

# POEMS (Book I)

Free poems  
Copyright | All rights reserved

Created by  
**brittongue**

Hopefulness isn't abandoned  
Because stretching-out a hand then  
Lets lands, across seas, be reached and  
For everyone to have freedom,  
Like with defining that meaning.

If one said, there must've been a "mix-up",  
It means that a mistake was thus discussed  
But the tendency to prefer mixtures  
Can be evident with colour pictures.

Words can have more than one meaning, at times,  
But they [words], fortunately, were defined,  
Such as, with *variety*, thence described,  
At least in part, and conceivably kind.

Fortitude as the fort.

Commences to continue from before;  
It feels like removing bricks of a wall,  
Which could be a restriction to explore,  
But then people are welcomed in through doors.

with roads into, but not with inroads to,  
Lands, to live freely and free from over-  
whelming situations, as it matters  
That the destinations are not backwards,  
Like a fence of lasers, as detectors,  
Could well be a way to check whom enters.  
Metal mesh, as raised up, could prevent false  
Alarms by animals, such as, bison,  
That move. Lines don't have to be dividing.

A loneliness like tumbleweed  
Once rolling on by a sparse breeze  
In a scene that looks unruly;  
This open place necessitates  
To think imaginatively.



Inspiration can arise like  
Diaspores finding water and  
Dispersing seeds in that climate.

A wish to be laying in a hammock  
On Caribbean beaches relaxing  
And to contemplate speech as non-taxing.

It seems the term *namaste*, in  
Hindi, near means "g'day mate", as  
To speak of *bonjour*, in French, and,  
In Japanese, *ohayou* is  
Like greeting ones with "heya" and  
Finds, in Chinese, *ni hao* was shown  
Akin to saying "how's things going"  
And, in Turkish, *merhaba*  
Isn't too different from "hi" but  
There's nuances to languages,  
To oodles of them, lots of them.

Words can have subtleties like fingerprints,  
which could be touching, despite flattened ink.

Even though literature  
Can be moving,  
Words only go so far;  
A foot, to print.

One can't really mean what one says  
If one doesn't say what one means;  
A word like *trust* could well be summed  
By feeling it [sureness], as such.

A safety concern, if people  
walked around in balaclavas,  
where, the attire of people  
caused a debate but a scarf and  
hat does seem quite permissible;  
This can be faced with an ardour.

Language, like the tongue of a mouth, shouldn't cause  
Damage. As with envelopes licked, thought of thoughts  
Have messages within, opened in due course.



The term *pagan* describes  
States that praise day-and-night  
And the nature of time;  
An atypical type.

A time when greenery is brought indoors;  
Reminding, that force of vibrancy should  
Be restored once more. And again, of course.

Resolution, in having clarity  
On minute aspects of oneself, and sees  
An improved picture, on-the-whole, to keep.

The wooden trees have bloomed bare branches  
Like sketched bronchial tubes and as with  
Human lungs breathing out air, it lives.

Has a proper gander  
At the propaganda  
To be top with hands up  
In a silent classroom  
As they've got the answers  
But the ones once handed  
To them by the teachers;  
Students likely question  
And so, with that quest on,  
To wonder is testing.

Penance with a pen;  
Sentences were penned  
Like animals fenced  
In and so, amends  
It through unleashed pent-  
Up apprehensions.

Liberty means neither doing  
Every damned thing, nor ones living  
On their knees, without any real  
Opportunities. Yet, revealed.

If one seeks resistance for the sake of it,  
It can leave a friction-burn-like painfulness.



Sometimes affection lasts  
As much as flowers in  
A vase; that showering  
Stops like a shattered glass.

To not give in, as one day, all  
Of a sudden, love can spring up  
Like plants shoot out of the ground but  
In all seasons; unpicked petals.

The focus isn't on moving  
To where the grass is greener; it  
Is far more about nurturing  
The land that already exists.

Many sources of a light  
Can ensure that it does shine  
And so, for people to write.

A wealth from saving  
The environment;  
To dwell on ways that  
Could help climate change  
Isn't time-wasting.

