

Poetry Series

Jacqui Broad
- poems -

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Jacqui Broad(10 Dec '84)

Hi, my name is Jacqueline and to just say I'm a lover of poetry, would be an understatement. I feel passionate about it! May my poems be inspiring to some, for that's my aim. And if it doesn't make sense, that's also fine, because I am weird.. :) Thanks for reading, then...

5 Elements Of Life

Is it fair,
to keep a
bird in cage?
Is it right,
to keep a
heart from love?
Is it nice,
to keep a
dog that bites?
Is it good,
to keep a
smile on face?
Is it just,
to keep a
faith that last?

Jacqui Broad

A Dagger

Love is a dagger.
And you hold it in your hand.
Stab me 'till I'm dead...

Jacqui Broad

A Fool In Love

In the silence that follows after you've left,
I search once again for the words left behind.
Stealing a heart must also be called theft,
if it's love that blows your mind.
Maybe you didn't mean to give, but I took,
perhaps to my own detriment, but what the hell.
Now I'm crying alone in my lonesome nook -
but if you'd call, I'm sure all will be well.
Fools in love carry the scars on their heart,
bleeding love untill the last drops fall.
I thought I knew it all, and was smart -
in this silence I can hear heartache call.
A fool in love can be called a hero -
falling from the top, down to zero...

Jacqui Broad

A Good Thing?

If strong people break down and cry,
and go on living without asking why,
is it a good thing to depend and rely,
and look up for freedom in the blue sky?
If broken people start picking up the pieces,
and start writing poems just for the hurt it releases,
is it a good thing to bare your soul for others to read,
when loneliness cannot satisfy your aching need?
If happy people start telling jokes to make you laugh,
can you stick out your neck and prolong it like a giraffe?
Is it a good thing to hang your heart on the line,
and look for something I could never call mine?
If sad people can look for something to be happy about,
and find it, is it with joy or accomplishment they shout?
Is it a good thing, then, I wonder, to feel this way,
when you want answers immediately, but find it on another day...

Jacqui Broad

A Special Place

In my heart's four rooms,
There's a special place for you -
I ask you, move in...

Jacqui Broad

A Tenth

1.

It's not giving the
rich men's honey, it is to
give back what you use.

2.

I don't think that God
cares for money. After all
He didn't create it.

3.

Care for the nature
as God made us to care for
it, in the first place.

4.

Reach out to feel love.
By experiencing it
you can return it...

5.

If we treat God right,
He will open the windows
of Heaven and bless!

6.

A clear sapphire sky,
and out of nowhere a white
dove appeared there...

7.

Finding doors open -
I once thought were closed for me -
I let the Light in...

8.

Once a naked tree -
four years later it's a proud,
strong mulberry tree.

9.

Share your food with those
who are sometimes disguised
as angels of God...

10.

Turning inside I
can sometimes feel God soothing

away tears I cry...

Jacqui Broad

All I Want

On the wings of your dove I want to fly.
On your shoulder I want to spill tears and cry.
In your loving arms I want to feel wrapped.
In your loving mind I won't feel entrapped.
In your colorful garden I want to walk.
To you I want to talk.
I want you to teach me about love.
So I'm sending a message back with your dove...

Jacqui Broad

An Act

I found myself on the
side of majority,
and I knew,
I was on the wrong path.
I found myself in a
crowd of fools -
stupidity, sometimes,
needs a laugh.
To turn your back
on the world,
is very hard.
But to stand straight,
is very smart.
I have no words of
wisdom,
to share today.
I must live my life,
the best possible way.
To be wise,
and then act a fool.
Why did I even bother,
to go to school?
Then again,
you don't get taught
about the ways of life.
It must be
voluntary to strive.
I've scored some goals,
dropped a few.
Tomorrow's start
is brand new.
I must turn to
another empty page,
and hope I don't
fall off the stage...

Jacqui Broad

An Idea

I want to fly,
but I know I can't.
So I thought,
how to satisfy this want.
The wind gave me
the answer.
Thinking about a kite,
flying like a dancer.
I'm gonna make
myself one.
Luckily I still remember
how it's done.
And next time I have
this desire to fly,
I will use my kite,
to be a bird in the sky...

Jacqui Broad

Ants

Ants are my favorite:
I follow with interest
their search for food,
walking in a line,
some up, some down.
They don't stop to chat,
just keep on moving.
Lazing on a Sunday,
I learn a lesson:
Get up!
Get busy!

Jacqui Broad

Burning Flame

The disappointment within you,
reminds me of a burning flame.
Day after day it's still the same -
how do you do?
I open my inner eyes, and all I can see,
is that flame that won't stop burning.
How did you set yourself free,
from the wheel of life, that keeps on turning?
I believe God does not sleep,
and when you're crying, He also weep -
He will carry you when you're weak.
Eventually, He will be the One,
to smother that burning flame.
He who sits on His golden throne,
is more powerful, than the one who sail.

Jacqui Broad

Cat And Mouse

I am the mouse running from the cat,
or am I the cat chasing the mouse?
According to Chinese astrology I'm a Rat,
so who is the boss of the house?
Cat and mouse, chasing in my head.
Who I am? I don't know. It's better to forget...

Jacqui Broad

Cat In The Tree

Yesterday, my cat was stuck
in the tree.

