

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.