

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

Poems *by* **Rock Stone**

at the Poets Round Table on

The Journey - Your Global Digital Radio Show

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
Man's lack of care
For brother
And sister
Whom he recasts
As inferior,
Of less value
Than the stature

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

Nature's Nurture

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

I Hate

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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
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.

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I had was to comment on this occurrence.

By David Pearson