The poor thing clinging on for dear life
it seemed to me.

Eyes big and wild and staring
meouwing on the top of his voice...

But, thankfully he has an owner who's caring
and guided him down with a soothing noise.

Safely back on the ground

I gave him warm milk and his bowl of food.

With it a lesson came around.

If we take chances it might end good.

We scream and cry when the seas get rough,
but there's always someone ready to lend a hand.

Reaching out, guiding us when times get tough.

Ask the cat in the tree, he'll understand...

Jacqui Broad

Charlie

Tidal waves don't beg forgiveness,
crashing to the shore.
The cycle of life carries on,
your voice is no more.

Rainbows still appear in the sky,
and songbirds still sing.
It is just your shadow that is gone,
the sadness it bring.

The photographs and memories
is all I have left.
Like a thief that is here and gone,
it leaves me bereft.

Oh, to see you smile, one more touch,
aching for what is gone.
An empty chair, an empty room,
words left out a song...

Jacqui Broad

Cloudburst

The sky is crying,
the same as my heart's weeping.
Can you build an arc?

Jacqui Broad

Constellation

If you think you know me, by the way I speak,
or write the language of my mother-tongue,
I then, must be forthcoming as very weak,
for in my heart, I'm still very young.
I shall recognise my face in any reflection,
the lines of worry, I alone shall see.
I shan't beg for sympathy, nor affection,
I shan't keep my feelings safe in a secret diary.
My stairway of stars leads only one way,
the climb in status is my own to climb.
And to think it will all be a waste one day,
when all I want, for the moment, is words to rhyme.
Drifting in a world I do not understand,
I can only grasp God's reaching hand.

Jacqui Broad

Contradiction

I am laughing, laughing, laughing,
there's a smile on my face.
I want to embrace the world.
I want to sing on the highest note.
I want to laugh till my stomach hurts.
I want to jump off the highest cliff...

Jacqui Broad

Cookie Jar

When the cookie jar is empty,
there's no need to look for more.
Why keep disappointing yourself,
when you know what you'll find?
When the cookie jar is empty,
you go out to buy you some more.
And make sure you please yourself,
when it's something new you find...

Jacqui Broad

Cosmogony

You say, you like sun to shine on your face.
I say, grey and rain, suits my mood just fine.
I don't really care, if there's a sun to shine,
It's by you, whom I am fascinated and amaze'.
Your feelings a mystery - after all that we've been through.
Sometimes it feels like that there are dark forces surrounding us.
You say, you think I am crazy, and going nuts!
But I just feel lucky, that I still have you.
So, shall we rather talk then, about the good things?
Like when you kissed me, taking me by total surprise,
And bared your love, like I didn't expect you to.
Or, shall we rather discuss the fact my blood sings?
Before, you always left me in the dark to surmise -
After all that's happened, I know now what to do...

Jacqui Broad

Curse Of Loneliness

To care, but not being cared for...
To love, but not being loved...
To laugh, but not sharing the laughter...
To shine, but not sharing the light...
To give, but not being given to...
To ache, but not being ached for...
This is the curse of being alone -
To be thrown by stone...

Jacqui Broad

David + Peter = Me

In the shadow of Your hand,
is where I want to be.
In Your shadow I will stand,
whilst You defend me.
Your Love is peaceful water,
green pastures of love and peace.
I am Your lost daughter,
begging forgiveness on my knees.

-

No death, no life, no angels, no power,
no present, no future, no past,
no height, no depth, no alien, no tower -
nothing that will forever last.
There's nothing anything can do -
to keep me away from You...

Jacqui Broad

Dear Friend

Dear friend,
how are you today?
You are so far away,
but I have you,
in my thoughts,
so, now,
how are you?
I've made some
coffee, but,
I would like you here
beside me, so friend, I,
wouldn't have to miss you.
We used to talk of life,
and we used to laugh,
untill the tears,
rolled out our eyes,
it was such good company...
Dear friend,
read my telepathy,
I desperately,
need your sympathy.
I don't want to
feel alone,
please, come talk to me.
I'll supply the
warm sweet tea,
and you can
light your smoke.
If you'll just bear my
melancholity,
and assure me, my
sanity.
We must not forget,
sweet memories,
for sobriety,
creeps upon everyone.
And, friend,
that's when I want to
remember you...

For Alvin...

Jacqui Broad

Discovery

In forty days,
you can learn yourself.
Digging through the dirt,
inside your mind.
Reaching your hand out
in earnesty.
Hoping to leave,
all your troubles behind.
Staying strong in a
sea of misery,
reaching for a far away
light on the shore.
Gasping for breath,
to fill your lungs,
to cry out in pain,
as you've done before.
Lost in a spiral of
confusion,
brought forth,
by my own ignorance.
If I have failed in my
faith,
accept this then,
as my admittance.
I shall walk one more mile
in my shoes,
just carry me the rest
of the way.
Peacefully,
I shall awake from my
slumber
when it is my
apocalyptic day...
10 Dec '10

Jacqui Broad

Don'T Want To Know

Do you know that feeling,
of missing someone you don't know?
Do you know that days,
when you just want to let go?
Do you know the blues,
putting rhythm in your shoes?
Do you know bad luck,
that sometimes come in two's?
Do you know of love,
and the wonders it bring when coming around?
Do you know of tears,
being cried without making a sound?
Yeah, I see that now,
you don't want to know...

