Poems By Vincent Antone Johnson
Illustrated By Vincent Antone Johnson
Dedication

For my Beloved Late Father
Issac Johnson, For my camerillo
Sweet Heart Kimberly Kenyan (1986) and my
Best Friend David Gilmore.

Also For My Little Friends
Isaiah Vang And sillet.

Prison Address:
Vincent A. Johnson
story county Jail
1315 South B AVE.
Nevada, Iowa 50201

Home Address:
Vincent A. Johnson
126 Beedle Dr. Apt. 206
Ames, Iowa 50014

Vincent A. Johnson
Introduction

The poems in this collection were written out of the pure love of poetry. Some are funny, some are serious, others sad, but all are enjoyable poems that all ages will find interesting and entertaining.

Most of the poems are written in simple and easy to understand language. I find that poems that are easy to understand are more enjoyable since they’re mentally convenient.

Most of the poems are non-traditional poems, and though many are written in rhyme, they have free flowing rhyme schemes of their own. My opinion is that poetry is best written in rhyme otherwise it sounds like ordinary language unless it’s well composed.

2

Vincent A. Johnson
Rhyme is like music, the words are in need of melody unless they're harmonized well without it.

In 2007 I read a book on the zodiac signs. The name of the book I don't recall, but it was an in-depth look at the characteristics under each individual sign. It was then that I realized that I was a natural born poet and artist under the sign of Pisces. Enjoy.

Evident in many of the poems is my fervent love for nature and animals. There's many things we have learned and can learn from animals. Animals are definitely an important part of the world, they provide not only food, medicine and clothing but also pet company, entertainment and lessons. Enjoy!

Vincent A. Johnson
To: Prisons Foundation, 

Thank you for the great opportunity to participate in your book publishing program and free website.

The book I am submitting is titled “Poet Land” a collection of 65 poems and seven pages of art including the cover page. The total number of pages are 89.

Some of my poems are typed and some are printed. I now lack the means to have the untyped poems typed, publication as is is O.K. with me. The last two pages 88, 89 are written with a rubber pencil as issued by this county jail. The lead is undisclosed and crude and copies of it came out insufficiently. If copies are necessary adjusting lighting on the copy machine would be recommended.

I am not allowed glue or even tape here, to glue the artwork to the pages where the art should go, I therefore, put a page number on the art pages as well.

Much of my collection was compiled prior to knowledge of your program. I have submitted a dedication page, an introduction section and
concluded with a poetic biography section all prepared prior to intentions to send to P.F. But all pages are within the 150 page limit for poetry.

I am enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope so that you can inform me of the collections imminent publication.

Thanks again for this wonderful opportunity and your great services to the imprisoned and to society.

Peace to you!

Respectfully,

Vincent A. Johnson
My Poetry

The poems that I write

Are mine

Some good, some great

And most in rhyme

Some move like a river

Some like a breeze

Some shine like the sun

Some shade like the trees

But the poems that I write

Are mine

Toyish, sweet, tasty

Fine

Admired, loved, cherished with glee

Mind's-eye supplied

With imagery

Not the states, nor the congress

Nor the crooks of crime

Splendid and wonderful

My poems are mine.
A Poet Not A Prophet

I swim like a swallow
Ride thermals on air
The rhythms I follow
The rhymes I bear

The day dreams I cram
Into words with a jet
A poet I am
A prophet I'm not

I paint with a pencil
I love with a pen
The brain is prehensil
The thoughts branchy limbs

Born Kind and caring
Craved wheather is hot
The pisces I'm wearing
A prophet I'm not

I've written it seems
From those in the past
Reliving old scenes
Yet long gone the casts
A Poet Not A Prophet

A talent, a skill
A God-given slot
The poet I feel
A prophet I’m not.

The Hateful Side of Love
Love could only side with hate
When hate’s the target of the hate.

