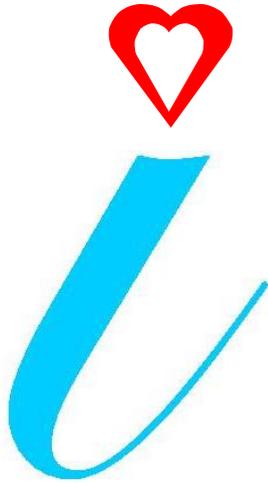


a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...

Monte Smith



want my

P **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**
to . . .

volume II

inner child press, Ltd.

General Information

i want my Poetry to . . .

Volume II

The Poets

1st Edition : 2012

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Publisher Information

1st Edition : Inner Child Press :
innerchildpress@gmail.com
www.innerchildpress.com

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ISBN-13 : 978-0615707563

ISBN-10 : 0615707564

\$ 11.00

*D*edication

*For the Poets of the World
who believe in the Power of their Words.*

Let's move some Mountains !!!

from thought to word to being
i give my power to the world

wsp

Preface

“I want my poems to clarify things, I want them to reflect how it feels to live in our time... I need unflinching, no-holds-barred frankness, no agreed upon etiquette, no bullshit!”

Tim Seibles

Welcome all street poets, troubadours, wordsmiths, visionaries, rebels, trendsetters, word alchemists and word mechanics. Welcome to *I Want My Poetry to... Volume 2*. The mere fact that you’re reading this foreword is proof that the power of poetry is alive and well. Thanks to Inner Child Press, not only is poetry alive; it is conscious and asking serious questions.

I Want My Poetry to... Volume 1 was born out of a simple but experimental idea to get a multitude of poets connected to one poem. In the first volume, I asked poets to contribute their thoughts and answers as to why they write poetry. Is it out of ego? Is it for social good? Is it therapy? Needless to say, the response was heavy, informative and (most importantly) honest.

I’m proud and honored to be a part of something so powerful. All the contributors have donated visuals from the inside of their souls for this book, which is not an easy task. When you ask yourself the question—“What do I really want my poetry to do?”—it opens a world of answers for which you may or may not be ready.

I, too, had to ask myself this question as I was preparing to write my piece for *Volume 2*. The answers and visuals that replied go like this...

I want my poetry to say things like...
There is no political solution, what we need is
Revolution.
I want my poetry to have titles like...
“From public assistance to armed resistance.”

I want my poetry to remind all of you of writing
by candlelight.

*If you're not writing to inspire a class war then
what are you writing for?
The economic change we're looking for is bigger
than vouchers for the power bill and EBT.
I've got a new plan for public assistance but who
can stomach resistance?*

*Say after me...
"We don't need welfare.
We need shotguns.
**And I'm gonna bust my ass
Until everybody's got one!"***

*The occupy movements are distractions.
We need real calls of action.
The front lines look more like an ad for a
pop-culture-coffee-table book than a chance to hit back.
To the many Starbucks-sponsored Trustafarians
playing drums, too cool not to understand—
that's not how rebels act.
Protests, banners and flowers are a waste of
time and besides
that's how the bloodlines want you to react—
safe, orderly and non-threatening*

*Why lie?
You want change but you're not willing to die .*

*I know
You think it's cool to wear a Che t-shirt,
fuck getting hurt or going to jail for it.*

*That's why nothing will ever change
until we change what we want,
what we value,
what we try.*

*I want my poetry to leave you thinking about
life over materialism, life over capitalism, life
over the great lie that you have to fuck people
over in order to survive.*

There is no order.

In the words of Bill...

"It's just a ride!"

I want everyone who contributed to realize that we, along with inner Child Press, are creating our story, not "history"... Salute!

Now, what do you want your poetry to say?

Street Poet Monte Smith... Babylon

23 September 2012

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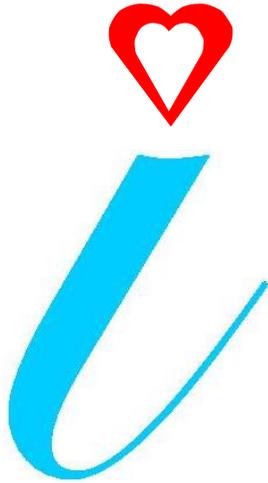
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*Poets . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that
nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our
words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe
there is something grand about the possibilities that life has
to offer and our words tease it forth into action ... for you are
the Poet, the Writer to whom the Gift of Words has been
entrusted . . .*

william s. peters, sr.

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over in order to survive.

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In the words of Bill...

"It's just a ride!"

Monte Smith

Rebel Poetry (The Chant)

Maybe it's me, but I don't wanna be non-threatening like the poets you see on TV

I want my poetry to scream truth and rights

I want my poetry re-read at night by younger generations ready to pick up the fight

I want my poetry to bite, rip and hit

I want my poetry to give you the fits, the sweats, the shits

It's got to radiate with the same energy as the air in an uprising, no compromising

I want my poetry armed and ready to attack

I want my poetry to scare the rich into giving it back

I want my poetry to leave you choking and gasping for air

I want my poetry to remember brothers like John Sinclair

I don't care what you think of me, listen to the words... its rebel poetry

I want my poetry to burn bridges and draw lines in the sand

I want my poetry books and recordings outlawed for being contraband

I want my poetry well trained and ready for reaction

I want my poetry to leave blood in your eye in memory of George L Jackson.

inspired by Monte Smith

I Want My Poetry to Serve - Who Do I Serve?

To Global Nomads,
Third Culture Kids, Army Brats:
"You are not alone. Your community
is tens of thousands strong.
Everyone feels like a stranger
and no one is. We are all
chameleons hiding in plain sight."

To Lesbians, Gay men,
Bisexuals, Transsexuals,
the disenfranchised for love:
"By the time we are a year old
human beings can experience shame,
it is natural and everyone does."

To Fearful Zebras, Tall Giraffes,
Wily Coyotes, Dogs and Wolves:
"Eat, Run, Play with all
life is all about.
No one knows the future, even"

To Religious leaders,
Bishops, Popes, Priests, and Ministers:
"There are many ways
to the top of Mount Fuji,
to hell and heaven, is not
beyond the clouds,
just beyond the fear.
Don't cause the pain,
mirror neurons give
you the ability to imagine."

To those in need of healing,
flight from pain of cracked bones
and broken hearts,
from the attack on self:
"Nothing is impossible.,
quantum physicists have shown
particles and waves,
and weirder still,
never give up hope,
know who you are
in Einstein's supportive universe."

To Insomniacs, Heart
Attacks, Seizures, and those
trying to stop of the flow
of water, time, progress:
"The ordinary rhythm of life
is much stronger than you,
best to go with the flow,
once you find it."

To those on a quest for abundance,
life, vitality: "Seek your still small voice,
intuition's guide, follow your passion,
safety and success will track you
to the ends of the earth,
or better."

Kimberly Burnham

inspired by Monte Smith

I Want My Poetry To . . .

I want my poetry to define me

with all that's in me

I want my poetry to inspire

to lift someone up

from life's muck and mire

I want my poetry to build

a flame

that leads to a fire

OF CHANGE

Lisa D. McCraw

I Want My Poetry To...

Soothe your soul and ease your pain.

Bring the Sunshine instead of the Rain.

Hold you tight and wipe away your tears.

Leap off the page and alleviate your fears.

