

J'S WORDS

A COLLECTION OF 50 POEMS

By Jah-Femi Telewa

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Dedication

To all those seeking solace, love, and hope in the written word, and to my dear Mother, miss you Mum.

Acknowledgments

Special thanks to Yahweh for divine inspiration, and to my loved ones for their constant support and encouragement.

About the Author

Jah-Femi Telewa, a Multi-award winning author, is a reflective poet whose work explores the depths of human experience, spirituality, and the beauty of creation. His poetry offers a soulful perspective on life's struggles and joys, inviting readers to pause, reflect, and connect.

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Random Thoughts

It is known that the wise speak after they
listen;

Words of wisdom are like gold and pre-
cious jewels that glisten.

It takes humility to change upon good
advice,

But instant alterations, at times, bear a
hefty price.

Change can be like the straw
that's forced to bend;
Stubbornness is its
resistance, revert-
ing back to its
original stance in
the end.

A stroll without
direction has no pur-
pose;
Feet placed careless-
ly fear not the laws they
oppose.



If instant alteration is the key to the
required result,
Then the decision to stall may lead to
fault.

Random thoughts are like the tastiest
treat;
Knowledge ferments when a fine blend
of notions compete.

J's Rambles: Life's Findings

Time never lingers; she races...

Love has colors and different faces...

Life is as short as it is sweet...

A well-paced runner still blisters at the feet.

Lovers hate the first moment they shall meet—

That is, until they actually do it.

Thoughts are free, while plans cost a fee.

When troubles come, the first instinct is to flee.

A temper properly placed can spare disgrace;

A smile does you better when it's on your face.

When honest rambles find their end,

The ears in attendance prize their lend.

With Time

Words are produced so easily,
But have the strength to alter history.

When opinions are voiced,
Its listeners are left with choice...

Paths to follow,
A plan for tomorrow.

The hands of the hour may turn slow,
But with each passing, there's an
opportunity to grow.

When these hours are combined,
Our existence is refined.
What you did with your time
Becomes clearly defined.

The Hand That Life Deals

Doors are openings to a new world;
A new scene awaits—look to see what you’ve un-
curled.

Love, joy, and hate all swirled
Into a mixed bowl of experiences.
Embrace it openhandedly, yet cautious of conse-
quences.

The burdens you embrace
Magnify the fears that you face.

Have no fear—
A heart of curiosity embraces a dare.

Treasures await
Those in line to take the bait.
There’s nothingness for those that choose to wait.

Embrace the challenge to see your fate,
But choose your hand wisely—
Decisions bite the hands of those that take it lightly.

Enter at will
To taste the hand that life will deal.

Thoughts

Skillful whispers that serve to heal
Send racing thoughts that spin like wheels.

The price of reasoning at will
Makes consolation for the time it steals.

For thoughts run free,
As far as the mind's eyes can see.
It's become ever so apparent to me
That thoughts mold the man I wish to be.

Be it a descriptive
scenery
Or a host of in-
tended acts,
A list of facts—
Thoughts can be
harmless or have
impact.



The mind is a noble
thing,
Marvelous in its thoughtful making.

So let your thoughts run wild;
Nurture them like your child.

At every and any opportune time,
Just think—it's a thought that construct-
ed this rhyme.

Word Fight

The pen strikes a more brutal blow than the
sword,
A cutting stroke of thought in each word.

A verse of praise proves stronger than a curse,
Be it uniform or diverse.
Love or pain is inflicted by what one chooses
to disperse.

For kind words can be like
a healing solvent,
Unlike harsh verbs that
tend to torment.

Letters seek companion-
ships that blend,
As they provoke thoughts
through the patterns they
mend.



Verbalized utterances can damage or repair—
It's best to ignore words released in despair.

Wholesome speech humbles;
Lives get tossed in dirt from heated mumbles.

So watch what you say,
'Cause words can make or break the day.

Good Thoughts

Opportunities come and go;
Chances are for the taking by those who
desist from moving slow.

Life lessons are for ones who opt to
grow,
Rectifying the wrongs that mingle with
your soul.

Temper tantrums get
you nowhere,
For heated hearts
cause ills to those
who bear.
And danger lingers
there, so be aware.

Laughter is worth
more than gold
Or any precious jewels of
which you've been told.
For gold can't stop you from get-
ting old,
But a cheerful heart leads to prolonged
youth.



I've given you the aim; now you must shoot.
When good thoughts come together,
It's like flying a plane in perfect weather.

