

Poetry Series

Jesse Pickens
- poems -

Publication Date:
2014

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

Jesse Pickens(09-04-1992)

Hello everyone! I am 21 years old. I am from Tuscaloosa, Alabama. I noticed at a fairly early age I was a very gifted writer. I believe one day I will be numbered among the greats. Follow me and my work and watch as I rise through the ranks.

A Bum's Blues

Street walking all day,
same clothes all winter,
people look in disgust,
they think you are temperamental,
why so judgmental?
the American way,
nose so high in the air,
forgetting you were broke the other day,
homeless beg and plea,
spare change please,
as we walk by and laugh,
tossing our new car keys..

once upon a time,
it was a different story,
that bum,
was a doctor,
gained much respect and glory,
his story,
can be your story,
he gave all of his glory,
to his material inventory,
he soon felt he was invincible in every way,
so he began doing drugs everyday,
hookers came every way,
blowing money everyday,
he blew his life away,
soon the wife walked away,
that's how he became that bum today,
never judge,
you may have to overcome,
but if you can't,
Soon you may be that bum..

Jesse Pickens

A Chat With God

God you Love us right?

Right,

Well why so much pain,
I'm sprinting through the fire,
but I can still feel the flame

My child,
I love you,
I know this world can be evil,
deceitful,
yet you all are still my people,

if you want us to live,
why do you allow death,
my cousin was only one,
he went blind and deaf,

Once again my child,
I have the perfect plan,
some things that I do,
man will never understand,
Sometimes the human mind can be very conceited,
angels don't die they ascend to me when needed,

Well if you love us so much,
why is this world in such a swirl,
why did hi jackers hit the tallest structure in the world?
Why did Hitler kill so many of your people,
I can't see you,
but oh Lord we need you

My son,
This world requires patience,
sometimes you need mediation,
my revelation comes to life in the verses of Revelations,
My child,
The devil Lucifer is real,

he comes to kill,
steal,
when hurting he will come as a pill,
if you need money bad,
he will be a drug deal,
he comes as temptation,
he loves contemplation,
But just believe in me and soon you shall see
Elevation..

Jesse Pickens

A Young Phenom

I'm going for the
Gold,
My heart is in control,
Trying to succeed
takes giant
G.U.T's
I'm a lion
from the ghetto
Just running
through the meadow,
not looking for alliance
you can the have science,
because when the
game starts,
my faith is the
appliance

Heart pounding hard
boxer
you should win
a Oscar
Not fighting for
popularity
I want the game to
marry me
Don't care about a
Salary
The best
until they bury me
Train all day,
that's how you gain
clarity
Talking bad about my team
should be a sin
Blasphemy

Jesse Pickens

Angel In The Flesh

Rare beauty,
blue diamond,
your smile burns a hole through the seams of my soul,
Isaac Newton was wrong,
This love will never descend,
eye contact,
I think an atom split,
B
O
O
M
nobody else in the world matters,
voluptuous curves,
dangerous if you are not careful,
Talladega Speedway cover girl,
Staring into your eyes is indescribable,
like a Michael Jordan dunk in mid air,
time briefly pauses,
through the wormhole,
hair flowing like the Nigerian River,
never ending,
This love is never ending girl,
Agape,
I think you were sent from the heavens.

Jesse Pickens

Confidence Is Key

Confidence is a stain,
you can't wipe off
Put the pen in my hand
And turn the lights off,
Eternal light glowing
from the pits of my pen,
Killing others poets
my pen commits deadly
Sins,
When reading my work
You feel inebriated
I meant intoxicated
Poetry renovated
Never duplicated
Highly anticipated
I make it complicated
Killer exonerated
The world spectated
This is authenticated
Your work
disseminated
broadly dissipated
Be real when you read my work
Your hopes were deflated

My teacher once told my mom-
I was dyslexic
Now look at my ethics
I leave my fans
Electric
I'm unapologetic
Surely not sympathetic
Like a paramedic
Helping a schizophrenic
Tell a friend
to tell a friend
I'm starting a
Epidemic..