Jacqui Broad

End Of Day

Behind the weeping willow,
the sun sets.

I follow the twilight's
hues of red.

First, yellow, orange, red,
mysterious pink.

Black follows after the blue,
let's you think...

Can life be as colorful in
shades of grey?

Can there be a lesson learnt
at end of day?

I follow along with the aching
of my heart.

If I have all these questions, I
cannot be smart.

Behind my weeping eyes,
light shines through.

I follow the stages of my life,
and it ends by you...

Jacqui Broad

Esse Quam Verdi

Esse quam verdi -
to be, and not seen.
To be the strongest link,
that keeps the family together.
To be the teacher,
that teaches your own children.
To be the lover,
that cares when there is a need.
To be the saint,
that takes the time when nobody seems.
To be the friend,
that never judges, but understand.
To be the child,
that needs a guiding hand.
To be humble, and pray to the Lord.
Not to be seen like some golden award...

Jacqui Broad

Eve

Sunset,
sunrise.
I wake up
in the
garden of Eden.
I am rich:
dew shines like diamonds
on the lushious grass.
The world so undisturbed,
what am I doing here?
I walk from tree to tree,
picking fruit of my choice.
The Lord is very generous.
Birds fly above,
singing sweet songs
of freedom and peace.
I am alone,
but aware
of watching eyes.
Jealousy
will kill me,
and I'm waiting.
Footsteps.
Whispers.
Silence...

Jacqui Broad

Face Value

What's on a face
that you want to
capture it forever
on a photo?
What's on a face
of a toddler
getting a puppy
to be his best friend?
What's on a face
of a child
going to school
for the first time?
What's on a face
of a teenager
experiencing the dance
of the first love?
What's on a face
of a bride
soon to take leave
of her freedom?
What's on a face
of a new mother
holding her new-born
feeding on her breast?
What's on a face,
indeed what,
that tells you
this is who I am?

Jacqui Broad

Final Goodbye

Bob Marley sings

'Don't worry about a thing,
'cause everything's gonna be all right.'
And it's true if you think through the night.
It rained and I saw your rainbow,
and in my heart I know
that everything's going to be okay,
and that I can look forward to every day.
You haven't left me, you're still by my side,
and I can cry now all the tears I hide.
I kept myself brave and strong,
but I can't keep it up for too long.
When I break down I want to be alone,
to think of you and all the things I've known.
I have to compartmentalize things in my brain.
I must keep faith to stay strong and sane.
And I will, I promise I will,
but without you I have nill.
I only ever had my love to give,
and much more did I receive.
So the final goodbye must get written by hand,
if I want to make sense of things hard to understand.
My life is full, but my heart is empty,
when I had you, I had plenty.
So adios, my love, till we meet again.
This is my final goodbye, till then...

Jacqui Broad

Forgiveness

Sometimes I feel like screaming,
'I am sorry! '
but I'm too afraid
there will be no-one
to hear me.
There's a song in the hallway,
which penetrates my soul,
if I come to the realization
maybe, I've lost you forever.
Oh, dear Lord, forgive me
just like I forgive
those who sin against me -
seventy times seven.
Please supply a ray of light
for the darkness in my life
and set me free...

Jacqui Broad

Gift For You

For a long time now,
I love you.
How can I show
it?
I walked passed a
little antique shop,
and looked
through the window.
What I saw,
made me walk in,
and buy you, my love,
this gift.
Open it,
and smile.
The silver-framed
mirror,
will reflect the face
I love
above
all...

Jacqui Broad

Givers & Takers

To take,
without giving,
can leave the
giver,
with an aching heart.
But, one day,
the taker
may realize
what was
given,
and realize
it shouldn't have been
forsaken...

Jacqui Broad

Haiku: Actions

If one must first be crippled,
to become strong, what
to do to be loved?

Jacqui Broad

Haiku: Carpentry

I may not be a
carpenter, but if I were
I'd carve you my heart...

Jacqui Broad

Haiku: Deceit

My heart pumps blood, but
my eyes weep water.
What's the cause of misery?

Jacqui Broad

Haiku: Happiness

It's fine to cry when you laugh,
it shows the depth of
the unspoken joy...

Jacqui Broad

Haiku: Mysteria

Open your door for
the wind to come in,
and listen to what it sings...

Jacqui Broad

Haiku: Poetry

Some of the best lines
get written down, get wrinkled
up, and thrown away...

Jacqui Broad

Haiku: Songbird

If birds are singing,
I would like to hear the tune
they are singing to...

Jacqui Broad

Haiku: Teardrops

If heat builds up, water must
fall, to ensure the
return of the joy...

Jacqui Broad

Hang-Over

The last time I was drunk,
man, I felt bad.
I shouldn't have taken
that first sip,
because then I couldn't stop.
Building on this euphoria,
I wanted more and more.
Then you snatched it away,
saying I have had enough.
Moping now in soberness,
I wish I was really drunk.
'Cause the hang-over love causes
is much worse than anything I know...