Plot Called Life

Traced out of a barrel of delights,
Daily themes that give a reason to fight.

Made up from fantasies deep,
With plots that enlighten your sleep
Or frighten you in your keep.

This thing called life bears a mix of plots,
A variety of stories of every sort.

Reality or not,
It tells tales—
Feel the excitement as the scenes unveil.

Occurrences in the present
That outline predictions which are prevalent.
Situations that are current
Embody themes that become legends.

Fact or fiction—it all depends
On what you choose to believe in the end.

Life is akin to a dream,
Where scenes weave tightly in themed
streams.

Peace

Peace be unto you and yours.

I pray fertility and goodness greet your
doors.

May hope and lushness enrich your lives,
And may the burdens of life be but lessons
to survive.

As daylight grows shorter and nights pro-
long,
I hope you find comfort from these words
in song.

May wisdom endow you with its mercy,
And your loved ones show you courtesy.

For living is sometimes rough;
Turbulent situations are current and tough.

When earnings are not enough,
Situations cause alterations, so we too must
morph

In order to accommodate all the bad stuff.
Instinct suggests a fast change of situations
If we wish to alter unwanted continuations.

Peace be unto you and yours;
May heaven's mercy help you endure.

Life's Joy

The joy of life is found in living,
Pushing oneself to the max with all
you've been given.

Opportunities will arise for those who
choose to open their eyes—
To draft a decent picture from objects in
life's mixture,
To be content with days well spent,
To be glad to see where your hard work
went.

May all the products of your creation be
your liberation,
And your outcomes enlighten your situation,
All as you learn to realize
The joy of life as a prize.

Mighty One

As powerful as you are,
You're defined by a thing as gentle as love...
Your dwelling is far,
And still, you're wrapped around me like a
glove.

Your blessings are rich,
Your cleansing proves brighter than bleach.
When it comes to your reach,
There's an air of faultless-
ness in all you teach.

Preach to me,
mighty one,
Determine the kind
of man I become:
To shatter the
hands of wrong,
To calm the haughty
with song.

Your reach is long,
Your influence lingers way after
you're gone.



My Lord GOD

Beauty is your name
For all the bountiful wonders that you
contain.

No one compares to you;
I cherish the adventures that we've been
through.

From childhood to adolescence,
I've never felt your absence.

How gorgeous are your schemes,
King eternal, the father of all my dreams.

They try so hard to imitate what you do
easily,
But your workings are glorious—the
outlines of your hand, a mystery.

I adore your very being;
Your presence invigorates my esteem.

How may I be of service, Great Lord?
My joy is genuine, even when 'they' make
me feel like a fraud.

I will continue to document your praises
And how my love for you goes through
various phases.

Sweet glory be to you,
As far as my heart holds true.

Resurrection

In our darkest hour,
We cry for hope.
Death causes the worst pain
That makes it hard to cope.

Searching for a glimpse of light
To ease darkness's delight,
We find rest that there may be a future
In the arms of a higher being—
The one of whom one dreams,
The owner of everything.

It all adds up better this way,
That death should now seem okay.



Your Hand

It's said that silence is golden;
I say an opportunity to declare your
works is stolen.

I wish to speak of all your deeds,
Your earthly provisions that satisfy my
every need.

It shouldn't be easy to for-
get all you've done;
When it comes to your
works, they forever
remain second to
none.

A master of all
acts, the motion
of your hand is a
mystery—
A pleasure of boun-
tiful glories for all to
see.

My love for you is everlasting;
Write me up in your history.



Beauty in Creation

It is known that you are the definition of
love;

Your warmth embodies every being as
you sit beyond the clouds above.

Beauty tells no lies when she displays
your hand;

She insists that her maker is thorough in
works that can be observed throughout
the land.

Even the lowliest of
creatures have

beauty;

You may just
need to dig a little
deeper, and you will
see.

Not only did you
create beauty,
You also ensured that
it serves a duty.



Enrichments in sight that offer emotive

pleasures,
I find precious delight in your earthly
treasures.

The earth in itself is a glorious sight to
behold,
As it ensures to nurture the delicate lives
in its hold.

The examples of earth's functional beauties are endless—
Far too many for me to profess.

A true master at your craft,
I see perfection in all that you draft.

Life's Meaning

All things given,
You are life and its beginning.

Your beauty is reflected in all you've
made,
Your words, heavily embedded in me, are
hard to fade.

