



want my

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

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

Monte Smith

General Information

i want my Poetry to . . .

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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LOC :

ISBN-13 : 978-0615621760

ISBN-10 : 0615621767

PDF Publication : Free Download

*D*edication

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

Let's move some Mountains !!!

Preface

First and foremost this book was born out of a great understanding felt by many, but not vocalized enough: It's okay to be a poet.

When I came up with the idea to share a poem and have other poets contribute to it by way of posting on Facebook, I never thought it would garner such attention. The idea behind this book came on March 4th of this year, when I shared a poem titled "Rebel Poetry" during a radio interview with Jill Delbridge on The Artist Lounge (hosted on Talk Shoe). I knew prior to the interview that Ms. Delbridge would ask me to recite one or two poems. So earlier in the day as I was looking for pieces to read, it hit me that I should try and connect with the audience in a much more personal way.

A great artist is one who constantly tries to keep their performance fresh. I realized not long ago that throughout my career I have followed the same template when it comes to doing radio interviews: introduce myself, answer twenty to forty minutes of questions, then end by reading a couple of poems. I feel I have always excited the listening audience but constantly felt as soon as the interview was over the poems and energy were forgotten. I wanted this time to be different.

I say this because every time I sit down to write a new poem, I can't help but think of all the great poets who will never have their work read or heard due to the business that surrounds poetry and publishing. As far as human conditioning goes, nothing positive can be said for how we treat each other's dreams and ambitions. Take the phrase, "It's not what you know, but who you know." This razor sharp saying has become a popular rule of broken thumb. Web sites will tell you it's mostly used in business and government. The origin is unclear but due to human ego it has sadly withstood the test of time, proof that we have failed the test.

Some may point out that those starving in the killing fields of poetry, music, and art best realize this. I have to agree. To an artist it is the ultimate break it or make it reality. Shame on us. How can we continue to call ourselves civilized or approach the arts with integrity when it's blatantly known it's not about the talent you possess, but how many favors are given or owed? And most importantly, how many connects/friends will vouch for your on-line stats at the deal table.

This is why so many poets awake hung over, pissed off and miserable. Not because they want to, but because they have no say in the day that lies ahead. Point being, you shouldn't feel like you're dying every time you arrive at your place of employment. But I do. I'm not exaggerating either. I literally feel poisoned to the extreme of blacking out. It's gotten to the point where I don't know if I'm punching the clock, or if it's punching me.

I know a lot of you are thinking, "You fucking ingrate. There are orphans in Malawi selling grilled mice on skewers to motorists. You should be content you even have a job." Exactly. And like the kids in Malawi, I believe eighty-five percent of the population are misplaced, subjecting themselves to the wrong route, task or trade, and hating their fucking existence every day, as I do mine.

Don't kid yourself; this is what happens when you can't be what you are. Repeat that if you have to. Now imagine how productive we as a planet could be if everyone believed they had a place--that they *did* count. Not as a bar-code, but as a needed contributor to the human collective with your talent being your worth. That alone would motivate people to levels of humanity unseen by our divided lie-balls.

I'm a poet, not a plumber. I need to work with words, not septic tanks. Ask yourself: would you want your garbage man pulling your wisdom teeth? I want my creativity back. If I feel the urge to write at four thirty in the morning, I should be able to. But it's impossible when the alarm clock is holding you at knife point, it's beady red eyes reminding you every second that your time is not your own. I don't know about you, but when I hear the sound of an out of control alarm clock at six in the morning, I want to shoot my self. Why? Because I know it's the sound of defeat.

This is why my poem for The Artist Lounge had to be different. I wanted my poem to let people know my story is theirs, and not to give up on their dreams and ambitions no matter how hard it becomes. To know there are others with the same fire who are not scared of saying what needs to be said. But at the same time, I wanted my piece to ask the hard questions: What is your poetry saying? What impact is it having on you and the community?

Then it clicked--start a poem and let the listening audience finish it. But keep the theme “I want my poetry to...” as the running thread to weave all the contributors words into one long poetic call for solidarity.

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*

13 March 2012

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 . . . [wsp](#)

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Monte Smith

inner child press, ltd.

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.

Leeanne Meredith Oschmanns

I want my poetry to encircle the Soul

I want my poetry to tighten it's grip and to strangle doubt with perspective

I want my poetry to graze the surface of knowing and to scratch it's smugness

I want my poetry to burn and light the trails of complacency

I want my poetry to tell the story of every voiceless thought that haunts the downtrodden.

Christopher Stewart

I want my poetry to reach that darker voice inside, you know which one, the one feeding on thoughts of impossibility, and then, once it has showed itself,

I want my poetry to stand in its face and make clear how that voice and the thoughts it clings to are in fact doomed to an early grave by the irresistibly loving life force which impels us all and constantly pushes us towards the light of which we are all made of..

June Barefield

I want you to know it's me when my poetry lifts

I want poetic linez 2 sink Towering battleships

When my poetry rips I want you to take out the time, thank God & SHHH...

I wanna drop poetic BOMBs that blow up GooFy pathetic laws, Bark Like my two favorite
DoGGz

I want my poetry 2 help the helpless, give hope to the hopeless, mayB provide some joBz

I want you 2 know who the fugg wrote this - and why?

I want my poetry engaging enough so that you use handkerchief to wipe away the tears in your
eyes...

My poetry's Life....

I want my poetry to prosper the poverty stricken/ I want my poetry 2 give voice 2 what's been
hidden/ I want my poetry to empower the lil children/ I want my poetry to raise the dead and
give new breath to the living/ I want my poetry to do absolutely no taking, but all giving...

