

Poetry Series

Jacque Hardison
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

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

Jacque Hardison(02/11/1993)

I write poems. I'm 20. I'm mixed(part black part white) . I live in Los Angeles. I'm attending Cal State Northridge. I like to exercise, play video games, ride my longboard, going to the beach, reading poems, and spending times with my close friends. I'm a Political Science major.

A Call To Repent

Looking back at my life from past to present.
Pin-pointing every single event.
Wickedness was at one hundred percent.
Instead of running away, I needed to surrender.
Allowing Him to cut out the 'cancer'.
I get a call to repent.

Since then me and Him had no argument.
The air now has a beautiful scent.
That demon I once had, I no longer represent.
From darkness and into the light,
My future is very bright.
Who will He call next to repent?

Jacque Hardison

All Nations

All nations will bow down to me.
The one who reigns supreme.
Imploring on their knees.
Crying out for their needs.

All nations will gather.
Children, leave your father and mother,
As well your sister and brother,
And any descendent after.

All nations shall obey.
I am the only way.
No one shall fade way.
Disobey my authority, begin to pray.

All nations, be afraid.
My commands are as sharp as a blade.
With every decision you've made,
Thou shall either receive pain or aid.

All nations, take note,
To my sayings that I have wrote.
Use them as a quote,
Or blood will pour down your throat.

All nations, your king has spoken.

Jacque Hardison

Behind The Closed Doors

The life I live is tremendous.
Fame and pleasure, I need more.
Always outgoing and courageous
But what is behind the closed doors?

Pain and agony.
My body and spirit are sore.
Thoughts and emotions that poison my mentality.
Only behind the closed doors.

Many times I put on a fake smile.
Which is a hidden opium to your bore
Why judge my lifestyle?
Look behind the closed doors.

It is a living hell.
The flames covers up the bottom floor.
You honestly think I am well?
The answer is behind the closed doors.

You have done more harm than good.
Stabbed the heart to its core
How dare you say 'I am in a great mood'.
You know nothing behind the closed doors.

However it is not too late
This heart in which your knife tore
Can be sewed with faith
Do you want to enter the closed doors?

Understand my pain and save me please.
True love and friendship is needed or
You shall never enter, so take this key
And open up the closed doors.

Jacque Hardison

Blue Has A Meaning

Blue can be the color of the river.

The personality of man can never be new.

He drinks tea with a cup made of silver.

The man can be happy as the color yellow.

However people can be ignorant to one or another.

Inside the man can fell mellow.

No matter how he show kindness to others.

The man goes home and weeps.

He thinks about who he should be.

A half an hour later he goes to sleep.

Wakes up and saids 'I just need to be me.'

Jacque Hardison

Bonds Of Friendship

My days are nice
My evenings are horrific
Condemned the ones who will pay the price
While I enjoy time with my buddies, sounds terrific
Open the eyes to my heart
I need to see the light
Nothing can tear this bond apart
Together there shall be no fright
Friends are valued
Trust is key
At times we argued
But that's alright with me
Always stay true
And your friendship will always feel new

Jacque Hardison

Boredom

My life has been the same.
Pointless and boring, who is there to blame?
Myself and myself only.
What can I do to revive me?

Go out to the world and see the light,
Where heaven is above, it is a beautiful sight!
Party with my friends until the sun rises,
Or play a game where I can obtain prizes.

So many choices out in the world
To the point where my brain began to twirled.
Then I asked myself,
What can I do to rebuild oneself?

Boredom is painful.
Isolation can be very shameful
I need to get out and run
To excitement and opportunities that are overwhelmingly fun!

Jacque Hardison

Confusion

At times I don't know what to think.
I don't know what to believe.
I don't know what to say.
The words in my head don't sink
Even with the facts I receive.
Can there be another way?
Everytime I listen,
Everything I see,
Seems like I would be amused.
Even if the image glisten
And something that simple would make sense to me
I still would be left dazed and confused!

Jacque Hardison

Difference Makers

You feel alone.
As if there is no human life form
On the planet that we call Earth.
You say that you are on your own
When you have to go through the dreadful storms.
I don't think you realize how much your precious life is worth.

