Be Who You R

By: Mylyn Johnson

October 1st, 2016

Book of Collected Poems

You just found missing pieces to a mysterious puzzle of time. Introducing you to pain, anger, and fear. Intriguing you with hope, thoughts, and dreams. Completing you with love, peace, and spirituality. The views on life will leave you craving for more. And the dedication poems are amazingly heartwarming. So relax and read as long as you please. Then seek and find the light within yourself to “Be who you R.”

To write the Author:

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"Buried Treasure"

All alone, like a tree with no leaves,
Abandoned, forsaken, like a trump and no tree
Pulled up by the roots and left in the dirt,
My broken branches are surrounded by rocks and wild weeds,

Crumbled like a rose petal, but nobody knows,
Feelings of emptiness, no clouds in the sky.
A street without life, not a step or a soul,
The living seed doesn’t grow, until after it dies.

Never looking back, I’ll leave my trail in the mud,
Hoping my soul mates searching with a light that will spark.
These cold nights get dark, when your absent from love,
Digging my heart out to rip all its value apart.

All alone, like a sky, without any stars,
Ironically missing, like a book with no words.
A lost message in the ocean, sealed tight in a jar,
That will make you forget everything you’ve ever heard...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
June 4, 2016
"Bottom Of the Ninth Life"

On top of the dirt,
There's a trail of crumbled rose peddles.
Promises never kept,
Heartbroken eyes.

On a road to loneliness,
Blessings in disguise.
I'll take my shovel & dig,
Until I find my diamond.

Nothing here but mud,
Pearls under pain.
A speckle of a star,
Midnight Shadow rain.

Stealing my joy,
No one down here cares.
So I'll take my flash light & search,
Until I find my heart.

Cold wet & trembling,
Looking for a jewel.
Underground soul,
The lower I go the darker it gets.

I'm out of breath,
Shaking as I climb back to the top.
Thinking about how far I've come,
Before I started loving myself...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
“Love Bird Blues”

Love Bird,
Just a little love bird.
Afraid to sing,
Afraid to fly.

Love Bird,
Little feathered love bird.
Afraid to dream,
Afraid to shine.

Open up your heart,
And learn to care.
You’re so alone,
Because you’re scared.

Black as each night,
But as white as a dove.
All you really need,
Is someone to love.

Love Bird,
Little feathered love bird.
It’s time you dream,
It’s time to shine.

Love Bird,
Pretty little love bird.
It’s time you sing,
It’s time you fly...

By: Mylyn Johnson

June 19th, 2016
"My Story My Song"

I want to go up to the sky,
And take a walk on Mars.
I want to fly up to the heavens,
And talk with all the stars.

I pray up to the Holy One,
With eyes like fiery flames.
Who taught me to walk on water,
Blessed be thy name.

Remember me, remember me,
The child with a pure heart.
Who makes mistakes each night & day,
But still glows in the dark.

The boy who turned into a man,
Before the proper time.
The wretched flesh, who got the chance,
To meet, the Great Divine.

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
“Amazing Race”

I was born to be a leader, & conquer my past. On a road to success, on a confident path. I’m leaping over hurdles, with the breeze of the wind. So when I trip, I brush off as I proceed to the end. My whole entire life, I’ve prepared for this race. Sprinting as the sweat bead’s, fly off of my face. But would you lift me up, if I fell short before I finished. Or would you run by & stare, as I’m lying there windless. I’m dressed for the heat, but the weather has changed. So I’m cold as I jog, thru the wetness of rain. My bread is all gone, & many miles still remain. I’m actually starving with pain, but I will not complain. I’ve trained many years, so my legs will survive. I could burly even breathe, but my eyes on the prize. My body feels weak, but I won’t stop my pace! I won’t give up faith! I won’t lose this race! The suns going down, & the skies getting dark. I’m squinting my eyes, with every beat of my heart. I’ll keep running strong, I will not stop or walk. I could burly even see, but I hear voices talk. Their saying, “you could do it, have no fear!” Their cheering, “Don’t give up, your almost there!” I look all around at nothing but pitch black night. But when I look straight ahead, I see a small bright light! The mud’s getting thick, & its pulling me down. But I’ve came way too far, to give up right now. I was ready to quit, but I ran & endured. Then I reached the finish line, & received my reward...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Mother Lynne

You are the greatest gift in the world. All my whole life I've been inspired by you. I was the most shy child alive, yet you've taught me to be brilliant.

You're always motivated & strong, guiding your children in the right direction. I admit growing up was far from easy, but each day you gave us hope.

You shined a light from your heart, teaching us right from wrong. The mistakes I made along the way had nothing to do with how I was raised.

You made sure I found myself, told me everything happens for a reason. Now I understand my purpose, and I want you to know I appreciate you.

You are not only my Mother, you are also my father. God sent His angel down to guide me. Thank you for being who you are, the greatest Mother ever created...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
Dedicated to my Loving Mother
Doris Lynne Johnson Malone
"Be Who You Are"

Kill 'em with kindness,
They'll still live bitter.
There's a light that's inside you,
A God that delivers.

The broken & afflicted,
Have become worthy.
No rise like the Sun,
And receive mercy.

Smother them with love,
They'll swear you hate them.
But always be mindful,
Because the same God made them.

They're angry with you,
Because you've overcame struggles.
They're losing their pieces,
But your creating your puzzle.

Destroy them with peace,
Keep sight of your vision.
Work hard for your future,
To complete your mission.

They'll always be jealous,
Believe in yourself.
There's a light that's inside you,
If you just be yourself...

by: Mylyn C. Johnson

Dedicated to my son Marc Anthony
"Life's Lessons"

What I've learned from being locked in the system,
I've learned my lesson, I've found my vision,
I've learned how to express myself to family,
I learned who loved me, when I came to prison.

I lost my hate & all my rage,
I use my anger to be creative.
I've taught myself so many ways,
Your land my land, we are all natives.

What I've learned inside my heart,
Is how to feel a moment of peace.
I learned how to care for myself & others,
Because every soul is so unique.

I lost my freedom & most my friends,
But life goes on today & now.
My end is over my start begins,
The moment I raise my smile.

What I've learned inside my mind,
Is how to visualize a place.
What I am feel that I am safe,
With GOD up high in outer space.

What I've found is who I am,
A child of GOD that has a mission.
To help you grow I never experience,
A single day locked up in prison...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
“Memorabilia”

Entertaining reduced thinkers has my thoughts aching
And glorifying criminal behavior has my heart break’n
Why must I be cool & mislead you?
Why must I play the fool to intrigue you?
Don’t we help those who help themselves receive advancements?
Or do we penalize & inflict the unusually disadvantaged?
Who holds the account of the ignorance of the false?
Incomplete & lacking the common sense their knowledge lost
Just Google it! They believe everything updated on-line
Nothing’s hard to find rather walking away or simply running out of time
Brutally honest we’re all better off without counter-fit fakes
Isolating & separating myself away from those who hate
Abandoned, forsaken, detached, & banned
I rearranged, elevated & changed all that I AM
I seek understanding & a membership in club wisdom

Chasing grace while becoming aware who’s the victim to the system
My own existence is sharp & spiffy, classy & nifty
Categorized my identity but I remain prevalent & ritzy
Forgive me! In my past life I was a professor
I was exceptionally gifted, now I’m only initiating a lecturer
So this is my debate, my valediction, & my declamation
This is my confabulation of me, resisting temptation....

By: - Mylyn Johnson
“Wild Flower Rose”

Break my heart LORD knows I need it,
Rip it out & tear it to pieces.
Stomp all over it with both of your heels,
Then maybe I’ll understand how to love you for real.

Don’t open your legs deny my request,
Don’t ever be easy, don’t have no regrets.
Control your emotions walk in your footsteps,
Then maybe just maybe I’ll show you respect.

Don’t show me your weakness or I’ll take advantage,
Don’t share all your secrets or I’ll take you for granted.
Don’t love me too much or I’ll care for you less,
Don’t give me your heart until I’ve passed all your test.

Show me your brain instead of your head,
Take me to church & not to your bed.
Love me for me & not for my money,
Reward me with time & not with pure honey.

Even one kiss will lead to much more,
I want a woman of GOD from her heart to her core.
I’ll walk a million miles I’ll stay on my toes,
For the mate of my soul, my “Wild Flower”, my rose...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
“Glowing Glamour”

Your eyes, your eyes,
Have colorful effects.
The beauty in your eyes,
Is like watching the Sun set.

We raise our voice with hopes,
To get our points across,
Employ me with your time,
I’ll let you be the boss.

Your thoughts, your lips,
They answer every question.
Your eyes are like the waters,
I see my own reflection.