I want my poetry 2 dream again/ dream of peace, patience & pride between men/ Send a message
that ALL may comprehend/ Lend a hand where it's needed, and B gracious when u receive it/
My Poetry/ From sea to shining sea & more/ I want my poetry to xplore, Relmz in helmz some
never see/ I want my poetry 2B that lil voice in your soul that brings clarity to charity 4 all
humanity/ not jus 4 the black, but 4 all, Bee cuz ALL are we - MY POETRY...

I want U 2 know it's me when my Poetry lifts

I want poetic linez POWERFUL enough 2 sink Towering Battleships

When my poetry Ripps, I want you to take out the time - THANK GOD & >>>ISH !

I wanna drop poetic BomBz that Blow up goofy lawz, Bark like my 2 favorite DoGGz

I want my poetry 2 help the helpless, give the sick rest, return hope 2 the hopeless

MayB provide some jobZ & ...ish

I want U 2 know who the fugg wrote this & why ?

I want my poetry 2 engage, make U turn a page, whipe the tearz from your lonely EyEz...

My POETRY,

I want

IZ LIFE...

I want my poetry 2 give back what i took, and ive taken alot/ I want my poetry 2 may B beseech a young thugga B4 he get's shot/ I want my poetry to shake up he who iz shook/I want my poetry 2 let the younG GEE'z know theirs so much more 2 life than being a crook/Look into the eye'z of the despised & realize the prize ur fighting 4 iz death/ Step by step together we step out the maze of the inept/ concepts & precepts kept hidden like a fruit that's forbidden/my poetry 4 the land of the livin'/I want my poetry 2 make you think B4 U pull that triGGa, and do another senseless killin/ real ReBelz chant iz 4giveness... My POETRY iz this.

Shawn Deacon Sanders

I WANT MY POETRY TO RADIATE, TO SHINE BRIGHTLY SO THAT THE WORLD
WILL SEE THAT GOD IS GREAT!

I WANT MY POETRY TO BE HEARD 24/7, SOUNDING LIKE THE ANGELS SINGING
MELODIES FROM HEAVEN,

I WANT MY POETRY TO FEED THE MULTITUDES, HEAL THE SICK, AND RAISE THE
DEAD, GOD IS SMILING DOWN UPON YOU; STOP LOOKING DOWN AND RAISE
YOUR HEAD.

Michael Benifield

live within the wind
settle between the eyes of my enemy
wrap around the shoulders of a friend

become my own immortal self
atop summits I pass
within valleys I wade

shelter my own belief
make new each day to me
a reality my hopes and dreams
a truth in me my poetry, be

Teresa E. Gallion

I want my poetry to soar in the clouds on the wings of eagles

I want my poetry to plant seeds of love across the universe

I want my poetry to sit quietly with you in the garden of your heart

I want my poetry to wrap you in arms of bliss
and drop rose petals on the trail you walk
on your journey back to the ocean of love and mercy
the eternal home of Spirit.

Allison Davies

I want my poetry to stand tall and proud as summer wheat,
to shout in subways,
to hurl itself on barbed wire just
to get your attention,
to sing to you of snow fields and mountains
so beautiful they can stop your heart
in your chest, boom, like that,
to send you spinning through the cosmos,
to draw you closer than a lover,
to dive deep below the surface,
to wear red patent leather shoes,
to capture the tail of a comet and offer it to you on
a platter at midnight
when the wild wolves howl and the tipsy moon
bends her face towards you.

I want my poetry to surge like tides, to pulse like blood,
trip you on its coat-tails,
follow you home, batter down your door,
push its way into your hall,
drink your wine, trash your novels, leave mud on the carpet,
spend itself like a lottery winner's last ten pounds.

I want my poetry to sing that if this is all we have,
if now is all there is on this spinning space marble,
we should be braver than we are, we should speak the truth,
take bigger risks. Who knows? It might just lead
somewhere incredible.

Martina Newberry

I want my poetry to raise the dead, confound the living, open the box

I want my poetry to chase tornadoes, clean the house, unearth the clocks

I want my poetry to feather your brain, sear your voice, unravel your socks

I want my poetry to unleash the dollar, unzip the country, splash over the docks.

I want my poetry to scare you out of your chair,
pull your shoes off over your head,
tear your hair out and put it back.

I want my poetry to grant indulgences
imitate German Measles,
make your ankles itch.

I want my poetry to be your deodorant, your shampoo,
your duct tape, your measuring stick, your ruler,
your mother's hands, your father's bad temper,
your oldest child's negation of everything you ever taught him
or her.

You think I'm scared? I am--stirred but not shaken, holding my ground

I want my poetry to make you squirm, make you dream, make you crawl

I want my poetry to give you chills, singe your hair, start a brawl

I want my poetry to ruin your day, burn your dinner, have you arrested

I want my poetry to grit your teeth, unbalance your books, leave you divested

Igor Marinovsky

I want my poetry to be published.

I want to be heard around the world.

I want to wake up the sleepy souls
with thunder of my words.

Author D.A.Isley

I want my poetry to flow across the pages of your mind
as I release my soul to the power of the pen.

Jill Delbridge...

I Want My Poetry

....to motivate

and elevate

procrastinators

into negotiators

and spear- headers

victims into survivors

followers into leaders

I want my nouns and verbs

heart caressing words

utilized as Love weapons

expanding across oceans

stirring a commotion

of muse filled emotions

mending bridges of affliction

mission for the "Invisible Children"

power of poetry

exposing Joseph Kong

provoking -inciting

compassion ,humility,

empathy ,positivity ,

and victory

a round house Love slap

of reality

words to pick you up

and choke you up

simultaneously

I want my poetry

uninhibited

and unadulterated

an impassioned voice

for those think

they are the outcast

inspiring and instilling

We are the masses

with a voice

and a choice

shining the light on the unknown

making their plight known

families without a home

child left behind

veteran and elder

without health care

We are NOT the minority

WE are the majority

99%

I want to obliterate
and negate
intolerable hate
negating the force fed
lies of the living dead
re-teaching the ugly
but, necessary
truth

