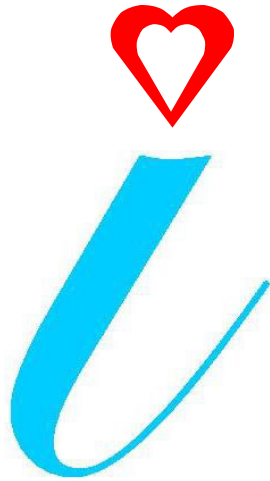


*a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...*

*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

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2012**

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# *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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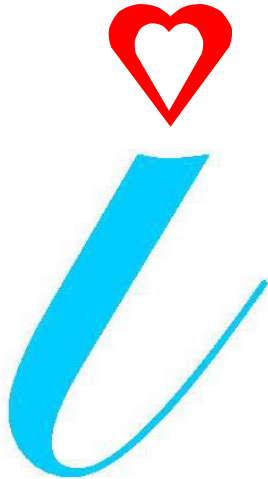
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*Poets . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that  
nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our  
words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe  
there is something grand about the possibilities that life has  
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.

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

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*poetry is . . .*



## Monte Smith

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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!"

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 fulfill 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 4<sup>th</sup> 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  
26

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

I Want My Poetry To . . .

inspired by Monte Smith

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

I WANT MY POETRY TO...

inspired by Monte Smith

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

Untitled

## inspired by Monte Smith

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

I want my Poetry to . . .

inspired by Monte Smith

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!

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.

inspired by Monte Smith

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

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

inspired by Monte Smith

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

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

inspired by Monte Smith

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

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

inspired by Monte Smith

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...

...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...

## inspired by Monte Smith

...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...

...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...

inspired by Monte Smith

...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

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

inspired by Monte Smith

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...

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

## inspired by Monte Smith

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

## 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

inspired by Monte Smith

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

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!

inspired by Monte Smith

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

## 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

inspired by Monte Smith

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

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,

inspired by Monte Smith

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

## 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,

inspired by Monte Smith

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

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

inspired by Monte Smith

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

## 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*

inspired by Monte Smith

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”

*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

inspired by Monte Smith

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

I want my poetry to...

Populate imaginations

Bring serene scenes to dreams schemed

Modulate ratifications

Glean the things seen thru beams ringed

I want my poetry to...

inspired by Monte Smith

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

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

inspired by Monte Smith

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.

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.

inspired by Monte Smith

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....

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!

inspired by Monte Smith

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

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

inspired by Monte Smith

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

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

inspired by Monte Smith

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 tired  
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

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

inspired by Monte Smith

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

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

inspired by Monte Smith

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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Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative “Written Work”.

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## *Inner Child Press*

[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



inspired by Monte Smith

~ fini ~



want my

POEtRy to . . .  
volume II

*a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ... Monte Smith*

This second edition of 'I Want My Poetry To' is a beautiful and meaty offering inspired by Monte Smith the Street Poet. Prepare yourself for an invigorating read. I am touched by the Humanity that is found and the history being recorded within these pages. You will experience the highs and lows of today's society, with a loud cry of Justice and Freedom for all. In reading and re-reading the poems throughout, I found that the individual poets have a strong voice and one to be reckoned with. We simply asked the question, What is it that you want your poetry to do? We were met with verse upon verse, of prolific writings addressing a milieu or the environmental condition.

In this day and age you would think that Humanity would have evolved further. Endlessly we read and hear about senseless murders and crimes against our Brothers and Sisters. We, the poets have the ability to capture and paint word pictures for a brighter today, while staying in the now. We all vie for a safe, friendly and accepting environment. With this offering we are leaving a legacy to our Children and Grand-Children by recording these precarious times and how we'd like to change them with our words.

We are all marking our place and time in History. These pleas will go down throughout the ages for generations to come. I invite you all to pick it up, read and enjoy this wonderful, moving offering to the world, *I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume II* as recorded by the Global Poets of Humanity.

Janet P. Caldwell ~ Chief Administrator ~ Inner Child



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