Wine stone Glass Bone
To vinify’s to turn into wine
To petrify to stone
To vitrify’s to turn to glass
To ossify to bone.
Vinny's Children Found

My kids are missing officer
I know not where they went
Their eyes are brown
They never frown
I swear they're heaven sent!

What last were they wearing sir
A cap, a coat, a ring
And did they wear
A single tear
Or hole in anything?

I, sinking in the heart ache,
Remember only this
They all wore smiles
That stretched for miles
Six dimples and a kiss

Oh, calm it sir and tell me
Where last were they seen
Off to school
The neighbor's pool
Or local Dairy Queen?

I saw them everywhere I vow
The park, the mall, the shed
But last they played
Where they've always stayed
Inside my dreamy head.

By Vincent Johnson
Jerry Foster

Jerry Foster it may be good
To visit your old neighborhood
Mark who always broke his wrist
Is now a medical journalist
Kim and Dave who made mudpies
Both are bakers down at Fry’s
The dog the one that chased us home
The corner field contains his bones
Brenda who was such a flirt
Is now a nun at the Catholic Church
And oh, that beauty Erica
She’s crowned Miss America
Perry who would play with guns
He was shot at twenty-one
The old man who was always high
Prayed for rum before he died
The school is gone but down on bland
A modern prison stoutly stands
Where Tony who would steal a lot
Paces, sings, writes and rots
The houses they still look the same
The tree still has your graven name
Poor boy Keith has two Mercedes
George and Gail are in their eighties
The breeze, the breeze is still the same
Takes you back and calls your name.

By Vincent Johnson
Windows 9-23-2010

The eyes are the windows to the world
For all that they behold
The brain is the window to the soul
From it your life unfolds.

_ Pisces _

We are pisces, civil dish
Brave but humble human fish
Loving deeply, loving right
Love is even at first sight

We are poets, we are kind
Stimulation to the mind
Exceeding river, lake and sea
Artists of humanity

We are pisces can't you tell?
Protective and protected well!

For sillet _ _

__ Vincent A. Johnson __
Toy Poems 2010

It’s a jungle gym inside
Take a joyful mental ride
Inky slinky down the page
Made for any viewing age

Round and round and round again
Eyes on paper sit and spin
Holding on to painted time
Toyish rhythm, toyish rhyme

Some are funny all are fun
Most are brilliant as the sun
Push a button, pull a string
You’ll become the one to sing

For toy poems they play back
Have you smiling mouth a crack
Sharing with a friend the aid
That heals the heart from paper arcade.
Master Piece

A spirit tried to live again
He felt himself alive
“This time i’ll take
A bride and make
A life at twenty-five”

Falling like a star he went
With hopes to be received
“The lady there
Is filled with care
It’s there i’ll be conceived”

How he hummed and twirled with Joy
Awaiting to be born
With blazing heat
He felt his feet
And all his body form

“Ahhh, life at last” he sighed
until he realized
The womb he filled
Was slightly chilled
And he stood paralyzed

He strained but couldn’t move at all
A tear rolled down his face
He tried to feel
His flesh but steel
Statues have their place.

By Vincent Johnson  2010
The Glass Palace
High in the sanfernando hills
Where eagles soar and water spills
I set my heart and head to fill
With royal dreams and pleasant thrills
The tulips and the pansies heal
The sight, the lone, the sad, the ill
The creatures there were all self willed
And nothing gave an aching shrill
That cried for mercy of the mill
For nothing died of any kill
And there the horses did abide
A jolly graze a willing ride
The butterflies and swallows glide
In every yard a sunny side
The tables stone, the pigeons pied
The grass a waving, limish tide
Where tortoise tots and bunnies hide
And egrets pose with cautious pride
I had the palace vitrified
For limpid joy upped sorrowside
And where the gyrfalcon calls
We climbed the block wide waterfall
Atop the rocks the flowers stalled
Where petaled peace in beauty crawled
The carpet green with floral halls
The trees beside the only walls
The fruit and seed a songbird's mall
And I with multi-royal dolls
Loved in love with such a ball
A hug for one and one for all
And all the princess and queens
Wore golden skirts and smiles serene
That stretched beneath the tamborines
That blinked in blue and brown and green
And how with joy my heart careened