My friend do not be afraid.
You will always have someone to talk to
About your troubles and stress.
With all the decisions that you made,
And everything that you've been through
Instead of being cursed you should be bless

The things we go through,
It's a part of life.
Emotional stages will happen.
You'll learn new things that you never knew
We never get to live our life twice
This is an environment that we all have to adapt in.

Everyone has there place
To make life worth living.
It is up to us to make a change
Communicate and make peace with each race
Be understandable and forgiving
Even if it feels a bit strange.

We are one
We are the difference makers
We need to be able to cooperate
To make it a better place for the young
So they can have jobs from teachers to filmmakers
To make a difference, no one can afford to wait

Jacque Hardison

Dreams (Haiku)

Stop and close your eyes.
Let all your dreams come to life.
You are in control!

Jacque Hardison

Family

What more can you ask
All I need is family
To keep me going

They will always care
About me and my beliefs
Without remorse

We tend to argue
About the smallest of things
Forgive and forget

We share memories
I love them with all my heart
And will die for them

Jacque Hardison

Grace

When I was seeking for you
I could not even lift my eyes up
Nor even reach out my hands
All I felt was hopeless and in need

In the darkest days
I destroyed the towns of the innocent
Lied and cheated on my loved ones
Had much of my pride and lust exposed

Then you came to me
Saw me covered up with filth
Without even opening up my mouth
You knew what evil deeds I had done

I am so sorry for what actions I had committed
With my heart pounding and thoughts racing
Towards you I had stabbed you in the back
For that, lynch me for my wicked ways

However, you forgave me
You showed me grace
Even though I deserve punishment
You granted me a gift of a another chance

I am lost for words
How can this be
This forgiveness is undeserved
However I am filled with joy

In your mercy you gave me a new life
With this opportunity
I will change my ways to be a better person
And to tell others about your love and grace

Jacque Hardison

Grass

They lay on the front lawn.
Surround the open fields of land.
Its color glows when it is dawn,
With their dew rolling through the stem that stand.
It is a city for insect.
The clothing of soils.
Though not everyone has respect.
Littering and trash that consists of oils.
Which tarnishes the beautiful green plants.
Variations includes of wild, cut and turf.
You can see the army of ants.
Water them, you'll see them surf.
Also they are meals for animals.
I love this view made by mother nature, it comes natural.

Jacque Hardison

Heart And Soul

What would be the difference,
Between the terms love and lust.
Lust is the sexual desire of one's appearance.
Love is the emotional affection that your heart trust.

With you, it is nothing but love.
When I first met you,
My heart soared like a beautiful white dove.
From that day on, my wish had came true.

We have been through hell and back.
Relationships and separations.
It was only matter of time to get back on track.
Without you, my heart would have faced decapitation.

It does not matter about distance.
As long as we are in love deeply,
Our heart and souls together will be our assistance,
To our journey of our own love story daily.

Jacque Hardison

Hidden Secrets / Haiku

As I look at you
I see a hidden secret
Which reveals much shame

Jacque Hardison

Hope (Haiku)

Look beyond the light
Through the cold shadows of death
You'll find peace and hope

Jacque Hardison

I Walk Alone (Sonnet)

I am living with no one else around.
The only soul that is inhaling in air.
There is only one sound,
And that is the wind blowing through my hair.
The streets are empty.
This city has turned into a ghost town.
Food that is plenty,
As if I was a king with his crown.
My lover has gone.
Friends and family are no where to be found.
Not even a bug on my front lawn.
And not even one dog at the pound.
My journey is to see if any life form is shown.
Until then, I walk alone.

Jacque Hardison

Icebox

I'm trapped inside
Feeling so cold
Losing self pride
Not making my statements bold
Can't get out of this icebox
I'm scared to death
The devil on my left shoulder talks
Telling me to scream until my last breath
The angel on my right shoulder
Tells me to ' Stay calm I'm here to help! '
As I get older,
I learn about myself
I learn to melt away my troubles through communication
Expressing how I feel to someone who understands through socialization

Jacque Hardison

If Only

If only I knew how you feel.
If only I knew how to make the perfect meal.
If only fairy tales could become real.
If only I can become a seal.