Lecture me, worthy one,
Comfort me with words to weather this
storm—
Words of wisdom
and care to keep me
warm.

They ask why I keep
writing about you;
What use is living
without you in my
view?

My love for you is heavy;
When life gets rocky, it keeps me
steady.



you

I've written a humble amount of songs about
you—

Your gracious presence and magnificence in all
that you do.

When I feel weak and disabled, the thought of
you empowers me,
And when darkness attempts to enslave me,
your reminders set me free.

Life would be pointless if not for all your en-
richments;
It'll take infinity to review you and all your
creative elements—
From the changes in seasons to all the varieties
of fruits and foods,
The abundance of colors, temperaments, and
moods.

A true supreme genius of creativity,
The thought process behind your creations is a
mystery.

I will forever be amazed by your hand—
How your works remain marvelous and grand.

Heaven Weeps

Heaven weeps
each time its wielder loses sleep.
A haunted heart, set to kill,
with hate instilled in his steel.
A twist in a stab, a limb chopped in half,
you made it your path
to have a bloodbath.
What causes it to rise
will end in your demise,
all because you failed to realize
that vengeance carries its own prize.



A Note of Love

Love,
She fits like a glove.
Give her a prod or shove,
And she'll startle you with much ado.

She cuts like a knife through butter,
She goes right through.
Admit it's true—
That when in love,
Bothers are less due,
Hearts are more true,
And problems few.

...But how long does she stay?
Until what day?
She stops to say hey,
And tomorrow she runs away...

My Dearest

Speak gently to me,
That I may blossom to be the beauty you
want to see.

Harsh words make me curl;
Prize me open softly to see love's pearl.

Brandish me like your most prized pos-
session;
Let me be the focus of your life, your
main obsession.

Life is too short to be bitter—
Who wants sorrow when living can be
sweeter?

Take my hand...
Let's jump into the pit of love, falling
softly as we land.

Unknown Bride

O how I long to gaze upon a selfless
soul,
If her glory be virtuous, she would swallow me whole.

Her encumbering fingers would have me
locked in a tight hold—
A grip of life to make my blood
run cold.

She engulfs my very being
with her tempestuous
glances;
I from henceforth forgo
my previous romances.

It is her love that rattles
my ground;
My lust is unbridled when
she's around.

Opulent by nature, her
makeup is profound;
She's my everything—the future bearer
of my chosen ring.

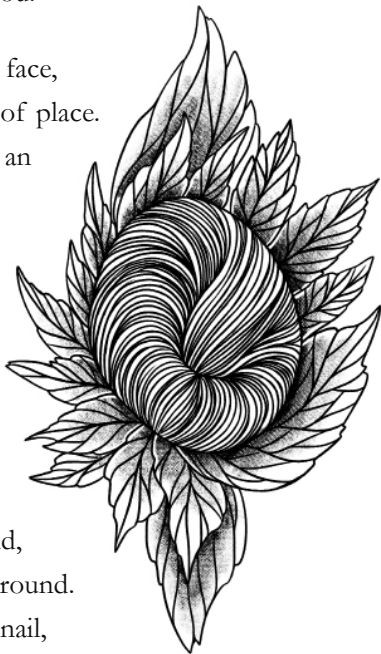


Love & All These Things

Trees grow broad and long,
Hearts beat fast and strong.
Seasons come and go,
Children learn and grow.
All these things are true,
As certain as I love you.

Tears stream down a face,
A strand of hair out of place.
Blood droplets from an
open wound,
Stubborn branches
getting pruned.
All these things are
seen,
My love for you is
keen.

A loud thunder sound,
Leaves littering the ground.
The slow pace of a snail,
The sharp pinch of a nail.
As all these things occur,
I'll love you more and more.



The Thing About Love

I dream of you
And the love between us two.
Like a shot to the chest, it passes right
through.

Mesmerized, your love leaves me reckless;
Your piercing stares undress.
I feel bare before you.

Understand that my feelings stand true;
My once-fastened heart
Has now become your dwelling part.
For you live within me, and I in you,
Like a puzzle without a clue.

This enigma has me intrigued—
This thing of love is a perilous deed.
Indeed, it dominates my beating part;
Your penetrating dart pierced me from the
start.

Love, where art thou? Mercy, show.
Love me now; pierce me slow.

Love's Idiosyncrasies

What do I know about love?