14  Vincent A. Johnson
To watch them barefoot turn and lean
The belly dance without the jeans
Their bodies thick, their bodies lean
Their breasts all perfect and pristine
Their faces polished, ultra sheen
In the living room to rule
On velvet thrones beneath the pool
Looking up the view a cool sparkling, glassy, bluish, tool
The workings of the soothing jewel
And there beside the golden stool
A golden lamb, a golden mule
A golden brain, a golden school
A golden book with golden rules
For gold is not the rock of fools
And down below a sueded maze
Where we like children on some days
Hid and sought in role play plays

Vincent A. Johnson
In gown and robe in lover’s daze
A spacious den but nothing strays
The underwater rooms a praise
Where tanks of fish and turtles graze
And each lover sternly pays
Attention with an outward gaze
To all the creatures and their ways
Then up the elevator we
Prestigious in our garments flee
To the royal room to see
The golden clams agape with glee
Containing gems and sanity
“What a lovely place to be
At home, in love, alive and free”
The parrot in the golden tree
Remarked of hospitality
And he, and I, and they, well we
Burst with laughter till the tea
Could it be the child in me
Who loves to rhyme with poetry
The ghost from when I first had cried
That grew a bit but never died
And swims within my heart's controls
To steer the smiling heart and soul
To stir desire deep within
For candy, pet and youthful friend?

Or am I simply rhyme lunatic
In going paper acrobatic
Flipping down the lines an addict
Of matching sound devoid of static
Mellow, fierce, soft, dramatic
Viewers at the heart climatic
Vowing that "he's perfect at it"
A fervent lullaby fanatic"
But who's the looney in my attic?

Then again I stick with the
Thought of youthful sanity
And be it boy or girl, or both
I claim them with a solid oath
To keep them in my loving heart
And let them roam within my art

9-13-2010

Vincent A. Johnson
In gown and robe in lover's daze
A spacious den but nothing strays
The underwater rooms a praise
Where tanks of fish and turtles graze
And each lover sternly pays
Attention with an outward gaze
To all the creatures and their ways
Then up the elevator we
Prestigious in our garments flee
To the royal room to see
The golden clams agape with glee
Containing gems and sanity
"What a lovely place to be
At home, in love, a live and free"
The parrot in the golden tree
Remarked of hospitality
And he, and I, and they, well we
Burst with laughter till the tea
Brought the morns humanity
And how the only ache in me
Was waking from the fantasy.
Squirrel (Portland vase)
JOLLY RANCHER
CHERRY
1-12-2011
Vincent A. Johnson
Could it be the child in me
Who loves to rhyme with poetry
The ghost from when I first had cried
That grew a bit but never died
And swims within my heart's controls
To steer the smiling heart and soul
To stir desire deep within
For candy, pet and youthful friend?

Or am I simply rhyme lunatic
In going paper acrobatic
Flipping down the lines an addict
Of matching sound devoid of static
Mellow, fierce, soft, dramatic
Viewers at the heart climatic
Vowing that “he’s perfect at it”
A fervent lullaby fanatic”
But who’s the looney in my attic?

Then again I stick with the
Thought of youthful sanity
And be it boy or girl, or both
I claim them with a solid oath
To keep them in my loving heart
And let them roam within my art

---

Vincent A. Johnson
Rhyme Lunatic (continued)

To let them rhyme, to let them peer
Through my eyes for all my years.

The Brave

The weak man weeps
Some say but I
Say the coward
Will not cry
The sissy paints
The bird and bee
But it's the wise
And brave I see
Who does not fear
To paint the dove
In building peace
And seeking love.
Soul Dice

These are not the dotted squares
Rolling on the table
Face an anxious questionnaire
Eyes a nervous label

These are of the human soul
A spiritual ignition
Flying through the air they roll
As courage, risks, ambition

Souldice, souldice let ’em roll
Exercise a talent
Take a chance and seek a goal
Be victors strong and valiant.

