

Poetry Series

ras palmer
- poems -

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ras palmer()

2010

COMING TO A CLOSE
FULL OF MEMORY OF LONG
CRYING TALE, STARTED WITH A BANG
AS ALWAYS AND SLOW TO A CRAWL, AFTER MARCH
APRIL WAS THAT MONTH THAT MY MOM TURN
93 AND YES WE CELEBRATE WITH GOD MERCIES..

THE BIG BANG,50 YES WAS MY TURN TO MATURE
INTO THAT PERSON, GRAND CHILD WOULD COME NEXT
AND THE WORLD NEVER THE SAME, , X TURN 13 WITH A
MARK OF NEVER RETURN, WHEN HE VIOLATE ALL RULES
AND SPEND NIGHTS IN THE PEN NOW ON THE ROLL
THAT NEVER CALL, , NEEK AS USUALLY PLAY THE GAME
LEFT AND RIGHT MISTAKES AFTER MISTAKE TO
BECOME THAT GIRL AT 13..

WEEZY SEE LIFE AS NEVER BEFORE, FOCUS AND
DEEP IN THOUGHTS, BOOKS AND EDUCATION TAKE
ALL HER TIME TO BECOME 21 AND HEADING FOR
THE SKY, , TANYA MOVE AWAY AND TRADE HER MARK ON
LIFE COURSE PRODUCE A CHILD NOLA, FIRST GRAND CHILD
PALMER SX9 WELCOME..

YES IT WAS 2010 AND ALL THINGS WAS NEVER THE SAME
FOR LIFE BRINGS IT MISFORTUNE IN ALL AVENUE AND LANES
COUNTRIES AND STATES, AND MY LIFE WAS NEVER THE SAME
OF BETRAYAL AND DECEIT, SORROWFUL DISPLAY OF WOMANS
DISHONEST AND FADED GLORY OF SELF, YES IT WAS 2010
AND GOD WAS NEVER SEEN IN THE SAME LIGHT, MY HEART SPEAKS
AND MY SOULS LISTEN AND UNDERSTAND THAT WHAT WE SEE
IS LIFE AND DEATH AND LIFE SHARE THE SAME MOTHER, AND YOU AND I
ARE ONLY DISTANT COUSIN TRYING TO KNOW WHATS BEST.

IT WAS 2010 I READ THE BIBLE TO ITS FINAL PAGES REVELATION,
AND SAW THE FLAMES OF GLORY FADE BEFORE MY EYES AND YES
GOD IS REAL AND HE IS IN ME. MY WIFE WOULD BECOME THE TEMPLE THAT
NEVER WAS, AND SLOWLY FADE IN GROWN TWIGS IN DARK PLACES,

TODAY WE STAND FOR IT IS DECEMBER, AND AS WE

COUNT DOWN FROM THE BRUISED OF 2010 WE INDEED HOPE TOMORROW
BRING TRUE LOVE AND A DIFFERENT FRAME OF MIND. SO ALL
SOULS WILL BE ABLE TO STRIVE AND MAKE THIS PIECE OF SOIL
PEACEFUL AND ORGANIC, WALK GOOD..

ras palmer

315 Park Ave

ALL THIS CONFUSION ABOUT LIFE
AND WHERE IT TAKES YOU, YES
everyday the tables turn in others
direction and I am left with the clean
up job, we see the walls all fill with
garbage of ones tale destructive life,
places where humans live in fear
of living of waking up tomorrow,

hanging out by my door, throwing dice
and making noise, talking ill of your brother
willy, and Bernard smoke is last butt with a
cup of coffee. Indecent talk, negative vibes
kids sit by you, and talk as they walk, learn how
to throw and never catch, ,

she the lady sister girl, who is loud and obnoxious
curse the hell out of her man over spill milk, and baby girl neighbor
with butt as big as donkey donk, yacky yak junk and mad
vibes, about her husband girly ways, next door silly
twin walk straight but drunk all day,

315 park and ride, you are in the hood, dark street
of Paterson, north of jersey city deep on the west coast
of the united states, here we live for life is grand and
tomorrow meal is never planned, never think, never known,
for god comes when we die, and as we move around the table
this life is only ours to burn, ,

ras palmer

Am I The Person I Should Be

I am lonely, frustrated and in despair.
Sometimes I wonder if people do care.
I search myself but cannot see if I am
the person I should be.
Some may judge me by my actions;
others can't derive at any conclusions.
The stars are sometimes accused while
the sign Aquarius makes me confused.

Am I the person I should be?
Sometimes I wish I could return to my knees -
free like a bird I wish I could be, my heart, soul,
and mind would be at liberty.
When you came along and showed me where I went
wrong.
I did some soul searching and found out that
I was not the person I should be.

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Arrival

When I come and ask that same intimate question,
Don't tell me dis and dat bout John and Dora, or
bout them foreign high bug.
Dem nuh come from rock.
Like brick we bend and burn.

