

The Gift



A Collection
of poems
inspired
by God
and life
itself

Dear Friend,

Thank you for downloading “The Gift.” As a published author, I have chosen not to charge for the downloads of this poem collection and instead I kindly request that you make a tax-deductible donation, in whatever amount you can afford, to help feed the hungry in the U.S. and abroad.

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Thank you and have a blessed day. - Jimmy Locust

INDEX

The Simple Logic

Rainbow

Clean House

Peace of Mind

Patience

Life Under Death

Mangled Minds

*Involuntary Emotion **

*Untitled **

* *Published in The Butterfly Tree (An anthology of Black writing from the upper midwest)*

Edited by Conrad Balfour, Publisher C. W. Truesdale, Many Minnesotas Project #2

New Rivers Press 1985, © 1985 by New Rivers Press,

Library fo Congress Catalog Number 85-60565 ISBN 0-89823-068-3

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The Simple Logic

*Lord I know the simple logic.
You show me everyday.
But there must be something wrong with my ears
Because sometimes I don't hear what you say.
The times my drums are clear.
I seem to ignore your lead,
but then when I'm down and out
My drums of my ears clear, then I can hear.
Then I can hear.
Lord I know the simple logic.
Once again you've cradled me.
Tucking me away from all fear.
Forgiving me, washing my slate clear.
Sometimes I feel I don't deserve you Lord.
By the actions I put forth.
Supposed to be out here representing.
Half the time looking like a joke.
Lord I know the simple logic.
I see it when I look in the sky.
When I touch the ground.
When I hear words that make me cry.
I wrote this poem called "Rainbow"...
it was a gift from me to you.
It talks about the lining of your kingdom.
It talks about what you brought me through.
I think I found the simple logic
but this time I need to hold on.
For truth is in the heart.
And logic is in the soul.*

Rainbow

*Walking all alone.
No light in my soul.
Resisting all your calls.
Too proud to bow my head.
Still trying to stand strong.
Not willing to admit I'm wrong.
Fell down and don't recall your hand there to pick
me up.*

*Show me your rainbow.
Show me the lining of your kingdom.
Show me your rainbow.
You are the vision I see.*

*Now that you got me up.
Been renewed with your power.
Now people can't shut me up so I move on.
This time I'm not changing tone.
Proud enough to sing a true song.
You are the light that I lost
I pray I wouldn't stray again.*

*You are my rainbow.
You are the kingdom.
You are the vision I see.*

Clean House

*I was following tracks to a long lost home.
Seeing the trash on the ground reflecting back to my soul
Time to clean house in this bondage soul of mine,
Some ropes have already been released
It's clean to the naked eye.*

*But I have a Father that has ex-ray vision
He shows me through text how to persuade my actions
to make ultimate, positive and final decisions.*

*Sometimes I think I know it all though,
As I try to slide by the truth.
Take this New York City morn as I trudge home after a night of ignorant passion,
knowing if I had listened to the text I would have never gone.
I guess that's what you get, when you listen to your flesh and drink alcohol.*

*Feeling like I let myself down,
I began to listen to that negative voice that bombarded my head.
"You should be ashamed!" "You shamed yourself!"
"Hey make yourself feel better, go ahead, do it again."*

*But I have an entity that sees all things
With the wind He touched my face letting me know it's a new day.
With the blink of my eye and a heartfelt prayer I knew my slate was clear.
Yesterday is in the past and it should stay there
All I can do is grasp what I know now and work on me
day by day by day by hour by minute by second by...*

Peace of mind

*Peace of mind is a place I find
on these tracks made of wood and beaten steel
mingling through havens and stations
with clear blue skies above.
The slight moistness in the air tells me
my skin is breathing freely and my heart is content.
My eyes feast on God's beauty.
He made in those seven days at the beginning of time.
Wires overhead strum a glorious concerto for my eyes to embrace
as concrete formations flash by with the quickness of a strobe light.
My eyes react as if they were recalling an image they didn't quite absorb,
reminding me of the days when I was a child, innocent, not yet torn.
I am grateful for this peace of mine that is one of the many gifts
from my Father who sits and watches us all from on high.*