To The Critics

Sentimental, environmental
Consequential rhyme
I confess to all of these
But think I do them fine.

— Vincent A. Johnson
Poet's Room

November 2012

There, where unborn poems are formed
On the rugged hills and open plains
Of day dream

Images 3-D photoish sit manakin motionless
And brain-movie mobile

Word-souls awaiting formulation

There in the poet's room

Inner-eye land where I optically fly
Happily viewing poetic manufacture:

A black pigeon pecking on a green lifesavor
A gust of wildflowers twirling on air
A closet overwhelmed with flashing memories
A tool kit of grammar
A chest bustling with toasting holiday mascots
Anxious for graphite or inky manifestation

A tiny white hummingbird
Hovering at a glass hibiscuss
A child in a doorway poised as component to rhyme
A poet in a tulip field
Poet's Room

Amassing a flock of sparrows with
A high-speed kiss that forms a chirp
A glass palace stocked with gold-laddened princesses
Mind-made mountains thick with virgin forest
A black and yellow velvet ant
crawling on the lens of thought
A pornographic heatwave driven by unfed desire
A sky blue tarantula banded black at the joints
Basking atop a desert rock
A street lined with the vacant homes of poets
with a sign reading writer's block
A pair of eyes with scroll ability
scanning the world for poetic posture
Body chemicals brewing the adorable face
of invisible joy at infancy
A room where the walls are windows
To the world
where sitteth 81 years of unused film:

23

Vincent A. Johnson
Poet's Room

sells equipped for fantasy footage
There in poet land.

True Happiness

Is like a cupcake
Baked in family love
Embedded with the goodness of friends
Topped with frosted freedom
Sweet to the heart's receptors.

"And He saw the spirit of God descending like a dove and a lightening upon him."
Matthew 3:16
There, where unborn poems are formed
on the rugged hills and open plains
of day dream
Images 3-D photoish sit manakin motionless
And brain-movie mobile
Word-souls awaiting formulation
There in the poet's room
Inner-eye land where I optically fly
Happily viewing poetic manufacture:
A black pigeon pecking on a green lifesavor
A gust of wildflowers twirling on air
A closet overwhelmed with flashing memories
A tool kit of grammar
A chest bustling with toasting holiday mascots
Anxious for graphite or inky manifestation
A tiny white hummingbird
Hovering at a glass habiscuss
A child in a doorway poised as component to rhyme
A poet in a tulip field
Poet's Room

A massing a flock of sparrows with
A high-speed kiss that forms a chirp
A glass palace stocked with gold-
Ladden princesses

Mind-made mountains thick with virgin forest
A black and yellow velvet ant
crawling on the lens of thought
A pornographic heatwave driven by unfed desire
A sky blue tarantula banded black at the joints
Basking atop a desert rock
A street lined with the vacant homes of poets
With a sign reading writer's block

A pair of eyes with scroll ability
scanning the world for poetic posture
Body chemicals brewing the adorable face
of invisible joy at infancy
A room where the walls are windows
To the world
where sitteth 81 years of unused film:

vincent a. johnson
Poet's Room

sells equipped for fantasy footage
There in poet land.

True Happiness

It's like a cupcake
Baked in family love
Embedded with the goodness of friends
Topped with frosted freedom
sweet to the heart's receptors.

"And He saw the spirit of God descending like a dove and alighting upon him."