Sometimes we disagree,
I didn’t mean to yell.
Forgive me for my mouth,
It never seems to fail.

Your visions, your dreams,
They help you stay prepared.
I saw it in your eyes,
You showed how much you care.

Like a picture held in hand,
Our memories emerge.
Without making a sound,
It says a thousand words.

Your love, your grace,
That smile upon your face.
I have less than an hour,
Before you walk away.

If I could have one wish,
It wouldn’t be about me.
The only thing I want,
Is for you to be happy...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Endless Love"

Kiss me in the morning,  
Wake me up with hugs.  
Kiss me in the evening,  
Comfort me with love.

Hold me in your arms,  
Wrap me in your wings.  
Tell me that you care,  
Tell me all your dreams.

Love me in the morning,  
Right before we speak!  
Love me in the evening,  
Even as we sleep.

Think of me when we’re apart,  
So you don’t feel alone.  
Remember me when I’m at work,  
Until I make it home.

Know me in the morning,  
That I will treat you right.  
Know me in the evening,  
Trust me with your life.

Stay with me all the time,  
Like water dancing waves.  
Look me in my eyes,  
And love me all your days...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson

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"Timeless for the Moment"

I look at your tears someone made you cry,
The wells of your eyes is all that I see.
I notice your hurt from the feelings you hide,
Tell me all your frustrations so your heart is set free.

The soul in your voice is pleasantly soft,
Your sound waves appear to be honest.
Feel the tension defrost, just a flame & a moth,
Our connection is stronger than promised.

You smell like rosebuds refreshing & sweet,
Your delightful & highly admired.
I'm the eye you're the apple if you see what I see,
You'll realize, you are all I desire.

When I look in your eyes, my heart starts to melt,
From solid to liquid ice cream.
As I watch you walk away, did you feel how I felt?
Like you met the true love of your dreams.

Your affectionate words are peacefully warm,
Reconstructing my pain into strength.
Your Spirit is worn, In a beautiful form,
You exist presently as GODs gift.

Wipe those tears from your cheeks, there's no reason to cry,
Use your smiles to prosper through life.
Roses are nice & this poems roses are like!
A candle to brighten your night.

I think of you often, you stay on my mind,
Like I'm searching for a lost buried treasure.
Amazingly fine, just a moment of time,
With you, is a love that's forever...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Star Rain"

When we first caught eyes,
Angels filled the room.
Opening my heart,
My every dream came true.

Like it was only us,
Forever you & me.
Dancing under the moon,
But some things aren't meant to be.

I never knew a love,
A love like me & you.
Each moment captured bliss,
This love I never knew.

Though what we shared was good,
The summer ending breeze,
Blew our love away,
Some things aren't meant to be...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
“Hope Never Disappoints”

I think your great, better than the usual.

And our desire for everlasting knowledge is mutual.

I try to act blithe, but your words get my attention.

Your wit is a Big Bang, always forcing me to listen.

Sometime’s I’m disappointed, but volunteered feelings are free.

Why am I knocking on your mind, when you’ve already given me the key?

The look in your eyes says, Hope Never Dies.

Understood to the wise, that a true friend is a prize.

Our outlooks are detached, but our thoughts are connected.

Subconsciously accepting, that we’re solely subjective.

I’m bon mot your Bonny, and clearly you got me.

Charged with a 211, like your committing robbery.

But don’t dissect my mind, and don’t judge by my skin.

To make me overlook you, like you have never sinned.

Accept me as I am, unique and sublime.

Artistically divine, still continuing to shine.

The air catches my sounds, and speaks into your ears.

And I’m sure you’ll fail to listen, although you surely hear.

And the waves of my voice are, live so obsurb.

The rhythmic symphony’s, of every single word.

Mentally synchronize the future of faith.

And fathom, fantasia without any shapes.

One day your premonition will reach and will teach.

How hope never disappoints those pure with true peace...

By: Mylyn Johnson
A Land Flowing With Milk & Honey

Many people give advice but can't take their own.
Lead by example don't be a hypocrite.
If it's broke maybe you should fix it,
Or buy a new one, stop beating dead horses.

If you can't make them drink water, drink it yourself,
You're so worried about what others are doing.
You don't realize you're losing yourself,
Welcome to the real world of free will.

Everyone does exactly as they choose,
If a person won't change for themselves to get better.
You really think they'll change for you?
O.K! Go ahead & try, see how much progress you make.

Then post it on Instagram so we could all leave comments.
Matter of fact, make a movie, we'll pay to see it.
Just wasting our money on your new trend,
Another lie to make Americans feel dumber than they are.

Not saying we are dumb, but come on, Pok-E-Mon?
Adult's chasing ghost to pass time, that's sad!
How long has it been since someone tried to lead,
& actually made sure we were all educated.

Not only the one's with proper family & money,
But all of us, America's as a whole, as one.
Stop the separation, stop the hate, stop killing us,
It's time we give love & grow together, thanks America...

By: Mylyn Johnson
July 19th, 2016
"Afraid of the Dark"

Which way do I turn in this greedy maze?
I duck and I dive through the heated blaze.
With a heart full of peace but a body of rage,
My mission in life is to escape this cage.

This smoke in my eyes is clouding my view,
Their lips speak lies that are sounding so true.
Celebrating the ways they’re destroying the youth,
Yet if only they knew what they put people through.

The baggage we carry makes moving imbalanced,
Technologies distractions make learning a challenge.
Their addictions and lust have become our bad habits,
We live like white puppets controlled by black magic.

Worried and focused on things that don’t matter,
Taking three steps forward, but twenty steps backwards.
Life’s a disaster so how do we cope,
When all that we love is killing our hope.

Why cry and complain, come up with a plan,
Lets unite as one and all take a stand.
They replaced us with robots, why don’t we see it,
Technologies what’s in, humans are not needed.

They control everything from your thoughts to your future,
The all seeing eye, your iphone your computer.
I mean people have died in brutal car wrecks,
To answer a text, GOD I wonder what’s next.

They show us in movies they’re planning destruction,
The downfall of mankind, the planets eruption.
They’re taxing your soul, have you heard of extortion?
The money the power and Mother Nature’s abortion.

Our life’s a disaster so how do we cope,
When all that we love is killing our hope.

By: Mylyn Johnson
July 29th, 2016
"Poetical Love"

Why do I feel this way? I guess its love.  
Wait! What I meant to say is I hope its love.  
My whole life I've been compressed in a tiny cup,  
But today feels like my heart finally opened up.

It seems I could tell you anything but will you listen?  
Or did I take too long to let you know I cared?  
So while you're here I won't feel to mention,  
How much it hurts to be in love, so I'm scared.

I hold my feelings back & pretend to be mad,  
When in reality I'm only afraid to be hurt.  
So I put on this shield of a lost broken past,  
And never communicate your perfection your worth.

I'm learning who I am & how to express my thoughts,  
With hopes I could get you to understand.  
I love you & I never meant to break your heart,  
The abuse was never part of the plan.

It's obvious I could make you laugh but 5 minutes later your crying,  
I have no idea why I treat you this way.  
I'm honestly hiding the truth so I'm lying,  
I should look you in your eyes & ask you to stay.

How many times have I held you in my arms,  
Pampering you with love & affection?  
Showering you with kisses of a storm,  
And providing you with comfort & protection.

So why do I feel this way if I'm in love?  
Forgive me because I didn't show it.  
Today my heart has finally opened up,  
But since your gone you'll never even know it...

By: Mylyn Johnson
Ill meet you at the altar,
If I knew where it was.
Am I even invited,
To your circle of love?

I'm walking over water,
Frustrated, concerned.
Because my temper is a beast,
And my anger, it burns.

Ill meet you at the altar,
Send me the address.
A wrong turn got me lost,
Stressed out & upset.

I could only blame myself,
I'm so out of control.
How will I make it up to you,
All your highs are my lows.

Ill meet you at the altar,
If you want me to come.
Will you forgive me for my sins,
All the evil I've done.

I got a bad attitude,
And it's killing me Father.
But if you still want my soul,
Ill meet you at the altar...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Ancient Soul"

An odyssey all alone,
Many come, many go.
Visions of the unseen,
Searching for the unknown.

Had I been a prophet,
In 1200 B.C.
Conveying conversations,
To the Spirit of my dreams.

Would I had been like Daniel,
Standing up to kings.
Praying to my God,
By necessary means.

Or would I had been like Gideon,
And not really believe.
Besting my Creator,
To show me His seed.

I could of been like David,
With a stone & a sling.
To destroy the great Goliath,
The giant Philistine.