Patience

*Feeling like I'm at my last strand.
Having to hold on to what seems to be nothing.
Patience is what I'm learning,
Inside, my head is churning.
Feeling like I'm going to jump out of my skin.
Having to bring my life to some order again.
Patience is what I'm learning,
Inside, my head is churning.
I must understand this journey's path is to be walked alone.
Patience is what I must learn,
and then maybe my heart will begin to
Churn, then I will be able to breathe out this pressure
of negativity all on my own.*

Life Under Death

*Just above the rolling layers of marbled thoughts.
Spruces of life appear in distinctive forms.
Out here where compassion smiles upon my face.
Heaven is directly overhead, and I'm fighting for faith.
In some places sand covers your skin,
Gravel accents your soul and metal looks foreign.
But to the eyes it's lifeless.
To the eye it's a desert.
To your soul it's death.
But there is life after death where the water runs free.
Like of fountain of love I feel when you look at me.
Like a seedling fighting the marble to grow brush and trees.
There is life under death and love is all I see.*

*Even in this world where lies appear to be true.
There is someone that sees everything you do.
When you make that effort to live right.
That marble will try to defeat you.
Believe there's life beneath you.
I know times are hard.
I see it everyday.
Doors close in your face,
Blurred vision is at stake.
But to the eyes it's lifeless.
To the eye it's a desert.
To your soul it's death.
But there is life under death where the water runs free.
Like a fountain of love I feel when you look at me.
Like a seedling fighting the marble to grow brush and trees.
There's life under death and love is all I see.*

Mangled Minds

*Chinatown in all its caked blackness housing the rats
that run the ceiling racket
Streets looping in unspecified angles where the people seem to smile
with a light coat of soot on their brow.
There is an unspoken language on these streets that reflects the
histories gone by and a home for me if I so desire.
But my soul longs for heaven in all its bliss and joy where my
flesh has no control and the streets are made of gold.
I can find that place of peace even though I am surrounded by
this caked blackness because heaven is a state of mind
I hold here in my heart.
The elevated paradise will be a reality when I leave this
media regurgitated melting pot of mostly lies
that drives me to feel cold and helpless when my faith runs dry.
So I choose to live in my mind until the time comes for me to
ascend to my real home placed neatly in the sky.*

*Involuntary Emotion **

*My heartbeat changed in the middle of this song.
Perhaps it was a feeling I never wished gone.
But the feeling was alone.*

*Why would I call through the pain of the dying sun
and the cool brisk clear emotion, alone?*

*Is it something with a blink I faded out,
or wished not aroused?
But it was real.*

*All through dinner subconscious notions occurred and feeling
the music pull and play my hermit ton,- is that alone?*

*At one time I thought I bled it out through my emotional
movements on the floor before I teased my tongue with
bland broth with crisp corn nearly cooked -
but it stayed it didn't leave me alone.*

*I glanced at the pain and the dying sun with cool brisk
clear emotion.*

Then I was positive it was real.

*I look at the black and white as I write and it turns to
gray, is it real or am I slipping away?*

*Untitled **

*I sit and think of you as rumors of rain storm through
my past and this moment.*

*I see, feel and touch you as waxed ripples throw a
hologram in my mind.*

I miss you.

*I miss the wholesome, lonely emotionally-tied person
that in some odd way projects positive pure stimulation.*

*I don't understand,
spending twenty-three years beginning to understand me,
room for you is so vast but yet so narrow.*

*Selfishness within myself somewhat pushes you aside,
which is human, even in you.*

*That's why I don't flow through you as top of the hill
prairie wind cools my skin,
so by that trait we are alike.*

*When I think of you the sun and wind throws blue.
I miss you.*