I want my poetry
to inspire
passion and desire
calm assertive angry
and hungry
soldiers of Love
within the power of Love
common cause Humanity
Peace ,ONE Love , Unity
Justice ,and Equality
for each and everyone

I want my poetry
to speak graciously
to whisk away tears
abolish fears

I want to communicate
with dignity and respect
eloquent without resentment
uncensored -uninhibited
brazenly but, intelligent
about the struggle
of the 99%

our battle
day to day struggle
I want my poetry
to be empowerment
not for a moment
but, feeling my rhyme
for a lifetime

I want my words to weave
a reprieve
truth exposed and told
factual and bold

I want my poetry
to be my children's
and their children's
children's legacy
his and her story
Our story

I want to instill
the promise and
possibilities of Love
and its utter beauty
I want my poetry
to be voice of conscience
and common sense

setting aside differences
for the better
and greater good
musing and haunting your mind
time after time....

David Boswell

I want my poetry to make you shed tear for the ones who live in fear.

I want my poetry to show you they lied when they say a young rebel without a cause. I'm the young rebel wit a cause. The cause of me being real it/ stupid wit it/ you cant get wit it/ get off me before i blast you wit it/ now i'm out of it.

I want my poetry to make you feel my pain not just my pain. But the pain of every black kid who has been through hell.

I want to tell our story i want you to our voice .

I want you to feel our words. The government thinks they can control us haha. They thinking wrong we can use the power of our tongues. To show we belong but how long will they notice?

Yusif A. Smith

I want my poetry to show a philosophical mind,
I want my poetry to air tales of the moral kind.
I want my poetry to warn the peoples of their actions,
I want my poetry to garner fine & diverse reactions.

There's no better way
To pass your time
Than to spread love everyday
With your heart in mind.

I want my poetry to place some sense into your skulls,
I want my poetry to brighten lands of gray & dull.
I want my poetry to allow peace & unity,
I want my poetry to reign until we become free.

And with your heart in mind
Keep in mind your heart
And for being kind
This is a fine way to start.

Luna Soolay

I want my words to tantalize, mesmerize, and revitalize

To make a point, and take stock and realize

Many times I want to cause you ire

Stroke the flames of inner fire

Bring to light a hearts desire

To raise your mind above the mire

Evaluate....before you choose

To put you in someone else's shoes

Learn to see from different views

Shake you from a damaging ruse.

Elizabeth Castillo

I want my voice to be heard not just the angelic but the demonic side of me
My words would linger in an enchanting revelry

I want my poetry to echo in the dark, chants chiming in like a mystic symphony

I want my poetry to awaken sullen souls from their deep slumber
My legacy would not just drift away but will always be remembered.

A rebel with out a cause but there's still more than just a shallow applause,

I want my poetry verses to cause some commotion

I want my poetry to leave you hungry for more even if it will lead to exaggeration

I want my poetry to expose some unknown truths in society

I want my poetry to not just be a mere melody but one that will go down in history

Kevin D.L. McRae

I want my poetry to read like how I feel

That my heart cries for our children

Who do not realize yet the "Big Deal"

That there are those who will take

Until there's nothing left at all

And will try to speak down to us

To make us feel small!

These liars and cheats who steal from the land

Will someday wind up being there own contraband!

Yes I want my poetry to be shared like my heart

Then maybe someday....

Bigotry,

Anger,

Racism,

Injustice

Will Be FORCED TO DEPART!

Chuck Taylor

I want my poetry
to live in places I've never been
to haunt and befriend
to contrast and mend
to be the favorite quote
or even the footnote
to eclipse my life
beginning and end

Alan Jankowski

I Want My Poetry...

To be far more than just a rhyme,
An idle way to pass the time,
As you take in my words like a drink,

I want my words to make you think,
To make you examine your very soul,
And help you reach that ultimate goal,

I want my words to inspire the masses,
To join together and unite the classes,
To inspire people to make a start,
To see the good in another's heart.
To do what's right, as you should,
And bring about the greater good.

I want the words that I write,
To fill others with delight,
To satisfy your every need,
To free the world of hate and greed,
To wipe the tears from your eyes,
There for you to silence your cries,
My words your comfort in time of pain,
To bring you sunshine instead of rain.

And if some day I can't be by your side,
 Let my words be your guide,
 It is my gift I give to thee,
And as you read them, think of me,
 And even though I can't be there,
 I'll think of you and say a prayer,
And if my words should bring you peace,
And from your troubles provide release,
 It's what I want my poetry to do,
 To be my gift, from me to you.

Robby Baby

I want my poetry to be your yearning,
the words you wish for in eves soft closing of light,
that time in evenings reprieve,
in which behind closed eyes,
you see me in your blessed third eyes sight.

I want my poetry to be what you wish for to be written upon your soul,
seeped into your soul in calligraphic ink that wisps like black smoke upon your body,
a poetry unlike any other,
that tells the story of love in a language before unknown.

I want my words of poetry to be become the very sounds of your heart beating,
as you ponder upon them,
whispers of my souls yearning for my poetry for you to become so much more,
manifested as bodily action,
a physical tale of poetry written with the actions of two bodies entwined,
coupled in the couplets of amour.

I want the words of my poetry to inspire you,
to make you desire me as I desire the warmth of your bodies form,
keeping me warm in the cold winters of loves despair,
keeping me cool in summers heat,
as I run my hands with poetic skill amongst the tresses of your fine hair.

I want all this for you,
my living poem of loves power,
the flower that rises in my dawn,
body with skin soft as a newborn fawn,
fawned over in reverence with trembling and aching hands.
I wish that my poetry for you could every night lose its virginal state,
so that each poem that I write for you,
it may feel like the first one,
words of virginal excitement touching your mind for the first time,
as into the recess of your erotic mind they seep into,
planting the seeds of desire,
this energy simmering in your mind.