Bring World Peace to the Middle East.

Turn all Famines into Feasts.

Bring a smile to a sad man's face.

Spread love and joy all over the place.

I want my poetry to...

Cross all boundaries of space and time.

Ignore all color and racial lines.

Heal the sick, make blind men see.

Make a brighter world for eternity.

Close the gap between the rich and poor.

Spread your wings and allow you to soar.

Turn you from a caterpillar to a butterfly.

Innundate your spirits and lift them high.

inspired by Monte Smith

I want my poetry to...

Raise you from the ground to the stratosphere.

Open your mind so you can see clear.

Take you on a trip around the world.

Show you how the universe unfurls.

Describe the waves of the ocean, the depths of the sea.

Show how wonderful life and love can be.

Bring a quiet calm and inner peace.

Cause all unnecessary suffering to cease.

I want my poetry to...

Relax, unwind, uplift your mind.

Take you on a journey that's one of a kind.

Circulate, infiltrate your inner core.

Permeate your soul, leave you wanting more.

To feed your inner-most desires.

To spark a flame and light your fire.

To resonate within your soul.

To allow your higher self to unfold.

Angie Y. McCoy aka Trinity

I want my poetry to . . .

To ignite a fire on one's soul,
make the reader warm and feel whole.

To create raindrops in the middle of a dry spell
And cause a storm of excitement in ones
Calm existence.

I want my poetry to . . .

To make one feel things that they have never felt before
And tingle the awareness of one's soul.

To inspire one to be great
And do things they have never done before.

To free one who may feel inhibited,
from a life that binds free spirit.

If anything I want my poetry

To speak volumes in one's mind
And create a niche in their personal time.

To inspire them to make change,
to inspire them to be the change.

Just,
If anything,
I want my poetry . . .

To be the voice
They normally don't hear inside themselves,
to bring the people out of their proverbial shells.

This is what I want my poetry to do.

Terri Johnson

inspired by Monte Smith

I want my poetry....

I want my poetry to cry.

I want my poetry to have a good cry.

A good cry with smiles and promises in the face of adversity.

Not that cry with uncertainty or doubt.

Not that cry with sadness or despair.

But that good cry.

That good cry which makes the clouds stare with envy.

While my soul swim in the pool of my poetry tears.

Ishmael Street

Moving Poetry

I want my poetry to be heard from dusk 'til dawn

in a world of chaos

I want my verses to be widely known,

to express deepest emotions

to inspire others out of my triumphs.

I am not just a speck of dust in this universe

I want my poetry to be a joyful curse,

ringing amongst the ears of those

who need inspiration

I want my poetry to move every nation.

Elizabeth E. Castillo

inspired by Monte Smith

I Want My Poetry To . . .

I want my poetry to.....Give your brain an erection so
your conscious can stand at attention!!
cure ignorant infections with anti-dum'otic
flo'etry injections that induce spiritual reflections,
material rejection, toxic affiliation defections!

I want my poetry to.....be like a lyrical tree that grows flowberrys that
when you eat em make you "spit truth" without doubt
and when it's time to come out the other end, have no
fear cause it won't offend, instead it will fill the air with
the smell of "Rhymes" cause it's not "Defecation" it's
"Def-Conscious-Jams" for the nation!

I want my poetry to.....Remind ya to put all doubts behind ya, purge yourself
of strife, find and fullfill the purpose of your life!

I want my poetry to.....help you and i to see that, the only one that can add us is the
only one(1) that made us!!.....Peace & Luv, from above,
forever, Ameen!! (Datz dat joint, ya know what i mean!)

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

I Want My Poetry To . . .

I want my Poetry to enter your heart and soul
To lift you up even in the darkness of the night!

I want my Poetry to ease your pain make you
Smile, walk away with laughter , give you joy

I want my Poetry to give you time to think about
Life, what gives you joy when you bleed your INK?

I want my Poetry to leave you with a message can
You see my visions, do you believe in me? as I begin
My journey that leads me to the path of Poetry

I want my Poetry to give a Child, Teen, Adult to
Say, this has been inside of me let me begin to write
Gather my thoughts, I can do this it's a must
I will start now!

I want my Poetry to be a part of History that one
Day, some one will say I read some of the best Poets

In the world, as I shall grow old smiling being able to say
I, was one of them as they are smiling and amazed to see
I'm still here a part of amazing dream that became reality

I want my Poetry to be a song as I recite, looking at the
World shouting from a Mountain top I did it!

Rosalind Cherry

inspired by Monte Smith

I want my poetry to...

I want my poetry to
Raise consciousness
Start conversation
Ask questions

I want it to teach history
Show us in our glory
Inform our children
Show them from where they come

I want my poetry to
Speak to my people
Teach my people
Preach to my people

I want my poetry to
Show my passion
Share my pain
To be enveloped in my joy

I want my poetry to
Show who I am
What I am
The man that I am

I want my poetry to.....

V/R
Anthony Arnold

“I Want My Poetry To...”

I want my poetry to open up minds
to cause memories to rewind
to help them reach back and remember happy days & times.

I want my poetry to rest upon hearts
and press forward to start, a fresh day and chapter
making new memories an art.

I want my poetry to mend the sad and broken
and make them dance with a joyful spirit
and give them peaceful words to be spoken.

I want my poetry to bring happiness to the globe
change hate into love, tears into glee
so finally freedom can ring.

I want my poetry to inspire and delight
give visions to blind eyes, feelings to the depressed
I want my poetry to give hope to the hopeless.

I want my poetry to let others know they aren't alone
that so many feel their sorrows and woes
but together we can solve them. . . .

I want my poetry to heal the world.

Christina M. Brown

inspired by Monte Smith

Rhyme of Reasons

I want my poetry to celebrate mothers
who go without so that their children have what they need,
as they cultivate their minds with tools necessary to succeed.

I want my poetry to educate fathers who understand
it takes a man
to raise men
and that their daughters must have first-hand experience
of what a good man should be.

I want my poetry to touch sons
who've felt mistakes their parents make,
so that they may end
generational curses before they have chances to begin.

I want my poetry to blanket daughters who survive this cold world as babies
and give life as women.

I want my poetry to support sisters who reach out and touch her brothers' hands.

I want my poetry to get the backs of my friends whose honor I'll defend.

I want my poetry to articulate ideas for those who'd rather not speak.

If you never find your voice,
I want my poetry to converse for you.

Rosemarie Wilson

Poetry Exposed

I want my poetry to be heard
I want my poetry to be known
I want my poetry to speak beyond the dead
Like William Shakespeare
I want my poetry to heal broken souls
I want my poetry to be like food to the hungry
I want my poetry to save lives
I want it to be like the Gospel
Heard throughout
I want my poetry to be soft like a feather
I want my poetry to rap to beats
As if it was Biggie and 2Pac
Remix
I want my poetry to be inducted in the Hall of fame
I want my poetry to expose the Corrupted
I want my poetry to be of love and warmth grace
I want my poetry to be heard
I want my poetry to be exposed.

Christena Antonia Valaire Williams

inspired by Monte Smith

Flow (I want my poetry to...)

I want my poetry to...flow
from my heart to my pen.
To speak heartfelt moments
love and joy,
pain within

I want it to transcend,
be it sexual or frugal
Twisting words just a touch
to make wonders of syllables

Hearts have no lips,
but pens too have valves
So my heart pumps its words
to my pen, not my mouth

Alvin Thomas

i want my poetry to...

 speak for me

 when i'm at a loss for words

 to translate these

 random thoughts running through my head looking for a place to rest

 into phrases that you can understand.