Jacqui Broad

Hannah's Prayer

I love to hear, children play:
it helps keeping the pain away.
My lap is big enough for four,
never have I known emptiness before.
Lord, when will the time be right?
I feel I'm ready to be a mom,
but, obviously, I must be wrong.
Don't You hear me crying at night?
If I must be forever childless,
I still thank You for Your kindness,
because I share the joy of other
children, though I'm not the mother...

Jacqui Broad

Heart

My heart must be a
face-cloth: you keep twisting it
till the blood runs dry...

Jacqui Broad

Here Comes The Bride

Oh-oh, here comes a fiasco,
I can see it in my dreams.
High heels, puffy dress,
make-up, lipstick, curls,
earrings and pearls.
Let me get out of here!
I want to marry you,
where it's only me and you.
No invited guests
or family.
Just you and me,
'cause that's all we'll ever be...

Jacqui Broad

Humanity

When we close our eyes to sleep.
When we dry the tears we weep.
When we give up 'cause we're weak.
When we appear to be so meek.
When we speak words that can hurt.
When we dig inside our mind's dirt.
When we cry because we are lost.
When we live our lives at a cost.
When we dream a dream of peace.
When we go down on our knees.
When we reach for a helping hand.
When we wish to make a stand.
When we do the things we do.
We shall all return back to You...

Jacqui Broad

If

If a blind man
stops trusting his dog,
in who can he
place his trust?
If to kiss a frog
would turn it into a prince,
why are there still so
many frogs walking free?
If poets cry
who will stop their tears,
if the world don't listen
to their own in need?
If a deaf man
can feel the rhythm,
of music, through his feet,
who will stop him from dancing?
'If' this, and 'If' that.
If you want to ask questions,
it's better, I guess,
to not get them answered.

Jacqui Broad

In A World Of Magic

I don't know what to write,
but, yet again, here I am -
pen in hand, busy to write -
what a fool I am?
My cursive writing I can't read,
so my pen keeps rolling ahead.
Thoughts, ideas, dreams - unmet.
To write completely fills my need.
I can paint my sky purple if I want.
I can picture myself in a far-away land.
I can do wonders with a magic wand.
Change the world in a daring stunt.
I don't know what to write,
but I still keep dreaming at night...

Jacqui Broad

Innocence

When I was small, I was taught
you don't judge people on how they look.
Years later, this happened,
and the story repeats itself.

Hand-in-hand, they came walking down the street.
Pretty little girl, with a blush on the cheeks.
The doll with blue eyes, came with as friend.
The mother smiled lovingly down at her child.

The sun shined bright,
and out of pure joy, the girl laughed with delight,
there was a stone in her shoe, and mom had to wait.
And so people started gathering to see this sight.

'Who is that ugly woman, Mommy?' asked a frightened boy.

'Don't let she catch me!' one cried behind his mother's dress.

'Don't be afraid!' scolded an impatient mother.

'If you're naughty, I'm gonna give you to her!' she threatened the boy, then.

I looked at the people around me.

Why can't they just let the woman be?

She carries the scars of a fire-accident,
but her child looks like an angel.

'What is wrong, Mommy?' asked the little girl.

She looked confused at her mother's tears.

'Don't cry, Mommy.'

She smiled and looked with love at her mom.

Then swinging her mom's hand again,

they walked passed people,

still staring, after them...

Jacqui Broad

Just Driving By

NOW...

I look at cars driving past my house,
where are the people going to?
Are some driving away from a clinging spouse,
or are they just passing through?
I wonder to what music they are listening,
and does it give them a peaceful mood,
because I love music and I like to sing -
music's what makes me feel good.

LATER...

We drive past a couple who looks ready to fight.
I see the man turning his head angry away.
And the wife carries on; she's probably right.
Sadly, I think, she has spoilt the day.
An elderly couple drives slowly by,
and the woman stares out of the window.
Maybe she's going to give her husband another try,
and this time, they'll take it slow.
Two kids are waving at me,
I wave back and start to smile.
I don't know what made me see,
but I was so shocked, I couldn't react for a while.
The boy is busy pulling a face
at me, and the father speeds past our car.
I sympathized the boy, and thought about the human race,
and how I've escaped such nastiness so far...

Jacqui Broad

Let's Dance

I feel so inspired...
I feel so uplifted...
I feel like dancing
so, let's dance.
Dance on the rainbow
shining over my head.
Let's go searching
for that pot of gold...
I feel everything's possible...
I feel like believing...
I feel so free
so, let me dance...

Jacqui Broad

Life

Life is a bitter cherry,
brings you down while being merry.
You may sit and enjoy a cup of tea,
when you get hit with such misery.
You may sit and eat a sandwich of cucumber,
when you get thrown with sudden wonder.
You may sit and smoke a joint,
when you realise life has no point.
You may sit and drink a whiskey,
when you realise life's become too risky.
You may talk with a friend on the phone,
when you realise you feel all alone.
Life has become so bitter-sweet,
since I have no friends to greet...

Jacqui Broad

Long-Term

If one burns one's fingers in
hastiness, what will
happen if you wait?