These words,
they climb like trellises of sweet thoughts upon your limbs,
entwining amongst your physical form to meet your psyche,
emerald green vines whose chloroform shine most brightly in mid days sun,
entwining you in the vines of love,
as your very body raises from the earth to meet my loves new dawn.

I want all this with such reverence and such ache,
the words that I compose for you in epithets of eros,
in couplets of loving verse,
these verses that converse with each other in hope of drawing you to me
...for you see,

when all is said and done,
more than almost anything in this world,

I want my poetry,
but when all is said and done,
more than anything that has come upon me in this life,
even more than my poetry,
I want
...you.

Rosalind Cherry

I Want My Poetry To...

I want my poetry
To make a stand
So that you can

Listen and understand
The words that I gather
From within my heart

I want my poetry to
Reach to your mind as
I express myself
To make a stand
Throughout the world

I want my poetry to speak
So you can get to know me
To know the real me
To know all the blessings
That I pass on this plate
I pass to you and you
And you and you

I want my poetry to
Be sent as Heaven as
God is sending down
His love upon me
In my heart
I extend to all of you

I want my poetry to
Turn around and stand
Loud as I scream
All over the world
Nationwide to
The corner to the curb
To my next door neighbor
To my friend
To all my poetry family

I want my poetry heard
For someone to listen
Within reason then
I will be humbled
Then I am true
I express what
I feel . . .this is me

I want my poetry
To be a part of me
Spreading to you
So you all know
How I feel
About poetry

I want you
To know me...why

Because I love poetry
The way poets
Express themselves
Each and every word
I take it deep
Within my soul
Because in order to
Know a poet
You have to
Know their soul.

Janet Caldwell

I want my poetry to make us stop and think.

I want my poetry to re-educate
and to enlighten the globe.

I want my poetry to exude peace
show you, me and them,
we are not a disease.

I want my poetry to help us understand
truth, make us see . . . that we are
created by ONE energy.

I want my poetry to help
regurgitate the BS lies
that we've swallowed our entire lives.

I want my poetry to expose forced
Propaganda, it is far reaching and alive.

I want my poetry to shout loud, in your face that
Racism thrives, digesting “stories” passed
down as a celebrated meal, come on
now people, get real.

I want my poetry to show you
there's zero color or creed, in love . . .
stop spouting this insanity!!!

We are ONE energy, get it together Family
no more C'est la vie.

I want my poetry to start a movement,
and today is the day. Ignorance is not bliss
think... it draws a line in the sand.

I want my poetry to make you stop and think
to re-educate you, and to enlighten you.
One love, One Race, One Man.

I want my poetry to manifest my dreams.

I want my poetry to radiate a love beam for eternity
to dissolve hardened, lacquered hearts
rearrange you and me.

I want my poetry to . . .
Evaporate borders, to the finest
mist. . . . ONE . . . zero degree.

I want my poetry to help us see
that we are getting nowhere
without the laying down of arms
at a table meet.

I want my poetry to stop the spilled DNA.
dangling from our cerebral seams.
We skein and thread, prick our fingers
and bleed. A quilt is not made,
that will cover you and me.
Lend an ear . . . blanket us with peace.
As it is, we are all freezing.

I want my poetry to manifest Peace.

Gabriel Vasichek

I want my poetry to unwrap the present,
step out of the box
and re-wrap the mystery...
then pass the present along.

Allison Davies

I want my poetry to stand tall and proud as summer wheat,
to shout in subways,
to hurl itself on barbed wire just
to get your attention,
to sing to you of snow fields and mountains
so beautiful they can stop your heart
in your chest, boom, like that,
to send you spinning through the cosmos,
to draw you closer than a lover,
to dive deep below the surface,
to wear red patent leather shoes,
to capture the tail of a comet and offer it to you on
a platter at midnight
when the wild wolves howl and the tipsy moon
bends her face towards you.

I want my poetry to surge like tides, to pulse like blood,
trip you on its coat-tails,
follow you home, batter down your door,
push its way into your hall,
drink your wine, trash your novels, leave mud on the carpet,
spend itself like a lottery winner's last ten pounds.

I want my poetry to sing that if this is all we have,
if now is all there is on this spinning space marble,
we should be braver than we are, we should speak the truth,
take bigger risks. Who knows? It might just lead
somewhere incredible.

LauraSue Gutierrez-Simmons

I want my poetry to touch you, caress you...

I want my poetry to own you, possess you...

I want my poetry to set your heart afire...

I want my poetry to fill you with desire...

Zane Teart

I Want My Poetry
to arouse those deep emotions
as it penetrates your mind
one that leaves you knowing
for a moment we were intertwined

Denise Swoveland

I want my poetry to break the racial barrier.

I want my poetry to kick the Evil Ones butt in a spiritual sense.

I want my poetry with passionate love God and His Works.

I want my poetry to represent powerful spiritual wisdom beyond human imagination.

I want my poetry to be candid, with a compassionate for good people.

I want my poetry filled with laughter, smiles, joy, peace, God's wisdom and love.

Cheryl SublimePoetess Faison

I Want My Poetry

I want my poetry to be heard by those
Who feel like I have nothing to say
I want them to know
I am the messenger of a brand new day
I want to tell them the time has now come
We are no longer divided, we have become one

I want my poetry to be louder than loud
I want my poetry to be a reflection of you that
I see inside of me each day when I rise and shine

I want my poetry to be rhythmic like the words
And the lines of everyone's mind
Who has decided today is going
To be a brand new day
We are going to do it our way
We're not going to listen to you anymore
We're not going to have our voices silenced
We're not going to be destroyed anymore
By your hate or by your shame
You don't have any power any more

i want my Poetry to . . .