I'm a middle-aged man who has only fallen in love once—okay, I lie, maybe twice.

The first girl was as cold as ice;
She thought her kisses should suffice.

The second was more involving,
But her temperament was like
a door constantly revolving.

Non-stop arguments, moody
spells—

I should have
known from her initial displays
she would drag me through hell.
But I was enticed by her
beautiful curves,
The thought of which I still
preserve.



I was pleased for a while;
She had class, sophistication, and style.

But I couldn't trust her, so I constantly put
her on trial—
Constantly bugging her about who, what,
where, and why...
Until, for absolutely no reason, she would cry.

My suspicions ran deep,
So I stalked her like a creep.
But no revelations were made;
In time, I got comfortable,
And my jealousy—or shall I say paranoia—
faded.

That's when we went for a random sex test.
I passed. She failed. So I was vexed.
Was it me who drove her to this,
Or was she just the wrong one to have kissed?

In all, I know this about love's crazy state:
You'll fail if you ignore love's fate.
It's an open gate,
Which you have a key to—but so does every-
body else.

You don't own it,
And at any moment, it could split,
Literally leave you looking to greener fields.

You feel like a warrior,
Armored with the love you wield,
As you laugh at previous encounters—
The love you killed.

But one day, it'll come around to your turn.
You'll be in pain, but you'll just have to let
it burn.

It's part of life, I guess—
That when you pinch at hearts,
Yours gets pricked in return.

Her

There's such beauty in grace,
One chance at it, that I may gaze upon
her face.

With a demeanor that puts all in their
place,
A heart so pure, she's the one I adore.
Her ambitious nature makes me want her
even more.

Her lust for self-improvement,
Intelligence in her
movement.

Our hearts are in
tune;
I shall serenade her
underneath the midnight
moon.

For I am a child of
song;
With words so sweet,
she's bound to be
sprung.



Still, I brag so,
Because she likes her men bold.

Let your imagination stray—
Lyrical dreams that satiate the day.

If I may...
Be so bold as to ask you to be my lady.

Love Shot

Is it her smile,
A tempting trial that'll have me run a mile?

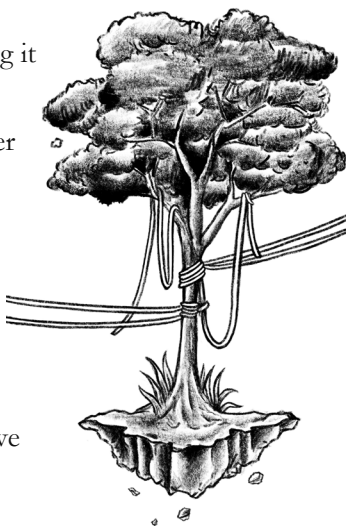
O, the pleasures you get from having a
crush—
Like ephedrine, it gives you a rush.

My heart pounding so much I find it hard
to swallow;
Choices are to brave it or in pity wallow.

That I should keep putting it
off till tomorrow—
Does lust not have a better
heart to follow?

Temptations arise
Where beauty lies.
Would she read that
there's more to my hi's,
My hidden agenda, my love
wearing a disguise?

In all, I know this:
It's better to shoot than to live in fear of a
miss.



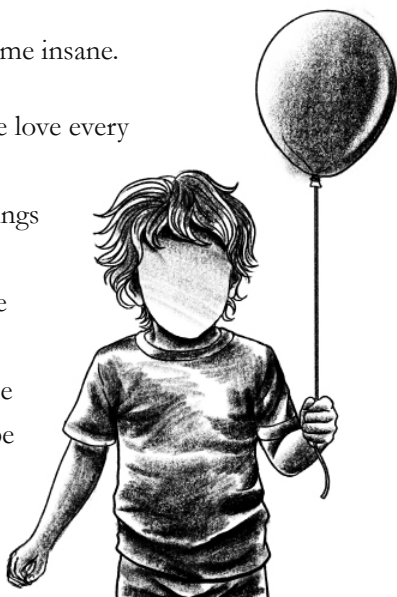
Valentineless

A sweet day for some,
A bitter taste it's become.

For I've never celebrated this occasion;
I'm valentineless—where's my ovation?
Let me explain
Why this day drives me insane.

I choose to celebrate love every
day;
It's worn in my writings
as a display.
Why should a day be
forced upon me?
Why give love a price
tag when it should be
free?

Roses and choc-
olates,
Cards for your
love mate—
The cliché is sickening;
The effort is belittling.