Had I been a prophet,
In the Spirit of my dreams,
Conveying conversations,
In 1200 B.C...
"Boy of Judah"

The Angel & the boy,
Playing in the snow.
Riding on two wheels,
Reaping what they sow.

One was born with legs,
The other uses wings.
And when they come together
They both conquer they're dreams.

The Angel & the boy,
Perfectly exist.
Within the same orbit,
Sharing the same gift.

One flies, one runs,
Both making strangers smile.
Filled with the Holy Spirit,
Yet no one wonders 'how.'

The mystery unfolds,
As they unite as one.
This vision represents,
The Father & His Son...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Beso"

How many kisses my love,
Before you show me your art?
How many kisses my love,
Before you give me your heart?

100 here a thousand there,
Where do you suggest I go next?
Ten thousand times I everywhere,
I will meet all your request.

How many kisses my love,
Before you realize I'm sincere?
How many kisses my love,
Before you know how much I care?

Once here, once there,
Let's take our time & go slow.
Half way, all the way,
How far do you think we should go?

How many kisses my love,
Before you desire much more?
How many kisses my love,
Before you tell me that I'm yours.

Kiss after kiss,
Every time our lips touch.
Fireworks spark in our hearts,
But a kiss is never enough...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
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“China Cabinet”

How could they take away your adolescence?
We all make mistakes displaying our hands.
So many glass tears and unanswered prayers,
Yet everyone deserves more than one second chance.

These fragile lost years have strengthened your mind,
And mysterious blessings were earned.
All the knowledge you’ve obtained by reading you’ll find.
How the early bird catches the worm.

The sun will go down and things will get gloomy.
We all sing the blues, emotions are blind.
But you are an angel with wings in your heart,
You must overcome darkness in order to shine.

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
July 2nd, 2016
"Grateful Recognition"

You've taught me to explore a mature way of thinking,
I've found my true self and gave life a new meaning.
My anger has faded and vanished like smoke,
I exhale motivation and inhale honest hope.

My thoughts are now pure although I'm not perfect,
I now value integrity my dignity is worth it.
I take a deep breath and think of what's pleasant,
My children & my family my future & my present.

I appreciate you for taking the time,
To challenge my brain cells & question my mind.
For confirming the tools that I have inside,
For leading me to the cliff, but letting me fly.

I'm no longer tactless I'm thinking ahead,
I'm controlling my anger, I'm building my bridge.
My triggers & cues have all been reduced,
To self evaluation & learning the truth.

I've changed how I think & it's been a long stretch,
My constant reminder is to just do my best.
You've given me reason to justify peace,
I realize I'm strongest at times that I'm weak.

Today I will seek & come up with a plan,
Before I speak I will think & also understand.
To be kind at all times do whatever it takes,
For goodness sake this is my way of telling you, thanks...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"A Letter to Momma"

Mother I hear you,
Your singing a song.
Even though I'm a man,
I still want to come home.

We were born to a land,
That devourers its own.
Where the dead are remembered,
But the living's unknown.

You raised me to be strong,
So I carry that burden.
But I used it for wrong,
Now I'm constantly hurting.

Momma help me hold on,
All It takes is a prayer.
And even though I'm full grown,
I'll appreciate if you care.

I'm so stupid at times,
My mistakes are the worst.
I'm a prisoner of crime,
With no doctor or nurse.

I don't want you to see me,
Like a dog in a cage.
With a heart beating pain,
Locked in chains like a slave.

Momma I love you,
And I hope your doing better.
Their picking up the mail right now,
So I have to send out your letter...

~~ Dedicated to my beautiful Mother Lynne Johnson ~~

By: Mylyn Johnson
“Heavens Kiss”

Anytime your down & need some motivation,
   Look into My Eyes by looking in the sky.
Whenever your alone & need more inspiration,
   I’m right by your side I’m with you when you cry.

   I know how you feel I save all of your tears,
   And use them for rain to cleanse the earth.
I feel your heart with love you have nothing to fear,
   All the beauty in your soul explains your worth.

I kissed you on your cheek you thought it was the breeze,
   Or maybe a gentle tickle from a tiny fly.
How come you never notice beloved that was Me,
   Taking a little time out to say hi.

You matter to Me even when your doing grate,
   My love is Omnipotent, I’m here.
Universal day to day have peace rejoice embrace,
   Understand the words I say, I care.

Your heart beats perfect when I sing in your ear,
   I comfort you all of the time.
With grace & heavens kisses all over your face,
   Just get use to the truth, your Mine.

   The birds are confessing every morning,
   They chirp about all that I do.
   Rather happy or sad sorrow or pain,
   The reason I came, was for you.

I’ll help you remember the moments we share,
   Each time that you smile I’m present.
I’m there when you laugh I’m there when you cry,
   Yes, I AM the Kiss, sent from Heaven...

   By: Mylyn Johnson

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"Song of Sorrow"

All I ever do is wrong,
Even when my intentions are right.
My life is a never ending song,
Sung by the sinner each night.

I've shed so many tears,
That the wells have ran dry.
But when Momma said she'll pray for me,
It encouraged me to cry.

See my face & run,
Avoid my grasp for what it's worth.
Because each & everyone,
Who crossed my path, felt my curse.

I'm not that bad,
Something in me will not lie.
My broken past was survived,
There's something in me that will not die.

I seek & I search the earth,
For someone who relates.
From the front of the bus with Rosa Parks,
To the corporations ran by Bill Gates.

I'm all alone in this race,
The poetical son of this nation.
And if I fall & break my face,
They'll call for the worlds celebration.

All I ever do is wrong,
Even when my intentions are right.
I am the never ending song,
Sung by the sinner each night...

By: Mylyn Johnson
"Pray for Me"

Momma, dear Momma,
This world is not the place for me.
Filled with rage, pain & drama,
I need someone to pray for me.

The peace inside my mind,
Has drifted on so far,
I'm angry all the time,
Preparing for a war.

Momma, dear Momma,
This world has so much hate for me,
I never get no rest,
I need someone to pray for me.

The air that I breathe,
Is stabbing through my chest.
My soul is filled with holes,
How come I wasn't blessed.

Momma, dear Momma,
Please pray for me Momma...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson

Dedicated to my Mother

Doris Lynne Johnson Malone
"My Brothers Keeper" the Poem

We don't always talk,
Still I miss you though.
Time flies like bird's,
But each day seems slow.

Winters right around the corner,
So the nights get cold.
Watch your Blind spots clearly,
When you drive those roads.

We don't always talk,
But you still my bro.
I hope lifes all good,
Though it might not show.

keep your mind optimistic,
Move with that flow.
Soul Search everyday,
Till you find that glow.

We don't always talk,
But I love you though.
So I'm reaching out to you,
I'm just letting you know.

If your brother got your back,
Like a life guard float.
Lifes a beach,
Ride the waves with the right speed boat...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Proud Conqueror"

Look at all you've achieved,
You're absolutely great.
You amaze me,
You have a mind full of faith.

If the world was hot,
Your the breeze that makes it cool.
You move like Michael Phelps
You get gold when your in the pool.

Accomplish all of your goals,
Regardless how short or long.
Set what you deserve,
And go only where you belong.

When you work hard,
No one could tear you down.
Keep being optimistic,
Wear a smile to match with your crown...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson

Dedicated to my sons Marc Anthony & Stephen
"A Apple A Day"

Dark pupils & bright teeth.
Are making sure the patients die.
These lost souls lose sleep.
Because of medications their prescribed.

Their trusting their positions.
Above the law to stand higher.
But the thirst in these clinicians.
Will drain your lives like vampires.

They take all your energy.
And use it in battle.
Then throw you off the diving board.
Knowing the waters shallow.

Why would you give all your goods.
And time around the clock.
To someone who doesn’t know them self.
Exactly what they’ve got.

They want to steal your happiness.
Until your body rots.
But the Spirit is my confidence.
And GOD is never mocked.

Why tear me into pieces.
And crush I that I have.
Then tell me it all means nothing.
And criticize my past.

When all I have is me.
And everything I feel.
My healing starts within myself.
My outside you have killed...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
“Wonder Days”

A land flowing with milk & honey, where everyone’s a star. They act like their celebrities, who do they think they are? They fit in like the key, that unlocks every treasure. Their fortune & their fame, is hotter than the weather. They live on for the future, the past was sacrificed. By ancestors that couldn’t last, because they paid the price. Traditional American dreams, where nothing could go wrong. But as I carry on I wonder... Where do I belong?