Jacqui Broad

Love Triangle

Today, people will gather,
to hear my story.
I know the courtroom
will be packed.
Journalists, will fight
to take the glory.
Psychologists say, something
inside me cracked.
Inside this cell, I had
enough time to think.
Surrounded by people,
who, like me, lost the way.
My future's unknown,
I'm standing on a brink.
Finally, I'll know, after
what happens today.
I'll stand up and tell them,
what they need to know.
Facing questions and giving
answers for continuity.
A feedback of what happened,
time passes slow.
Lawyers, judges, deciding
if I'm innocent or guilty.
But, I loved my husband,
so I shot my lover.
I loved my husband, therefore,
there'll be no other.

Jacqui Broad

Make-Up

This morning when I've
put on my make-up
to start the day,
I stared at the face
in the mirror
putting on ivory
foundation to hide
the freckles away.
Covering puffy eyes,
from lately not getting
enough sleep.
Hot chocolate eye-shadow
will brighten my eyes
from the tears that I keep.
What to put on pouting,
unsmiling lips?
I look around in my bag,
ignoring the pain right
under my ribs.
And I discovered your love letter,
saying you love me.
I look up in the mirror,
and indeed my eyes shines brighter.
So I put on glittery rosy lipgloss,
to make my smile shine all day...

Jacqui Broad

Mirror

Narcissus,
you man of vain,
looking into the
waterpond,
wishing to see
beyond.
What is it,
you had to gain?
Myself,
is what I see,
if I look at my
reflection,
and it came to my
attention,
it's someone else
I'd rather be.
Mirror, mirror,
on the wall,
mirrors, mirrors,
everywhere I look.
In the mirrors,
mirrors of your eyes,
who is the fairest
of them all?
I look for something
you took,
before I can change
the troubling skies...
17 May '11

Jacqui Broad

My Counted Blessings

Is to laugh, a curse,
or a blessing?
Because I cry in the rain,
and laugh with the sun's shine.
I laugh if I get hurt,
but I'll cry over a dead bird.
I'll laugh jubilantly
at a good joke,
but won't feel pleased,
if the joke's on me.
To laugh makes heartache disappear,
and won't allow depression
to get in the way.
After all,
is laughter the best medicine,
and if I can laugh at myself,
then I truly see it as a blessing!

Jacqui Broad

Never Think

If I listened,
long enough to you,
ignoring all the pain
you are causing me.
If I opened,
my eyes long enough to see,
I will see, all the pain,
you're going through.
Never think,
that I am cruel,
inside my heart.
I am only protecting myself,
from hurting you,
and I hope, that you
will see it too.
Never belief, it's the end,
we have the start.
I am also struggling,
to comprehend,
feelings of war and peace and jealousy,
while I, m taking in,
everything that you say.
I think of you, as my only friend,
someone who belongs,
just to me,
but I'll rather keep this feelings safe,
for a rainy day...

Jacqui Broad

No Shoes Required

Take off your shoes,
upon entering my door.
Give me clues,
when I ask for more...
Sing beautiful woes,
like I've never heard before.

When I allow you to come in,
tread lightly on my ground.
There's plenty to be seen,
if you're sensitive to sound.
I'll harmonize with the ballad you sing,
and leave you howling like a hound.

Dance barefoot on my heart's floor,
and I may let you explore some more...

Jacqui Broad

Not Necessarily...

1.

Words escape my mouth.
Not necessarily the
words I want to speak...

2.

Tears escape my eyes.
Not necessarily what
I want it to do...

3.

Blood escapes my heart.
Not necessary, but I
have lost all control...

4.

Air escapes my nose.
It's not necessary, but
nonetheless it does...

Jacqui Broad

Nothing...

Looking for something to write,
I lay awake late at night.
Sometimes I see dawn changing the sky.
I have stopped asking the oblivious 'Why? '
No questions, no answers, no satisfaction.
Don't confuse movement with action.
I cannot move my hand to write,
so, I cannot close my eyes at night...

Jacqui Broad

On Your Return

Hold my hand,
don't let go.
A storm's coming,
a wind's blow.
The thunder,
brings the fear.
In silence,
it all disappear.
On a journey,
travelling alone.
Rocks and hills,
not cobblestone.
The air,
icy and sapphire.
The view,
to be admire'.
With sleep,
comes the peace.
Praying,
on my knees.
By your return,
end of fate.
On your return,
I shall wait...

Jacqui Broad

Playtime

I want to share a joke,
but your face is a frown.
Curiously, I continue to poke,
turning myself into a clown.
You watch with impenetrable eyes
how I suffer in my struggle
to hear your laughing cries -
I'm learning the art to juggle,
instead of playing on the playground
where other kids want to join.
So, when you're ready, come around,
and we'll play flip-a-coin,
just so I can see you crumbling,
when love comes rolling and tumbling...

Jacqui Broad

Politico

I don't want to know
anything about politics.
It never practice
what it preach!
Join the union!
It's the right thing to do.
Kill your neighbour!
If they have more than you.
Escape from your land!
Turn into a refugee.
Idolize that god!
Turn it into an effigy...

Jacqui Broad

Poverty

Every night you question your poverty,
while rich people enjoy their frivolity.
To you life just doesn't seem fair,
you being left in ashes and despair.
But every once in a while, you'll see
Lady Luck might just choose you to be
On top of the world, then you feel alone,
'cause to be like them, your heart must be of stone.
I'd rather eat my piece of bread,
than drink the blood of others instead.
I'd rather have my glass of life,
than stab my fellow travellers with a knife.
I'd rather enjoy my poverty in peace,
than beg for mercy on my knees...