Matthew 3:16

April 30, 2013
Naturally Staged

Lady bugs, gental wrens, Joeys and squirrels
The greatest show in all the world
sunlight, eye lens, frolicking action
suited to honor instinctive attraction:
The pigeons came in pigeon blue
Crowned with visual revenue
Mohawked like a Trojan but
Awarded best in feathered strut
The flowers like a fantasy
Smiling proud inevitably
Ruled the beauty pageant of
Global fragrance, joy and love
The Indian painted held the day
Optically crowned miss U.S.A.
And birthed with humble chemistry
Sat composed nobility
Naturally staged
upon the rabbit and the dove
The Nobel prize for peace and love.
The eagles soared, the falcons dove
The seals adorned the rocky cove
And from New Guinea on strong wind
The birds of paradise came in
uniquely fashioned, bow and bend
A beauty pageant fit for men
A stretch, a tune, a royal song
And mister universe is throned.
A rainbow horde flew in to fan
The melancholy heart of man
Fluttering from the sky they land
A flap, a glide, a weave, a stand
And on the blooming stage they hold
To win the silver, bronze and gold
And there the flying flowers rise.
Naturally staged

with 3-D eyes of butterflies

Then over the mountains and through the hills
where sandy tides make upward spill

The dolphins and the otter’s act

Are toyed, aquatic acrobats

A flip, a twist, a happy fit

The SAG award because of it
And best recording artist goes

To the lyre birds the pros

In what astonishingly seems to be
The art of vocal mimicry

And on the countryside the owl
The wolf, the coyote and the howl

Take the CMA’s with ease
A trot, a yip, a hooted breeze.
Naturally staged

No movie star nor movie clip
could parallel with nature's script
NO human stage could contain
Immensity of creek or plain
Nor the decor of it all
To mountain brook or waterfall.
Africa, the greatest yet
From Atlas to the serengeti
And there the pride in golden robes
Take the stage for golden globe.

To another

It may well with you, and that
you may prolong your days.
Deuteronomy 22:6

Vincent A. Johnson
Questions

What I say my seem quite odd
But what else could I do
I know I'm not to question God
So I'll just question you

Why are penguins void of flight
Being birdly friends
While bats go flying in the night
Within their mammal skins

And why do honey bees have stingers
For all their self-defense
And when they sting intruding fingers
Death devours them

Oh why do millipedes have legs
From head to toe to toe
While worms must stretch and pull and beg
As on the earth they go

Vincent A. Johnson
Questions

I know in thought you're blinking
Like a scentless bird retriever
I know just what you're thinking
And I've no answer neither

Some birds can't fly and bees may die
And worms can never stand
But somewhere in their little lives
Their joys equivalent to man's.
There's not a greater blessing than
Being born a healthy man
Yet with all our skills and wits
Birds with ease are twice equipped
We make the plane and set the glide
But God has given birds the ride
Without the aching task or fee
Just run, and flap, and up, and free.
The birds are blessed upon the land
Who else could turn the words of man
Into a language of their own
Without the scrambled roar or moan
Chirp you sparrows, caw crows beaks
The words of men the parrots speak.
The soaring hawks and falcons are
Like eagles majestic, royal stars
Knowing you and I below
Are entertained by such a show

Vincent L. Johnson
Birds The Blessing

The owls go swiftly through the night
The penguin's underwater flight
The dippers dip and weavers weave
The song birds sing and do believe
That song like any nut or seed
Is what the hungry eardrum needs
And so they sing and glad hearts gulp
Unpackaged sunny, vocal pulp
Views alone they may suffice
Take the birds of paradise
That sing and dance, and bow and throw
The world's most iridescent show.

"Then God said, 'Let the watersbring
-Life in abundance of living creatures,
And let birds fly above the earth.
Across the face of the firmament
Of the heavens.' “Genesis 1:20

Vincent A. Johnson
A Day outside

was dark outside until the rays
went cracking through the clouds
my face did absorb the gentle heat waves
like ears do a whispering crowd

A feather went up on sightless wind
I thought until the seed
came floating puffy void of bend
in search of ground in need

The hornets hovered up above
A ground squirrel crept alone
Two rabbits grazed as if in love
My heart did long for home

The eve grew dark but of the day
It strangely never went away.