This is not Satan's kingdom.
The justices we have are the fraction of the struggle,
but tonight when I come, give me no wild talk that
will erase my memory.

Tonight when the moon sits low
and darken the shadow of the rock down here;
I will stand willing to execute the deep
feeling of frustration.

So when I arrive,
give no wild talk
for my bones have melted and my arrival is cold.
Dem nuh come from rock;
like brick we bend and burn.

ras palmer

As I See It

Of love I check
This was it
With all to offer
Share and be a part of

Of love I wonder
They had it all
That feeling, love making
Just been there

Strayed away from
All life's love
Damped and forbidden
Tears watered my mind
Over and over

Cruel dark strong
Thoughts wonder uncontrolled
In my heart.

ras palmer

Attention

It was only once that you stared at me so angrily.
Tears filled your heart for it was only once that I
made you that mad.

In this lifetime, love this good is all that matters.

And you and I will always be together as one.
We share love. Tell me - while our hearts are full
so that I may love you sweeter yet.

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Beyond

My cousin reassures me which rings no bell
if she dies today which is not out of the way
send her no flowers, she never cares anyway
cry no tears.

It is up to me, I never thought less to make this real
for her mom may appeal and who knows lament and
cry extend no sorrows, no sad blear eyes.

She demands I listen. Who cares anyway? Forget the wake.
Show my face in no coffin like a cat. Just burn me.
Let my remains be.

She stops a while. Contending I'm aware. If it is not too much
she thought 'spread my ashes lightly on the seas, oceans,
and pacific, play music - reggae music.'

If my dad is not pleased, tell him it is my wishes indeed.
If any one should insist they should know I swim like a fish.

So when I go from this world, no sadness should be, or laughter
for my motive, for I will be forever in the winds of time.

ras palmer

Black

I trod this path through genesis with
vision of hope, wisdom, and intelligence
to learn.

I trod this path as a bald head.
I trod this world with God in me.
Humanity speaks through me.
Humbleness of this man shines on me
and with every step meet and greet the
Rasta man lives today to give praises....

ras palmer

Bram - Di Lan Seal

Any day now, Monday, Wednesday,
or today Friday yuh, mi, or anybody
cant lose dem work.

Any day now, di public cant lock
down production bram! An' yuh old Joe
and everybody else must feel the sting
of dem damn modernize borrower.

Any day now, we can all wake up
one morning and fine wi house lined wit guard,
curfew, emergency all island ting.

Is like any day now, any ting
wha yuh or mi never think `bout before
can peep through the lining of the public eye.

Even though fi wi eye a young eye,
no know when salt fish a shingle house,
but wha wi know full a prime,
wi si sunshine a run motor car.

ras palmer

Cousin

My cousin reassures me which rings no bell
if she dies today which is not out of the way
send her no flowers, she never cares anyway
cry no tears.

It is up to me, I never thought less to make this real
for her mom may appeal and who knows lament and
cry extend no sorrows, no sad blear eyes.

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He Carry Me

where ever I go he is with me,
in everything I do he is with me
my whole life he is with me
he carry me...where ever I go
he carry me with my mind
in relax mode and my thoughts
silence by dreaded seance of victory.
openly taking care of me over
all the years of mistakes and misdeeds,
he carry me silently to the boundary of the
mystery of war and peace, enlightening me
with the knowledge that men think with
what they have for the wisdom of what they
hope, death and destruction and the will to die
free here and call themselves brave heroes with
flag drape coffin and long talk of greatness, gone
with a withered heart and burned out soul and men
stand there holding on to what must be...

ras palmer

How Is Your Faith

Are you ready to take a leap of faith with me?

Are you ready to make each others dream come through?

No chess games, no games all

No penny pinching, no vindictiveness, no lies.

Making everything unconditional

Setting the rules as we go along based on mutual needs and common understanding.

Rule of thumb If it hurts the other don't do it.

Are you ready to take this journey with me? Together?

ras palmer

Jean

Your eyes is like nothing
I have seen
dark and bold, so sharp and witty.

Sexy full od passion
fire that burn deep
in the corners of my soul
pulsating drowsy eyes

Light brown skin, major smile of a thousand
daisies
patient carefree eyes body full of curves
needless to say the walk of a queen
mysterious wild and yest vicious mixed ebony
searching and longing to be love.

Yes this day, your eyes speak
long cold tales filled with scented
sadness burning pain hunting me yes your love
consuming my lifeless body soul and mind preying
on me with no was the days.

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Lost Time

I knelt to pray but not for long, I had too much to do.

I had to hurry and get to work, for bills would soon be due.

So I said a hurried prayer, and jumped up from off my knees.

My Christian duty was now done; my soul could be at ease.

All through the day I had no time, to spread a word of cheer.

no time to speak of Christ to friends, they'd laugh at me I'd fear.

No time, no time, too much to do, that was my constant cry.

No time to give to souls in need, but at last, it was time to die.

And when before the Lord I came, I stood with downcast eyes.