I want my poetry to be
Everything and all things
Because I want my poetry to be
A reflection of the you inside me.

Renata Brown

I Want My Poetry to Make Room

People say Rebe, your pen is different

What you have to comprehend this wasn't given to me by man

The most high gifted me with words

From a child dropped them in my spirit as scriptures

Way before a cypher, internet, MySpace, Facebook was in the picture

Now the worldwide web is filled with poetic heretics

That are little more than popularity based, groupies and clicks

Few want to develop the craft

Like junkies just want a quick fix or a snap, or pat on the back

No real message thought or purpose in the pen

Since when did poetry become a sport, battling and slamming for a win

Saying it is all in fun, perhaps poets we better think again

I want my poetry to make room

For word that penetrate souls and change lives

Words that are radically bold that bust down stereotypes

Make room

Clean out your poetry closet

make room

For conscious thoughts that turn into conscious actions

make room

For syllables that move hearts and mountains

make room

For words that change the world

Kevin M. Hibshman

I want my poetry to birth worlds,
unbind views
and celebrate the myths we are.

Paul Downs

I want my poetry to paint a picture

I want my poetry to sew a quilt
take away the boundaries
and take away the guilt

We all have pain and sorrow to lament
but we are all human - and that's our cement

We can build on that foundation
become linked one and all
only in this will we not stumble and fall

I want my poetry to be clear

I want my poetry to not contain fear

I want my words to be shared will all
so that all as one we will hear

Michael W. Bonds

I want my poetry to Walk TALL and carry a Louisville Slugger

I want my poetry to do “Walk By’s” out in the open, FUCK undercover.

I want my poetry to be a MAN!

I want my poetry to take a STAND!

I want my poetry to be faithful and trustworthy

I want my poetry to get down and dirty

I want my poetry to have stitches, bruises and scars

“No Holds Barred”, I want my poetry to be Mixed Martial Arts

I want my poetry to be reminiscent of Nathaniel Turners uprising

I want my poetry to be nonconformist, hard to stomach and uncompromising

I want my poetry to light up a child’s eyes and put a pedophiles lights out

I want my poetry to resurrect the memories of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark,

I want my poetry to taste like poison in today’s William O’Neal’s mouths

Aria Nicole

I want my poetry to massage the aching heart

I want my poetry to embrace the troubled soul

I want my poetry to incite mental riots that set the mind free

I want my poetry to speak DIVINE truth

Elise Fee

I want my poetry to
tiptoe past your armored guards
still your roiled waters till they become a placid pool of serenity
seep into your heart's hidden, secret spaces
ooze into your awareness subtly and imperceptibly
tap into your deepest divine roots to nourish you
strengthen your connection to everyone, everywhere
evoke peaceful feelings you never thought were possible
refresh your memory of who you really are
stir your soul's longings anew
inspire life's passion and purpose to arise within you
propel you into the world to touch the lives of others in profound ways
become a seedling and impetus for humanity's transformation

Purify Love

I Want my poetry to...

I want my poetry to make you feel like YOUR voice is the one that's being heard,

I want my poetry to speak to your pain and tears when you feel hurt,

I want my poetry to ignite the flame that you lost while
working that 9-5 type of work,

I want my poetry to lift you out of your own funk, out of your own dirt,

I want my poetry to push you towards your fullest
potential and strength, causing you to finally realize your worth!

I want my poetry to give full right to your god-given birth,
help you understand your purpose,

love yourself and others with or without words,
say sorry when you know you were wrong to expose
what was under someone else's pants or skirt,

I want my poetry to make you realize that we ALL need work,

I want my poetry to cause you to stop running from the mirror,

I want my poetry to make you feel every emotion under the sun,
while still giving you the discernment to realize the bad and good that lurks,

I want my poetry to cause you to look at your whole life from birth to death and death to birth,

I want my poetry to be what changes you and shows you just how awesome God is and the depth
of the universe, in this earth, constantly at work.

Celeste Duckworth

I Want My Poetry To....

Prepare the soul of the heart who hears...

For the planting of good seeds

That will Inspire and motivate but

Most of all to see the world through

The eyes of God....

Then take what you see

And set this world on fire

With the truth of a pure love...

Chris Ferebee

I WANT MY POETRY TO ADDRESS AND WAKE UP THE MASSES ABOUT THE
SOCIAL ISSUES THAT HAVE BEEN TUCKED AWAY IN THE CLOSET FOR FAR TO
LONG

WANT MY POETRY TO TOUCH AND HEAL SOMEBODY

I WANT IT TO PARK SOMEONES INNER AMBITIONS AND TO LET PEOPLE--KNOW
THAT IF AT THE AGE OF 52 IF I CAN PICK UP THE PEN AND START AGAIN THEN SO
CAN YOU

I THANK MY BROTHER

WORDS OF WILLIAM FOR HELPING ME TO FIND MY VOICE

Rosemarie Howard

I Want My Poetry to...
define and refine
inner emotions and notions
drinking the life of potions

I Want my Poetry to.....
gather cruelties relinquish them
with all the brutalities

I Want My Poetry to....
see the color of LOVE
comes from Him above
Poetry so pure
long lasting to endure
all evils and pain's

I Want My Poetry to....
sustain and maintain
highways to forgiveness
to relieve all stress
thoughts to caress

I Want My Poetry to....
blanket all circumstances
in which all Poet's are given chances
to redeem
no matter the theme

I Want My Poetry to....
rescue and challenge passageways
it will march and not be silent on
any given day

I Want My Poetry to...
unleash imaginations
dreams and wishes everlasting
releasing all devastations

I Want My Poetry to...
be creativity
not based on failure but
it lives successfully

I Want My Poetry to....
not live stagnated but
elated and always congratulated
for being unique

I Want My Poetry to....
be what you seek.....

Olivia Sharp aka Lady Divine

I want my poetry to...

