

Poetry Series

Jonathan Leong

- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

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

Jonathan Leong()

Jonathan
Daring, humble, and bold am I
Born to God until I die
I love to walk but wish to fly
I fear the darkness of the night sky
I am proud to be able to ask why
I used to live in Honolulu, HI
Leong

Signatuer: 'My soul is ember, my words are gold

I speak with thunder, of all is told.'

-Jonathan G.M. Leong

Abuse

Red to the neck
Starving like heck
Flesh and bones
Stick out like cones
A lingering feeling of the past
We can't let go

Children witness such a force
From the effects of last night's divorce
A litter of lost kittens
Lost in their own mittens
Yet alone they can't survive
They deserve a second chance

Dark and lost souls
Let us fight against our foes
An enemy that left us torn
An enemy with many forms
Leave what was left behind
And warn others of the enemy

Though life us hard
We must deal our cards
Tell those who know
What we can show
This is the message I give
Fight against abuse

Jonathan Leong

Attitude

Attitude

The force that never lets go
The power to choose which way to flow
The planted soil in our brain
The past, present, and future lane
Everyone can see our mood
This is our attitude

Jonathan Leong

Haiku Journal

Tallent is Worth
2/20/10

The tallent of man
Forty sheckles in a hand
A bag of wisdom

Cannon
1/17/06

Branches crack and snap
From the dry ground veins arise
Soundless night of fear

Swamp
6/25/08

Cricket leaps with pride
A boiling pit of green soup
On a hot summer

Jonathan Leong

I Just Can'T Sleep

Why for no reason, I just can't sleep?

Thirteen brothers, trying to make a beat

Four little sisters, stomping their feet

Seven cousins, joined in for the heat

Three drunken uncles, playing with meat

Four wacky aunties, that ate too much sweet

Mom and dad, stayed up all week

Grandma and grandpa, had too much to eat

Now you know why, I just can't sleep

Jonathan Leong

Life

Your world is filled with gloom
And words you say with doom
A cloud rings above your head
And showers you in bed

You curse and swear at others
And never care who it bothers
The only reason as to why
Because you only wanted to die

Well...

Don't treat a day like garbage
And ravage the city with carnage
Lives are lost and nothings won
And very much soon
Your favorite donut shop is gone

Every morning a bird is singing
And though your ears are ringing
Take the pain away for another day
And witness what God has made
Never wait till you decay

Though life is harsh and full of poop
Just remember to take a scoop
For every scoop will fill the bucket
Life is filled with all this poop
But at the bottom, a golden nugget

Jonathan Leong

Love And Hate

To love, to hate, neither one is sane
Such are the two forces of good and evil
These of which a heart of gold can't tame
Thus is a force that belongs to all people

Wither in darkness and light abashed
A cry for power this force creates
All hold of hope now dashed
This is the destiny that hate awaits

Sounds of triumph ring your head
Through death a heart is not blind
Knowing it will never be dead
Power to thy spirit thus love divine

A test of faith shall come to thee
The choice of love or hate, we'll see
A choice bestowed upon what is humane
To love, to hate, neither one is sane

Jonathan Leong

Loves' True Kiss

Like two doves
Are two lovers alike
That which twin columns
Support loves' only light.

Like heaven on earth,
And earth to its' king
Lovers' first sight
An irreplaceable thing.

This brings up the story,
One love has to offer
Which you can never miss
Love like no other.

The story of loves' true kiss...

Morning bore it's sight
'Tis the last it will open its' eye
From night to day, and day to night
Not a minute to see my bride.

Though we have not laid lips
In the belief of such sin,
This day we shall not miss
For today is our first true kiss.

Church bells rung
And children sung
The hymn of marriage,
An event of great courage.

A path of red roses
Paved a street to my heart
To whom my love poses
Which will never be apart

All that was left
Between me and my kiss

Was the bishops' words of wisdom
The very last on the list.

Then the crowd took its' rise
And hers' met my eyes
When seconds seemed like hours
To realize what we have is now ours.

My silky lips woven of gold
Never met such skin so bold
Thus two hilltops on another
Were hilltops of gems like no other.

This story I will never forget
A story of mines I will always miss
Such times of great bliss
And a story that does not end yet...

The legend that will continue as
The story of love's true kiss.

Jonathan Leong

The 5 Cats Of 9 Lives

There once were five cats
One was brown
One was black
The other two dressed like a clown
The last one thought that he was all that
The first one died of mold
The second died of being old
And the rest died from the cold
And so
That is what they all told

Jonathan Leong

The Practice Test

I washed my face
And combed my hair
Slapped some toothpaste
And found a special underwear

I've got to find a nice suit
For today's the big day
As I packed my bag of loot
And blew off all the hay

I packed up my bag
And ran really fast
I took a few gags
And entered the class

My head drooled with sweat
And my back hurt like heck
As I took my assigned seat
My skin smelt of meat

Rumors of a chapter test
Left me sitting in distress
I heaped a gallon of air
Every second here and there

As I saw the test coming
I could hear my heart thumping
I sat on my desk
And cried dry like a cactus

But I would later find out...

That it was just another practice!

Jonathan Leong