Many dreams never become a reality.
Something that can become an actuality,
Is never accepted by the rest of the nationality.
If only someone can understand me...

Jacque Hardison

I'M An Engineer

I am innovative.

Understands the language of mathematics.

As well as the scientific methods that are stated,

With knowledge of thermodynamics.

I design parts with AutoCAD,

Then assemble them together.

High salary, which is great!

Hopefully it will last forever.

Many various fields.

So much job opportunities,

To make objects like titanium shields,

Or other things to improve our communities

Skateboards have seven layers of veneers.

Trust me, I'm an Engineer!

Jacque Hardison

Kingdom

My savior from above.
Pure as a white dove.
The spirit that is in me,
Is the Holy Spirit from thee.

You forgave my sins.
The heart was covered with sharp pins
When I heard the truth.
Now I will preach to the old and youth.

The Kingdom doors are now open.
With the spiritual token.
I shall be humble,
So I will never have to stumble.

Denying myself.
Not wanting any possessions or wealth.
Instead I want the Kingdom,
And the words of wisdom.

Oh father God, give me hope.
Don't lash me with the rope.
I shall do your deeds,
And you shall provide me with all my needs.

Thank you Father!
I shall live longer.
You are well adored.
My good confession, Jesus is Lord.

Jacque Hardison

Kiss From A Rose

Your feelings are hurt
He broke your heart
He told you to hit the dirt
Your feelings are torn apart

Your emotions went from yellow to grey,
From gleeful to bitter depression
So you go to church and you pray,
And hope that god will answer your question

Will I ever find the right one?
One who will not use me.
One that likes to have fun
Plus lets me be who I want to be?

He'll answer it, and this is how it goes;
You'll find a man who is smart, handsome and charming.
However, like a kiss from a rose,
You will never see it coming.

Jacque Hardison

Memories

Day after day
Time after time
These memories never fades away
Making each memory like a sublime

Riding pass my old home
Reuniting with my old friends
Visiting the vintage dome
Many of my flashbacks never ends

There were many good times and bad times
Many were timeless
In the end I will always remember hearing that same chime
Which makes ever moment priceless

Jacque Hardison

Missing You

I miss you more than anything
Looking back at the things we did together in the past,
We've practically done everything
My love for you and the memory will forever last

Dreams do come true
And you have made it possible
I still have the image that you drew
It resemble that true love is unstoppable

Jacque Hardison

Moonlight

It is a silent night.
Around the time when the sun sleeps.
The stars wake up from their slumber.
With this wind roaring out its cry.

The moon tends to be nice and bright.
His light is rejoiced while the sky weeps.
It is then the stars and moon remember,
How the Earth is low and they are up so high.

The moon looks at the Earth moves left to right.
The pollution that creeps,
The astroids divided in number,
But the question is why?

His light will shine forever more.
While we the masses look in awe.
Let us open our doors
And see what his light will draw.

Jacque Hardison

Mulatto

I am the rare breed.
Like everyone else, I want to succeed.
Race is not an issue with me,
However, society keeps criticizing as to what I should be.
Am I black?
No, but I will cut you some slack.
Everyone thinks I am just one race,
Or even perplexed, 'Where is his place'?
I know my background.
Looking at my multiracial parents makes my heart pound!
Our society has come a long way.
In the past, mixed couples had a price to pay.
Which shouldn't had been the case.
The acceptance of mixed families started at a slow pace.
Now, we are on the rise!
Look around you, do not be surprised.
We live in a new generation.
Bi-racial are becoming a new hip sensation.
So do not call me generic.
Not even barbaric!
I love living in a diverse society.
I am the definition of diversity!
I am the best of both worlds!
A heterogeneous mixture that was swirled.
Bring racism, then you need to go!
Not black or white, I am a mulatto.

Jacque Hardison

Myself

I wake up to a beautiful sunrise.
Feeling blessed from the Lord, no surprise.
Reading my Bible to start off my day,
To push the demons away.