I want my poetry to...

 plant seeds and take root

 and grow into something beautiful

 like a mirror that you can look through

 and see all sides of yourself

 the hidden angles and facets intricately made

 so that no matter which way it turns

 it shows perfection

I want my poetry to...

 be the eyes and ears of truth when everything else is a lie

 my words will be those that you can look to and find life

inspired by Monte Smith

I want my poetry to...

be all that it can be to you

show you things you've never seen

take you to places where you've never been

and challenge you to grow

and know yourself

I want my poetry to...

change your world

one line

at a time.

Wynne Y. Henry

I want my poetry to....

I want my poetry to manifest like a Shakespeare play

I want my poetry to be heard

I want my poetry to mend broken hearts like rail way tracks and fences

I want my poetry to be heard through out the universe

I want my poetry to be like a musical masterpiece composed

Of perfection

I want my poetry to be like a homeless shelter, a place of refuge

I want my poetry to be remembered.

Anna Chavell Stewart

inspired by Monte Smith

I Want My Poetry To...

I want my poetry to invite a connection into your world

I want my poetry to take you places you never been before

I want my poetry to unleash your erotic fantasies without shame

I want my poetry to take you into another body experience

to feel a great pleasure your soul has never felt.

I want my poetry to create a private session with your mate

I want my poetry to stimulate your mind, body and soul

I want my poetry to make you feel as beautiful as you look from head

to toe.

Quinton Veal

Becoming a Vegetarian

I want my poetry to put a chair under
your seat, a good rug under your shoes.
and, when you are comfortable, beam
you up to the Mother Ship to mate
with the Queen of Outer Space,
a sort of giant artichoke with boobs.
Now you have a tail to give you
purchase in the gravityless hothouse.
When you are spent, it drops you
in the Lake country to watch a sunset
on Windemere. You put my poem
down, feel behind your rump for a
lost appendage, and wonder if
you should become a vegetarian.

Nils Peterson

inspired by Monte Smith

ODE TO WORDS IN THE AIR

I want my poetry to fly
up in the stratosphere
down again
floating in space
on butterfly wings
fluttering here and there
lingering messages
hanging in air
listen
take me in
own me or,
flit me away
but I am here
in the ether
somewhere, someone
...
the reason for my words

Larry Buffington

The Expressions of a Poetic Soul

I want my poetry to be, like u
beautiful,
you have become
the expressions of a poetic soul
feel this, I am to be that erotic eclipse, to wet your desire
let me show u, my wanting
it is a hunger for every beat of your heart
as I have you on the verge
u will be taken
from the echo of my name
I will taste the moments of your dreams
u have got to know, while drowning in this embrace
I am to have all of u
your love coupled with my desires,
without speaking
these emotions to be deep,
you have never tasted love this sweet
as your temptation becomes the whispers of my imagination
I won't stop until, u are through
because I will never get enough of u
to feel these uncountable moments of ecstasy
u need only surrender to the passion
in me and this is just
one moment I want my poetry to be

Samuel Benjamin

inspired by Monte Smith

I Want My Poetry To...

I want my poetry to
be spoken on rooftops
by newlyweds and criticized
by Milton-quoting
in-laws with nothing
better to do.

I want my poetry to
break the 4th wall
of our dimension
and replace it with
artificial realities that
are best suited for
Super Bowl commercials and
late-night comedy specials.

I want my poetry to
land me floor seats
at all the basketball
games this season
so that I can heckle
out-of-state fans
and steal glimpses
of celebrities.

I want my poetry to
define common sense
and return trees back
to the forest so that
the philosophers can
stop debating Plato's
theories and simply agree.

I want my poetry to
be carved on wooden
benches by love-sick
adolescents and read
by city workers who
will one day paint
over those very words.

YL

inspired by Monte Smith

I Want My Poetry To . . .

I want my poetry to excite ignite let dreams take flight

I dare to share to care

Reveal what you hide under there

Words that whisper longings clear

Make you know that you are dear

Feel the beat of hearts connect

See the harmony that reflects

Allow the love to evolve anew

bring peace to this planet for me and you

Louise Moriarty

I Want My Poetry To . . .

I want my poetry to sing the songs that fill my heart
but I know well that my special voice
is not the one that everybody wants to hear.
My poems have music with a major theme
and that theme is love.
Love rules my life, and grows in influence
with every year that passes.
To me it seems inevitable that Woman
is the objects of my love
knowing her qualities, nurturing, healing, growth and birth,
caring, fruitfulness and love, all womanly
strength within softness.
Both love and lust are wonderful if they're combined
with great affection and with trust,
and I have given love and been loved,
and know that, while lovers always part,
love lives for ever,
a concert of great symphonies whose music
lasts to bring delight to people not yet born.

Malcolm Miller

inspired by Monte Smith

I WANT MY POETRY TO...

I want my poetry to,
speak to the eclipsed mind
drum a language that hums,
polished treat of classical bum,
in a baked salmagundi of dancing jam

I want my poetry to,
unwrap the condomized fetus to birth
so he can hunt the armored tales,
into prophecies of the now
and spell perpetual flames
of wailing moos
into coiling lavenders

I want my poetry to,
sing
cause memories of laughter,
echoes of life
and bonded pleasures,
of the morning Zebras.

I want my poetry to say,
“I was a masterpiece of purpose
that made a change
in the everyday life,
on the daunting nights,
of the homeless man”.

I want my poetry to stay
and chant the peace,
tell the love stories,
my heart aspired for.

Michael Kwaku Kesse Somuah

I Want My Poetry To . . .

I want my poetry to snake it`s way
Into your brain where it will stay
I want my words to haunt while you sleep
To stir and startle...awaken the sheep
I want my poetry to open your mind
To seek for answers, truths to unwind
I want my poetry to rouse your soul
Leave you breathless and lose control
I want my poetry to slither in
Show you just a glimpse of where I`ve been
I want my poetry to make you think
To push your senses to the brink
I want my poetry to slowly unfold
And to your mind and soul
take an unbreakable hold

(s.l.r)~ Luna Soolay

inspired by Monte Smith

Untitled

I want my poetry to . . .
I want it to be magic
To lift spirits and heal wounds
To create thinkers and have believers
To turn water into wine
Day into night
Wrong into right
This is why I write

I want my words
To be more than words
Than sounds of letters
On a page
I want my words to not just take the stage
But build the stadium
Brick by brick
Fill the seats
Create the air
And perform for you
This is what I want that's true

I want my message
To be seen and heard
By everyone
In every language
Discovered or lost
Made up or real
This is the deal

I want my heart
My memories
My experience
My mind
My heart
And my soul
I want it all to be here
For you to see
For you to judge
Because while I create the words that you read
You decide if they are worthy or not
You decide if they'll reach your heart
If I can reach your heart
And make an impact

I want you
The reader
To read my words
See my letters
And join me
As we walk together
At this day
During this time
To wherever we need to go
I want you the reader
To not just read them
Not see them
Not understand them
But feel them
Inside yourself
Somewhere where you'll let me visit
And talk to the real you

I want my poetry
To just be poetry
Sown into the ground
And grow into a poor ED tree

Bryan Williams

inspired by Monte Smith

I want my Poetry to . . .