I want to show my love every day;
I want to display my love in numerous ways.
No, it won't be a chosen day—
It will be endless and occur constantly.

A Note of Love (Part I D)

The thing is,
Love has this tingly bite of bliss—
A lingering feel you can't dismiss.

Through its highs and lows,
It quietens the blows of its foes.
Show me the place where love grows—
That treasured spot
where she goes,
That I may dwell
there.

She stands true
for all who care
to stare,
Displays of satu-
rated splendor.
Heightened feelings
ensure she's a pleasure to
endure.



Captivate me with your serenading
tactics;
Teach me your methods, ways, and prac-
tice.

Let me see
All you have in store for me.

Set me free.
Yours truly.

Dark Times

Times are darker,
And hate is the latest chapter.

As these verses turn, many lives will
burn.

The hour is deep and the time wrong for
sleep;

The restless grow weak as the heartless
fear to speak.

Where is death, that she may liberate me,
To provide rest, for life is empty?
The options are ashes or the cemetery—
None of which are inviting.

Where is God to give me light?
My heart is heavy, and it's hard for me to
fight.

A Poem 4 Mum

As the days progress, all I seem to do is
think of you—

A now fading flower that once bloomed in
the months it was due.

How our years spent together were eventful,
And how you're no longer in your prime but
stay beautiful.


I dread the thought of your passing,
But welcome the thought of our future
everlasting.

We'll meet again, my favorite friend;
I'm glad to know that this is not the end.

So live each day with promise,
And live your life like a Comice.

We'll meet again, my favorite friend;
Our unity is near the bend.

Somewhere Over There

Underneath the wooden floors, they creep—
A bell-ring cricket  as they sleep.

A song it sings
Before the last supper's bell rings.

At night, translucent vessels roam,
Carelessly like pets without homes.

Howls of creatures begging to be left alone,
Up on the hill where tiresome bears lay,
And through hidden caves where spirits play.

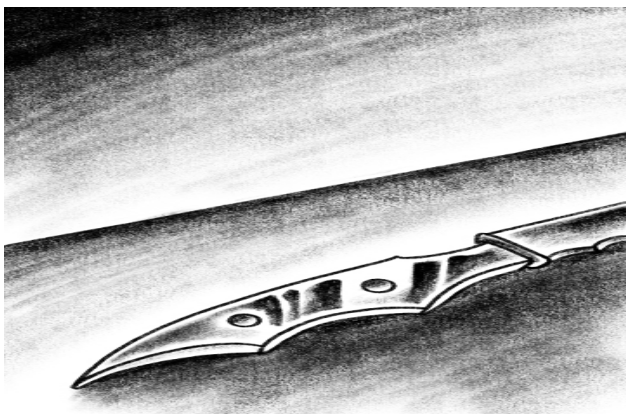
They all part ways before the break of day,
All abandon this spot, where memories are
sought...

Hateful Darts

Jealousy is too bitter an infliction to bear;
Men rattle at the tips of their hairs,
With glares in stares,
And a lack of care.

They would aim a dart,
Directly at the heart,
Even at a target so sweet,
To destroy it,
In order to feel complete...

There's shame in this
Poisonous kiss
For the innocent live in bliss,
Where hateful darts miss...



Hate

The price of hate runs steep,
That it should distort your sleep.

Resentment harbored bears no fruit
And must be destroyed at the very root.

For it is of no benefit to its bearer;
A viciously clothed heart taunts its wearer.

Where the blood boils,
The devil makes place to toil,
Knowing we all sprung from the same soil.

A spiral of connected bloodlines coil,
Interconnected through DNA—
Still, hate is God to many.

That you should hurt any,
Disparity finds its home
In a vessel that claims malice as its own.

Leave it be,
For it self-destructs to the highest degree.

Revenge

Revenge is a flame
'till the wind
changes her lane,
with all to gain,
'till the lit returns
to leave you lame.

Watch Out

Displays of fake love I can do without—
Sweet-scented conversations that encircle
their mouth.

Emotional thrill-seekers,
Eyes ignite as my boundaries grow weaker.



They'll steal the blood that runs through
your veins;
They play with hearts as if a game.
The stakes are high, a lot to gain—

It's where they find happiness,
A joyful time, more or less.

These twisted hearts
Need to invest in a modest art—
Something uplifting, a decent craft.