For in his hands God held a book; it was the book of life.

God looked into his book and said, 'Your name I cannot find.

I once was going to write it down... but never found the time.'

ras palmer

My Rainbow

With disdain i gave out a sigh
and with hope i look in the sky
it was a surprise to see, something
really spectacular in me.

There was red. purple, yellow, blue, orange, gray, mauve,
to name a few, the cloud the rain and the flood
were subdued, my hope and dreams were quickly renewed.

Look up get back that vibe and lift your spirit,
there is no dark cloud all is bright,
weeping was only for the night,
my rainbow brought me wondrous sunlight.

Remember that Noah send out a dove
when he send out the rainbow from above
if life's journey should take me astray
my rainbow will even lead the way.

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Ode To Maureen

I come to you with open arms,
intended for us to merge as one.
but you were so shy, you let me
have it in the eye.....
my mother say its a lie,
that you would never die,
but yes you passed without a sigh.
twisted curves washes my brow
and in time we will know,
just how faith should have mold us into
man and wife, in our twilight days,
must not let you go, for tears will
never sees to flow, school day play
mom would always say, only to find us
kissing hand in hand walking home from church..
passing cart would always slow, hitching a ride
we skip and fro, flinging books from hills to lawns,
dancing though nature with utmost rhyme, picking
petals as we go, sharing everything beauty can unfold,
so the story unfold, the first time we met and I gave you my hand
in return for you love that was way back then
during the dreams of last April rain, for we are children of the
order and will not defied the will of playing games,
you were my partner in ring around the roses
could not take my eyes off you, even when I run in
and you was just marching around the ring, in daze
and awe you were my girl, ,
I will never cry, for you will ever be,
thats how I will remember you, long after
the rain, thunder and blunder you make, by hurting my eyes....

ras palmer

On The Outside

I need a backative that I couldnt find in you. Life is not just about you. Life is not about me. We live eternally through our children so what is the legacy that we are leaving behind? The brain wash that we were given? The poverty? the foot stool position? scraping the scraps from the table of other races? Living in squalor communities where ever we go? Demanding and marching for equality from people who do not think we deserve it? Being considered a burden because our people are on welfare (doesn't matter if more whites are on it, it was designed for them not us) ? Whites stole america and built it as there kingdom, where is ours? Should Jamaica be our Kingdom? Black people see everything outside of themselves as better and we are so beautiful and talented.

ras palmer

Set Me Free

I dont wanna be your whore
I dont wanna be your bitch
I dont wanna be used
All i want is fir you to love me
Love me with everything you gave got
If you cant, open the window and set me free
If i perch on the window sill,
shoo me away and close the window
and dont look back.
Dont worry about me
I will be fine, I am use to the pain
Just let me fly free
Just carred away by the wind

ras palmer

Six Feet Six

yes the dead is buried
and the hood is full of pain
tears is all over the lane
and there is no love to share,

I cant talk to the dead
so if turn to my poetry
looking in the eyes of my brother
who is standing up for his own vibes

so when you put the dead to lay
open your heart for the pain, for you
can cry, but it is still pain, rain will still fall
and the sun will shine..

yes we are going off with revenge
for we know who did it, and so we find
our self hiding in the thoughts mad voices, ,
running around with the one pop loaded
looking to pop a cap in heat, packing like a rat
ready to hit the ground flat, here comes the Hearst
black cat stacks in packs, white sheets cover casket.
gangster knee deep six feet six hell bound in chains
lay to rest in grief sorrow it is all done..

ras palmer

So Now U Know Who Was On Ur Wall.

Love wandered inside
Stronger than you
Stronger than I

And now that it has begun
We cannot turn back
We can only turn into one

I won't ever be too
Far away to feel you
And I won't hesitate at all
Whenever you call
And I'll always remember
The part of you so tender
I'll be the one to catch your fall
Whenever you call

And I'm truly inspired
(And I'm)
Finding my soul
(Finding my soul)
There in your eyes
(There in your eyes)
And you
Have opened my heart
(Have opened my heart)
And lifted me inside
By showing me yourself
Undisguised

I won't ever be too
Far away to feel you
And I won't hesitate at all
Whenever you call
And I'll always remember
The part of you so tender
I'll be the one to catch your fall
Whenever you call

And I will breathe for you each day
Comfort you through all the pain
Gently kiss your fears away

ras palmer

Transit Ride

We all share the same destination,
check out the down town six train,
on the bus ever one has a stop, a view
of monday night football game, mugging
on tenth ave, fire on broadway high rise.
\Catch the one seventy one to paramus.
one seventy to passaic, what is your move
seventy two to newark or seven forty four
that I take, hot coffee, cold tea ever one
is on the move to catch the bus.
\At Madison and park on the bus hardly
a seat to spare, everyone is already settle in
for the ride, I make my move she give me
the looks, greetings good vibes that's my
reason for the ride, one stop the next stop
that's my Que...

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