I want my poetry to inspire and change the world,
unite the love, erase the hate, Congregate not segregate,
to love unconditionally, to give and not take, see all the beauty in all things.
to save the children, feed the hunger, heal the sick, to stop the violence,
to love all humans regardless of race, religion, sexual preference.
to embrace the sad, the loneliness, console the elder.

I want my poetry to.....

Be a voice to the silenced, to have freedom of speech...

Stop the wars, Be courageous, humble, gracious...

To empower the world with strength, empathy, to believe in your dreams... Create

Mentor the youth, Educate the world, To thy own self be true...

I want my poetry to.... Teach the world to Love....

Tammy Jones

Be About It

I want my poetry to join your poetry
pointing the way and providing safety net
for our most sacred.

Also to provoke, incite, inspire, require, inquire,
encourage, discourage,
respect, dissect, inject, and create humor.
To be enjoyed as well as provoke you
to emote and incite action.

Require you to investigate, encourage you to begin or end
discourage nonsense, enlighten, frighten, heighten.
Stimulate, agitate, educate, appreciate and acquaint.

I want my poetry to help me:
help me spot
what i have got
so i can see the genius in you.

I want my poetry to draw the righteous people closer to it
be about that too. .
I want my poetry to decrease the haters and multiply the winners.
I want my poetry to edify the beginners and simplify the complicated.

Bring out the most in the least, and humility in the Arrogant.
I would like to use my words to speak up and out for the unheard.
{ that's what it be about }.

I would like my poetry to create doubt
in the delusions . . .
and restore faith in your own conclusions.
Or just use your imagination in a world of illusions.

I would like to hear you say/...." hey", hmmm, yeah...ok..".
Hell to the naw" ..right on !...amen...!
Ashe'... Or just astound you into silence, shhhh!

inspired by Monte Smith

It's okay to hunger and to thirst...

I want my poetry to make you thirsty for true answers and hungry for knowledge.

I want the poetry I write to be subject to your interpretation.

Leaving no stones unturned.

Be about self determination

poetry bringing awareness

of how to go about the rebuilding of our nation.

{ i be about what my poetry be about }

I want my poetry to join your poetry

pointing the way and providing safety nets.

For our most sacred offspring.

That's all it really be about.

The future of our children, that's what it really be about.

It be about the next generation

feeling my poetry even when i am a dead poet.

I want my poetry to be enjoyed / also

Also to provoke, incite, inspire, require, inquire,

encourage, discourage,

respect, dissect, inject, and create humor.

To be enjoyed as well as provoke you

to emote and incite action.

I want my poetry to be the harbinger of peace.

Eradicate hate, and to unite the bards near and far.

Since no-one knows for sure i want my poetry to

do what " i think " the creator would have it to do...and i be about that !

Vicki Acquah

WAY OF WORDS

I want my poetry to be first in line
for The Last Poets' reunion
and stick haiku like Sonia Sanchez
with Nikki Giovanni's missive
distilled in jazz of Gil Scott Heron's pulse
pounding pure grandeur in each stanza

I want my poetry to quell
summer voo doo so it will not
chop down children too sweet
to bleed vinegar on playground
and storefront pavements
where makeshift memorials
wet beds as sniffles
of broken faith clutch pillows
in neighborhood cyclones

I want my poetry to stitch dysfunctional wounds
and mend the essence of torn spirits
so clouds can be cushions of comfort
instead of burdens of bereavement
I want history to manifest
like a freedom march on Southern soil
like the robe of Sonia Sotomayor
like the presidential inauguration of 2009
I want my poetry to stiffen shoulders and inflate chests

inspired by Monte Smith

I want each line of my poetry
to dangle keys and house unanimous truth;
to stimulate an ejaculate river whose similes
emancipate an enjambment waterfall
where prose and narratives float in a channel
leading to a confluence of metaphors

I want my poetry to make you want poetry
even when sonnets are abusive
I want my poetry to be a martyr
for babies to safely daydream
in arms of postpartum depression
I want my poetry to feed

Cyd Charisse Fulton

Idiom Immunization (I Want My Poetry To...)

I want my poetry to connect with your soul
To infuse you with phenomenal powers and make you whole
Feeding you knowledge and an abundance of spiritual blessings
While providing you the sight to discover all of the concealed meanings
I want my poetry to cause the world to listen
Not just to my message
But also to each other
Too long have so many spoken, while ignoring one another
You all need to place your ears to people's hearts and souls
To unearth what is hidden
That is why I want my poetry
To help you all breach beyond the surface
To read the pages passed the preface
To become as Herman Melville described as
The "Eagle Eyed" reader
Searching for that latent meaning
I want my poetry to molest the celestial bodies of women
Wrapping them around my oral orbit with my verbal venom
Infecting them with cc's of melodic lethal injections
Transmogrifying their deoxyribonucleic acids
Massaging their skin cells, while creating enzyme reactions
Heating up their hormones and mitochondria
Enhancing my enticement over them with my syllable stamina
Placing them in a habitual hypnosis

inspired by Monte Smith

One of an insurmountable feat for their minds to evade this
I also want them to know that all of them can be queens
To get off their knees, empower themselves, and fulfill their true destinies
I want my poetry to motivate the men to rise up to their true potential
To become the chivalrous symbols of strength that they are destined to be
For too long men have been plagued with a tarnished reputation
Being portrayed in a dark light, that men think only with their genitals
I want all males to be honorable, a majority and not a minority
We must unify together and persevere for our gender's emancipation
Be the men our women require
Becoming the kings of queens, raising the royal bar echelon much higher
I just want my poetry to touch everyone and be more than heard
Merging my messages with every being with a symbioses
I want everyone to distinguish that what I speak are more than words
So in the end of my operation, I can confidently provide a positive diagnosis

Peace ~ love

Soul Q Original

I want my poetry to...

Jump

From blank page

I create a world with each stroke of the pen or key
So much power in such a small gesture it brings Nations to their Knees
Such drive and will to live each letter cuts and bleeds
Birthing new age thoughts that turn puddles into seas

My words have the power to spawn single celled beings from the dark abyss
Charming enough to borrow a cobras hiss
So, strike flint to stone, look around and feel this
Bam, bamming down, on keys like stones, with only a slight twisting of the wrist

From blank page I devour knowledge and regurgitate the purest form of mental
nourishment

So, cunningly I turn variables in to constants
Allow me to lay down consonants on parchment
Then, pick up these vowels, feel content. Allow me to lament...

Thus, I want my words to
Create Mountains
Beget ideas so seductive they re-hydrate fountains
Give the blind sight
In the dead of night
Flip the North pole South
And, make left the new right

inspired by Monte Smith

And, give the weak a driving will to fight
Impregnate the ignorant
Enlighten and move through them like currents
Bring to pass a new day and age
See dreams pass a book binding page
Living life for the future and not stage by stage

I want my words to speak for more than just me...
Because, From blank page I create a world with each stroke of the pen or key
So much power in such a small gesture it brings Nations to their Knees
Such drive and will to live each letter cuts and bleeds
Birthing new age thoughts turning puddles into seas

Felicia Blue

I Want My Poetry To . . .

I want my poetry to expose “the hole”...

...I want the space undeniable like the Higgs Boson

...The fiery hole is where I’m told I will go for standing up for my gay brothers and sisters...