Tap into the heart strings of the old and young

Strum through and change the beat of the “lub-dub” of their heart’s song...

Lift somber spirits

With my God-given poetic lyric

I want you to see the real me

Mind, soul, not body, but spirit

I want my poetry to

Rep and illustrate the GOD in me

Let HIM show out like He does through me

Let HIM...

Snip

Clip

Strip

The burdens of the willful listeners

And crack the jaw of the bitter, condemning, ill thinking, sooth-saying, questioners

I...

Want my poetry to

More importantly see through

walls of hurt and pain and then do

Reconstructive surgeries on sagging self esteem

Give face lifts to the frowns on troubled teens

To

Help and bring out the depressed and downtrodden who

Have gotten lost in downward spirals of defeat and “Boo-hoo”s

I want my poetry to . . .

be as potent and wide spread as Ms. Angelou’s

And like her,

RISE up to my humbly bold pedestal

And be that PHENOMENAL WOMAN who walks and turns eyes

Because like my “Shero” I walk like I’ve got diamonds at the

Meeting of my thighs

I want my poetry to . . .

Bless, uplift, sift, shake, and CHANGE

This world for the goodness of the kingdom

Not fortune or fame

I want my ink to bleed joy

And shape the contents of my story

And ULTIMATELY shine and give HIM, my God all the Glory

Iulia Gherghei

My spell!

I want my poetry to envelope your inner being
to heal your scars that human blades have left there
My poetry would run through the very deepest you
like a cascade of ice
cooling the darkness's that human shames have seeded there
oh, yes, I've forgot to tell you
my poetry indeed will turn you upside down
will scatter you from all the evil
an angel maybe white it will appear in the mirror of your eyes...

I want my poetry.... it's like a spell over your heart....

Indy Eaze aka Flow2Eazy

I want my poetry to...

I want my poetry to reveal the ills that fill me
of heavy pressure,
brutal measures,
night terrors,
and bad scenes that weren't dreams but my reality.

I want my poetry to portray my actuality as your fiction.
and your calm as my friction
To mimic the constant tension I've lived with.

I want my poetry to cry for me without tears
for the years of fearing verbal, physical, & sexual abuse.

I want my poetry to wrap warmness around the cold shoulders
who turned their backs when my life had no track at all.

I want my poetry to speak my silence when my voice was powerless
further weakened by my cowardice choice to remain silent.

I want my poetry to teach others the lessons I've learned
from constant tragedies amongst countless casualties.

I want my poetry to evoke emotions
that spark connections of my past reflections.

I want my poetry to mirror my mental,
transcribe my thoughts,
and voice the passions within my heart.

I want my poetry to talk my talk
and walk my walk for me.
Whispering my secrets,
telling my history,
yelling my insecurities,
and demanding attention of others to just listen or read.
My poetry is most often my verbal visions of the conditions I've lived,
lived thru & still living with.
So I want my poetry to tell of me
the joys,
the trials,
the passions,
the heartache,
the heart breaks..
Most importantly, I want my poetry to give me the outlet I need
when voiced words aren't choice words
and bad words aren't nice words.
While written words, whether spoken or never verbally expressed,
are my most powerful voice.

Christiana Harrell ~ Priss V. Collaboration

I want my poetry to...

Say exactly who I am

Even when i'm not being all of me

Because sometimes I am broken

And I have no idea what it means to be free

I want my poetry to be the epitome of what's real

I want it to cry when it needs to

Laugh when its time to

I wouldn't mind if it bled through

Showing the struggle of my words against one another

When I stress trying to express myself

When I want to place my thoughts on a shelf

Because they just aren't good enough...

I want my poetry to remind me of where I started

Keep my head leveled and my heart humble

Keep me in the presence of mistakes and stumbling

I want my poetry to paint the world in black and white

Because colors seem so complicated

In terms of wrong and right

I want my poetry to

Exist...

Because even if it's never heard from my own lips

At least I said it silently

From my mind to your eyes

As you nod your head a little bit

In agreement

I want my poetry to

Shake souls

Break molds

Comfort pain

Endure change

I want my poetry to...

Speak...my...name

Michele Baron

I want my poetry to rage
without violence, against injustice, despair and fear;

I want my poetry to reach
beyond where I can go, to find kindness and understanding;

I want my poetry to risk
exposing scars and fears, needs and vulnerability, to find strength in trust and truth;

I want my poetry to roar
with the challenges and glories of this life, to value thankfulness and joy;

I want my poetry to ruin
complacent acceptance, fearful silence, tyrannical force;

I want my poetry to raise a voice, however distant or unheard;

I want my poetry to rise like light:
to shine through broken dreams to hope,
to shine through desolation to faith,
to shine through everything and all, to love.

Ampat Koshy

i want my poetry to
get me lots of money
and get me out of scrapes like the one i'm in
of unwittingly breaking the law
and of always betraying my friends unintentionally
of messing up my life
because i don't know how to function
and there's no place in the world for people like me
but i got to keep on
writing poetry
for nothing
because i want my poetry to
be my door out
of this cell
though it has no door
seemingly

Richard Wiley

I want my poetry,
to outlive me,
to outlive my reader,
to open eyes to see,
that even the pupil can be the teacher,
to sustain, obtain, retrain that area of the brain,
that says to be a positive force in society,
that you have to bury alive what's left of your identity,
and be sheep,
following flocks of the edge of the meadow's cliff towards the shore's rocks
for the shepherd's prosperity,
can't we all be free? my poetry asks of me,
and all I can do is trudge on
for poetic justice
within what I want,
and what I want
is my poetry.

Charles SeaBe Banks

i want my poetry>>>>^^<<<< to come in with the First Breath...of mornRise

Risin' Slowly like the SuNN....

partin' Dark Clouds...

revealin' Mountainous paths..trees grass...

sea shells Ocean swells...

sandy beaches...Fun lovin'...

kiDDs screams yells...

my first words...Hello..

breaken a sleepin spell...

