

PUNK ROCK DAISIES

By Jamila Jones

Man when I was a kid I wanted more than just
Concrete
Asphalt
And dirt yards
I wanted more
I wanted green,
I wanted space,
I NEEDED to be Free
I grew excited by the sight of
Daisies
Wild, resisting
Daring
Life & death alike,
And anyone else who would listen
“I am here” they declared!
Their flag, the bright yellow against an overcast day
Where sunlight is eclipsed by the fog and smog of LA,
Man those daisies, they were violent punk
They dared to live & to be free
And they didn’t care who’d see!

WAITING FOR A MESSAGE (THE DRUM BEATS)

By Jamila Jones

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| Waiting for a message | some green amidst the sound | Elders, movements |
| Hearing drum beats | | Our- story |
| a message in the clouds | of pavement, sliding door chimes and store clerk calls | Being played danced and bounced back |
| born by the wind, | | |
| like heavy air, pregnant with rain drops | above the din of angry horns, | Finding a way in, a way out a way through |
| | flashing red and green | You, me |
| hearing drum beats | breaking through polycarbons | A connection past and present all my relations |
| hearing a sound | | Crescendos to a rising chorus |
| my sigh echoing the melody | | Finding me... |
| the harmony | little by little I feel the drum beats | Finding me |
| sometimes, | | Finding me... |
| like the blues, deep like the heart of a city | it tears out, rip and roar | |
| | The universe punched into me and those | POWERFUL |
| little by little I hear the drum beats | Drum beats are rising now | Soul, knowing |
| little by little it's pulled out of me | Like blood in my ears, pounding in my heart | I & I |
| like hide and seek | Seeking and finding | And you & me |
| trying to find some | A way out- | Generation upon generation, and then |
| <i>peace</i> | Of me | SILENCE! |
| | A connection | Little by little the drums |
| | Past and present | Become me |

SPRING

By Jamila Jones

A genesis of evolution
Each tiny leaf pushing
Finding its way

Roots spreading
DEEP
Searching
Going DEEPER still

Warmth

deeper

Water

DEEPER

Life, opposing forces

Below, above

Above, below

Pushing down

Pushing up

Into

The

World

Into the light

Feeling the air

Feeling the flow

Going

Going

Growing up

“BAM”

A universal bang

And all the while

Seemingly silent

With a force

like a fist

Raised to the sky

It enters the World

Like birth-ing

A hard working miracle

Turning nothing into something

The earth made aglow

With fierce blooms that defy signs

That read “NO”

Her

By Jamila Jones

Wrapped up in
Purpose

Cancelled by night

Stars Shining,
Flowing in her
Hair

She dances the
Sun up,
And sings
The moonrise

Like wind & water,
Everflowing
Seen by those who see
And shadows
To all others

Revealing light
Wherever she goes,
whenever she

Likes

No rhythm, no rhyme

Nor reason

The Spirit of the
Trees,

Dance within
She grows, reaching for
The sun in them

Gently singing, while
The brook, listens
And tells stories of *Her*
To the Sea

She is in the mountains,
She is the mountains

The dragon & the phoenix
Encircling each other

She is the raven

The light

The Beautiful one

Everyone & no one
Everywhere & nowhere

She dances, and
She sings
Laughing

Listen and you will
Hear the stories
Spun by itkome,
That Grandmother
Told long ago

Wrapped up
In purpose
Protected by
Night
She simply is

Riding Free

By Jamila Jones

The Wild Woman

Yelps!

hair tossed by the wind

fast as lightning

on the Back

Of Painted Winds

A cry to be heard

Like rolling thunder

This Wild Woman

rode free

Life was NOT her enemy

but battled beside

Her

Another cypher

The red & the White

Wild Women

Riding free

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