Jesse Pickens

Devil Disguised As Cancer

You try to lead a auspicious life,
Trying your best to mirror Christ,
Well done my faithful servant is the remark you want for your fight,
Church is your Paradise,
Everyone thinks you are swell,
You have the faith of a mustard seed like Jonah inside of the whale,
Suddenly out the blue rapid pains invade your body,
Oh Lord I trust in you,
My faith will never disembody,
Until one day you give in to pain and frantically need a answer,
The doctor sheds a tear,
I'm sorry but you have cancer,
Stage 4,
Now you are in your last days,
This is not a phase,
Your days are blue even in the mist of sun rays..
Your family is in a rage over this information,
Hopeless despair engaged like a Jew in concentration,
Separated from humanity equals abrupt insanity,
Cancer can be depressing,
Chemo is very stressing,
Fatigue forbids you from assessing your blessings,
I know its very difficult,
Just hold on and continue to pray,
Because at the end of the day,
God has the last say...

Jesse Pickens

Emmett Till

Body left dissipated, obliterated,
oh Emmett Till,
Investigators could not tell if it was a human or mutilated road kill,
his eye was gouged from his head,
barbed wire tied around his neck,
all because a caucasian woman,
claimed she didn't get proper respect

oh Emmett Till,
Money Mississippi was the place,
you were not guilty of the case,
but you were guilty of your race,
to much melanin in your face,

Oh Emmett Till,
they say your case changed the land,
apparently not,
ask George Zimmerman,
but in your case the INNOCENT man was named Roy Bryant,
When reporters asked him did he kill you he surely didn't deny it,

Oh Emmett Till,
While you are sitting next to our heavenly father,
tell him to touch our country's heart if he bother,
then we all can have a peaceful space,
my prayer is one day All of God's children,
Become one race...

Jesse Pickens

Facebook Adolescents

Gift or Curse,
facebook lives,
dependence to youth,
facebook gives,
anything goes,
when it comes to the likes,
google a nice quote
that will help right?
Wear skimpy clothes
edit my picture,
before I post
remember my filter.

Post pictures of money
to make others feel
empty
abandoned
awkwardly broke
so if you get robbed
was it provoked?

Inbox inbox
make it trife
dark ages,
fake pages
this cant be right,
Magic Johnson hiv
this cant be life,

Homes burned up,
marriages broken down,
Law of reciprocity
what goes around comes around,
all over a look
Then the world shook,
Facebook lives
Your child's life
It Took..

In The Eye Of The Storm

As young people, we feel we are in fact immortal, like the pits of death will never cut the breathe of our pharynx short, until tragedy strikes and reveals to us that death and sorrow have no respectable persons regardless of race, gender, nor age, my revelation came in the form of a massive ef-5 tornado, as I sat in the hall along side my mother we could feel such uneasiness and vexation, as if we were a two time felon in the courtroom during sentencing, then the mallet drops, wind consuming us, debris flying overhead, I heard the house I resided in being ripped to shreds, I felt my body rising off of the floor, I just knew I was dead, wish I could tell my family bye, I love you deeply within, then I begin to cry out Lord please forgive my unspoken sins, dirt circulating everywhere, I could not open my eyes, then I felt someone tightly clinch me, I guess he heard my cries, after the storm it was such a unique calmness, like a mother after she conceives, suddenly I heard people crying out, trapped under debris, I continued to ponder where did the hands come from that saved me... it was my mother, she told me she would die for me, because ill always be her baby..

Jesse Pickens

In The Mind Of A Genius

Writing Articles

My pen is a particle,
neutrons are equivalent
to the force in my pen
Like the forces of Zen,
well magnified by ten,
my thoughts within
leave a definite grin
on the faces of kin

I graduated
from dead streets
annihilated
anticipated greatly,
Lucifer obliterated,
dissipated absolutely
college boys manipulated
black men in America
acutely disintegrated,
job site largely
discriminated.