Jacqui Broad

Questions & Answers

How many times,
have I seen the
moon grow full,
and seen the
leaves of trees,
falling on the ground?
Perhaps, not as many
times I was a fool.
Now my tears falling down,
is the only sound.

How many times,
have I seen,
birds fly away,
leaving the winter,
to meet the greeting sun?
Perhaps, not as many times,
I'd wished you'd stay.
Now I'm left with a partner,
who's on the run.

How many times,
I've lost myself,
to be found,
leaving you clues,
as to how,
I feel inside?
Perhaps, they have closed down,
the merry-go-round.
Now you can go seek,
while I go and hide.

Perhaps, now you feel
as lost as I have been.
Now that the chains around us
starts breaking free.

20 Jan '11

Jacqui Broad

Ra

You are my sunshine -
Near your warmth I want to be.
Share your light with me...

Jacqui Broad

Reasoning With Time

Give me a reason for singing,
And I'll sing right through the night.
Give me a reason for clinging,
And I'll hold you, oh so tight.
Have you heard a lark's song go silent?
There's no more reason to sing.
Have you heard that life is violent?
Who can fly with a broken wing?
What once was happiness, has turned to a sad song.
What's supposed to come out as pure, comes out as a croak.
Give me the reason why things go wrong.
Show me the magic that wears a hat and a cloak.
Silent the bird watches from the branches of a tree.
Taking time to heal, she'll spread her wings and fly free...

Jacqui Broad

Requiem

There's a crescent moon,
riding in the sky tonight,
surrounded by stars,
that each one,
shines so bright.
Underneath the clouds,
make pictures that
look so dark.
Somewhere in the woods,
I know a lonely
wolf must bark.
The moon's light,
shines through
the grey clouds.
Somehow I know,
Yahweh will hear my
silent shouts.
This scenario is filled,
with a mystery,
I cannot explain.
All I know is how I feel,
when it unexpectedly
starts to rain.
I am a part of this
underworld, cast into
this place hell.
'What did I do? ' I cry out,
as I watch as
another star fell.
My quest is to mend
the broken pieces;
go back to Heaven.
And sing once again,
Laus Deo, with my
sisters and brethren.
I look forward to the time,
when I shall once again
be in Paradise.
But for now,

please Yahweh,
help me so I
can survive...

Jacqui Broad

Rolling In The Mud

I am Your daughter
I am made of dust
I am made by You
I am Your child.
Because I am lost
Tears roll out my eyes
Water mixing with dust
I'm rolling in the mud.

Jacqui Broad

Rubel

You bash in your own
sunshine, and leave the rest of
us, in your shadow...

Jacqui Broad

Seemingly Impossible

Wanting to pen down thoughts,
I find myself shying away.
So now, I just make ink spots,
hoping it will have
something to say.
My fingers clutch the pen
with a stronghold,
making patterns of
flowers and leaves.
Wishing this fairy tale
will unfold,
as dots become a
teardrop that seeps.
No, I still cannot write
down what I feel.
My muse must've left me,
while I was sleeping.
To whom now should
I appeal,
if my own heart
starts weeping?
Give up to be a writer?
Impossible! Nothing would seem brighter...

Jacqui Broad

Song Of Love

I like how, you dive into the deep end,
and end up enjoying yourself.

When I join you, in this ring-a-rosy,
your warmth, will be nice and cosy.

Da da di da dada dam,
da da di da dada da.

Over rocks and hills, we must climb,
to enjoy the beauty on the other side.

Over lightness, of this euphory,
gasping together, over this mystery.

Da da di da dada dam,
da da di da dada da.

Uniting two, together as one,
in a rhythmic way, this must be done.

Limbs and spine, sinew and flesh,
numbed senses, and all the rest.

Da da di da dada dam,
da da di da dada da....

Jacqui Broad

Soul Searching

Write about things you know, they say,
also keep good-weathered friends at bay.
But if I should become a hit overnight,
who would join me, in this lonesome flight?
Faith, is for the lonely people suffering,
some might find it quite baffling,
how, through sufferance, you learn to believe,
not only to give, but also, how to receive.
Over this insecurity, I have runt and raved,
but in the end, I just want to be saved.
And when Kingdom come, I want to join along,
those who have sung, their faithful song.
Perhaps this journey might lead somewhere,
but it's taking too long to get there.
Using my Bible as God's photograph,
I follow blindly, on His leading path...

Jacqui Broad

Still I Love You

Yesterday I sat against my wall,
enjoying the sunlight on my face.
I was waiting for peace to call,
but it came last in the race.
The sun was busy setting,
and the wind was playing through my hair.
In the shadows creeping, I'm forgetting,
but still I can hear you everywhere.
You're like a refrain in my mind,
why can't the wind just blow you away?
Because love really is blind,
and still I want you to stay.
Then suddenly I was enshrouded,
in a sudden darkness of night.
The sky also was clouded,
as I gave up the fight.
Make with this what you will,
but I love you, still...