Some are made to act, while others love to sing. Some live out all their goals, while others only dream. I see how hard they work, to own a piece of land. But forty acres & a mule, I do not understand. Why must we cross the bridge, to make it to the river? Forgetting where we came from, in order to remember. The preacher & his prayer. The choir & their song. But when they all go home I wonder... Where do I belong?

I gaze up at the moon, with no one else around. Just waiting for the Sun to rise, & shine its glory down. As everyone is comfortable & always feeling safe. This world is not the place for me! It’s simply not my taste. I see their happy smiles, I also see their tears. Sometimes they laugh sometimes they cry, sometimes it hurts to care. There’s 24 hours every day, so why’s each day so long? As I write this poem alone I wonder... Where do I belong?

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Zombie Life"

I see the miserable are broken,
And feeding off of dope.
Trading everything of value,
To lose all of their hope.

When I witness their hurt,
I begin to realize.
They’ve forgot what they are worth,
So the pain they try to hide.

It’s wrong to criticize,
Another human being.
When you don’t know what they’ve been through,
You don’t know what they’ve seen.

You notice how they live,
Unfortunately it’s wild.
Doing anything they can,
To try to shed a smile.

They may not be the bright ones,
Yet no one wonders why.
They’re everyday excitement,
As briefly getting by.

These broken are unbreakable,
And looking through the glass.
With shattering expectations,
To overcome their past...

By: Melyn C. Johnson

33
"No Matter What"

Every day I'm away,
I miss you even more.
I wish that I was there,
To help you get through life.

I understand your getting older,
And life is getting tough,
Just focus on your happiness,
And find your peace of mind.

Every day I'm away,
I think about the times:
We would skateboard or make music,
Or just play video games.

We use to laugh & joke,
Sometimes we would even cry.
Yet it still, with God,
We got through every moment.

Now every day I'm away,
I ponder on our past.
Our Sacred family bonds,
Will live on forever.

I want you to do your best,
So your future will be bright.
Continue to shine your light,
I'm proud of you son, I love you...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson

Dedicated to my son Marc' Anthony
"Wish You Would 2017"

Hope is right in front of you but your blind,
Tell me what do I do to get you to see it.
There'a light in the darkness that shines,
I could show you the world but you wouldn't believe it.

I've survived what your going through that's why I relate,
Your so eager to show everyone your tough.
But if you dig deep within, just a speckle of faith
Will uplift your confidence & your trust.

You're so easily influenced by negative pride,
It attracts you like a moth to a flame.
You could even see the light when you close your eyes,
When will you open them up, to a change?

Your heart has been broke, you've been stabbed in your back,
But you keep your tears hidden inside.
I give you advice because your under attack
But since you know everything, it's denied.

Hope is right in front of you but your blind,
I could show you the world but you wouldn't believe it.
There's a light in the darkness that shines,
Tell me what do I do, to get you to see it...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Empty Cup of Gold"

Hard of hearing, hard of learning,
A hard head makes a soft ass.
Easy failures make easy earnings,
But how long will the money last.

A product derived from hate,
All you really need is a hug.
Violence makes you feel safe,
So you abuse all the people you love.

Addicted to the people you respect,
Even though they care less about you.
This dangerous life style you accept,
Is the reason your soul has these wounds.

You should try something different,
Why are you afraid of change.
Stop pretending you're heartless,
Get yourself together & out the game.

I understand you came from a broken home,
& you have too much pride to cry.
Your background confirms your strong,
& you can do amazing things if you try.

Tough love hurts so bad,
But it gives you the courage of kings.
So use the knowledge you've obtained,
And create ways to reach your dreams...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson

36
"Woman Power"

Your voice brings inspiration,
When I listen to you sing.
It's motivational love,
A joyful magic dream.

A light that shines within,
Inevitable falsettos.
Your vocal cords grab hold,
And won't ease up or let go.

Your energetic sounds,
Are pulling my emotions.
Opening up my little heart,
With universal potion.

When I'm low, your high notes,
Lift me in the breeze.
I fly away with songs that sing,
The great... Alicia Keys...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson

Dedicated § Alicia Keys
"Ellen DeGeneres"

You make me laugh, you make me smile,
   You inspire me with hope.
I love your swag, I love your style,
   The way you tell your jokes.

   I know that I, am certainly,
   Your most poetic fan.
I watch your show and like everyone else,
   You always make me dance.

   Your wit is a breath of fresh air,
   How are you so charmingly clever?
Your clothing line Ellen is like wearing heaven,
   Your boxer briefs fit so much better.

   You're beautiful from heart to soul,
   Helping the good ones in need.
Extending your love and giving a hug,
   Your eyes are blue skies over trees.

   You give life a reason to live,
   Supplying the world with balance.
Using your gifts to simply uplift,
   With kindness and incredible talent.

You make me laugh, you make me smile,
   With your cat videos and meme's.
I love your swag, I love your style,
   Thank you for living your dreams...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
   July 8th, 2016
Dedicated to Ellen DeGeneres
“Splashes Of Hope”

A young man full of potential,
Learning himself, so influential.
Believing in GOD & keeping His ways,
Taking the time to utilize days.

His future is unknown but he understands,
How his dreams & his goals will preserve him a plan.
The light from the Sun shines in his eyes,
He's captivated by truth & unconcerned with lies.

He sees the unseen & feels the world's cold,
His future as bright as lights glowing on gold.
His family & friends are encouraging souls,
As he smooths the ruff paths of old bumpy roads.

This young man is wise, you could hear in his voice,
He has already gained the awareness of choice.
You hear inspiration from the words he sings,
He is only 14, with the mind of a king...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson

Dedicated to my son Marc' Anthony
Another Life

How many times,
Have I lived, have I died?
How many nights,
Have I cheated, have I lied?

[To the soul in my heart,
That fights with my mind.
The King of Sorrow,
How will I survive?

I've never met none,
That knows how I feel.
I've yet to meet one,
Who even seemed real.

Except for a stranger,
Who shined in the night.
His name was my Saviour,
From another life.

He told me His story,
From beginning to end.
His eyes showed His glory.
We both became friends...

By: Mylyn Johnson
"Tear Drops"

Shadow tears drop to the dirt,
Many of nights I cried,
Searching for love I could not find,
Since my feelings shut down & hide.

The mirror reflects a stranger,
Looking back at a broken man.
Those eyes filled with darkness, staring back heartless,
At a soul I do not understand.

Many of nights I cried,
Walking through mud in the rain,
No jacket or sweater, no hat nor umbrella,
Just a mind full of heartache & pain.

Melting like wax, broken like glass,
My sorrow became my addiction.
Twisted tangled & tied into knots,
My heart is unable to listen.

Many of nights I cried,
Many many of nights I cried...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Young California Love"

You complete my heart,
My darkness is your light.
These eyes have seen the stars,
My death becomes your life.

Our souls belong together,
Our link connects the dots.
Your lips are soft as fur,
But I should trust you not.

You say I am your love,
And although I believe,
I cheat each chance I get,
My greedy lustful needs.

Your pain is my desire,
This shouldn't be a shock.
Since I'm so insecure,
I hope you trust me not...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Poetry Is Me"

Poetry is instinct,
Its drive & action.
Its your best friend,
Always ready to teach.

Poetry is healthy,
Like nurturing nutrition.
Its a warm fire,
On a cold winter night.

Poetry is a blueprint,
Being created by one.
Then given to others,
And built by many.

Poetry is a vacation,
Watching ocean waves.
Leaving footprints in the sand,
Step by step.

Poetry is taking a stand,
When no one else will.
Fighting for what's right,
To help complete strangers.

Poetry is a door,
Waiting to be unlocked.
Listening for knocks,
Open for all to come in...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Angel Eyes"

Full moon, on a gloomy night,
The candles are lit in the house.
The glow of the light, reflects off the eyes,
Wax moonwalks down the holder.

The living room is empty, there's no one in sight,
The cold breeze is blowing the curtains.
The door is wide open inviting you in,
But no one seems to have any interest.

Tobster the cat, sits still on the table,
Her eyes emitting the burn of the candles.
Staring right through your soul, her purring is low,
It's amazing what silence reveals...

By: Melyn C. Johnson
"Omnipresent"

Looking up at the gloomy sky,
I see celestial bodies above.
Radiant glares polishing down,
Exuberant emits of love.

The presence of peace is caught in the air,
Watching the moon light glow in its glory.
Reflecting itself in the soul of my eyes.
And quietly telling its story.

Down in the depths of the waters,
I see the waves flow in the distance.
Rising on the surface, dancing with the wind,
Exploring each others existence.

I take a deep breath of the midnight breeze,
And let the thoughts roll off my mind.
Enjoying tonight, in the moment of life,
And quietly sharing its time...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
July 8th, 2016
"Free For All"

There's a energy that floats,
That no one has seen.
Yet it gives a good feeling,
To all who believe.

