

The Journey, Your Global Digital Radio Show hosted by Neville DeAngelou

Poems by **Madam Chair Cynthia Pearson**  
at Poets Round Table on  
The Journey - Your Global Digital Radio Show

### **Easy**

She is Easy,  
No *Pretty Woman*.  
Young, insecure,  
Never refusing,  
Always pleasing.  
Sunk to the lowest  
Depths of service.  
Her men  
Unloved her,  
Soiled her,  
Made cheap  
As trash,  
Wrinkled,  
Discarded,  
Kicked along  
A dusty road.  
Shielding new  
Conquests in  
Tinted cars  
Of yesterday's grime,  
Now they hurl  
Today's fumes  
On her fading frame,  
For being Easy.

### **The Writers' Circle**

The fragile circle once smooth and round  
Is it now cracked and torn?  
Shattered and splintered  
The pieces tired and worn?  
Has the circle of verse scattered  
Without a comment?  
Pieces gone into blogging places,

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Living vicariously on the social pages?  
Are some pieces ranting and raving  
Of debates that are never ending?  
Have some fallen victims of a heavy burden  
And rhyme has simply become an aversion?  
Yet, remains a shining shard of light,  
The enemy of Goliath has kept up the fight  
The flickering flame of the writers' circle  
Still held high-  
Damned if he'll let the poetic pieces die!

### **Season[ing]**

Her classmate said scallion  
Would do it; rubbing daily  
Tiny button sprouts not yet  
Harnessed. Pubescent dream  
Of bulbs in full bloom in  
A lush garden scene took  
To the girls' bathroom  
To force-ripe full sized cups.

No more than ten they believed  
Those tales, working the babes,  
Massaging until the sun ripened,  
And marinating buds absorbed  
Pungent scallion green hidden  
Beneath. As the girls steamed  
Only frustration grew- their season  
Had yet to come and button sprouts  
Remained under, long unseen.

### **The Reaper**

opening  
the swollen pod  
of gungo  
in the partial  
shade,  
the reaper  
paused  
at the open womb;  
only two

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fit to reap.

mature peas  
were born,  
but  
the tiny ones  
aborted growth,  
in the same pod,  
still attached  
by the cord,  
refusing to grow  
in the light.

watching  
miscarried  
gungo seeds  
in the shadows,  
the reaper  
felt the loss  
of death,  
unable to bring  
her fruit  
to fullness.

pondering  
darkly  
at night,  
the reaper  
questioned  
the science  
of hostility  
against  
the tender  
embryonic seeds.

yet,  
reaching out  
at dawn  
knowing  
nature's quirks,  
the reaper  
in faith  
opened

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another womb  
to harvest.

### I'm not fit

I'm not fit.  
I'm not fit to teach this generation.  
I'm old school, old fogey, unfit  
To use all this modern technology.  
I'm not instant, my mind has been  
Aged for some time to produce the  
Best blend and to discard illogic dregs.

I'm not fit.  
I'm not fit to reach this generation,  
Who needs to cut and swallow fast,  
Unfit, for I'm slow when they are always  
On the go, distracted, not caring  
If the nuggets of truth have been  
Digested for something useful.

I'm not fit.  
I'm not fit to teach this generation.  
Unfit, full stop.  
They accuse me for taking too long to give  
The test and I'm hoping they would chew,  
Savour the sweet taste of knowledge instead.  
But they protest that with quick 1, 2, 3 steps  
Regurgitation would have been best.

I'm not fit,  
I'm not fit to reach this generation,  
Unfit, so I simply sit and wonder if  
Our modern world will no longer need  
Percolating minds to read, to think,  
To reason meaningfully  
For the future good of the society.

So, I do not fit.  
I do not fit into this generation.  
Can't fit, for with yet another invention  
Replacing me to teach,

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I worry, I bitch  
That Apple brains and Microsoft hands  
Will retire me for being obsolete,  
And for being an old age glitch.