Jesse Pickens

Living In The Past

The Emancipation Proclamation was put into effect in 1863,
That meant freedom for slaves,
the ones who looked like me,
blood, sweat, and bullets were shed along with tears,
innocent civilians put through years of hell and fed with fears,
nooses invaded necks,
in the home of the brave,
in the home of the slaves,
blood flowing as they gaze,
lynchings were congregational,
often invitational,
white kids were taught to look at them as merely educational,
he's just another tally in the stat book,
slaves screaming until exhaustion as they were made to look,
saliva often found homes on the pits of our face,
jeopardizing our case,
exasperating our race,
if you had children they often vanished without a trace,
we were taught not to embrace each other in any way,
I know the only way we made it out is the good Lord's grace..

Jesse Pickens

Losing A Friend

As I am awakened by the dazzling rays of the star we call the sun, I am appalled by that peculiar notion, because as I peek out my blinds the day is so dull, thunder rolling ever so treacherous, howling like the night time winds, the trees are usually green but now all I see is the origin, pain in my cranium I begin to feel it spin, as I try to cry out for help my jugular tightens up, I can hardly get any wind, as I lay there on the floor struggling to remember last night's events, I begin to have flashbacks, then I get a glimpse..one sip, two sip, three sips, or four, I see abandoned whiskey bottles and joint papers crumbled on the floor, before you begin to judge, yes I know its a sin, but this is the only way I know to cope, with Losing My Best Friend....

Jesse Pickens

Money Can'T Buy Happiness

You lead a luxurious life, superior finance allows you to have a sense of grandiosity, people of a lower stature seem to fit the perfect mold for the term irrelevant,
like appendix,
but soon your wealth leads to vulnerability, standards become everything and the simple things in life no longer trigger your excitement,
so you begin to question your sobriety, maybe thats the answer,
little do you know dependency can be worse than cancer,
so you start off on the bottle, but that only provokes..
you to try something more potent, now your spending habits are more ubiquitous and basically you're poor..
but this all could have been avoided if you kept the attitude of the girl Next Door..

Jesse Pickens

New Age (Christ) Ians

Christian,
Christ like,
well at least in past days,
hypocrites,
in the church.
We must be in the last days,
New dress
New shoes
family seems perfect
In the sanctuary
for everything but worship

Go to Sunday school,
take your smart phone
Family torn down
But leave the problems
back home,
Church is not really
Church
Lets call it
Gossip hour,
Talk about who
likes who
Drama makes you empowered,
Taking bones out the
closet,
Your stories are composite,
If talking was cash
you are the queen of
Deposit,
Until one day
your child rose,
Pulled a letter
enclosed
Was the details
of his mother
Suddenly,
You're exposed..

Phenomenal Angel (Maya Angelou)

You are too dark,
you have a lisp,
your stomach is bulging,
they said..
Thank God for this angel,
she didn't let negativity settle in my head,
Although I am a man,
I never thought the day would come when I would see,
myself not as a failure but phenomenally,
Ms. Angelou was a single mother,
the struggle was difficult I know it,
but she still found time to become America's favorite poet,
her words were like animals running free on a meadow,
never ending like rejection by the world while living in a ghetto,
who ever thought a black woman from Missouri could recite a poem at the
inauguration,
Ms. Angelou,
you are the face of our cultures perpetuation,
you gave faith and hope to many,
including me,
Thank you angel for teaching us to live,
PHENOMENALLY

Jesse Pickens

Popularity Is Deceptive

Outskirts of the eye,
you have it all together,
grade school-
beauty seems to be
The only factor
birds of a feather-
flock together,
in crowd-
I guess you have
it made forever,

Until one day
Daddy loses his job,
You move to the projects
Without warning your house
Gets robbed,
You definitely don't
want to put your
pride to the side,
So you cant tell
the cool kids where
you reside,
Head hurt
Emotions high
Now you need
a friend,
Can't tell the cool kids
that's like committing
a sin,
Mental depression starts
to settle within
You wouldn't be alone
If you didn't try so hard
To fit in...