— Vincent A. Johnson
Botanical Animal

A creature without brains
Without brains or eyes
Has the wits to catch a fly

Hair a trigger
Abyss a Jar
Blossom shuts its prison bars

Bug a struggle
Til beneath
It's slowly chewed by liquid teeth

And there
Without a belly plants
Digest the tiney souls of ants.

— Vincent A. Johnson
Earth Fro 1990's

The earth has an afro
wind combed rained cleaned
Natural the standing of forest trees.

Relatives 5-19-2013
Both are earth bound
Both grow fast
One grows hair
One grows grass.

- Vincent A. Johnson
I think it not wrong neither vain
To deem wild animals insane
The eerie eyes, the toothy growl
The speech that comes by way of howl
The drool, the chase, the random bite
And those who only play by night
The fear in hiding to avoid
With peaking sign of paranoid
Yet no blame for living in
The cave, the tree, the bush and den
No blame for they must eat their round
Bloody, raw and on the ground
And it's the very circumstance
That gives their head the crazy dance
For if a man had lived like this
He'd have the growl, the chirp and hiss
And we would say that there contained
Dwells an animal insane.
The Beauty Bait

I take it God made babies fair
To give great strength to love and care

The pandas and the bunnies are
Contestants of the cuddled stars

The otter and the fur seal pup
Demand the rub and optic sup

Take the fawn and take the foal
The substance of adorable

The bear, the wolf, and cougar cubs
Legislate the act of hugs

And how it thrills our hearts to know
The infant state so beautiful

So beautiful, the infant state
But fairness makes a great escape

And I must humbly ask of you
What in God’s heart happen to:
The ashy tots of common crows
That makes one wonder what there grows
The crocodile right out the egg
cute the size, but ugh the head
Orangutans composed like brutes
Appear in toddler - barbecute
Take the stork and egret chicks
Gnarly, feathered, nestled sticks?
And what springs from Gorilla thighs
Those little wrinkled prunes with eyes
sends me frowning with a laugh
And running with a trailing draft
Returning to the lack of chide
To study this from every side
And find that when it comes to tots
some are cute and some are not
And that all hearts of youthful grace
Are due the loving warm embrace.
Feathered Protest May 5, 2013
A sparrow protested its cause
It’s time that people pass laws
Protecting the thrones
Of feathered song
From deviant feline jaws.

The Argument

A man climbed up in a tree
And protested to a monkey:
Despite your defiance
I’m sticking to science
All men are descended from thee.

A monkey returned to Laru
We do many things that you do
It’s much better said
That you are inbred
And we are descended from you.
The Underdog Railroad  April 19, 2013

A howl went out one silent night
Ears twitched, eyes oaped, heads raised
The dogs throughout the neighborhood
Broke rank and file and chains.

The leading wolf with courage
Stood on a bail of hay
And with the canis lupus tongue
He strongly spoke to say:

Pitbull you're the dumbest dog
That we could ever know
With man as his best friend you jog
But dog is your best foe
Crave you must a hasty end
To such a bloody show

The wild horse is a free horse
The race horse is a slave
Grey hounds what this means of course
you too live in a grave
Let your running be with force
But from exploit be saved

Dalmations keep your splendid spots
But from the truck retire
Even if the air gets hot
Let men fight their own fires
The raging flame is not your lot
Your throne is Kingly higher

I do not brag the K-nine
For chasing drugs and men
But in the least they're not so blind
To chase their fellow kin
So fox hounds keep the wit of mind
That dog is dog's best friend
The Underdog Railroad

How is it that we guide men
who struggle blind or dumb
or bark to 'lert their dizzy when
A crook or milk man comes
yet the wolf and coyote ends
up barkless to their guns?

Of all the discipline and knacks
That dogs obey with skill
Let the K-nine find an act
To vivify its will
That shows the civilizing fact
To hunt the dog is ill

So mush sled dogs if you must
And let westminster show
The great necessity of us
crowned in beautiful.
The Underdog Railroad

The dog is like the eagle
To shoot one shant be legal.