Like a speckle of light,
In a dark universe.
Blowing inside the hearts,
Of the chosen that work.

There's a energy that flies,
That no one has heard.
It doesn't make any sounds,
It doesn't speak any words.

Yet it motivates those,
Who strive to be great.
Who move like the wind,
Reflecting on faith.

There's a energy that empowers,
Everything that breathes air.
But it's so mysterious,
You don't know when it's there.

So it gives a good joy,
Unknown & unseen.
There's a energy that comes,
To all who believe...

by: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Biography"

Eyes closed like Adam & Eve,  
Wrapped inside a cocoon.  
Breathing the soul of holy water,  
I butterflied out of the womb.

Everythings strange when everything changed,  
I actually opened my eyes.  
My Mother held me in her arms,  
And wiped away all of my cries.

I can't believe I returned,  
Back to the planets surface.  
Was given a second chance,  
To complete a mysterious purpose.

In one life time or another, I died,  
But by GOD's grace, today I revived...

By: Mylyn C Johnson
Lost Soul

When I fall, who will pick me up,
Who will be the one to catch me?
Although I feel it's only me,
I have the heart to give you credit.

My life hurts on a regular basis,
I wish I had a friend to talk to.
Someone to relate to,
A person that could make me forget my pain.

I want to find myself in my eyes,
I see my soul when I look in the mirror.
But when I walk away I forget who I am,
Yet I still, I can't forget how I feel.

Does it make me weak because I'm alone?
My heart wants to open, but I won't let it.
I can't explain why I'm this way,
But I will honestly say, I'm over protective.

I can no longer hide my mind,
Everyday I will be who I am.
A man that speaks the thoughts that he thinks;
I haven't lost it all, but I have lost something.

I can't say what it was,
Hopefully it wasn't all that important.
But regardless how hard I fall,
I will always pick myself back up...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Light Hearted"

Everyone has views on religion,
Some come no where near it.
Many beliefs are actually tradition,
But God, He created the Spirit.

My elders tried to teach me,
By building my faith & showing me how to pray.
But my elders couldn't reach me,
Or show me the way because I didn't relate.

I was too young, too shy, too innocent,
Too understand the cares of the world.
I was too dumb, too blind, too ignorant,
Too know that my soul was a pearl.

So I put myself through hell,
I mean I literally felt the fire.
Until I finally woke up & found,
My experience crushed my desire.

I seeked God & soul searched,
On my own & found all that I need.
I learned the Way & saw the Light.
The Truth is, He's why I believe...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
“Midnight Glow”

What’s a life without risk, I mean.  
I’m trying to change.  
But how do I resist denying my pains.  
My feelings are dismissed.  
And my mind is arranged.  
To think I don’t even exist.  
Mentally I’m insane.

Broken hearted broken wings.  
So I bleed when I fly.  
Pushed around by the wind  
And the breeze of the sky.  
I mean I thought I saw the end.  
I’m beginning to cry.  
But that was smoke that the haters blew burning my eyes.

I walk by faith & not by sight.  
Father believe me.  
But ask Jesus He’s my witness.  
LORD living ain’t easy.  
And if it was then here’s a verse I will never forget.  
John 11 verse 35 let us know ‘Jesus wept’  
I’m not ashamed of who I am.  
We all got a past.  
So I’ll hold in my frustration.  
Till I finally blast.  
And explode like the fireworks.  
Over the grass.  
And the only way I’ll stop hurting.  
Is to finally laugh...

By: Mlyn C. Johnson
"24 Karat Love"

I put so much trust in people,  
My whole life I got betrayed.  
Walked all over, stepped on,  
Heart broken in pain.

The woman I love most,  
I won't even say her name.  
Wondering if she knows,  
My feelings are still the same.

If you remember me,  
I pray you forget me not.  
Let's run away together,  
And never look back like lots.

You opened up my heart,  
You treated me so kind.  
So many years have passed,  
You disappeared like time.

You've vanished for a while,  
Maybe I'm insane.  
Ever since you left,  
My love has never changed...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"A Necessary Implant"

I've come so far I need some rest. 
I'm still struggling to carry my baggage. 
There's pain & stress inside my chest. 
Because I'm afraid to let go of my habits.

My past burns like fire wood. 
In a log cabin on a snowy night. 
I react bad although my heart is good. 
My mistakes have impacted my whole life.

I'm too chicken to put all my eggs in a basket. 
So I crush what I value like an ostrich. 
I'm thinking 17 thoughts & one is real drastic. 
I swear my minds holding me hostage.

So how do I escape from myself? 
I'm angry & frustrated I wonder why. 
I've got to break out of this cocoon. 
With a colorful outlook like butterflies.

Under skies & wishing upon a star. 
But trying to change would make more sense. 
If I got a penny for every thought & a dime for all my crimes. 
By this time next year, I'll be rich.

How do I explain my issues? 
Like thoughtful quotes from a movie star. 
My tears absorb rolls of tissues. 
Until I'm drowning in the seas sushi bar.

I've run so far I deserve a reward. 
All this baggage I'll toss to the side. 
My positive energy I'll no longer ignore. 
Give me wings so I could soar the sky...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
“White Widow Night”

You stabbed me in the back with hatred,
Lied to my face and left me for dead.
Betrayed all my trust and tormented my patience,
I danced with the devil in her silky white web.

Got bit by a spider and bled like a lamb.
Unfortunate gain what else could I lose.
Seduced by the bliss from the day of the damned.
I’m tangled, spinning, and unable to move.

Trapped in the heat of your fiery hell,
It’s cold when you fail, but I don’t want to burn.
I thought you were organic, a pearl in a shell,
But the fortune you tell is no longer to learn.

I may have been weak to look in your eyes,
And not notice your demons us strength.
I am not going to lie, I was shocked and surprised,
Wicked witches have crafty blueprints.

But I’m stronger than lions and wiser than ants,
How did I become prey for the hunter?
When I’m the double edged sword, the WORD of the LORD,
Unforgotten, unbroken, uncovered.

I sit and I’m stuck so I keep my mouth closed,
The truth is within out sides become false.
One day your soul will look up at the road,
And try to grab the good GOD that you formally lost.

You stabbed in my chest with venomous hatred,
Do not tell a soul that’s what your voice said.
Played me the fool and mocked all my patience,
I danced with the devil in a silky white web...

By Mylyn C. Johnson
March 13th, 2016
“Gone for the Holidays”

Now that I’m full grown my whole life has changed,
Each day I wake up there’s no one in sight.
I’m sinking in sorrow & standing in rain,
Where’s my silent night where’s my Holy night?

Season’s greetings have left me alone,
No holiday spirit no holiday cheer.
Father of Time what have I done wrong?
No family no gifts no flying reindeers.

Who do I hold when the weather gets cold?
Isolated from love & burly holding on.
Wish I could eat drink & be merry in soul,
Just singing along to the holiday songs.

I’ve been taken away will I ever go home?
I never forgot you did you forget me?
I’m abandoned forsaken I’m wretched alone,
But Momma pray for me if you hear me.

Take away the hurt the toil & anguish,
I’m losing my joy but I hope I stay holy.
My loved ones are absent I’m left in the wind,
I’m all by myself this year has been lonely.

I war with my thoughts each day is a fight,
I ask the LORD up high in His Kingdom.
Where’s my silent night where’s my Holy night?
They’ve taken my life & my freedom.

Father of Time what have I done wrong?
I’ve been brokenhearted for so many days.
Season’s greetings have left me alone,
So goodbye... I’m gone for the holidays...

By: Mylyn Johnson
"Paramount Reign"

If I were GOD I wouldn’t know how to handle it.
I mean I’m such a jealous person.
When things don’t go my way.
How would I show my wrath without cursing?

How would I speak without breathing fire?
How would I keep these people safe?
If I were GOD my desire would be...
Helping people restore their faith & washing away their hate.

I would want to be seen, I’d want to be heard.
I’d want to be respected & loved.
I’d rip to shreds those who destroy.
And I... Would be the Judge.

If I were GOD if I were GOD.
I’d probably sit & cry.
Hoping My creation lives with happiness inside.
But when I wipe My Eyes, so many more have died.

I wish they all would look up high.
And gently kiss the sky.
I’d give My Grace to everyone, so they could feel my peace.
I’d give them joy & comfort to, protect them from the beast.

If I were GOD if I were GOD.
I’d always understand.
I’d give the Universe all My Love, I’ll do all that I can.
I’d save the people from themselves & show a better way.