Jesse Pickens

The Deception Of Perception

You are late to every event,
in the mirror you stare,
minutes quickly turn into hours,
but you don't seem to care,
your boyfriend thinks your beautiful,
you are daddy's angel too,
why you are constantly so down on yourself,
they obviously don't have a clue,
your lover tries to cheer you up,
there goes a brand new ring, new clothes, new shoes, even a bit of bling,
what he doesn't get is material objects don't mean a thing,
you are really hurt on the inside that you don't like women in magazines,
they are so perfect in appearance,
their hair falls just right,
all the guys love them around the world so you will never meet their criteria
right?
One thing that you can't see in a magazine model is this thing called truth,
they are dressed up like politicians to make them look like they have it all
together,
they try to pretend like they can't hear or see the truth,
Like Helen Keller,
Every night they close their eyes they wish they could be normal like you,
have kids, a husband, a house and even eat regular foods too, so don't ever
doubt who you are because magazines are not real, but you are living in reality
and I wanted you to know Perception kills...

Jesse Pickens

Uncontrollable Tics

We live life in fear of the unknown, Scared of the inconsistency and judgmental ways of this world, what if you literally could not help the actions you committed, and instead of living life day to day you must live by the second, like a NBA team in triple over time.. shouts, screams, eye twitches galore, muscle spasms threaten the people around you and potentially yourself, everyone looks at you as if you were crazy, as if you were a character in a Stephen King novel, People with Tourettes Syndrome are often down on themselves, like fallen child stars, but I hope each and every person living with Tourettes knows they are the model example of bravery and give us all hope for the future, I feel sorry but also anguish for all the people who laugh and pick.. they don't understand the fight of living life.. with Uncontrollable Tics

Jesse Pickens

Under The Lights

In the bible it states that no sin is more fraudulent than another, so in this
mighty country that we have labelled the Home of the Free,
why do we judge each other,
constantly dropping the judicious mallet that belongs to God,
point fingers and ridicule the next man,
determined to cause fright but inside we are petrified it might,
be our turn to face this judgmental fight,
what will they say when your sins are broadcast... Under the Lights

Jesse Pickens

Untold Ghetto Stories

Poverty, depression, and rejection are everyday ordeals,
no birds chirping, police sirens wake us up to breakfast meals,
by meals I mean bread, spoiled milk, and government cheese,
as you walk outside the gun powder smell is so strong it can bring you to your
knees,
I've seen a man with his head blown off at a gas station,
friends dying over the gun bring often devastation,
some people read this from afar it really fathoms me,
but understand for most this is reality,
I was robbed at gun point at the age of twelve,
point blank range as I gazed just me and the gun shells,
government funding at an all time,
nobody hiring so I guess I'll just drink beers and get high,
police harass and put up no loitering signs everywhere,
I have no family, my friends are all I have so why cant we stand right here,
daddy's not home, and he is never coming back,
so I guess I'll join a gang, at least they will have my back,
mom is in the club almost every night,
then when she comes home drunk her and her boyfriend have their usual fight,
from the outside everyone looks at us like we are dirt poor,
all we need is people to believe in us a little more,
just remember while you are looking down on us it could have been you,
and we are actual people, the ghetto is not a Zoo..

Jesse Pickens

When The Gun Bangs

I stay in my own lane,
steering dry
of the train,
Don't care about
the fame,
Just trying to
make a name,
So when the gun
bangs,
who lies in the aim?
who dies when it flames
Two lives in the drain,
Who dies from the pain,
Who cries from the gang
Who lies when detained
Who says they were framed
from blowing out
his brains
Now his body's lame
He walks with a cane
Shooter is deranged
Prison,
his new domain
But really who's to blame
Family crying from the pain
Funeral is not the same
Who will cry when they sang?
That's when the gun bangs..

Jesse Pickens