...It is where I am told I will go for despising the hate that spews from Pat Robertson’s mouth, molding ignorant minds...

...I don’t buy the religion they have fed me since I was a child...

...Justifying exploitation of people around the globe because believing in my heart that I was chosen to live in the “greatest country on earth” by the creator of the universe, the childish, fickle, blood thirsty villain in Abrahamic faiths, is exactly what enables us to allow atrocity...

...God spoke through Moses who wrote Leviticus, and demanded rape, murder and slavery...

...Putting “In God We Trust” on your monopoly money doesn’t make me value it more

Fuck you...

...The hole is the place of debt that most Americans will never claw themselves out of and there’s a reason for that aside from them making poor decisions...

...I am sick of being a battery for those who value my existence in only being a cog in the machine to fuel their greedy conquests...

...Shareholders invest in whatever yields an impossibly ever growing return and fairness and honesty have no place in the realm of dollars...

inspired by Monte Smith

...The more Federal Reserve notes we have, the more chains are attached to society as a whole...

...There will never be enough money because it is printed as debt to be paid back with interest that does not exist unless more is printed, with interest...

...The debt is paid in hours of our lives from what we can produce...

...We are taught that the system of capitalism is simply the idea of supply and demand and that private owners are doing others services...

...But what of those private owners who systematically condition us on WHAT to demand?...

...Bombarding us, while we sleep, with fake labels of meaning, mirrored in the currency they give us, to convince us the void will be filled and the fear will subside...

...That's a business too...

...We are conditioned to TRUST that "freedom" is being able to choose between a few corporations hundreds of identical products with different labeling...

...They want you consistently buying things you cannot afford now, in hopes of earning more debt later...

...They want you to believe you can be a billionaire overnight, like they were when they were born. But they punish you for saving because they say you need to "stimulate the economy" which translates to: buy lots of cheap but overpriced goods made in another country on the backs of other struggling humans working slave wages so that you can feel exceptional...

...They demand our accountability but defer any of their own responsibility to give anything back after they have systematically extracted from our labors...

...For thoughts like these, “the hole” is more specified by the word “pigeon” which is how they want you...

...Because I want to put these men behind bars, the manipulators of the “free market”, I am pigeon holed...

...It’s not a conspiracy theory; it is your life as an impressionable primate...

...I am angered by the pigeon hole...

...I am not anti-American, I am pro humanity...

...I am a fan of honesty and I prize fairness...

...The hole is where they threaten to throw me while I am serving time in jail when I talk shit to deputies for loyally protecting the people who would happily dine on their children’s futures...

...I am a “domestic terrorist” because I want a future for children and this means the fruits of their labors will not be taxed to pay for wealthy ex-military officials new companies contracted to build in another country torn apart by a war they manufactured...

...Creating economically depraved neighborhoods to raise poor children whose choices for prosperity include risking their lives to go overseas to defend oil tycoon’s investments and murder anyone who opposes, or being grunts for drug cartels whose profits uphold shady wall street practices...

...Hundreds of thousands of riot police believing the lie that they are doing something just, by crushing any efforts to hold the criminal class accountable...

...The pigeon hole is the most dangerous because that allows us to be imprisoned when we’re not in custody...

...It makes our families shun us and our livelihoods compromised...

inspired by Monte Smith

...They want us to choose between their pigeon hole, and their debt hole or face their fiery hell hole after death, for eternity...

...I'll settle for neither and the threat is meaningless...

...The only thing they can do is attempt to silence us by instituting law after law to make us look like we're the problem...

...To make us look like we hate America and that they should be free to define for us what OUR freedom is...

...We demand justice and honesty with each other and with ourselves but those words come from a language they do not understand, the only language they understand is profit...

...My free speech is paid for, not by soldiers but by the endangered middle class who loyally stand behind this corruption by buying into the circus...

I want my poetry to bring the false paper mache' structure of mindless consumerism and waste level to the bottom of the hole through the actions of people who hear it

“When injustice becomes law, resistance becomes duty” – Jefferson

Gabe Rosales

I Want My Poetry To

I want my poetry to bring me back to life
Paint me a heartbeat in forever
Keep my ink fresh
So I can bleed a revolution
I want my poetry to jump off the page
Build homes for the homeless
Become shadows for the lonely
So they will never be alone
I want my poetry to be bic lighters to suicide notes
Fingers removing the bullets used to destroy peace
I want my poetry to be three dimensional
Available in every language
I want my poetry to be universal
Download it like an application straight to your soul
I want my poetry to stop wars
Go head to head with corporations
Exposing lies in front of blind eyes
I want my poetry to be more than just words
More than just happy thoughts
Stepping over cracks trying to avoid another breakdown
I want my poetry to be lighthouse shining brightly in the dark
Beautiful displays of life experiences
Confirmation your not alone
Look down my poetry will be my hand firmly planted
Sitting next you in the darkest of nights

inspired by Monte Smith

I will fight your bullies
Speak when you can not speak
Build wings so we can both fly away
I want my poetry to protect the unprotected
Speak out against injustice
And be the vocal chords for the voiceless
I want my poetry to grow old with me
Plant my feet to the ground like a tree
To stop me from running away from my calling
I want my poetry to smash spotlights
Stay humble
So I always remember where I came from
And I want my poetry to feel like I am writing for the first time
Never familiar myself to pen and paper
Never holding back
I want my poetry to be limitless
Living after
I stop
I want my poetry to be beautiful depictions of my soldier story
Bloody wounds
No longer hidden
Finding myself within neat verses
Breathing in metamorphosis
Never looking back
Proud of where i am.

Mizz Fab

i want my poetry to....

i want my poetry to
make you say
super-calling-for-extra-fantastic-hyperconscious
as you're are flying through the
air holding an umbrella
with all of your cares
in the world
forgotten about
if only for a mi-nute minute
easing your mind
eating caramel popcorn
relaxing
having a good time...

let it work the kinks
out of your body
as it telepathically
sometime send subliminal
messages that massages
you from head to toe...

putting some hot
battered soul
into your soul
hyper-beta-syllabus-staying-optimistic
taking you back to when there was
less pressure and stress
like an easy sunday morning
or
an open book school test...

inspired by Monte Smith

uniting mooses
with his rod
dividing red
seas of miseries
with
a bearded black mooses
in his golden chains
unchaining
melodic rhapsodies...

not worrying about
what time you will
get to phoenix
as long as
you are feeling it...

putting you in the
garden of eden
where you can eat
whatever you want
without any
consequences
even if it's the
nebulous apple
on the tree...

i want my poetry to
make you want
to make love
to every person
that comes your way
with a kind smile
or
simply a hello
to brighten up
their day
giving kinds replies
to subdue any anger
or wrath
chose to walk
down the friendly path...

if and when you
read or hear
my poetry
let it make you
giggle and wiggle
off the dirt that
was done to you today
and
may it make you think
of anyone that you left in dismay
whether it be today or yesterday...

if only for a night
or
a short moment
let my poetry
relax you like
a warm bath
when you soak in it
relieving any repressive
pressures that presses
against your spirit...

let it be your instant coffee
instantly pleasing your palate
as you partake
sip by sip
helping you
to move and grove
of this message
thelyfepoet wholeheartedly
approves...