To jolly up the heart and mind
A poem's fashioned best in rhyme.
Sometimes I Wonder

Why are kiwis lacking flight
Being birdly friends
While squirrels go gliding in the night
Within their mammal skins?

And why do porcupines have quills
Defense a blatant fact
While hare and rabbit run and wail
With no defense intact?

Take the dog with many young
And take the kangaroo
Is it fair to have just one
When some have twenty-two?

Hawks and eagles see forever
Owls see in the night
Starfish they see never
And clams are void of sight

What ever the very reason
Deep in nature's school
What ever the contributing season
Some things seem sadly cruel.

By Vincent Johnson
My Love

Is oil rich
Sugar cane sweet
Low tone pitched
With heartful beats

Swan down soft
Bird nest cozy
Body heat warm
Aroma rosey

Baby bite fatal
Nile river long
As handsome as me
And breast milk strong

My love's a breeze
Peacefully fighting
Through the trees
Weather exciting

Brain cell valuable
Love seeking but only
Stray dove single
And embryo lonely.
Never Felt like this Before

Eyes a sparkle, hair a silk
Smiles a land of honey and milk
Ruby, opal, tulip cloned
Royal faces made her own
Never met her, yet I'm sure
I've never felt like this before
Daughter, son and home on hill
Love and life where sun light spills
Warm and golden from a face
Rare, unique and well in place
Wedding, wife, majestic bride
How I push the dreams a side
Morning, noon and eve and night
They return with welcomed might
Obsessed is much too harsh a word
But I adore the mocking bird
Mocking beauty, mocking peace
Reflecting pure civility.

Vincent Johnson
March 6, 1999
*** THE PHYSICAL VERSION ***

If I could take a flower's smell
And take a cherry's taste
And blend them with canary songs
To form a human face.

I'd top it with the sunshine
And all the warmth it gives
This would be the physical version
And such a face does live.

A face composed of sunshine
A face that's cherry sweet
A face that looks like the sound of song
Where solid fragrance seeps.

*** Vincent A. Johnson ***
Your Beauty Is
Infant cherished
Blue dove rare
Motive of fantasies
Containlessly shared

Flute sound joyful
Sunset soothing
Peace instilling
And waterfall booming

Your beauty's a cure
Heartache mending
Peach flesh precious
And rainbow blending

Butterfly proud
Worthy of battle
Flamingo posing
Uneasy to saddle

Diamond attractive
Manufacturer of stares
Ruby desired, but
"Can't have it" unfair.

vincent A. Johnson
The Heartful Truth

A heart can never be broken
The truth is more grotesque
It's only able to be torn
The pumping thing of flesh.

Vincent Johnson
December 9, 1998
To Get A Mate

What must I do
To get a mate
That special rose to pollinate
Sage-grouse dance
Rabbits chase
Frogs give song for woman's face
Birds show colors
Rams give fight
Deer track scent to get a wife
But I just cry and hope and pray
That she comes kissing me some day
'cause I can't dance
And I can't sing
No need to fight with all the queens
I'm shamed to chase
But I write rhymes
And find I do them all at times
I dance I chase
I fight and sing
I even scent the poems I bring
I smile and bear
A colorful beauty
But where's the love for all my duties?

By Vincent Johnson
Just because they say
I am no shining knight
I’ll save my checks, and dearly fetch
The armor, horse and might

Just because they say
I am no charming prince
I’ll gather gold, and royal clothes
And rhyme her ’till convinced

I’ll find a pleasant place to dwell
And wrap her in great savings
This because, great doubt it was
They had and thus were craving

This because they sought to haul
A special love on earth
And this I say, will be any way
Because it’s what she’s worth.