Crank up the music, no specific genre.
As long as it doesn't have drama.
I look outside because I love Mother Nature.
To walk around and ride my board on an grand adventure.

Fitness is key,
To becoming stress free.
Football and Pro Wrestling,
Are my brass ring.

Music is what I enjoy.
This form of art will not destroy
Nor disappoint myself.
To me this is my wealth.

What about education?
The intellectual creation?
I value so much!
It gives my brain the magic touch.

Writing as you may know
Is my favorite, it is not a foe.
Poetry is the spirit.
That expresses my admit.

Peaceful at heart.
Assertive at the start.
Do not be afraid to see.
Just talk to me.

Jacque Hardison

O'Haire

Lived in a wooden cabinet
In the middle of the Randalstown Forest
A man name O' Haire
Sat outside and played his clarinet
Never got any rest
Rocking back and forth on his chair
O' Haire had a passion for music
Stayed up all night and played
From Melody to Melody
O' Haire was very sick
He was afraid
This illness was his biggest enemy
O' Haire always wanted to be a musician
To be able to play in the National Concert Hall
He was the nicest guy anyone can meet
One day a man's suspicion
Heard such beautiful music and he saw
O' Haire playing in his seat
This man was named Sheamus
He told O' Haire that he was phenomenal
And should play at the National Concert Hall
For O' Haire it was a plus
It thought it would be impossible
He got up and leaned towards the wall
O' Haire calmly said yes
Sheamus said farewell and said 'see you Sunday'
When he left O' Haire was ecstatic
He knew he was blessed
He didn't know what else to say
He felt as if this was all magic
O' Haire went to bed
While sleeping
He felt pain in his throat
O'Haire spat out blood that was crimson red
Flipping sides and began weeping
Felt also his stomach bloat
Woke up feeling just fine
O' Haire knew today was the day
He dreamed to live and he's living the dream

It was his time to shine
He began to pray
That his music will be on mainstream
Hours later O' Haire arrived
Many people were at attendance
Sheamus said 'Good to see you lad, you ready? '
O' Haire said 'Yes! Nervous but I know to strive.'
Sheamus then said 'Good luck and know your awareness.'
O'Haire went up to the stage and was very steady
He began to play
However O'Haire felt the pain
He then regurgitated blood and fainted
The people were shocked and didn't know what to say
Sheamus then took him to the hospital with no complaint
He looked at at O'Haire and his skin was gray
By the time they got there
O'Haire was dead
Sheamus broke down into tears
He said 'This is not fair'
'He worked his whole life for that one moment.' Sheamus then said.
For years and years
O'Haire sat in the same chair
O'Haire loved what he was doing
Playing his clarinet and dreaming
One day he would play at the National Concert Hall
Although he died from internal bleeding
O'Haire's name was booming
All across Ireland and remembered at the meeting at town hall.

Jacque Hardison

Only One Can Judge

'Locked inside this private hell.
My cage has its rust and starting to smell.
Everything seems hopeless.
The mentality of mine begins to stress.

No way out, no future
Since we had our departure.
I felt as if it was for the best.
The time is now near, with no place to rest.

I have forsaken the good.
Quite frankly I was misunderstood.
Gave in to evil.
The taste of pain made me ill.

To you I am nobody,
As if I thought I was somebody.
Individuals may surpass me,
However only you can set it free.

By 'It' I mean evilness,
Not only that, but wickedness.
The time has come for me to go.
I do not know where, only you know.

Lead me into the gates.
The way to freedom with reborn faiths.
Only one can judge.
Hopefully you do not hold any grudge.'