Todd Smith ~ thelyfepoet

inspired by Monte Smith

I Want My Poetry

to breathe, I want my poetry
to seethe, I want my poetry
to relieve the quagmires of our troubled minds

untwist, I want my poetry to
insist, I want my poetry
to resist the prejudice we humans find

and flow! I want my poetry
to know, I want my poetry
to show the passions of our common hearts

to melt, I want my poetry
SO FELT! I want my poetry
to belt out the songs of harmony love imparts

Christine Fulco

I Want My Poetry To . . .

I want my poetry to move you

i want my poetry to give you something you can feel

i want my poetry to leave you breathless

i want my poetry to make you sit and think

i want my poetry to touch your soul

i want my poetry to give you passion

i want my poetry to be like a habit

i want my poetry to make love to your mind, body, and soul

i want my poetry to make you lose control

i want my poetry to send chills up and down your spine

i want my poetry to roll off your tongue

i want my poetry to make you wanna slow dance

i want my poetry to keep you in a trance

i want my poetry to make you laugh

i want my poetry to make you cry

i want my poetry to make you never wanna say goodbye

Lisa Marshall

inspired by Monte Smith

I WANT MY POETRY TO....
(Mother and Daughter Collab)

Flow from me to you
Fulfilling my desire to write,
Reach the masses and
Penetrate the hearts,
It's being written about!
Take you on a journey of
My heartaches and longings,
To help you further understand,
The non understandable!

I want my poetry to...
Interrupt the messages of the mind
Screaming to come out,
Sail in your conscience of
Comprehension of the unreachable,
Exploding blood Cushing veins
Of knowledge and awareness,
To the unlearn trained ignorance,
Break stumbling blocks of
Hesitation and procrastination
Freeing your imagination
To cruise beyond your horizons,
Take flight beyond clouds of falsehoods and lies.

I want my poetry to.
Hug you from your head to your feet,
With every flowing line,
To light the creative fire,
In every soul and heart,
Taking the world places it has never been,
To awaken inner beauty,
In every young child
Who was ever told?
They weren't beautiful, smart or important.

I want my poetry to...
To soothe and calm the violent beast
That lingers in our communities;
Killing, stealing, raping innocence
Of our children, destroying our
Lineage and heritage of their inheritance.

I want my poetry to...
Heal Famine, disease and
Hunger, across our nations,
Prescribing freedom,
Equality and education,
To every man, woman and child,
Opening mass operations of opportunities
Of learning, gaining and retaining knowledge
Financial growth and prosperity.

I want poetry to...
Share my inner most thoughts,
Dreams, reflections, to release and
Let go of most damaging transgressions,
Bleed out tears of fears,
Conquer obsessions, replace depression from
Suppression and omit oppression
From masked dictation.

I want my poetry to...
Make you feel the cadence
In every beat of every language
It's written in spreading love and peace
Striving for the Joy of life living free
To fill the souls and adorn hearts that starves
For passion and love, to detoxify minds
Full of pain and agony to be free!
I want my poetry to flow from me to you!

Carlene Beverly & SheyAnne Helton

inspired by Monte Smith

I Want My Poetry To

I want my poetry to prepare you for death
Not for the grave
Nor the cemetery
But death
The end of all words
The end of all light
When you can sigh
And close your eyes in peace
Rested, relaxed
Sated
Satisfied that everyday
You healed yourself
From the trials of the day before

I want my poetry to prepare you for death
At the end of the conversation
Where thoughts meet pain
And pain meets joy
And joy is God
And God is good
Love conquers all, even the grave
I lower your body
Into the ground
And take your song
Into my soul for nourishment
Mind, spirit, breath and light

I want my poetry to prepare you for death
Starting this day
Let's not make a plan
To edify and rectify
Those that require one or both
Feed bellies and lay hands on brows
With a cooling touch
Set off fireworks in the streets
Just for pleasure of the blind
Let's do it

I want my poetry to prepare you for death
With words read
And colors painted
Threads running crookedly through a quilt
Linking, touching
The rough and smooth
Of moonlight
Broken glass prism-ed
Into beautiful satin
Music
Imagined in mentally challenged minds

I want my poetry to prepare you for death
The race run
And well set in clay
Steps to follow
A good example of a life fully lived
Under grace
Sometimes in sand
At the edge
Of tomorrow
But always looking
East
Prepared to follow the Son

Gail Shazor aka Navy Poet

inspired by Monte Smith

I want my poetry to....Antinea Maye

I want my poetry to pop off the page,

I want it to touch somebody in the deepest way possible.

I want my poetry to change lives,

inspire souls and become a permanent fixture in the literary world.

I want my poetry to be all it can be to whomever reads it,

I want it to stir love & promote positivity.

I want my poetry to satisfy your soul and give you the comfort to know somebody got your back and you are never alone.

I want my poetry to hit your spot and turn you out!

I want my poetry to uplift, encourage, and send chills down someones spine.

I want my poetry to inspire me so that I can continue to inspire others.

I want my poetry to love me as much as I love it...

My poetry is my life....

Antinea Maye

I Want My Poetry To

I want my poetry to dance .

Down the street creating its own beat .
I want a line to hit the splits and spin like Jackie Wilson .
I want a line to "Say it Loud, I'm Black and I'm Proud".
Have you ever seen a poem do The Temptation Walk ?

I want my poetry to awaken .

The cats who's sleeping and mistreating himself , our people
Who are rotting in our cities , a jail cell . I want these lines to
Free minds from the stereotypes that keep our own folks blind.

I want my poetry to be sexy .

Not nasty or vulgar , kind a like burlesque , I want it to strip ya,
Hip ya and dip ya and seduce you . Have mercy on the poet who
Longs to juice you with a limerick, no parlor tricks with a pen, pad
Or pencil. May I woo you as I tap each sticking key by twos .Oh .

I want my poetry to show love.

To show patience and not be demanding and just as sweet as candy .
Compassionate and caring . May a line show that I care and that I'll
Always be there with love and affection within another stanza . Yes .

I want my poetry to entertain you .

Today and tomorrow with nouns and vowels , some end rhymes, a form
With the rhythm I was born with . I want my poetry to dance and romance

You just enough that you'll yearn to read a little more .

Carlus Wilmot

inspired by Monte Smith

The Difference To Be Made

I want my poetry to make a difference,
The one that when the teen talks in supporting reference,
The Poetress saved my life,
She taught me that an ink dripping pen is better than a blood dripping knife,

The noose needs to be empty another day,
The paper is where my anger will be displayed,
My tears of sorrow can drip on the floor,
Not my mother or dad's tears in the morgue,

I want my poetry to be the one that inspires,
When that man blazes the mic on fire,
The Poetress taught me to redirect my anger swells,
One time I flared up, now dipping my pen into the inkwell,

Black eyes my foes use to receive,
Many tales of physical violence I would weave,
My fist of fury have fallen to the floor,
Sending no more enemies to the morgue,

I want my poetry to excite them,
Couple therapist hears who brought her to him,
The Poetress linguistically taught my mind,
How to pleasure her can be a verbal treasure find,

It once was quiet in the bedroom you see,
The same positions and no intensity,
Now we are almost threw before clothes hit the floor,
No longer our bedroom sounding like a morgue...

JRC aka Starr Poetress

I WANT MY POETRY TO....

I want my poetry to...

Be a window into my life
A little peek into what Lisa is REALLY like
A mother... A daughter... A sister... A friend
Descriptive details from beginning to end
About the amazing highs and turbulent lows
Of the roads i've traveled and where they go
An autobiography... truthful and in depth
Details about the loves in my life and those who i've lost in death

I want my poetry to...

