

Poetry Series

Jonathan Ross
- poems -

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Jonathan Ross()

A poet should stare into the eyes of truth and decipher it and translate it into a concept we call language.

A Sliver Of Silver

A sliver of silver laying on the dunes of the beach
All of them gathered around it, the horsemen, the doctor and priest
When it's midnight glow sparkled into the air, a commotion began
The greed in their eyes as large as can be, they all crafted their own little plan

'LORD give me strength' the Priest would say everyday
He was a good fundamentalist persecuting the nonbelievers all day
He wanted the riches the silver provided
All to himself, completely undivided

The horsemen, on the other hand, was defiantly overeager
He wanted most of the silver, his quantity to equal meager
But the doctor was crafty and gave him bad meds
And the Priest condemned him while lying on his death bed

The doctor stabbed the priest, but had a good attorney
He convinced everyone he was innocent, even Uncle Ernie
He ran through the streets looking for all the riches
But he ran so fast he began to loose his britches

None of the men ended up with the sliver of silver

The morale of this story is not to chase power
If so, what you'll find is all your wine will turn sour
Chase after your dreams and let your hearts decide
How you will change the whole world wide

Jonathan Ross

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Tuesday's gone and I'm lost in space
I can't see past it's shining red face
Lovers quarrel in the dark night
I cannot comprehend their destined fight
Suburban kings dictate our lives
Vile warlords strip our pride
Nectarine flowers flushed by bees
Why don't we sail the shining seas
The minds of the light are so frail
Inside the schools that are jail
He watches his flowers die
As she asks him why oh why
The answer is very simple my good friend
All good things must come to an end

Strangers pitter-patter on my mind
Technology surpasses all of mankind
Spiders crawl inside my head
Seeds of change keep them fed
Rocketships head towards the stars
Jay Cee Five One sent to Mars
Bringing bad news to back home
For all good people and their gnome
Confusion has appeared to struck the crew
The only cure is me and you

Number Four says to Number Eight
I don't think they'll regenerate
Martian Crew can you hear me?
Martian Crew can you see me?
The Fabric of Time and Space
Is tearing at the fastest pace
Buildings falling
Cities collapsing
People dying
Earth destroying, Earth destroying
The world is at end
The world is at end

Martian crew, you're our only hope

What will become of the human race?

What will become of the human race?

Jay Cee Five One left on Mars

Left to serve crazy czars

Rebellion comes as a quickening thought

Though, 7 astronauts are all we got

The battle began and the battle raged

The victims died and the survivors aged

In the end though, we won

The Queen of Spades had her last run

Humbly sailing back home the survivors do

The two of them vow to start humanity anew

One name Adam, one name Eve

Planet Earth they'll never leave

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Shyness & Wanderlust

Late February evening, winter's heart so frisk
No snow on the ground, but we're all with icy souls
He thinks about it all, and decides to take the risk
Gambling with life, his mission and his goals

The dark path with one lonely flickering light
Walks the man who masks his face from the wind in his famed trench coat
His mission and his goals, are way out of his sight
He's whistling La Complainte du Partisan, not missing a note

He walks past his little Cathedral, with it's congregation dwindling
The Priest kindly smiles, but he doesn't really know him at all
The dark flame in his frigid heart, has no rekindling
His masked face stay frozen in the ice ceaseless to thaw

On past the parish, the little man works at the little store
Shutting down the shop for the late February night
The man stops to look but never buys anything, his heart too sore
His mission and his goals, are way out of his sight

Imperials oppress the citizens at the street corners
The man cares, but does not vote them out
The Imperials beat Liberty's few mourners
The man is one of them, without a doubt

The man meets the end of his walk like an old friend
Whistling his kind little tune, he arrives at her doorstep in a fright
He's been here every day and night, their relationship he wants to mend
But he always returns into the deep, dark, windy night

He pauses in cold sweat, so real and so exhilarating
The excitement strikes from his eyes into his feet
Shaking nervously, to talk to her, his mind is debating
Will today be the day that they meet?

He wants to confess everything to his dearest
Quietly he whispers, "Je veux qu'elle ma'ime."
He knows rejection is the heart's pain severest
But, he tries to remember the reason he came

He wants to stay, but feels he must leave
He knows to leave is childish, but it's his only acquaintance
It's what he does, it's his religion, what he believes
Is she even aware of his existence?

Lousy poetry fills his head, rhymes to connect and words to marry
His head so lofty with reclusive thoughts and his artistic nature
He wants to come down, but he's trapped high in the eagle's aerie
His entire mental stability he determines to wager

This February evening, in winter's heart so frisk
Without a blanket of snow, he denounces his icy soul
He thinks about it all, and honestly decides to take the risk
Gambling with his life, his mission and his goals

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The Goblet Of Odin

The Goblet of Odin privileged to the House of Lucifer
The Renaissance man first enters his castle with a flaming sword
Crafty Satan speaks softly, in the eyes of his opposer
Beaming with his jewels for eyes, 'To me you bore'

The Renaissance man falls into a pit of deep despair
Cornered between sin and grief
He cries out to the polymath, 'Free thinker, beware! '
But, the inventor stands in disbelief

The inventor creeps into Satan's palace
Thinking that he'll sway Beelzebub to his state of mind
The Tempter shakes his boney finger at fair Daedalus
And the Athenian finds himself trapped in his own puzzle, so unkind

'None can stop the Prince of Darkness! ' he boastfully proclaims
As the frail woman progresses out of the unforgiving night
With the chivalry of an angel, she gracefully marches through his aphotic flames
'Devil be gone! ' she casts him away and all became so right

The woman stood with a bantam smile of pride
And she returned back to her dark, dark life
Witnesses range in the thousands the day the Devil died
Wretched weapons and cunning schemes won't kill the strife
It's the truth that wins every battle

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