

Poetry Series

**Raymond John**  
**- poems -**

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# Raymond John()

hi my is raymond john. i am a middel school student. i know pretty good poem right. well i wanted to become a poet or a artist some you wanto sent me any can sent at johnray4ever@

# Life

life is hided in a dark hole.  
where the secert is locked in a box.  
life is key for the futuer and life hold the key to the box.  
when life is dead, the secert is lost.  
life, life, the hope of the past.  
life the dreams of the futuer.  
life the entry of dam.  
life the past of the futuer.

Raymond John

# Love

Everyone always says I love you but never means it. When you love somebody so bad you would do anything for them. Its love a passion, a dream, a person, a key to your heart, is it you, what is love and why do I feel this way. Am I just a next thing for you or am I the one you passionate about or the one you dream about or the one you send love note to. Do you love me for me or do you love me just because you want to. Am I the one you push away, am I the one you consider to be a stacker or a follower. Who do you love me or yourself. Am I going to be your apple of your eye, the cherry of your lips, the raspberry of your cheeks, the carmel of your skin, the water drops that run down to your nable, or am I going to be your teddy bear that give you comfort, or am I going to be yours forever and ever. Am I going to be your keeper, your gurds that protects you fro dangers, your night, your prince charming, or am I going to be the one you always love no matter what. So what am I to you, am I they right guy for you or am I the prefect one. So what you love about me. What is love got to do with it. so when you said I love you do u really mean and is dis the part I suppose to say I love you back. Well here goes nothing I love you because your my everything, I love you because you complete me you fulfill my needs and I love you because your the one. You ask me what do I like about you? Well I like the way you smile, the way you always have stories, the way you laugh, the way you wore you glasses, the way you walk, the way you talk, the way you say hi and finally I love you because of you and not the outside. I love you because of your personality and I love you because I just love you.  
Do you love me now?

Raymond John

# My Personal Resolution

The New Year will see a different me.  
With clean and smooth sprit.  
With the new attitude and a new person  
Comes with adventures and focus.  
When it comes to learning I always in the game.  
The New Year has a fresh beginning that has my name written all over it.  
When the New Year is dull, I will always brighten it up.

Raymond John

# Springs Awake

The heart of the hills silent's awakes, just stand and listen to trees and the birds sing that sweet mellows.

With the changing of the weather and seasons spring is about to fall off the trees.

As my restless finger squeeze between the leaves, I can see leaves hanging from the tip of the tree branch.

I close my eyes and smell the fresh breeze and listen to the love birds sing to each other.

With the leaves falling off and changing their colors, the blast of the sun light and drops of rains the leaves are reborn.

Raymond John

# The Fresh Island Breeze

I sniff and smell the fresh breeze  
I wonder around waiting for that sprit  
But it seems that the joy will end up in my soul.  
I smell the breeze, it smell so fresh like the island fruits.  
It dark, and the air is filled with fire  
We gather to sing and dance, to let our joy out of our soul.  
We ran and play in the warm and hot sand  
But it the end of the day I stand and smell that fresh island breeze.

Raymond John

# The Wisdom Of My True Knowledge

True knowledge! ! !

Everyday I ask myself what is true knowledge?

I figure that true knowledge is base on skills and the activated of the brain.

My knowledge comes from the function and the focus of my words.

It lies on what comes to mind and the message that it tell.

My knowledge comes from learning.

My true knowledge lies within my heart.

It gives me an idea or the motion to write.

Raymond John



# The Wonders Of A Poet And A Artist.

I followed the steps of Jacobs Lawrence's.  
The colors, line and details of every painting  
I study every history and facts.  
I wondered if I ever belong to an artist.  
I followed my heart wondering if their could ever be a space of changing my  
future. But wondered if I could fit a fancy future in my heart.  
I wondered if I ever fit in the world of poetry.  
I hear words, feel the message, and feel the soars.  
I open my eye; imagine the words of Langston Hugh poems.

Raymond John

# Who Am I

WHO AM I! ! I AM THE AFRICAN QUEEN.

I AM THE QUEEN THAT BROUGHT YOU IN THIS WORLD.

I AM THE QUEEN THAT INCLUDES 54 STATES.

I AM THE MOTHER OF THE TREE

SON OF SUN

WHO AM I?

I AM THE ONE THAT WHEN THROUGH SLAVERY

I AM THE ONE WHO WAS BEATED NOT FOR FOLLOWING ORDERS.

WHO AM I?

I AM THE ONE WHO WAS PICKING COTTON ON BEAR FEET.

CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT I WAS THE ONE WHO WAS WOP, JUST FOR  
RUNNING?

NOW, WHO AM I?

I AM AN ANCESTOR FROM AFRICAN.

Raymond John