I’d forgive the ones who actually change & bring them to My place.
I’d have so much work to do they’ll be no time to nod.
My job would be to heal the world, if only, I were GOD...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
Remember Me First

You have to hold on to faith,
And never forsake the truth.
Your inheritance will be great,
If they killed me, they'll kill you.

It's wise to understand yourself,
And control the things you do.
Why be jealous of a fool?
If they hated me, they'll hate you.

Life has always been a puzzle,
And some pieces you'll loose.
But when the picture comes together,
If they loved me, they'll love you.

Watch the way you play the game,
And don't overlook the rules.
Because the end remains the same,
If they cherished me, they'll cherish you.

Don't lie to gain a dollar,
Pretending to be true.
When inside your conscience hollars,
If they believed me, they'll believe you.

They'll hate you for no reason,
Destroying all your plans.
But I'll bless you in due season,
If they heard me, you'll understand...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Tone Deaf"

Alone, covered by darkness,
Your eyes spoke a thousand words.
Without making a sound,
All that you said was heard.

I'll come back for you, I'll come back for you,
But wait, why are you leaving?
Those five words pierced my heart,
It hurts to keep on breathing.

I ran leaped & grabbed you,
Because I didn't know.
How long you'll be away,
I couldn't let you go.

I'll come back for you, I'll come back for you,
Although I held on strong.
Somehow you slipped away,
And now I'm all alone.

I remember your eyes,
The compassion the truth the pain.
My broken soul no longer shatters,
Your introduction made me change.

I'll come back for you, I'll come back for you,
The only words I heard.
I'll watch for your return,
I know you'll keep your word.

I feel you by my side,
Your not too far away.
Come back for me, come back for me,
But promise me, you'll stay...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Every Beacon Call"

Angel, my Angel,
*Listen* close for God's call.
Angel, my Angel,
*Stand* strong & don't fall.

Endure what you must,
To get where your going.
And remember to trust,
The soul that keeps glowing.

Angel, my Angel,
Appear in my dreams.
Angel, my Angel,
With musical wings.

Give me your comfort,
To get through the night.
Show me your eyes;
Guide me with your light.

Angel, my Angel,
Up high in the sky.
Angel, my Angel,
Right here by my side.

My goodness, my hope,
Stands strong & won't fall.
Angel, my Angel,
Listen close for my call.

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
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"My LORD & My GOD"

The LORD is my Redeemer,
I lift His Name up high.
    I watch & I Pray,
As clouds smile in the sky.

The LORD is my Sheppard,
    He Blesses with Peace.
He fills me with Strength,
At times when I'm weak.

The LORD is my Trust,
He leads me through Life,
    Corrects all my faults,
And teaches me right.

    I Pray day & night,
    My family is safe.
When I close both my eyes,
I could still see their face.

    I hope they have peace,
    And receive the Light.
    And accept the joy,
Of the LORD Jesus Christ.

    Have Mercy on us,
The Children You Chose.
    The Seed of David,
And all Humble Souls.

The LORD is our King,
    His Glory leads us.
Forgive all our sins,
And thank You Jesus...

By: Mylyn Johnson
"Holy Waters"

I remember my Ancestors,
Waiting in the water.
Working & singing,
And praying to their Father.

Filled with the Spirit,
Because they were strong.
So loving & trusting,
But their skin tone was wrong.

So they were beaten & hated,
By people who feared.
The Children of GOD,
The Nation who cares.

Were stripped of their roots,
And all that they were.
Was taken by force,
And given a curse.

They were slaves to the man,
The man with no soul.
The Good Ship Jesus,
The Boat we all know.

But how do we row?
And where do we go?
We’re dying of thirst,
With no H2O.

The waters are troubled,
So why are we waiting?
When all we’ve created,
Was stolen & taken.

I remember my Ancestors,
Waiting in the water.
Dying to be free,
And praying to my Father...

By: Mylyn Johnson
"Yabadeesh" (Tongues)

The Anointed,
The Holy & the Just.
The only One worthy,
For me to give my Trust.

I'm in so much pain I cry,
I Repent for all my faults.
I've done everything but died,
Yet to You my Soul was Brought.

What is it in my Eyes?
That notices Your Signs.
Of Good & bad Right & wrong,
Running out of Time.

Today I'm filled with Peace,
But still live with the burden.
Of the evil deeds I've inflected.
On each & every person.

Forgive me LORD I'm hurting,
I need You as my Light.
To Brighten up this darkness,
And take over my Life.

My flesh is weak & fragile,
Your Word is how I'm filled.
The Gospels tattooed on my skin,
But Your Holy Spirit is what Wills.

Please hear my supplication ABBA,
And notice how I've changed.
Relent Your wrath as I Repent my sins,
And Forgive me IN Jesus Name... AMEN!!!

By: Mylyn Johnson
“Manifestation”

Your love is tattooed over my heart. The weeping widow smeared all her tears away. She thought their engagement had fallen apart. But he inspired truth with the hope he displayed. She didn’t know why she hurt so much. Holding her child in both of her arms. Hating the wars irresponsible touch. The door bell rang out a lonely alarm. She screamed she stomped she shook her head no. A neighbor drove by and viewed the commotion. The uniformed men had more places to go. They left, and left her heart broken. Her mascara ran, her baby boy cried. It started to rain, the weather was sad. How could she believe a man that would lie. She said baby don’t cry, look up, there’s your dad. The heat was turned up because it was cold. The cross on the wall was unusually bright. Her baby boy smiled with love in his soul. She wished she was asleep and dreaming tonight. His picture fell down, she picked it up quick. His presence was felt, she knew he was there. She saw him alive, God gave her a gift. He said I never lied, I will always be here...

By: Mylyn Johnson
“Appetizers”

Exits the freeway & pulls up to this place.
She’s standing in line for veggies & meat.
She wore some lip stick hand bag & a skirt.
To the mind of Cornishe, all you can eat.

She walked through the door & paid the set price.
Go’s to the t-bones & grabs the best stake.
A tray a saucer a fork & a knife.
Some shrimp a lobster & two slices of cake.

She found a table to enjoy her big great meal.
The seats were black comfortable leather.
A waiter asked, “what can I get you to drink?”
Cognac, the darker the better.

She cut through the stake that was medium rear.
And devoured it’s blood & it’s juices.
Dipped the lobster & shrimps in hot butter.
And drank to the sinister music.

She got up for more & walked right by the veggies.
This time was a plate full of crab.
Oysters & claims her appetites’ deadly.
She desires to eat all that they have.

She cracks the hard crab & breaks through the shell.
To get to the tender soft core.
Then swallows it whole there’s no need to chew.
She’s a beast she has ate here before.

She fills a doggy bag with sweets & deserts.
Left Cornishe’ & then she realized.
When she got in her car suddenly she felt empty.
All she ate yet she was unsatisfied...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
“Unconditional Compassion”

She kissed his lips and said, “I love you.”
He caressed her cheek and followed.
Even though he replied, “I love you too”
Someone in this relationship feels sorrow.

She got in her car and drove back to work,
Then clocked back in from her lunch break.
Her secretary said, “Rachael your husband is on line one,”
And for the very first time she felt heart ache.

She picked up the phone and said, “Honey, I’m working”
It was their anniversary of course.
He said, “I love you with my life and I planned the perfect night”
But the perfect wife desired much more.

She whispered sweet nothings that meant nothing at all,
Then she anxiously hung up the phone.
She was an unbarring woman, married for ten years.
She wanted to go anywhere after work, but home.

Her Iphone rang from an ex she hasn’t seen,
Since Harvard, so she read the text.
“I’m in town for one night and I didn’t bring my wife,
Can we meet up for fifty shades of sex?”

Her heart raced in her chest as she text and sent, “yes.
I get off of work at four.”
She completely forgot her husband’s reservations
For tonight she will live for the score.

Her husband waited until 2am,
When he got home she was sleeping in bed.
He laid down and held her, then smiled to himself,
“you are such a hard worker,” he said....

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
August 1st, 2015
“Ghetto Blues”

The old man was obnoxiously rude,
When people would ask him what’s wrong.
He’d yell I’ve got the ghetto blues,
And this pain in my heart is too strong.

He lost the two loves that he known,
So each day was frustrating and long.
So he’d sing out the ghetto blues,
With compassionate words in his songs.

He drank till he couldn’t drive home,
So the bartender called him a taxi.
He slurred I’ve got the ghetto blues,
And you could blame it on Kendra and Kathy.

This old guy was heartless and cruel,
But got much respect from the crooks.
Rapping I’ve got the ghetto blues,
Without judging the covers of books.

