

Poetry Series

Jo Beckett
- poems -

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Jo Beckett()

Baby Spirit

Spirit I am ready, when you're ready come to me
I'll welcome you open hearted and help you be what you want to be
I'll listen when you speak, and always see the best in you
I'll love you unconditionally and help you do what you want to do
I'll always hold you in my heart and teach you all I know
I'll encourage you to live your best life, be your best self, learn and grow
I'll hold the highest vision that you walk the beauty way
And that love illuminates your life as you step from day to day
You are very much wanted and will fill our lives with joy
We love you already spirit, baby girl or baby boy

Jo Beckett

Beautiful Face

I met a radiant, beautiful face
In a mesmerising, aromatic, intoxicating place
Where life filled my lungs and I prayed with Sages
The balmy Indian breeze chanting our names through the ages
As the years unfolded we were drawn again to connect
The beautiful face and I overjoyed once more to have met
We weaved our lives together, and slowly I was called to love
As we talked and sang, held hands and played, watched on from high above
I believed in all the face promised, and all I imagined lay beneath
And then I glimpsed his heart, scorched and shattered, encased in shrouds of
grief
I blew my deepest breaths of love around the walls he had erected
My heart could never reach his heart and I continued to be rejected
And then one day he ran far far far from me
From all I believed we were from all we could ever be
Tea shirt, toothbrush and still small shattered heart were all he took as he ran
Gasping for his freedom, this beautiful, complex, callow, confused man
He tore the edges of my heart, while his was locked away
I wonder if the love I gave will reach his heart one day
I wonder if he will ever stop running, long enough to see
Love is what our life's about, it's who we came to be

India

Jo Beckett

Broken Hearts

Some of us endure such pain
over and over
stabbing, aching, twisting
at our hearts
until we are rung out
with shattered dreams, broken promises and lost selves
How many fragments of us
unhealed are floating in the cosmos?
Pieces of us gone forever
Hearts filled with holes
where the love seeps through
because we're not able to contain it
Allow these hearts to mend
To be soothed and calmed
Allow us all to know its possible

India August 2012

Jo Beckett

Ecstatic Misery

I need to not know him now, for me to feel sane
He's my heroin, my ecstasy, and my crack cocaine
Heart thumping excitement and chemistry I can't deny
To deep sadness, and tears, I could cry until I die
He brought madness, exhilaration, passion and pain
He brought extremes of emotion too wounding to sustain
I am in ecstatic misery whenever our lives touch
Snatching away my peace, I loose myself, wanting him so much
With every fibre of my being I will him to want me
And am destroyed once again realising this will never be
He sprinkles confetti bombs and balloons of unworthiness and deceit
Playing games with my head as he sweeps me off my feet
Dripping images of my youth of now what will never be
I struggle back to my centre I struggle back to me
He has been the ache in my heart, which for my sanity has to go
Was it ever love between us, did either of us ever know?
Goodbye to you and the man you could never be
Goodbye from the woman you never really did see.

UK 2005

Jo Beckett

Poa

We caught a Dala Dala to Paige,
with sacks of rice, old tin cans, rusty bikes, strong African men with no shoes and
shiny beautiful African women with their heads covered.
The heat burnt through our clothes as we plodded along the deserted white
beach and found your cousins hut
"Jambo" they twinkled as they warmly shook my hand.
We swam in the blue blue sea and played like 4 year olds, pulling each other
around.
Then we sat frazzled by the sun and salt water sticking to us
talking and laughing in broken English.
For an hour we played house as you dried our sarongs and clothes on the hot,
dry grass.
We sat on the balcony and you chopped up fruit and fed me juicy mangoes that
dripped down my chin and we laughed the laughter of being carefree.
Listening with one earphone each as we sang out of tune to Bob Marley
and danced along the beach.
Feeling in this moment, for now my heart is resting and my mind is free.
Knowing with my long hair twisting into knots and my sticky mangoe salty
streaked shiny face, all is well. Poa

2008 Zanzibar

Jo Beckett

Smoke Screen

smoking your chillum, as you watch T.V
screwing up your eyes because you won't wear glasses
how I loved that look
I sit on the side and watch you
watch us
I'm hurting, aching, sad
your looking at the world through a screen
I cant find you or find a way to you
'I'm not dying ' you said
'I'm just going'
'No' I said
'You may as well be dead'
Everything you were, we had has gone
we are dead to each other
I am dead to myself

India August 2012

Jo Beckett

The Last Night

Lying next to me for the last time
more naked, more stoned, more asleep
than I've ever seen you
I write
looking at your oh so beautiful face
your perfect lips
and the scar on your forehead where the donkey kicked you
your silver bangled arm holding your face
you breath the smallest breaths
and I search for signs you're alive
imagine if you died now?
no you are filled with too much life
if only you'd told me
you could never love me the way you promised
if only you hadn't painted such beautiful pictures
with us living and loving together
if only you hadn't encouraged me to dream
then my heart wouldn't have cracked open
and I would have been on a different path
without knowing you, your kisses your silliness
your loving and your lying

India August 2012

Jo Beckett

Welcome

His eyes lived in different countries
His present sunshine days on a powder white beach by a turquoise sea
His future a country of contrasts
His hand grasped mine and spoke of the possibilities of all to come
To others it was a handshake
"Welcome" he whispered as though inviting me to know him
His irresistible aroma, enticing, exciting as I breathed him in
Slowly the dance began
As we weaved in and out of each others space
And held our breath in anticipation
Papaya kisses juicy, sweet and succulent
His energy filling me with a radiance
I turn and wave him goodbye, and smile
Knowing we share the same vision

Zanzibar June 2008

Jo Beckett