but god has promised each of us a good one.
so stop withholding your love from him
let go for once
and you win.
forgetting the past and living for today
making each moment count for true love might just slip away

Sin Itself

Sin Itself

Some persons are afraid to say this word

They scowl to think of it

But its real, it's all around us

Its sin!

How beautiful it is! How luring, pretending and captivating, as it draws us to do its will.

How do we fight it?

It's staring us in the face every day

And we live with it

The brown eyes, the beautiful smile, the luscious lips, the dark skin you can't help but want it.

How well is it canceled behind those shiny eyes?

Only the true heart knows every lie.

I am shivering just to type these words, my hands are freezing, yet I need to know how to fight it

How do I let the consumption end?

This fever!

Who feels it knows it

We pretend it's not in us

We act as if it's too good for us

Yet we are the ones must full of it

Believe me I see it.

As plain as my hand and foot. I can touch it

But I cannot get it off my back.

like a heavy burden it plagues me

Too good, to be true is its glory,

Contentment is its the yearning, calling to us

Yet we cannot pull away

Like crack convincing the brain to work like a clock

Tick! Tock!

is our time, the bell chimes and

we fail to realize how deep we have fallen in it

devoured but this we have no choice but the swallow and accept.

can we fight it

this sin.

So Close

Just hold me as close as possible
I'm shaking!
I don't know what's wrong
I just know that I want you to hold me tighter,
Closer, so that I can hear your heart beat, skipping and racing away
As my ear touches your chest
I can't think straight
I'm cold from the fear of you but I cannot let go
Please love me!
Please love me!
I'm begging so softly whispering
Love me,
Love me honestly, with no restrictions, no limits
Don't hold back from me.
Again I whispered softly, just love me
I am weak in the knees
What have you done to me?
The trembling starts again
As you caress my back it seems as if it's my weakest spot
With eyes closed I imagine
Vividly a blank canvas
With noting, I stood peering at it
So clean and white, suddenly a dot appears,
Not black or white no color in sight it's just there
With no intentions, and nothing to offer,
but how appealing it is.
I'm drawn
it starts growing as bright as a star, so much potential
just then I opened my eyes and saw you.
My dot, glowing brighter and stronger. Ever loving, ever faithful
I only want you to hold me
I see you, all of you
your hopes are my dreams, my fears are your reality
together we can only make each other better
breathe on me, look into my eyes and love me
that's all I ask.

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Soulmate

The hardest thing to do is live with out your soul mate
Being unfulfilled
Being lonely without reason
Just knowing, something's missing
Someone

Then you find that person,
the one who completes you
They complete your existence
Yet you cannot have them

how twisted is faith

I know when my life was being written it had to have included you,
My sole mate
For you are the reason I exist

You are my absolute

For I love you with my whole being
For God has taught me to love with my whole heart
This love is infinity,
it circles my heat,
my brain,
my entire body in you
so come to me, my love,
for you are my match in every way you are my sole mate!

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The Man Of The House

Five years has passed
And I am still in cub
365 after 365 has gone
Yet I only have one room
Promises are being broken by this man of my house
He keeps me locked away in a prison
For he's the master and I'm the slave
The paper he says makes him the man
For marriage is a cage and evil plan

I cannot hold two jobs to make a buck
cannot work longer hours to even move up
cannot beg a ride
cannot talk on the phone
cannot cook unless I'm told
I must always be satisfied with what he provides

Consistently he belittles me
Insults me and takes away my freedom and dignity
Isolate me from people
Just any one....no contact, no privileges
no monthly stipend does he give

yet I'm expected to give him all he demands
as some sick payment for providing to lodging me

every night I lay confused, in a corner asking myself is he my muse?
for if it weren't for this man in my house,
I could not write I would not doubt?
I am so lucky that he allows me to have these friends
best friends pen and paper book and head.

you see this man of the house he's hard
I cannot sing, nor dance, nor chant
I must always be a lady a house wife a mom
the woman that every one admires for keeping her man
I wish for once my voice could shout
Get out! Get out! you evil louse.
There is no more wood to eat away, only a thin and fragile minded house.

I wish some one could sweep him out
like dust from my feet I would brush him out
alas only my friends the book the paper my head and the pen
will only know how I can win
I write what I want my hopes to be
I write what I need, and it helps me be free
to cope with the madness that echo's in my head
for now this man of the house stays
until my friends can plot the ways
and tell me how to sweep him out
unfortunately no matter how you sweep,
you can never get all the dust from under your feet.

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True Love At Last

My man took me to a place where we had never been before
way up high on the tipsy top of the tallest hill
There he said Baby I love you, taught you should know
In the background St. Kitts and Nevis seemed to glow
Not even the birds or bees could dismiss
The aura of true love's consenting kiss
So way up high love spread its wings
As if to knock on God's front door
We've finally found our perfect match
two Pease, one pod forevermore

My man, ha ha how sweet it sounds
He's mine I'm his we kiss once more
On this hill we tied the knot
Agreeing to contribute to each others life

I never taught that love was close
or believed that you could strike my note
I didn't want to get ahead of myself

but somehow your eyes always told
the secret your mouth continued to hold

today I realized how amazing it is
when the two of us mutually gives love.

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Unemployed

I've worked all day, the weeks; the months; the years so earnestly and
dedicated

Yet I am still unemployed

My fate is so uncertain

My position soon becoming outsourced

Yet I work diligently not giving up

For my fate is never determined by the boss

It's me

It's how I relate and what I put in I will surely get out ...

Yet people around say, I am stupid

They say, I am crazy for putting my all in

Am I deluded?

Yes my fate is uncertain!

By my will is and will remain determined

To do my best despite of the losses I am sure to get

Yes I am still un-employed it is written

The paper is out, and my name has been chosen

Still I work, honestly, spreading my cheer openly around

I am unhappy, yet no one sees the sorrow I feel

For as much as it is written I am still employed!

Until the letter reaches my hand

I will continue to work; I will continue to do what I feel is right

For I am still employed!

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