Heal broken hearts and close old wounds
To help get through the mourning of lost loved ones gone too soon
Guide you away from the wrong path that i've taken
And to hopefully mold confident young ladies in the making
To love yourself and know your worth
To make sure that you put GOD first
Bring laughter into a room that's quiet
To express my love for words that I recite

I want my poetry to...

Someday inspire others to write
Because purging thoughts on paper saved my life
It's my therapy whenever i'm feeling low
I put pen to paper and allow my ink to flow
It relieves the burdens that was carried on my shoulders
That came crashing down like an avalanche of boulders
Able to take calm, cleansing breaths
And finally be relaxed and free from stress

inspired by Monte Smith

I want my poetry to...

Be an expression of love and happy endings

That you can fall in love again... a new beginning

Life is filled with second chances

Blossoming into great fairytale romances

Taking you away from a world gone mad

Tickle your funny bone whenever you're sad

Turn depression and negatively

Into positivity and making people happy

Lisa N. Wiley a.k.a. LeeLee Aint Msbehavin'

I Want My Poetry Too

I want my poetry to educate,
To teach love, to eradicate hate..
To teach how not to discriminate..

To install belief in those whos heads,
And hearts are filled with doubt..
To Give wisdom to those,
Who know not the way,,

To express what their hearts,
Their minds have to say..
To set free all their inner despair,
Their inner agony..

I want my poetry to,
To help the the world,,
To give a voice,,
To those who feel like they have no choice..

I want my poetry to..
To unite with other poets,,
To give a voice so that others may see..
We are a voice united,,
We are a voice indivisible..
We are a voice that is free..

I want my poetry to..
Well , I've said my piece..
Now will you??

Patrick Read

inspired by Monte Smith

I Want My Poetry To . . . *Collab*

I want my poetry to . . .

knock the wind out of the lungs of hate

I want my poetry to . . .

feed a hungry soul and change a doomed fate

I want my poetry to . . .

be a catalyst for social change

I want my poetry to . . .

stop the pointing fingers and blame

I want my poetry to . . .

be in your face and get your attention . . . irritate

like nails across a chalkboard screeching if needed for racism to . . . eradicate

i want my poetry to be

orgasmic

cataclysmic

metaphysic

a-rhythmic

siesmatic

as it makes you

automatic

in your procreatic

attitude

to change our world's

longitudes

and latitudes

i want my poetry to change

attitudes

and platitudes

with gratitude

i want my poetry to be

cinematic

and get you involved

in the show

you know what it is

*I want my poetry to . . .
be a healing salve for the world's ails
I want my poetry to . . .
blow life and love into death and hate
throughout the world on Unity sails
I want my poetry to . . .
grow love, from the finest grain of sand
and that one day soon, we shall walk
in the garden together, hand in hand.*

yes . . . i want my poetry
to be the garden
where your love
for life'
for one another
buds, blooms and blossoms
and yields a sweet fruit
complete
replete
that we all can eat
of the goodness of life
my words have planted the seeds
it is up to us all
to do the deeds
that my poetry pleads for
let us open that door
i want my poetry
to touch your core
and forever more
you understand
that you, i, we
have the key
to what this world may be
i want my poetry
to move in you
move in me
and help us to see
the power of "we"

inspired by Monte Smith

*I want my poetry to . . .
express the power of we
for together we can move mountains
and love humanity as was intended to be.
I want my poetry to . . .
be a light in a shadowy world
I want my poetry to . . .
help you open and your beauty unfurl
I want my poetry to . . .
help you recognize your power
every moment, every min, every sec, every hr of your life
I want my poetry to . . . live*

i want my poetry to
always give unto you
an understanding
of the power of you
and i
and how if we vie
together
through the storms
the in-climate weather
we are the better for it
i want my poetry to tell you
we can not be denied
defied
regardless of the lies
no matter
who
may step to you
for in my poetry
i want it to speak a truth
that stands up
and fills your cup
with love
i want my poetry to be . . .
Poetry

Janet P. Caldwell & William S. Peters, Sr.

I want my poetry to...

Time travel...
Rhyme parables...
Bless, then in sums pay homage
Digress, then in psalms stay honest
Design, unravel...

I want my poetry to...

Define our perfections...
Refine our reflections...
Initiate painted pictures
Facilitate ancient scriptures
Remind our recollections...

I want my poetry to...

Respond to life's tiers
Love; the flows of [a] fertile story
Be [the] one who wipes tears
Love; for those who chose purgatory

I want my poetry to...

Emulate the inner course of elation
Bathe inside the collective consciousness
Imitate the intercourse of creation
Phrase in tides the selective prominence

inspired by Monte Smith

I want my poetry to...

Populate imaginations

Bring serene scenes to dreams schemed

Modulate ratifications

Gleam the things seen thru beams ringed

I want my poetry to...

Be the undertone in visualizing the never-ending

Be the cornerstone in ritualizing the letter's beginning

Leo H

I Want My Poetry To . . .

I Want My Poetry To start fires and incite riots...inside of you
Break down barriers and build communities
When you're on your hands and knees, just about to give up
I Want My Poetry To thrust you to your feet and hold your head up high
I Want My Poetry To give you the strength to carry on
when you believe all hope is gone

I Want My Poetry To make Christians say, "Aww hell naw!"
And make atheists reply, "Oh my God!"
I Want My Poetry To make you evaluate who you really are
...question authority
I Want My Poetry To change minds

I Want My Poetry To be passed out like pamphlets in airports, train stations and bus
depots
I Want My Poetry To be delivered weekly to your front door
even sold in vending machines
Like Visa card, "I Want My Poetry To be everywhere you want to be"
I Want My Poetry To be in the desk of every hotel and motel
in the pews of every Church
I want the Preacher to preach from The Good Book of DL DAVIS
and have the choir back him up like heavenly angels
See, I Want My Poetry To help you get over whatever maybe troubling you

I Want My Poetry To be recited with conviction
like Whitney Houston singing the National Anthem
Inculcate sense of pride
Embrace our differences; love our uniqueness
I Want My Poetry To kick your ass into high gear like unstoppable verbs
Make you believe you can do anything you set your mind to do

I Want My Poetry To be a moral compass when you lose your way
I Want My Poetry To be the friend you can always depend on
The one you can call, anytime at all, when you need words of wisdom

I want kids to say, "Please read me a 1LOVE Story" while daddy tucks them in for
bedtime
I Want My Poetry To be the next great fairytale that eases their little minds; a gateway to
beautiful dreams

inspired by Monte Smith

I Want My Poetry To be used to mend broken families

I Want My Poetry To be the voice that echoes in your head
when you are about to do something stupid

I Want My Poetry To be why you decided not to take those sleeping pills
...why you said no to the dope man
...why you put his ass out because he refused to wear a condom
...why you decided not to get in the car with a stranger
I Want My Poetry To...
be your conscience

I Want My Poetry To make you see the signs
...knock some sense into you before he knocks you senseless
...make you get out before it's too late
...make you realize that you are better than that
I Want My Poetry To kill abuse

I Want My Poetry To be inscribed on the heart of lovers
...the reason he bought you that ring
...the reason she cooks your meals
make Shakespeare say, "Damn! Why didn't I think of that?"
I Want My Poetry To be the greatest romance that's ever been told

I Want My Poetry To flow thru your veins
...be your o2 and co2
...jump start your heart
"We're losing him! There's only thing left to do. Nurse,
get this patient some DL DAVIS POETRY, stat!"
I Want My Poetry To...
save lives

AND...