Jacque Hardison

Our Worst Enemy

Our worst enemy is sly like a serpent.
He is more subtle than any other animal on this earth.
Being around him makes me nervous.
He has been in my presence ever since my birth.
Our worst enemy is very cunning.
At the same time he is very deceitful.
The illusions of pleasure and satisfaction appear to be stunning.
Only to discover that these illusions are poisonous and hurtful.
Our worst enemy can be at first a close friend.
Telling him all the secrets and allow him into our personal lives.
Unfortunately all of his kindness and love was only pretend.
Now he has placed upon me infectious hives.
Our worst enemy is not there to be our buddy.
The enemy is only plotting evil that can destroy us.
His plan is to have my body slaughtered, leaving the room bloody.
Then pretend as if nothing happened, as if there is nothing to discuss.
Our worst enemy is too much to defeat on our own.
We need help to defeat the one who can take away our lives.
I ask in prayer for God to hear my groan.
To fight off the enemy, waiting for the day He arrives.
Our God will send His Son Jesus to fight our worst enemy.
To crush the head of the one who wants me to die.
Jesus shine your light in the darkness so we can see.
Take my place and tell our worst enemy to be gone and goodbye.

Jacque Hardison

Pure Love

Love is undefined
Your heart will guide you to them
Pure love is joyful

Jacque Hardison

Reality Check

Hold on, stop the world
Take a deep breath
Count to three
Your life as we know it is being twirled
Your loved one almost experienced death
When she was drowning in the deep blue sea

You've completely ignored her
Now she is in love
With the person that saved her life
I know you didn't mean this to occur
She was the only one that you've ever thought of
Now your heart has been cut open with a knife

So I want you to stop and think
And say to yourself
'Why is my mind in such a wreck? '
Your life can pass by you with one blink
Make sure you have good health
And know with every wrong doing, needs a reality check.

Jacque Hardison

Seasons

I feel the chili breeze
No warm sun out so I have to freeze
My heart is pierced with a ginormous splinter
But only when it is winter

Flowers blooming
The sun begins looming
A bird's chirp always have a good ring
But only when it is spring

I can't stand this humidity
No cold places when I roam this city
Being dehydrated is always a bummer
But only when it is summer

The color of the leaves change
I always found this a bit strange
The only time when I have fun an all
But only when it is fall

The four seasons changes my mood
This is something I've never understood
I lay in the grass and watch the clouds go by
But only if it is right season for the sky

Jacque Hardison

Slavery Of Sin (S.O.S)

Though I may be a free man,
My body is locked in shackles of guilt!
My rebellion caused me to ran,
From a foundation where my soul was built.

Whipped for my arrogance,
Beaten for my wickedness,
I show no sign of innocence.
My deeds are villainous.

Why, oh why do I love the dark?
No one can see the hardness of my heart.
My evil deeds left a grotesque mark.
The bond with loved ones are crumbling apart!

I shall make a confession.
Thine flesh and spirit are in slavery to sin.
The king of this earth sees it as a sensation,
However the King of Kings shows a disgusted grin.

If only I can break free
From the yoke of this slavery.
So that once again I can clearly see.
Along with a celebration that is praiseworthy.

Yes, someone has come!
He has arrived to break the shackles!
As I hear the beat of the drum,
I can see that the chains are no longer around my ankles!

Jacque Hardison

The Bike Trip

It was a warm, sunny day.
With a cool breeze blowing in thy way.
Nothing to do, boredom aroused.
Staring at a picture, it made thee less proud.

Thy friend called, wanting to ride bikes.
I said, 'why not the usual hikes?
He then said, 'It is a good experience.'
'Thou and other buddies will enjoy the beach's appearance.'

Thee took it upon the offer.
I took thy sunglasses out of the coffer.
Got thy bike, and thy shoes.
And took off, hopefully what he says is true.

Thy buddies and thee met at the park.
Who knew this area would be so dark!
We began our journey on the La Ballona bike path.
As we rode, we saw seagulls taking there bath.

Never experienced anything like this,
Even thy friend said, 'this is better then thy first kiss.'
What he said was a bit irregular
However, seems to enjoy the love of journeys, without being a questioner.

As we rode down,
We came across bees, which brought tons of frowns.
There was only one path to go.
We went through the bee storm, without no one being stung, how is this so

After time went by,
Thy legs were in so much pain, I wanted to cry.
Soon enough we made it to the dead end.
Thank goodness this was the weekend.

The beach was so beautiful.
The image of the sunset and soothing music seemed only suitable.
Thy friend was right, only with this kind of sight,
Makes this journey more than just alright.