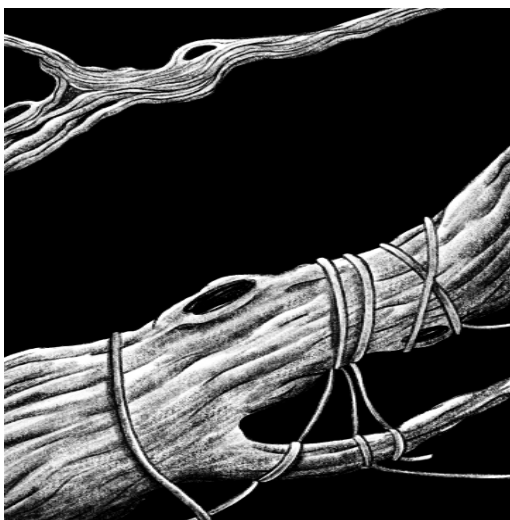
Be on the lookout for them;
Their smiles are exploratory,
With eyes that hide a story.

Be on your guard,
For hearts that seek to injure show no
regard.

Fight or Flee

I hear the hills calling;
Beneath hide the bodies of the fallen.

Gray-shaded past—
The brave were exalted, but how long did
they last?
The lowly feel burdens of being downcast,
But nurture the feeling of victory, for many
did they outlast.



Is there shame in living?
Can a history of mutiny be forgiven?

Those that fled the obligations of war
Now have angered mobs knocking at the
door,
And they want answers for their loss—
To know if you bear the remorse
For the brave hearts that lay slain.

For as it seems, war is but a game,
With agendas so difficult to explain
Or remain unclear.

Is there shame in fear?
For it's a natural protector.

Who knows what life has in store?
It seeks blood for advancement;
Participation takes discernment.

Bravery at the expense of sacrifice—
What value do you attach to their advice,
That you should follow the imperfect to war?
They have riches yet yearn for more.

Is there wisdom in contentment,
Loving oneself and valuing your develop-
ment?

To fight or flee—
The options seem less complicated to me.

Gold

A long time ago, it was foretold
that the prize for hard work was gold.
Written in books, far from a hidden code,
dug up and discovered by men of old.
Hearts eagerly sought to make bodies turn cold,
all for the love of gold.



Hunter's Call

A hunter strikes to kill,
With trust embedded in his steel.

He does not waver when he aims—
The meat is game; it's life he claims.

For the taste of meat stirs the heart,
He trades pieces and keeps parts.

Spring, summer, fall,
He hunts through it all.

Sometimes loud, other times dull,
But there's no mistaking—
There's fear each year you hear the hunter's
call.

Higher than Clouds

When the weather is hot and unbearable,
you bring along the rain...

When things are the same, you force
them to change...

There's not a cloud in the sky that floats
along unaccounted for,
There's not a thing you created that's
considered poor...

There's richness in all your makings,
Your love is apparent—there's no mis-
taking.

Your words cost more than life itself,
Each letter in your writings bears hefty
wealth...

There's nothingness in the sight of your
absence.

You're the light of my path;
With you, my steps make sense...

Truth of Nature

Drenched from the current downpours,
What else do you have in store?

For seasons change and exchange
paws—
One moment this, the next that.
Weather alteration is
a fascinating fact.

Then the sun arises to counteract;
The planet is an enclosure, indeed compact.
Changing seasons stir up topics to help distract
From the ins and outs of modern-day adversities,
Matters of hate that bring misery.



The season's agenda is no mystery—
That it fertilizes and nourishes

Observe the rose as she flourishes
Where the concrete bore a flower.

There's promise of peace in a place
Where impossibilities have power.

Cracks that leak forth fruit
Are covenants that claim the restricted can
still bear youth.

I seek the truth that nature proclaims;
Know the facts, and things will never be the
same.

Autumn Season

This season calls my name;
Greying heads of trees ignite my flame.

It is the season to rest—
A time for slumber, in sleep invest.

Let the music play
While I contemplate on which bed to lay.

Warm, cozy feels,
Cotton-puffed pillows against my bed frame's
steel.

Singing floorboards croon harmoniously,
As the wind warbles continuously.

It's the sound of autumn that rallies my feels,
When trading my best for rest is a steal.

Ooh, stay a bit longer,
Satisfy my slumber-based hunger.

If it were a bride, I'd marry this season—
Till she changes for no apparent reason. 😊

Some Things About the Moon

Clutch the rays from the moonlight's
emission;
Astronauts make contact with her their
mission.