I want my words... to float above..dark clouds...

settin' on upturned liPPs....just a bit...

Gloom n Doom ...can wait a while

let Joy have a turn.....Just a bit...

Buckets Full Please...

World Souls need ...

too breathe...

the Noon Sunn heats my skin...

hues colored!!!!!!!!!!!!shades listen...

(.....inhalation seizin....)

apex ...this I love this...

energy speakin and I'm in...

with U!!

exhalation..vvv down stroke the city lites
wet streets corner beats...
alley scenes despairs creep in...
separated and alone..with.... out... U...
exhalation complete
.....pause.....
.....An.....paws.....
...ann P a...u...s...e...m oonbeamssss
Thoughts wunder in this inaction...
Up and down ...in out...
Taking control the changin'
Lights peekin....
Inhalation teamin .. like a crowd..
an1.an.2.an.3..an 4..
I want my poetry to opens doors with every Breath
First in the morn ... alone or with U...
Risn slowly like the SuNN....

Justice Chikandamina

I want my poetry
to shed a story
causing
soft awakenings
that makes souls
dance or sing
vowels and syllables
that unites
all as people
become aware
of what sits
within them
around them
everywhere
in the here
and the now
and the then
for roots
are pillars

marking
where one
has been
that way
some souls
may be grounded
for gravity
must have pull
and play
a central role
as it bows
to cosmic circles
timeless lyrics
whispers
on wings
carriers
of the vows
that glows
phasing out
all that may be darkness
on hearing dosages
of my poetry shed in stories.

John R Early II

I want my poetry to be . . . just be
I want my poetry tell you what I see
I want my poetry sited, long after my death
I want my poetry to have width and height and depth and breadth.
I want it to debate and dispute and discuss
I want my poetry to whisper and shout and cuss
I want my poetry to be everlasting much like gobstoppers
I want my poetry to have swag like hip hoppers
I want my syllables to be majestic and regal and elegant and proud
I want my poetry to be chameleonic and disappear in the crowd
I want my poetry to be clever like cleaver, my soul on ice
I want it to be magical and tragical like steinbecks mice
I want it quoted like elliot and wordsworth and poe
like shakur and smalls and bambaataa and blow
I want my poetry to have substance in silence and symmetry in sound
I want it to cover the whole world and weigh less than a pound
I want it to be eso and exoteric all at the same time
I want it to have rhythm even when it doesn't have rhyme
I want my poetry to lead and follow and learn and teach
I want my poetry to promote, and provoke, and provide and preach
I want it outside the lines every chance that it gets
I want to bring my a-game, so much that sweet sweats
What I want most from my poetry – each stanza – each sentence each word.
What I want most from my poetry is to simply be heard

Cherryl Aldave

I want my poetry to pick up a hammer and smash things, bash things
Steal money from the rich so poor people could have things
Things like good food and health care and the happiness security brings

I want my poetry to destroy this system where a few have everything

Gibra-El Walker

I want my poetry to enlighten and inspire

I want my poetry to create within people a passionate fire

I want my poetry to raise intelligent, thinking minds higher

I want my poetry to make thinkers stop being the subjects of other's ire

To bring an end to the cycles of hate and ignorance, a revolution has got to commence

I want my poetry to make black women stop talking about black men's low worth.

I want my poetry to make black men stop chasing all women but black upon the Earth.

I want my poetry to give black children the fathers that they need

I want my poetry to stop missing fathers from sowing, but not tending their seed

Young brothers and sisters choose all play and no work, and in the end it is only themselves that they hurt

I want my poetry to show everyone upon the Earth that we are kin

I want my poetry to pierce deeply into minds and sink in

I want my poetry to wear our complacency induced patience thin

I want my poetry to fight the war and win.

Diane Sismour

Words scream, and jump, and shout, everywhere we turn

I want my poetry to grab your ear and make you listen

I want my poetry diving from above and come out glistening

I want my poetry echoing as a canyon, across the land

I want my poetry to live around the world, hand in hand

Keith Morris

I wish for my poetry to be like footprints in the sand,

I wish for my words 2 be like guidance to your hands.....

I want my poetry to be a voice in the mind, A prayer to the spirit, And a inspiration to the heart,

I want my Words to be apart of this history, Apart of this day and time,

I wish for my poetry to be a sign, as well as vision,

I invite the world into my intuition and every eye can see the candle that lights my soul, Humble yourself inside the 1229 Scroll....May my words be as wise as the ~solomon songs~ And may my poetry be as inspiring as a David psalms or as ~lite~ like when the sun overshadows the dawn....

I wish for my poetry to be chorus to the birds chirp,

I wish for my words to be healing 2 those that hurt....

I wish for my poetry to cool the sun down and heat up the moon,

I want my poetry to be like prayer at noon.... May my poetry make the mind wise and the spirit chill, May my words be THE MOST HIGHS WILL.....

I want my poetry to fulfill.... The unseen poet scroll 1229

Latrice LadyElegance Watkins

I want my poetry, to bring light in the mist of darkness

To wipe away the fears of self doubt.

I want my poetry to enlighten the heaviest hearts

I want my poetry to dance in spirit and free to wonder

I want my poetry to bleed truth and knowledge

To all that have eyes to read and ears to hear

I want my poetry to be a part of history

To never die but continue to rise and soar on high

I want my poetry to teach and embrace all races

From one side of the earth to the other.

I want my poetry to heal the sick minds &

Restore faith in mankind.

I want my poetry to reflect peace in my over soul

To express joy and stories yet to be unfolded

I want my poetry to stand the test of time.