If your facebook pictures are showing every part of you EXCEPT your face
I Want My Poetry To slap the hell out of you and make you take that mess down
I Want My Poetry To...
instill self-respect

I Want My Poetry To be... whatever you need it to be

D.L. Davis

Take pride my co poets

i want my poetry to touch the minds and hearts of all who read so

Take pride my co poets and tell what you feel and see
So that your words and life will not just be a memory.
We are speaking for all mankind
So no one has to read between the lines.

We are telling of every persons hopes, dreams
Pains, joy, laughter, isn't that what we're all after?
To let the world know what's in our hearts and minds
Not just one who is standing on the sidelines.

We want the world to hear us
when we scream and holler
And to see us when we cry
to see us when we live
And love us while we die.

We are the voices which could
Not be heard.
We are the tears that forever burn.

inspired by Monte Smith

We are the music in peoples hearts
We are the abandoned, rejected
Forlorn and forgotten.

We are the children who cry with hunger.
We are the ones who look up to our parents
Because there is no other.

We are the voices of the people
We are the churches, we are the steeples.
We are the ones who scream out their pains
Without a voice, no step do they gain.

WE ARE POETS ONE AND ALL
WE STAND TOGETHER OR WE FALL

Louis Rams

I Want My Poetry To

I want my poetry to . . . realize
the dreams of generations before
to stand for justice, equality and freedom
from shore to shore

I want my poetry to . . . be a light
on your dimly lit pathway
to wrap you in love, peace,
and humility every single day

I want my poetry to . . . reign true
to the being of my soul
to always lead, guide and direct me
toward the higher goal

I want my poetry to . . . fill my cup
with kind compassion
to allow generosity to be
my style not a trendy fashion

I want my poetry to exalt
the goodness of mankind
to be the bravest knight
of courage in fearful time

I want my poetry to
rail against the status quo
to eradicate the ignorance
of those who don't know

I want my poetry to be
a lighted beacon in the darkest harbor
of your life's trials and tribulations . . .
to give you hope when
your soul is starved of motivation . . .

inspired by Monte Smith

I want my poetry to be preserved
in all things history...

I want my poetry to
reign century after century

I want my poetry to remind
generation after generation
that the power of the pen
is mightier than the sword
and if we wield our words
right we can motivate the
masses to fight for all the
voice-less people in need...
Because...

I want my poetry
to remind us, we are all
created equally free!

Cheryl D. Faison ~ Sublime Poetess

I want my Poetry To

motivate and elevate
victims into survivors
procrastinators into negotiators

followers into leaders
and spear-headers
into team-players

I want my nouns and verbs
to be heart caressing words

utilized as Love weapons
expanding across oceans

stirring a commotion
of Love mused emotions

a Unified Love hug
an inebriating Love drug

mending bridges
of affliction
a mission
for the "Invisible Children"

I want my poetry
to expose the Joseph Konys'

provoking -inciting
compassion ,humility,
empathy ,positivity ,
and victory

a Love slap of reality

words to pick you up
and choke you up
simultaneously

inspired by Monte Smith

I want my poetry to
be uninhibited

an impassioned
and unadulterated voice
and a choice

for the unknown
making their plight known
families without a home

peace of mind for

the child left behind
veterans and elders
without health care

for ,We are NOT the minority
We are the majority

I want to obliterate
presence of hate

negating the force fed
lies of the dead
and living dead

re-teaching the ugly
but, necessary
truth and history

I want my poetry
to be passion and desire
to inspire
the passive
into the masses

assertive and hungry

soldiers of Love
within the power of Love

common cause Humanity

Peace ,ONE Love ,
and Unity.

Justice and Equality
for each and everyone

I want my poetry
to speak graciously

whisking away tears
abolishing fears

without resentment
uncensored but, with respect
brazenly yet , intelligent
and eloquent

of the 99%
our entitlement
our battle
day to day struggle

I want my poetry
to be empowerment
not for a moment

causes of my rhyme
to be present for a lifetime

I want my words to weave
a reprieve

truth exposed and told
factual and bold

inspired by Monte Smith

I want my poetry
to be
my children's
and their children's
children's legacy

his and her story
Our story

I want my poetry
to be
Love
and instill Love
and its utter beauty

I want my poetry
to be a tool of conscience
and common sense
setting aside differences
of the misunderstood
and over-stood

a coming together
for the better
and greater good

gently yet , passionately
re-awakening, musing ,
and haunting
your mind
time after time....

Jill Delbridge

I WANT MY POETRY TO....

If we can't
feel our own words
while reciting them to you
then I ask you.... why do it? ♥

I want my scribe to
feel like a helping hand in a black hole
I want to touch with my words
like its Braille to their souls....
I want to uplift, empower,
provoke thoughtfulness among masses
I want my verbal conversation
to feel like common sense classes
I want to let you know
that you aren't alone when you feel tried
I want my paper to become a pillow
to your frayed nerves and strained mind
I want you to walk away
feeling some sort of way about this shit
I want you to say to everyone #fact
I never hugged one but I know a brick city chick!
I want you to know if I didn't personally;
then I probably know someone who did go thru it
I want my writes to... be indelible
A legacy of incredible credible credentials
head nods and be like damn Skippy cuz Jamie Bond said so!
I want my writes to have rights for those who can't speak
I want my writes to have all rights in Unmuted ink! ♥

Inspired by Monte Smith

Jamie Bond

inspired by Monte Smith

I Want My Poetry To . . .

I want my poetry to . . .

Stop!

Let us not take life so seriously.

Allow my poetry to teach us
to giggle and sing.

This world is but a shadow
with brightness, not hidden
but to be to be gleaned.

Find it!

Third eye open to receive
the blessings and joys of
a childhood lost and found

when

I dipped my toes in the dew of Spring.

And . . .

Danced naked in the garden like David
while people stared on, thinking me insane.

Smile in the now
play . . .
today and everyday.

This is what I want my Poetry to do for you.

Janet P. Caldwell

i want my poetry to . . .

i want my poetry to
open the gates
to our considerations
of what could possibly be
between . .
you and me
and all
of humanity

let us dance again
smile again
sit and spend some time
and converse
a while
again

my intent in my verse
is to touch you
touch me
in a way
we either
do not remember
but need to
or a way
that is new

let a new day
be ushered in
let it begin
now

inspired by Monte Smith

let you and i
become the friends
of creation
and each other
once again
for we are kin – folk

we are Brothers and Sisters
of an exquisite possibility
that is filled with certainties
and exponential-ties
beyond our understandable
probabilities

may my poetry
open that door for you
find that cure for you
and i
as we open our eye
with a singular vision
that you and i
are the poems of life

i want my poetry to
assist in the reawakening
of us all

let my poetry be that call
to arms
and charm us into
the conceivable
believable
achievable
future
where we will no longer
forsake
our divine birthrights
to joy

let us open the gates
go into the garden
and dance

i want my poetry to move you
make a way for you
say those words for you
that empowers you
empowers us all

that is the call
i want my poetry to . . .
answer

William S. Peters, Sr.

inspired by Monte Smith

poetry is . . .



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