Poems *by* **Rock Stone**  
at Poets Round Table on  
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### Contextual Page Rage

Dastardly  
De-contextualized  
Deliveries  
Obfuscate  
Truth  
And adjudicate  
To subjugate  
The powerless  
To placate  
The interests  
Of the powerful.  
They infuriate  
The prophets  
Who separate  
God's intention  
From the pretention  
Of those who  
Claim to speak  
As divine projection.  
The Oracle exposes  
Biased predilections  
That confound  
In ways profound,  
To the extent  
That the oppressed  
Their own demise express  
As divine intent.  
Holy Writ  
Lays bare

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Man's lack of care  
For brother  
And sister  
Whom he recasts  
As inferior,  
Of less value  
Than the stature  
Of the divine image  
In which all are created.  
Texts written  
Out of oppression  
Will always  
Denounce repression  
If read in context,  
And not as pretext  
For man's dehumanizing  
Selfishness.  
So up with Garvey,  
Bogle and Gordon,  
Bonhoeffer, King and X,  
Romero, Gutierrez;  
Cone, Wright and Francis,  
Ruther, Walker and Toussaint;  
Nanny, Sharpe, Fanon,  
Mandela, Tutu and others  
Angered by the  
Senseless injustice  
That uglies the Divine Heart.

### **The Moon**

The moon shines a dull light  
Barely illuminating the steps  
That lead to my room.  
Its partner-less walk through the night  
Hides the path for those  
Who find romance a distant memory,  
Or an all too painful pipedream.  
It creeps through the casement window,  
And peeps through my open door,  
But the wonderful footsteps of love  
And the sweet aroma of her rose petals

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Remain on the outside.  
I place my fingers in my ears  
Stopping the mocking sound  
Of a distant love song.

### **Nature's Nurture**

*The gentle breeze  
Blows in pleasant memories  
Of the cooling shade  
Of your larger than life presence.  
You were our respite  
From the summer's searing heat;  
Your arms held us aloft  
As we swung gaily to the sky.  
You bore in your body  
The brands of our love,  
As you proudly displayed  
Our hearts for all to see.*

*I remember wondrous days  
When we shared you  
With others who found  
Your unsurpassed hospitality  
A truly irresistible lure;  
Love's sweetness flowed freely  
From your inexhaustible bounty.  
I remember those secret times,  
When I poured out my pain,  
Going on, again and again –  
You listened without interruption,  
Uttering no words of condemnation.*

*Today it is painfully difficult  
To view your fragility;  
Your arms of strength  
Do not bend in the breeze,  
You are no longer wrinkle free.  
Your shade has all but disappeared,  
Your abundant sweetness - history;  
Others see only your agony.  
But memories of your nurture*

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*Inspire me to be their stability,  
A pleasant presence in their turmoil,  
The love that comes from mother.*

### **I Hate**

I hate when people abuse their children  
With claims that I should mind my own business;  
I hate it when men squander hard earned money  
And wantonly spend it in sheer idiocy,  
Leaving dependent mothers and offspring to suffer.  
I hate it when fathers sleep with their adult daughters,  
Or when mothers cohabit with their grown sons  
As perverted objects of their sensual liaisons –  
Consenting adulthood is no differentiation,  
I hate this with a most ardent passion.  
I hate it when idiots senselessly blow up others  
For nothing more than some despicable obedience  
To some misguided, xenophobic, religious obeisance.  
I hate it when the rich and famous spend wantonly  
Compounding the suffering of those in their slavery.  
I hate the modern political correctness  
That's nothing more than a bowing "scaredness"  
To those who think they have bought the franchise  
On determining right from wrong..  
I hate when men hatingly distort my passion,  
Branding it as some bigoted occupation  
Trying to kill those who choose a different way.  
They ardently maintain that hating is evil  
The spawn of a megalomaniac, theistic devil,  
And look, they hate me back more viciously.  
I hate what we have made of life  
By hating that we ought to have the right  
To be free to logically express that which we hate.

### **"I Had Was To"**

He spoke with an affected eloquence,  
Words that were a curious string of beads –  
Mismatched colours side by side  
Paraded with misguided notions



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Of the most ardent propriety.  
Yes, each stood independently,  
Proudly refusing to enhance  
The beauty and value of the others.  
Cadence and coherence were expelled  
And replaced by a jarring functionality  
That distorts more than delivers.  
I had was to comment on this occurrence.

By David Pearson