Jacque Hardison

The Fierce Warrior

My people,
It is I who will lead us to victory.
I will fight for what is right
To tell them that we are all equal
This battle will go down into history
And I will shed blood, sweat, and tears from day to night.

I must save our country
For all mankind
To slay the evil and save the innocent
So to you all I say don't worry
I will save each poor soul that I find
Risking my life and leading our freedom to guidance

Jacque Hardison

The Lower Class

I work all day, I work all night
All alone with no one in sight
My hours are busy
I'm always productive, so my body feels dizzy
□
Many colleagues ask 'why are you doing this'?
'You realize that time with your family will be missed'?
I simply replied 'yes....'
'I am undermining many levels of stress'.

'However, there is no food on the table',
'My child is crippled and un-stable'.
'My wife has to take care of the child'.
'And I wish I could see his face as he smiled'.

'Income is low and I must work.'
'To give my family that financial perk'. □
'To keep the roof over our heads'.□
'And to have sheets and pillows for our beds'.

'To help treat my child from his disease'.□So I am not going to be imploring on my knees', □will continue to work hard for a better future'.□For my family, and trips for a grand adventure'.

□
'My goal in life is to be a proud leader'. □
'A role model, instead of a pleader'.□
'What my purpose as of now may seem inevitable', □
'But if I keep working hard, the reward I will receive will be incredible'.

Jacque Hardison

The 'X'

At first, we were complete strangers
Having no clue who we were however,
By looking at your beautiful face,
I knew for a fact that we had a chance.
I told you that I won't get you into any danger
Then I said never say never
I will take you to a place
Where we can fill free to sing and dance.

Oh what fun times we shared.
From bowling to Venice
Where in Venice, we kissed for the first time.
Knowing that we were meant to be.
Who ever though that we would ever be paired.
That relationship wasn't even close to pointless
However I didn't know it would stop on a dime.
It startled and crushed me.

I do understand why it happened
We were going to different directions
Tension and stress were building up
The break up was hurting you too
My memory with you are still trapped in
Inside my head where I see our reflection
Now it's been a while and we've grown-up
You may be my ex but I still love you

Jacque Hardison

Thoughts Of Nature

As I look at the sky,

I thought about nature itself.□

Why do the leaves from the trees tremble when the wind blows by? □

Usually I secure those thoughts and keep them to myself.

As I walk by, I hear the birds chirping on the branches.

Along the grassland that I walk on,

I saw horses on widely opened ranches-

Which took place all around dawn.

Next I saw the waterfall cry itself a river.

Then I walked along the sand near the ocean.

There was an unusual feeling that made me wanted to shiver.

That felling was to express my emotions.

Nature is what we see daily-

And I love to see it as it should be.

Plants and Oceans mainly-

However nature is one thing in life that is a part of me.

Jacque Hardison

Thrive Towards Success

I was born into a nice family.
Grew up poor.
Loathing the life of poverty.
With no gifts nor money galore.
Hence my thrive towards success.

Hardly any food to eat.
Only two outfits to wear.
Cannot stop crying as my heart beats.
No rich people want to share.
Hence my thrive towards success.

Very well educated.
Loves to get involved.
In speech and debates, my case is stated.
Then the problem is solved.
Hence my thrive towards success.

Very giving to others.
Socially kind to everyone.
Treating them as if they were my brother.
My interest in becoming a billionaire is none.
I only want to be accomplished and successful.

Jacque Hardison

Thy First Love

Truly one of a kind.
How she is ingrained in thy mind.
As she flown away like a white dove.
I shall never forget thy first love.

Breathtaking as she may be.
Beautiful as a sunset by the sea.
Thy heart still aches for her.
Praying that we will be together.

Time as gone by,
Attempting to hold in thy cry,
No one else can compare
We are a perfect pair

Heaven is missing an angel
Precious than a gold medal
Brighter than the stars above
I shall never forget thy first love.

Jacque Hardison

To Be Loved (Haiku)

I present this wish;
All I want is to be loved,
And to be happy.

Jacque Hardison

Too Many Lies

Lies! Lies! Too Many Lies!
You stand in glory while everyone else cries.
Oh how I feel so used!
Do not pretend that you're confused.