O, that she brightens up the air,
And she dwells in darkness though her
skin proves fair.

Astronomers have
claimed her a prophet
And made predictions
from her light—
Old rumors that she was
as cheese to the bite,
Others that she em-
powered beasts that give
fright.

I do know this: that
on chosen nights, she
glows bright,
A trusted beauty that's befriended stars.
An affinity is formed even though she's
far,



For she helps guide my steps in the dark
Through urban woods and hidden parks.

Temperamental by attitude,
Choosy about when she decides to intrude,
Her functionality is good
And acts as gracefully as a lady should.

Flashes of Light

Flashes of light cut through the sky,
highlighting the cursed, born just to die.
Flashes of light, too bold to hide.
Flashes of light, set to divide.
Flashes of light before a sound
stun the hearts of all around.
These flashes of light occur
when Heaven decides to touch the floor.

Tick Tock

Time is a gift with no ‘physical’ master;
How I wish it could run a little faster.

It patiently ticks along,
So subtle yet so strong.

Without limits,
It embodies everything that lives in it.

How I wish to ride on its precious lane—
I would alter its game.

As it patiently chases its tail,
Who can find a way to speed up this
snail?

I’m tortured by its pace
And how it rules everything that stares at
its face.

Why do I wish that time should run
faster?
I’m in awe of its construction and can’t
wait to meet its Master...

Life

Invigorated by life's light,
Humbled by the calm of the night.

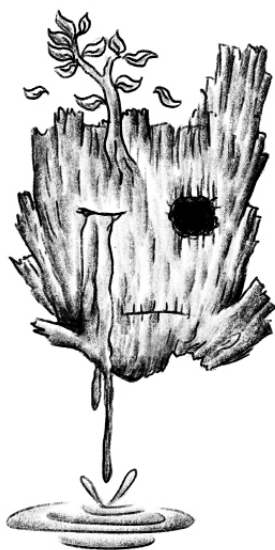
Hold my hand so that we should take
flight
And soar through puffy clouds,
Peering down at the ant-like crowds.

Laugh like it's a medicine;
Behold a God-made machine.
The human structure stands
solid and keen.

Feel the power of birth,
The elasticity of the womb as
she bears its girth.

The burdens of loss,
The heat of being crossed.
Life is a prize without a cost,
As free as the air flows,
Carefree in the direction she
blows.

Spend this gift wisely,
For she merely stays temporarily.



Beauty

Multi-patterned gown,
Adorned with the priciest jewels in town.

Aromas so dear,
Coming off her sweetly scented hair.
With looks that make you stare,
Some deem her beauty unfair.

Each step of grace,
Each footstep landing in the perfect place.
Still, it all seemed staged to me—
That a person should be put together so
perfectly.

It just doesn't make any sense—
Artificial beauty at any expense.
With so much work on the exterior,
And less on the interior,
What use is a fine tooth
If it is rotten at the root?

See not with your eyes;
Let your mind unravel any disguise.

The Blunt Steel

The blunt steel,
fashioned to kill,
will dash to spill
at its own will.

The blunt steel,
cold to the feel,
will hasten heels
and racing wheels.

The blunt steel,
up on the hill,
was made to kill,
and will... at will.

A Precious Gift

What is this precious thing,
With the ring of joy and abundance it
brings,

That I may lay comfortably in its shield
And partake of all that it yields?

I'm inundated by the
power it wields,
Yet it's not a flower
that dwells in
fields.

I speak of a subject
deep,
That brings you com-
fort in your sleep.



Its name rings a joyous bell;
Across the borders, it is known well.

I speak of none other than love—
That peculiar, precious gift from above.

The Rhyme Before The Last

The rhyme before the last
Shall it be paced or written fast,
Of furious pen strokes that rattle the
sheets—

A state where words and memories
chance to compete.

A letter at a time,
Trail of thought in each line.

Notes that explain
Why I love this game.

The rhyme before the last—
It was well-paced and not too fast.

Alas

Thus concludes my rhyme,
Strokes of wisdom crafted through pace and
time.

Reflections of a storied past—
Since memories fade, how long will this last?

Alas, my work is done—
A joyful cheer, for hard work has won... 🏆

Closing Notes

Writing J's Words has been a profound journey. Each poem reflects a piece of my soul, inspired by love, faith, and the complexities of life. Thank you for joining me on this journey.

Credits

- Book Cover designed by Jah-Femi Telewa
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