Jacqui Broad

Stormy Night

Call me crazy,
but along with Chris Rea
I am singing on the top of my voice,
'I don't know what it is,
but I love it! '
Tonight I am by myself
you are giving me peace of mind.
And the weather is so kind
for playing along with my mood.
Dark clouds, thunder, lightning.
The wind is blowing me
full with its energy
and I am loving it!
For a long time now
this storm was building inside.
And in its rage I cannot hide.
So I am jumping on my bed,
hair wild, air-guitaring
and I'm loving it!
Of course the rain will come,
but I will embrace it.
The storm in my heart is now calm.
And the rain will wash the pain away,
and in my heart the seeds will grow.
And it will be strong enough
to resist any kind of stormy night.
And I don't know what it is,
but I want it to stay...
Thanks Stefenie for inspiring me with our conversations!

Jacqui Broad

Supporting Act

My friend says, she's tired of her life
she has a child to fend for,
she can't pretend anymore
I hope she will try to survive.
Talking to her, to give her hope,
she grasps my hand, holding tight
I pray for her at night,
but it's up to her to cope.
Friend, when you're weak, I'll be strong
just remember why you are here.
There's enough oxygen to keep you alive.
Sometimes, situations can go wrong,
but optimism can change the atmosphere.
As for me, I keep on to strive...

Jacqui Broad

Surrealistic Dream

I'm chasing a dream, I know,
yet, I don't want to let go.
In my dream, I see you picture clear;
I reach out to touch you without fear.
You stretch out your hand to touch;
your lips move to say you love me very much.
Then, like a stone thrown in water, you're gone;
I stand crying, asking what have I done?
The wind comes up and blows me away;
I'm fighting and begging to have my last say,
but now I'm standing on a mountain, looking down.
I look around, seeing nothing, so I frown.
Something pushes me and forces me to fall;
as I fall, I hear your last echoing call.
'I love you, don't ever forget! '
I wake up, remembering the words you said...

Jacqui Broad

Survival 101

Swimming, deep waters.
Afraid of the unknown, so
let's drown in this sea...?

Jacqui Broad

Table Mountain

At its feet,
two oceans meet.
Yet, it towers above,
gifted by God's love.
A flat-topped mountain?
What about a straight fountain!
It's the table
where God confederates.
When it's foggy,
be sure He considerates.
It's a magical place to be,
if you want to meet Thee...

Jacqui Broad

Taste

I know why I like
drinking coffee, it tastes as
bitter as my heart...

Jacqui Broad

Ten Years After

I gave you the most precious gift
a girl can give to any man...
I knew if I had troubles,
to you I could ran.
You were my friend.
You were my lover.
You were my everything.
I did not always comprehend.
I did not always hover.
But in honor to you I sing...
Hear my song, my love, up in heaven.
God came and took you away,
but I had my time to spend with you,
and in heartache I don't have much to say.
If I must talk and tell of your greatness,
I feel a lumb in my throat and start to cry.
If I think of you and the loneliness I feel,
I look up to God and ask Him why.
Why did He choose to take you
and leave me behind?
What did I do wrong in His eyes
to leave doubt in my mind?
I cannot question Him because He knows best.
My darling, all I can think of is you needed rest.
If you cannot be with me any more in person,
I ask God that you be my guardian angel.
I ask Him that you'll still always be there,
if in times of trouble it's to heaven I stare.
I loved you and I know that you knew.
Ten years spent with you was not enough.
My words of love may seem like too few.
I loved you, therefore gave you love.
God knows I miss you,
so now, He must see me through.
If He thought this is the path to walk,
then He must understand the hurt in my talk.
So allow me to say it, though you cannot hear.
When I say it, in spirit you must appear.
'I LOVE YOU! ' and perhaps always will,

but your reply to this words has grown still...
To Derick, my love, passed away on 11/11/11.

Jacqui Broad

The Music Blowing In The Wind

My wind-chimes makes a beautiful sound.
Blowing in the wind, that blows in my room.
It has no tune, but in it, beauty I have found.
Soon it will rain in the late afternoon.
My cat and dog must like it too,
As they listen to the sound in their ears.
The sound of the chimes makes me miss you.
To this sound I can listen to for years.
Raindrops are already beginning to fall,
And it's a delightful noise, as well.
Lonely and heartbroken into bed I want to crawl.
Heartache causes tears and my heart to swell.
I miss you, my darling, and wish you were here.
To hold me, kiss me, 'till this hurt disappear...

Jacqui Broad

The Story Of The Mulberry

Against the wall you grow.
To see what you were, took slow.
A tree, threatened to be felled.
In protest, to save you, I yelled.
So, everyday I've watched you.
Gave you water, talked to you, too.
Your emptiness reminded me of, well, me.
And I thought 'If I were a tree,
what is it I will be? '
I thought 'What fruit shall I carry,
what tree shall the world see? '
Then, that one glorious day,
after four years have passed away,
I went to sit under my tree,
and saw, after all this time,
you are a mulberry!

Jacqui Broad

The Thing Of...

The thing of writing
is, you always stand a chance
to offend someone...

The thing of talking
is, you can never take back
what you have just said...

The thing of singing
is, you can make an ice cold
heart, weep suddenly...

The thing of thinking
is, you can always think what
others may not know...

Communication -
it is the way we carry
over, how we feel...