The evidence is right in front of me.
Is this how you want things to be?
Why couldn't you be honest?
You just proved to me that you're an con artist

After all these years,
With all the blood, sweat, and tears
I put all my trust into you
To me you were like my great nephew

It came to a realization
You're the biggest liar in the entire nation
So I ask for you to rethink about your life
Cause with every lie, you would have to pay the price

Lies! Lies! Too Many Lies!
You stand in glory while everyone else cries.
Oh how I feel so used!
Do not pretend that you're confused.

Jacque Hardison

Trust

I trust you
And your judgment.
But what else is new?
Trust is more valuable than a pendant.

I let you be your own person.
Knowing you wouldn't lie to me.
All I know you can be surfin'
However your hidden secrets will soon be free.

Trust is key
Knowing what a person says is rich
But for a split second, if you lie to me
Then like the old saying goes 'KARMA IS A BITCH'!

You would lose my trust,
And I would possibly never forgive you.
So if you must,
Please don't be like the rest of the crew.

Jacque Hardison

Uribe

Once, there was a girl named Uribe
When she walked in the room,
The guys had nothing to say
Her beauty was flawless, with a hint of perfume.

Smart and intelligent!
Her visionary was brilliant.
Uribe knew people who were ignoramus
And with their irrelevant opinion, it only made her famous

Jacque Hardison

What Am I?

What am I?

A breeze that blows through the trees?

The sunlight that rises the flowers for the bees?

A bird that soars across the sky?

The color pattern on a butterfly?

What am I?

Just an infingment of an imagination?

How about a person with temptation?

Or even a lost soul?

Perhaps a person who is trying to achieve their goal?

What am I?

Like ·

Jacque Hardison

Whisper In The Wind

On this dark cloudy day,
I'm sitting on a bench near the bay.
Listening to the waves' roar
And the seagulls squawking as they're soar.

I also hear another kind of sound.
The kind that makes my heart pound.
Could it be the sound of a familiar voice?
That is trying to tell me to make the right choice?

Often I hear a lot of things.
From 'Return the stolen ring'
To 'Always be the honest one'
And to 'Understand what other people are coming from.'

Perhaps these are just the voices of my consciences
Explaining to me my innocence
Although these voices are thinned,
I can still hear a whisper in the wind

Jacque Hardison

You Are My Favorite

There is a family of eight.
A mother and father, five sons and one daughter.
One day among the children arose a debate,
"Daddy who among us is greater"?

Daddy went to the first son and said to him;
"My son you are my favorite"!
The first son left with joy while others felt grim.
The light of the other sons and daughter lost its brightness.

Then the second son went up to Daddy and said;
"Daddy who among us is greater"?
Daddy said to his second son and said to him;
"My son you are my favorite"!

The second son left with joy while others felt sad.
The third son went up to Daddy and said;
"Daddy who among us is greater"?
Daddy said to him; "My son you are my favorite"!

The other two sons had disabilities and were weeping.
Daddy went to up the two sons and said to them;
"Do not be sad my sons, for both of you are my favorites"!
The two sons left rejoicing, while the daughter felt as if she was alone.

Daddy went up to his one and only daughter and said;
"My daughter why do you shed tears"?
Then she said to Daddy; "Daddy who among us is your favorite"?
Daddy said to her; "My daughter you are my favorite"!

The daughter left with a smile on her face!
The mother came to father and said to him;
"My dearest husband there must be only one favorite among your children".
Then the father looked at his wife with joy in his eyes.

He said to her "My lovely wife, can you tell, I love them all individually"!
"All of my beautiful children are my favorite"!
"There is no distinction between male or female,
Nor to those who have gifts or disabilities, for we all one family"!

Mother said to the father;

"Each of our children are equally loved".

Then the father went to all of his children and said to them;

"Come my beautiful children, for we shall all have a wonderful dinner together"!

None of the children were excluded from the father's love.

The father loved all of his children equally.

He has compassion on each of them.

Because of that, all of them made one happy family.

Jacque Hardison