He hated the fakeness of smiles,
He stayed with a frown on his face.
Shouting I’ve got the ghetto blues,
And he’ll yell it and scream it with hate.

The old man went into a coma,
And he dreamed he wouldn’t survive.
He cried I’ve got the ghetto blues,
And I’m ready to go on and die.

He went up and met GOD in a cloud,
But did not have one word to say.
Christ said, “you’ve had the ghetto blues,
But behold, I have took them away…”

By: Mylyn Johnson
August 1st, 2015
"Avaunt"

The waiter realized that she was just drunk. Don’t you insult my intelligence you cheap-skate. I will not tell you again... Avaunt!!!
The Queen refused to eat low-fat cheese cake. Don’t you insult my intelligence you cheap-skate. Who is the fool who wanted you hired? The Queen refused to eat low-fat cheese cake. He thought to himself, I am so getting fired. Who is the fool who wanted you hired? I will have his family, tossed to the lions. He thought to himself, I am so getting fired. I will not forgive, this delinquent is dying. I will have his family, tossed to the lions. Her husband the King, told him not to worry. I will not forgive, this delinquent is dying. He laughed out loud at the Queen and her fury. Her husband the King, told him not to worry. The Queen was surprised and filled with much hate. He laughed out loud at the Queen and her fury. It is not your fault, she’s upset with her weight. The Queen was surprised and filled with much hate. The waiter realized that she was just drunk. It is not your fault, she’s upset with her weight. I will not tell you again... Avaunt!!!

By: Mylyn Johnson
"Unknown"

How are you today? I've been sent to let you know.
I see everything you do, I know every place you go.
You'll do the best you could, if you were truly wise.
Because you couldn't keep a secret from me, if you tried.
No matter who you are, or what you have learned.
I'll be right there to give you, all that you earned.
Peace or war love or hate right or wrong.
I am the one, who's singing those songs.
I'm there when you lie, I'm there when you're honest.
I'm there when you keep, & when you break a promise.
I'm telling the truth, even if you don't believe me.
I'm everywhere & you cannot deceive me.
I'm the darkest of nights, I'm the brightest of lights.
I shape up & build, the quality changes in life.
You may think that I'm wrong, but I'm made with perfection.
I am everything you do, I am just your reflection.
I seek to help you & make knowledge clear.
Because to be honest, I actually care.
About your emotions & all of your feelings.
I have been instructed, to teach all the children.
Without holding hands or making things easy.
I show how I love you, I hope you believe me.
I am who I am, I was not sent to harm ya.
Every since the beginning, they've all called me Karma...

By: - Mylyn Johnson
"Give Me A Chance"

What is he doing here? I mean look at his pants! The way they fall off his waist, his posture his stance! Why does he have so much faith? I don’t understand! It’s like his voice is a rap’ & his walk is a dance! He has those nappy french braids, the type I can’t stand! He was accepted to this school, I wonder how did they plan? For me to teach a damn fool, who’ll never advance! With his demeanor I wouldn’t even want to give him a chance! My students make the honor roll, look at Katy & Sam! He’ll never have straight A’s, I wouldn’t give a damn! If he’s as smart as they say, the instructor I am! Will never pass a Kunta Kenta Shaka Zulu black man! My heritage is pure, the cream of the land! And his genealogy sure they came from Abraham! I guess I’ll answer his question, since he’s raising his hand! And all I said was “Please, would you just give me a chance?”

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Black People"

My people... My people... Why aren't we equal?
Why have we become brain washed & Americanized?
Taught to hate each other & feel inferior,
Like humble slaves in chains willing to obey lies.

Consistently tearing ourselves down,
And when one rises they forget what they lack.
Because whatever successful love they've found,
Feels so good to have that they never look back.

Running towards the finish line they've built,
Striving to be productively energetic.
Proving that you have respect for common space,
But even when you win you won't be accepted.

Just cherish the moments you could smile,
Because they surely won't last long.
Feeling a perfect heartbeat is worthwhile,
While driving the road to your favorite song.

Sometimes you meet those who speak of a change,
Quoting the grate leaders that walked.
Then they get so caught up in political pain,
That all they ever do... Is talk.

Pointing the finger at everyone else,
As if surviving these days is not hard enough.
Frustrated with everyone except for themselves,
Yes the heart of a man like a stone it is tough.

Everything they say is validated by how we act,
But who we are is yet to come in the sequel.
Besides that let's all state the facts,
My people... This is why we are not equal...

By: Mylyn Johnson
"A New Leaf"

Two shots in his chest,
Mother lost child.
Tears roll down the Mother's,
Upside down smile.

Embracing her little boy,
Asking the Lord why.
Praying he still alive,
As his limp body dies.

Calling her son's name,
The body without a soul.
Not getting a response,
Just blood staining her clothes.

He will no longer eat her meals,
She will no longer feel his hugs.
The ambulance siren coming,
To take away her love.

Watery blurred eyes, staring at the moon,
A star is born everytime, a child is gone too soon...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
“Gold Skin”

Ask your self have you ever been rejected? Living life like a quiz everyday you get tested,
Ask your self have you ever been subjected? To being murdered by the law but if you live your arrested.
   How could we survive in a world where the crimes,
   Are orchestrated behind those wearing suits & nice ties.

A nickel for every thought but we’re not thinking the same,
We broke the world’s piggy bank & didn’t see anything change.
   Michael Jackson bleached his skin but his soul wasn’t faded,
   He paid the way for black artist to overcome constant hatred.

   Yet the Spirit inside us has planted it’s seed,
   Like Dr. Martin Luther King we continue to dream.
   Although we are poor & in low income living,
   Our minds still explore & our brain cells are driven.

   We live love & laugh just like all of the rest,
   But we’re consistently judged & we’re always oppressed.
   These tattoos that we get represent how we feel,
   If we’re right or we’re wrong who we are is for real.

   Our children are raised with values not wealth,
   When the world is against you, you must believe in yourself.
   These are the times that we should all break through the truth,
   To conquer with confidence & endure & pursue.

   The heart of a poet always continues to talk,
   Christ walked on waters so where will we walk?
   Forward or backwards, alone or in groups,
   Remember Tupac Shakur, his message saved youths.

   We scream & we shout but does anyone hear?
   We live quick then we die but does anyone care?
   To this day Maya Angelou’s inspiring me,
   Unbreakable black man of GOD, that’s me...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Saint Pac"

Why did you have to die before your time, I just feel like you should still be around. Escaped the darkness & found the Devine, Your unsolved murder anointed your crown. You prophesied your death with predictions, Every move was a calculated step One love one thug one nation existed, And previewed the vision's in your quest.

You wonder if heaven got a ghetto, Yet if they don't you'll be in attendance. You spoke hope to the soul of the negro, And led us away from the ignorance.

Our lives are worth living, If we thank you LORD, For sending us your angel, Tupac Shakur. By: Mylyn C. Johnson

Dedicated to Tupac Amaru Shakur
Float Forever

Born to inspire the far & the near,
Your 74 years of confidence wins.
Your contagious words hit so many ears,
Once the music begins the song never ends.

"I'm so mean I make medicine sick",
Olympic gold medalist you're finally free.
So many prayers your soul will be missed,
So float like a butterfly and sting like a bee.

You'd predict what you'd do in the ring.
"I'm fast, I'm pretty", You mastered your mind.
Went from Cassius Clay to Muhammad Ali,
& you always will be, the greatest of all time.

Born to motivate, the honored the hopeless,
Once the music is played, we all sing along.
& now that you're free the famous & unnoticed,
Will remember you forever since you made it back home...

By: Johnson Mylyn
June 3rd, 2016
Dedicated to Mr. Muhammad Ali
1942-2016
Live in Paradise

73
“Early Birds”

Have you ever in life, stood there & observed.

Looking outside your window, peacefully watching the birds.

The use of their beaks, the flaps of their wings.

Searching for food, as they pleasantly sing.

Flying in the breeze, & dancing in the puddles.

Having no worries, about Mother Nature’s troubles.

Finding light weighed sticks, to twist & build nest.

Sheltering all their eggs, their wings cover the rest.

The tiniest of birds, flying up so high.

Looking down on us, from up above the sky.

Landing on a fence, or maybe on a building.

Playing in the dirt, just like little children.

Flying in the wind, spreading their wings to glide.

Their feathers keep them warm, from cold air that’s outside.

Feathered vertebrate’s with wings, watching nations with care.

Tiny humble messengers, delivering our prayers.

Repeating all the good, & singing word for word.

God is good, God is great, He blesses all the birds...