Jacqui Broad

The Wall

I stood before the blind wall,
And it looked at me.
I showed my emotions,
But it would not see.
I shouted at it,
I cried my fears.
But the only thing that came to me,
Was frustration and tears.
I wanted it so desperately to hear,
That, which I cannot say out loud.
To heal me, for death is near,
And I don't know what it's about.
I turned around and walked away -
It was the only thing I could do.
Behind me I heard the wall say,
'Go well, and damn you! '

Jacqui Broad

Things To Do

Dance with me, although I can't dance...
Laugh at me, when I'm being a fool...
Teach me, the worth of taking a chance...
Save me, when I'm drowning in a pool...
Move me, when I'm standing still...
Harmonize, when I'm singing false...
Guide me, according to your will...
Love me, like a passionate waltz...
Embrace me, like you'll never let go...
Kiss me, like you're dying of thirst...
Share with me, everything you know...
Explore me, like I was the first...
Do these things, and you'll find my soul.
Do these things, and I'll jump the wall...

Jacqui Broad

Time Traveller

In another time,
another set of circumstances,
I would be a drifter,
and you may drift along.
Time does not matter,
doesn't matter anymore.
Who cares about time,
when you've got
all the time
in the world?

Jacqui Broad

Tired

The lack of sleeping,
Makes me see things that exist.
Let me close my eyes...

Jacqui Broad

To All My Friends

Never did I want to share my poetry.
To bare my soul and show pieces of me.
But I thought what's the use of writing then?
And so I've come to learn many a friend.
First there was Stephanie, young but so wise.
And Crimson Love, who's name I know, and she's so nice.
Dave, with his short comments, but still is great.
Sir Eric, who is a great poet, if I must rate.
Anele, the African son, whom comes from my land.
Siyabonga, as well, so their poetry I understand.
Asif, who always cordially invites me to read his poems.
Ahmed, too, who teaches me a lot I didn't know.
Vipins, his poems I thoroughly enjoy.
Jinal, sweet and special like a favorite toy.
Hans, who wrote me words of strength when I was in need.
Unwritten Soul, who is a great friend indeed.
Shadow Girl and Kara, I've only just met.
Daniel and others, I will never forget.
Harry whom I'm beginning to love as a soulmate.
To all my friends, each and everyone of you are great!

Jacqui Broad

Tree - House

I want to find myself a forest,
and go live there alone.
I'll build my own home,
even if it must be in a tree.
If I must be honest,
I'm tired of living in stone.
I want to befriend fairies, a gnome.
Who like me, nobody will see.
It's this haste I cannot digest,
always chasing after the unknown.
By myself I want to roam,
and explore what it's like to just be...
After listening to Van Morrison's 'Days like these.'

Jacqui Broad

Unaccomplished

All of my life,
I've been searching,
looking to find
that inner-peace.
But after so many,
longing years,
I shake my head -
I did not accomplish...

Jacqui Broad

Waltzing Thoughts

If rainclouds make pictures,
what is it you will see?
If leaves fall down
in autumn and die,
what is it that will
happen to me?
If trees dance in the
breeze of the wind,
why can't I move my
feet to dance?
If cats have nine lives,
surely I'll get another chance?
If twilight is the passing of God -
it surely is a beautiful sight.
If dogs are afraid of thunder -
then meeting Him will be a fright.
The earth keeps dancing
with its moon -
I keep telling myself,
soon, soon, soon...

Jacqui Broad

When You'Re Gone...

How many sorrow in a single tear?
Four seasons in one day, instead of a year.
How many seconds in a stretched-out day?
I miss you when you are away.
How many songs can one guitar play?
When I long to hear the words you used to say.
How many times I've wished you wouldn't disappear?
Save me, I think tears and loneliness are creeping near...

Jacqui Broad

Where It Begins

Some say,
like Joan of Arc,
they'll die
for what they believe.

Some say,
like Robin Hood,
they'll steal
to feed the poor.

Some say,
like Atilla the Hun,
they'll fight
for there to be no war.

But I say,
as Jacqueline,
I want to live
the best possible way...

Jacqui Broad

Wordless Effort

Connecting with people,
I don't know from a bar of soap.
Reading poems,
that is full of love and hope.
Sharing secrets,
that one won't dare to say out loud!
Wondering,
upon reading verses, what life's about?
Struggling to try,
and write the perfect poem.
Pondering in solitudeness,
in the comfort of my home.
Surrounded by familiar things,
like books and music, for inspiration.
Wordless in my effort,
to write something to inspire the nation...

Jacqui Broad

Yin And Yang

What makes one good?
What makes one bad?
What makes one understood?
What makes one sad?
What fills one with joy?
What causes one to run?
What makes one coy?
What're the things one ban?
What makes one love?
What makes one hate?
What makes one fly above?
What makes one find a mate?
Yin and Yang collides in one's inside.
There are always rules to be abide...

Jacqui Broad

You Are...

You're the light,
I cannot see,
yet, it fills my soul.
You're that person,
I'm aspiring to be,
if I set my goal.
You're that lover,
I'd like to meet,
if I opened my heart.
You're that friend,
I'd like to greet,
best wishes on a card.
You're that poet,
I'd like to read,
when my heart is aching.
You're that person,
I'd turn to in need,
when the dawn is breaking.
You're the light I cannot see,
yet, it means everything to me...
29 Sept '11

Jacqui Broad