

Poetry Series

Tracey Tucker
- poems -

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Tracey Tucker(June 1)

Tracey Tucker was born and raised in Spanish Town, Jamaica. A past student of Dinthill Technical High School, Tracey holds an Associate Degree in Mass Communication and is currently pursuing a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Arts Management at Edna Manley College of the Visual and Performing Arts.

Tracey does freelance writing, writing on varied topics and is a proud mother of a 5 year old son.

Being Me

I finally gave up
Trying to fit into that box
Built by society
Telling me what was acceptable
And what was not.

Tracey Tucker

Chocolate

Ackee & saltfish, fried dumplings and some chocolate tea,
That's how Sunday morning started out for the family
Weekdays we were too busy to sit together and eat,
But we look forward to our Sunday morning treat

Mama, Papa, Wayne, myself and Sharie
We didn't have a table so we sat under the coconut tree
Another Sunday came but Wayne was not at home
The night before he went to a street dance in Frome.

I was so upset that Wayne missed our Sunday morning tradition,
That I tried to convince Mama to give us his portion.
Sharie and I argued over who should get his chocolate
As he was late, he didn't deserve to get it

After breakfast we heard the news that Wayne wasn't coming back
Because while at the street dance, Wayne was fatally shot.
My whole world fell upside down, life wouldn't be the same,
Wayne was gone and all I was left with was the pain

I never looked forward to Sunday morning anymore,
It wasn't the same since Wayne left home
I remembered that day how I cried myself sick
That day was the last day I had chocolate.

Tracey Tucker

I Will Smile

In Loving Memory of Derrick Gilbert Johnson
July 6,1963 – July 6,2009

I will smile when I feel like crying
I will smile when sorrow is threatening
Instead of lamenting on the sadness
I will reminisce on precious memories

Instead of mourning that you're gone
I will thank God that you were born
Because you were a gift to us
And depart this earth, one day you must

So I will thank God for the times we had
The good memories will make me glad
When the clouds hang over
I will remember your smile and laughter

I will smile because you were loved
I will smile because you were sent from above
I will smile because you're now at rest
Our heart weeps but God knows best

Tracey Tucker

If Only I Could

In Loving Memory of Venetta Powell
Nov 4,1963 – April 10,2007

If only I could
I would freeze the last day
Your last word that was said
I would freeze the last moment we spent together
So you would be here with us instead.

If only I could
I would have stopped your pain
Put back that wonderful smile on your face
That beautiful soothing voice
That always lit up the place

If only I could
Everyday would be April 10,2007
There would be no future, no tomorrow
If tomorrow means you're not here with us
If tomorrow represents sorrow.

If only I could
There would be no reminiscing on precious memories
There would be no mourning, no tearful eyes
Joy and endless laughter would fill us instead
As we celebrate life, endless and abound as the skies

If only I could
I would understand that you're not really gone
You're in a safe place where your sorrow will end
No pain, no harm, you wait patiently for us
To join you so we can be together again.
If only I could

Tracey Tucker

I'M In Love With A Poet

You're my soul mate
I know it, I feel it, its fate
You were born June 8,1977
I was born June 1,1977
You're a poet by heart, it's your destiny
You caress each word with your creativity
Spilling your soul like no other brother
Chilling the heart of this sister
You broke up with her again
Maybe you weren't meant to be friends
Because you're my soul mate
Although you're a college dropout
I am here to catch you
To take you to your graduation
So don't worry about the late registration
And all the heartbreaks
Cause I have what it takes
Cause you're my soul mate
Let's date
Maybe consummate
All those other girls
Girly girls
Or guys looking like girls
Don't player-hate
Cause he's my soul mate
No more bitter sweet loving
For my American boy
Cause he has found his soul mate

Tracey Tucker

Living In Terror

My mother couldn't understand why
I turn away sometimes
I don't think I can explain it to myself either
It's one of those complications in life

It's like one day waking up
And realizing that life will not always be the same
It's like finding out that Santa Clause isn't real
Or that life was not all about fairytales

It wasn't my mother's grey hair or grey eyebrow
It wasn't that I was uncaring or that I loved my mother any less
But I found it hard to look at her
In that state, with her flat chest

I could always live in denial
Find a temporary place of safety
But when she was without her artificial implants
It felt like Truth was disrupting my serenity

My mother worked hard from Linstead to Coronation Market
To provide for her family
So now in her golden years she should be sitting back relaxing
Instead of fighting this demon that has taken over her body

My breasts were once my beauty
The validation on my womanhood
Now they stand like two homegrown terrorists
Unpredictable, intimidating and harmful

Who said aging isn't all that bad?
Who said 60 is the new 50?
Well if my fate is sealed by heredity
I want to stay forever 30

Tracey Tucker

Positive

What are you going to do?

Live,

What else is there to do?

As long as I am still breathing then I am meant to be alive

When my time is finished here and I take my last breath

Then I cannot fight death.

But for now I feel healthy

I look healthy and no one can tell

But the small piece of paper she fumbles in her hand said otherwise

HIV Positive

But she has to stay positive

Her piecing eyes felt like they were searching me for answers

I turned

As no words could be found to melt the fear

That was protruding from her even though she bravely spoke.

She reached her hands out and I turned again.

Knowing that she offered no harm

I could not explain to myself what I had done

She sensed it; pulled back, her face quickly covered in shame

Between the sobs she muttered "I guess I can't fool myself."

Tracey Tucker

The Story Of Me And You

Like the script of a romance novel
Where lonely hearts find love so true
I wish I could write a script
The story of me and you

I would make you fall madly in love with me
And call me every second of the day
I would make you always want to be in my presence
And miss me like crazy when you're away

I would make you send me love notes
And tell me all the things I want to hear
I would make you not afraid to declare your love
As you lay your soul bare

You would have eyes for only me
You would be mine completely
And I would have no doubts as
My love would erase all thoughts of infidelity

I would make you take your soft lips
And caress mine passionately
I would melt in your arms
With your sensuous touch arousing me

I would make you run warm kisses
From my neck to the tip of my breast
I would inhale the smell of your manliness
As you hold me tenderly against your chest

I would make you whisper sweet words in my ear
That you will never leave me
Then I would finally believe in love
Because it would have conquered me

If I could write the script of you and me
Then the world would make sense
Because I would have found victory

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