By: - Mylyn Johnson
"Butterfly Effect the Poem"

Butterflies dance with the breeze,
They float like a yacht on the ocean.
They fly & collect colorful effects,
Reflecting the winds & its motions.

Landing on roses, kissing the flowers,
And eating the nectar of Nature.
Sweeter than honey, as cute as a bunny,
And light as a clean piece of paper.

The butterfly comes, the butterfly goes,
From cocoon's into a great transformation.
The butterfly hums, the butterfly glows,
With light rays & brilliant illuminations.

Gentle as a fly, but far more attractive,
Flowing to the beat of it's wing's.
Designed like a swirl, not a care in the world,
Just enjoying the music it sings.

Take a close look, how the butterfly lives,
Like an angel came down from the sky.
To show off its beauty, by doing its duty,
The blessings are always disguised...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"My Sometimes"

My ebony queen, my everything.
The elegant sensation in all of my dreams.
I'm not perfect but I'm perfect for you.
My respect & dedication is racing towards truth.

You are my delight, I enjoy your taste.
Your sweeter than honey, oh I love your face.
If love was blind, than how do I see?
The moments we've shared & our memories.

I'll kiss on your lips, while holding your neck.
Then slide my tongue around your round lovely breast.
Oh woman of mine, shall we move slowly?
Shall I eat out your garden, like your soul is so holy?

Does your heart still know me & are we still blessed?
When we go our separate ways, who do we trust?
My ebony queen, my everything.
I love when I'm in you, your moans & your screams.

When I bathe you with joy, you pleasantly sing.
Let me explore your goodness & do everything.
Your edible juices, your form is curvaceous.
The shape of an eight, is grate body language.

This passion we share, erupts every touch.
Ride on me with love & "Loyalty Over Lust".
Compassionate songs, are playing out loud.
I'll do all that you want, just tell me right now.

And after we're done, I'll kiss you goodbye.
But I wish one day, to kiss you goodnight.
Is this what you like? A sometimes desire.
I'm Loyal & lonely, but you light my fire...

By: Mylyn Johnson
"Young Nation"

Youth... Brave young youth...

Know yourself, trust yourself, show yourself, help yourself.
Grow yourself, give yourself, work yourself, live yourself.
Give yourself, believe yourself, move yourself, be yourself.
Do yourself, take yourself, prove yourself, educate yourself.

Create yourself, invest yourself, expand yourself, impress yourself.
Shine yourself, employ yourself, find yourself, enjoy yourself.
Complete yourself, succeed yourself, foresee yourself, achieve yourself.
Outdue yourself, plan yourself, smile yourself, stand yourself.

Choose yourself, accept yourself, do yourself, respect yourself.
Follow yourself, mold yourself, pray yourself, control yourself.
Strengthen yourself, have yourself, ask yourself, laugh yourself.
Seek yourself, knock yourself, talk yourself, walk yourself.

Acknowledge yourself, adjust yourself, agree yourself, think yourself.
Motivate yourself, inspire yourself, demonstrate yourself, admire yourself.
Youth... Brave young youth.

Love yourself...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"It Is What It Is"

Poetry is a way to express your thoughts, your feelings, your values.
It points your readers in multiple directions, reflecting on experiences in life.

Poetry is humble, poetry is anger,
It's the hate you see in loved ones.
And the love you see in strangers,
It is what it is.

Dynamic yet simple,
Advanced but common.
A sense of correlation, 
What does it mean to me?

How does it make me feel?
Like air that I breathe,
Refreshing to my ears,
It is what it is.

A butterfly breaking out its cocoon,
Flying & floating before landing on a rose.
Poetry is remarkably wonderful,
The most passionate form of communication, to me.

It's beauty within itself, the heartbeat of life,
Free from all restriction, a never-ending pulse.
Draws a hold on you forever, without letting go,
It is what it is, & that's all that it is...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
“Philosophy Manifesto”

I’m not the prisoner you see, I’m so much more than a man. If you’ve never heard me speak, you have no idea who I Am. I’ve seen Michael Jackson in person with these eyes, Ashanti kissed my cheek. I’ve shook hands with Stevie Wonder, Lazy Bone, and Busta Ryhmes, and I’ve exchanged numbers with actress Janet Campbell at Venice Beach. I still remember walking in my little cousins room as she creid, because Tupac died. And at 12 years old I should had wrote a letter to the editor, and ask why they lied. My Grandma Grace use to tell us she was the only black woman who owned a house on Buckingham Road back then. But as a child, I only saw a French woman, with hazel eyes and white skin. Funny isn’t it, how everything that’s always been around isn’t old. And on that same note, everything that glitters isn’t gold. The Holy Word is always preached by the preacher. But for me, experience has always been my greatest teacher. I thought I knew love, but now I know I could witness. That love passes us by, then goes on, about its business. Sometimes I fall apart, trying to overcome all of my struggles. Then memories of my life, piece me back together like the puzzle. I miss my freedom, I’ve sinned, but I AM not a criminal. I AM an articulate, and divinely unique individual. Go ask my Mother my Brothers my Sisters my Cousins and my Children about our fun times. Just say my name to them and witness their faces smile and light up like the sun rise. And I will never forget the time The “Creator” of the world came down to earth to meet me. So now I wonder, when you greet me, how do you see me?

By: Mylyn Johnson
"Myllyn Island"

Before I die I... Want to see my son's rise, I want to see my Mother happy, with a smile in those eyes. All my brothers & my sisters, & all of our family times, Looking at them like remember, but we no longer have cries.

I mean before I die I... Am going to live life like a beach, Im going to walk over the sand, I leave foot prints with my feet, Im going to jet ski on the water, surf waves & ski, I'll put my picture everywhere, so they'll all remember me.

Beloved, before I die I... Would like to tell the world my story, Where I came from what I've been thru, the one thing that kept me going. How even though the boat will sink, you must continue rowing. Darkness will come & when it does, you have to keep on glowing.

LORD, before I die I... Want to thank you for my Saviour, I want to help a friend in need, I want to be there for my neighbor. I'm going to publish a shelf of books, & stack a lot of paper, These are my request, before I rest, LORD please work in my favor...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
"Greater than Usual"

Everytime we speak I have a better day,
I always call your phone so I could share your time.
I have a thousand laughs & peace words to say.
Your spirit is like the sun the way it loves to shine.

Aunty Donna Johnson you've always been my favorite,
All the joy you build is as rich as a castle.
Designing homes with Disney you've always been creative,
Plus everything taste good when mixed with some Tabasco.

You love to speak your mind it gives me inspiration,
You keep our family close its like a celebration.
The Whispers, the O'Jays & maybe the Temptations,
Can sing my dedication & my hearts appreciation.

I'm trying to explain the goodness that you give,
A million laughs out loud & peaceful words to say.
The mercy that you show the way your soul forgives,
Makes every time we speak a lovely better day...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson

Dedicated to my Aunt Donna Johnson
11:38 PM (Friday)

It takes plenty of courage to walk away,
Because it crushes your superego.
But when all you do pulls you down,
You might as well try something different.

I stare at these birds outside my window,
Walking on the late night dirt.
I figure they’re searching for food,
But she paused, turned & looked right in my eyes.

Two nights in a row, the same bird,
With black & white stripes on its neck.
Trying to tell me things will be O.K.
Or that it relates to me completely.

It’s like it was a messenger,
Sent to tell me with a glance.
"I understand your pain, you are not alone."
Now I’m looking out the window at 9:38.

For that little running bird every night,
To give me one last glance, let me know I’m not alone...

By: Mylyn C. Johnson
Dedicated to the Birds
"Blackberries"

We feel like dogs who can't bark, we're speechless,
We open our mouths but we don't make a sound.
They hate us without a cause, like Jesus,
We keep climbing a mountain that's kicking us down.

We hold our heads up like Tupac showed us,
The blacker the berry the tougher the leather.
No matter what no one could control us,
They tear us to pieces but we keep it together.

Give us freedom or take away our life,
Give us love or put us out of our misery.
All our wrongs have taught us to do right,
To be leaders & rewrite history.

The views they use & the pictures they paint,
Are repetitive irrelevant scandals.
And we are the minds of the people they taint,
Win lose or draw, it's a gamble.

How can we relate to a smile that's unfound,
Separated by our Mothers & fathers.
By falling angels cast down & destroying our towns,
Because the fish willingly jumped out of water.

We feel the fire burning inside of our soul,
Flickering our brains & igniting our house.
It sparks in our pupils like cat eyes that glow,
With the heart of Lions, we're Kings from the South.

The blacker the berry the harder it is,
To just be accepted & have equal rights.
We'll be here forever, it is what it is,
We built this foundation, we're children of Light...

By: Mylyn Johnson