Global warming aside, only so many prized  
Fossil-fuels hide inside Earth, our home to life;  
Renewable energy resources, therefore,  
Have importance. Solar power and such, sooner  
Rather than later, must advance so that humans,  
Nations, can brave the future. It could, very much,  
Be said, sustainability is a key word.

Spoiled water in the ocean  
With rubbish is rubbish, in that,  
People shouldn't do it; a re-  
cycled thought, as [non-slimy] green.

Rectifying problems matters  
But preventing problems has more  
Prestige, as some problems can't be  
Rectified and very sadly.



A carefulness with the manner  
In which one presents theirself to  
The world but looking-daggers-at  
It doesn't automatically  
Mean that they're lacking in manners,  
Where, wording, movements, can come back,  
Return, like boomerangs released.

Hearing breathed sounds, which are indigenous to  
Lands, that's resounding like a didgeridoo.

There's many genres in music;  
There's many cultures in the world.

Perceiving the  
Fingers and thumb  
Are going numb  
From keeping on  
Writing too much.

To protect against errors,  
One does think on things further,  
Like when vaccines first occurred  
Because it seems it was more  
Due to country-folk, farmers,  
Whom dared to prevent harm to  
People, and hence, non-harmful.

Something that seems satisfactory  
For oneself doesn't therefore mean  
That it should, categorically,  
Be to others. A harmony.

Aphoristic, like one whom lives is quite different  
To one whom lives life; semantics enlivens lives.

Pointing things out; it's not about  
Point-scoring but so, dots are found.



Messed up, writing messed-up writing  
(But one hasn't and it isn't  
Because there have been amendments)

Freedom of expression/ freedom of speech;  
It seems as to whether he said, she said,  
Something is more of a he said, she said,  
Something. An agenda, to correctly  
Speak using pronouns properly, does mean  
The word "she" refers to ones naturally  
As a woman, born with a va\*ina.  
Hermaphroditism means it's indeed  
Complex and it's not meant offensively;  
The word "they" can refer to a human  
And not state their gender and this too is  
Freedom of expression/ freedom of speech  
And conveys notions that appears true(ish).

An echo, that there ought to be  
No ill-treatment of others because  
Of their adult sexual  
Orientation. Text-book speech.

It isn't riveting watching the bolts  
Burst out and the metal plates on a boat  
Unfasten, as it stops staying afloat.

Fore, 4 for four.

People that say "we" when referring to all other  
People with a particular [natural] skin colour  
Might well want to re-think things because it is really  
Quite divisive, as every person is, of course, human  
And conceivably, they wouldn't want to include  
Dictators, which have been of all [natural] skin colour  
Types. It's time, as it was before, to have thought clearly.

Celebrating the highlights over the past year,  
The glasses of drink shine like glistening chandeliers.

It could be more what's in a glass,  
Rather than how full it is, and  
Then, perhaps, fill it up with that.



Imagines, in reality,  
Animals wearing sanitary  
Towels. Muzzles can show that angry  
Growls are, perhaps, not a problem.  
Also, male cows could well be kept  
In rooms, individually,  
And then, one at a time released  
Into a secure field, each for  
Twenty-odd minutes, or something  
Like that, every day. Having thought.

*A sage use of natural herbs  
And legumes, and such, could work,  
When based in proper research;  
An aim of not causing hurt.*

Water stored in a paper bag is useless.  
Glass could shatter into fragments and do a  
Lot of damage. A safe plastic holds fluids  
For human consumption and preserves food but  
Those choosing to dump that plastic into the  
Oceans are stupid, as it could have been re-  
Cycled. A world with fresh water is indeed  
Vital to humans and it should be kept clean.

Everything spoken by one  
Is like things with heaviness,  
That then sinks to the bottom  
Because with that sediment  
It, which becomes evident.

Everyone should think for theirself;  
Everyone does think for theirself  
And, at times, about others but  
Whether they do is up to them  
And highlights, it's an opinion.

End of Book