Melanie Jones

I want my poetry to be that unheard voice
To be the tear that goes unheard
To be the happy song the heart sings
To be the voice that makes you scream
Justice for the unjustified
The truth where there once was lies
To be the pain that makes you scream
To be the healing that makes you dream
To erase the shadows of doubt that cloud your mind
To take you to beautiful places in other times....
I want my poetry to make you cry and know that you aren't alone
I want my poetry to make you laugh to know that love is shown
I want my poetry to embrace in love
To help you through times that are tough
I want my poetry to make you realize
That this journey is something we all have to share
That the burdens in life we can help each other bare
I want my poetry to take you on journey
Shared with me
That through my eyes you will see something
You may have never seen

I want my poetry to move you

I want my poetry to lose you

I want my poetry to find you

I want my poetry to be

A rainbow of emotions....

Take my hand and join me on my journey

As I paint the world....in my story.....my song....

My poetry.....

Poetry Dancer

Wynne Henry

I want my poetry to...

I want my poetry to run in circles around conformity...

to leap, jump and twirl and sing high praises

to heal, to mend, to feel

to bring light, to reveal

to inspire, bring light, and to be free...

... i want my poetry to be a reflection of me.

Gary Malone

I Want My Poetry...

I want my poetry to liberate, educate and be heard
I want my poetry smile, laugh, cry, uplift, entertain-rock the world
I want my poetry to bless all men, women, boys and girls
From coast to coast I want my poetry to be like crack or meth
Very addictive become a habit, a literary drug, potent lethal spit
Transforming minds, an intellectual blunt every want to hit
When I step to a mic I want my poetry to sing, rhyme and talk shit
Imagine my poetry's a penis and your thought process a clit
As my words penetrate deeper multiple orgasms one is sure to get
I want my poetry to be powerful enough to erase prejudice
Cease hatred, expose terrorists and evil leaders like Kony
I want my poetry to rescue all invisible children held in type of bondage
Set them free
I want my poetry to teach, preach, and pray
Shine light on darkness and illuminate a better divine way
I want my poetry to bring joy, give hope and make peace
I want my poetry to stop all wars, make all injustices cease
Wait I'm I asking too much of my poetry, I'm I in touch with reality
Real talk poetry can only do so much but more so
I want on every heart I want my poetry to touch

I want my poetry to be publish and as iconic as Soul Train, riding tracks from Soul to soul

I want my poetry to be a vintage classic like purple rain

I can go on and on about what I want my poetry to do

Especially as long as my poetry spit the truth

Really though most of all I want my poetry to be inspired from

El-Shadi, God Almighty that sits high above

I want my poetry to be love and spread love

I want my poetry to be a revolution, a movement

I want my poetry to stand and fight but more importantly

I want my poetry to live and be like Christ.

William S. Peters, Sr.

i want my poetry

a Rebel Poetry the chant

i want my poetry to touch your soul
i want my poetry to fill that hole in your heart
i want my poetry to move you to action
just like mr. Jackson
i want my poetry to make you stand up
be counted

yes . . .

i want my poetry
to make you rip the flesh of your delusions
from your false realities, bias and prejudice
that you may perhaps get a glimpse
of your higher self

i want my poetry
to be that key
that unlocks the chains
of your enslaved thoughts
i do hope you can read . . .
hear and listen

i want my poetry
to make your soul scream so loud
that it expands and explodes
and the noise of its voice
pollutes the world with Truth

i want my poetry
to hold the hands of your dreams
upon it's breast
and for you to feel
the heartbeat of joys not yet spoken
that is labeled with your name

i want my poetry
to kiss your aspirations
with smiles of happy butterflies
that i may watch you simply dance
because you can

i want my poetry
to open the floodgates of your reason
that your limited perspectives
of difference and deference drown
in the cascade of the waters of unity

i want my poetry
to till the soils of your spiritual garden
with possibilities
and plant ever abundant new seeds
of exponential-ness
so that all previous preconceived boundaries
and limitedness
will dissipate
into the eternal ether of nothingness
and you learn to laugh at your self
again

i want my poetry
to compel you
assist you
in the removal of your mask
to compel you to rip your clothes off
to compel you to
dance in the streets naked like David
that we, you can see who you truly are
and be affirmed that you are
fine
and
divine

i want my poetry
to teach you and me
the divine art form
and purpose
of spiritual masturbation
that we may learn
to no longer condemn the holy
which resides within each of us
and we learn to forgive ourselves

i want my poetry
to eradicate our reluctance
to love each other,
to lose the inhibitions we have been taught
indoctrinated to embrace as the right way
and learn a new way
this day
of how to love

i want my poetry
to be loving
kind
to be enduring
accepting
non judgmental
uplifting
enlightening
embracing
empowering

i want my poetry
to reflect the beauty of creation
i want my poetry
to reflect the best of who i may be
i want my poetry
to be poetry
and help you become
a Poem

~

~ *fini* ~

I want my poetry to be the voice of those who can not express themselves in wordand to touch the heart and mind in ink

Armita D. Doggett ~ Poet / Author

I very am proud to be a part of this amazing piece, may the momentum grow exponentially!

Luna Soolay
Author, Artists, Musician, Mother, Person

YOU WILL BE ENRAGED, UPLIFTED, ENCHANTED AND ABSORBED BY THE WORDS OF THE POETS ...

JANET CALDWELL
AUTHOR, POET, WRITER

The powerful words within these pages offer fruit for thought to awaken the spirit of all humankind.

Teresa E. Gallion
Poet and Author

POETRY LIVES, BREATHEES . . .

Martina Reisz Newberry
Writer

ssshhhhhhh . . .

listen . . .

My poetry and its meaning are a simple statement. this collaboration of voices and gifts and spirits are the stuff of movements.

John R Early
Artist, & Author

impassioned words advocating Peace, Justice, One Love, and Equality for Everyone

Jill Delbridge
Author



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