---

Vincent A. Johnson
Waiting

A Caterpillar waits for wings
That it may touch the sky
The burrowed chipmunks wait for spring
A nestling waits to fly

Children wait for time to pass
They cheer on puberty
They pace for beard and fresh mustache
And youthful liberty

The orchards wait in winter's cold
From canapé to root
The stems await what they will hold
We all await the fruit

"Hurry" is the heart's desire
"Please!" the inner plea
True love will never tire
Within the heart of me

But I have waited many times
I've waited much it's true
I've waited just to write this rhyme
And I will wait for you

By Vincent Johnson
Women Are

Women are
Born royal and kind
Great sympathy
By high design

Physical songs
They are, ah sing
Ovens of
The worlds offspring

Love them strongly
Love them right
Guard the emblems
of all life.

—Vincent A. Johnson
The Golden Cage

see the beast with the golden cage
It is a valued cell
The bait the bread
Inevitably fed
To nature's clientele

The covered windows give a view
To crime against the soul
The constant light
Oppress the sight
To take a mental toll

The walls are white or grey or blue
The toilet stainful steel
The gold is in
The fees of men
Excessive in the bill

Thrice void of advanced civility
To take from those in need
By way of bare
Confining square
With 24 Karrot greed.

On Jails in Iowa

[Signature] Vincent A. Johnson
Vital View

By: Vincent A. Johnson

Windows are a building's eyes
A view to the world of daily lives
Curtains close, attention sleeps
Eyelids crack, curiosity peeps.

Windows, windows vital key
Components to humanity
What's a home without the hole
That frees us body, mind and soul?

Windows, windows come and see
The savers of your sanity
Most are clear some are tented
Some are covered and demented.
The Light

May 10, 2013

To victims of aggression
Mauled by the fangs of oppression
Make known your grievous sore
From jail or prison corridor
Anti-wrongs, pro human rights
Plead your cause within the light
For cry and grievance in the dark
Is never clearer than the bark.
Method

It takes a whip and cage to tame
The wildness out of beasts
To drive domestic men insane
It takes the same caged feat

For both the calm and sanity
Grow children with humanity.

Stranded

Prison is an island
Freedom a continent
Parole must be that distant boat
That hasn’t yet been sent.

After The Flood

If earth was washed of evil folks
Did something evil board the boat,
Or were there lurking in the deep
Spirits woke but slyly sleep?
Butterfly Hummingbird

Vincent A. Johnson 61
March 13, 1913
Tear X-ing

Be easy, be kind
Sad faces are signs
"Tear x-ing" they say
"May fall night or day."

Vincent Johnson
December 23, 1994
The Saddest Thing I Ever Saw

It's not so sad
To have a tree
That cannot hear
And cannot see

But how it tore
My heart to find
A child existing
Deaf and blind

The pain that swelled inside so great
My tears they could not formulate.

By Vincent Johnson
Inside The Photograph
I saw a starving child one day
crawling for a meal
Down in the dryness of Sudan
A vulture at its heels

A tiny, boney thing it was
Weak and short of breath
I wept and hoped it made it well
The vulture wished for death

I wept and prayed and wept and prayed
No human heart could laugh
I was not where the toddler crawled
Inside the photograph

He who snapped the shot was there
But snap was all he did
I’ll never know who got a meal
The vulture or the kid.
If a blue bird's on my shoulder
Child standing at backyard base
Closed-eye chant with hidden face
Heart a joy-pump, eyes a peak
City's playing hide and seek
"What's he chanting?" Bridgete told her:
"If a bluebird's on my shoulder
shall I kill it? They say no
'Till they're set for him to go
wide-eyed searching everywhere
children darting here and there."
Run kids run, let sneakers fly
The bluebird never wants to die.

II
If a bluebird's on my shoulder shall I kill it?
"No!"
If a bunny's in the garden shall I till it?
"No!"
"If a Blue Birds on My Shoulder"

If a puppy's on the pit shall I grill it?
"No!"

If a kitten's in the bucket shall I fill it?
"No!"

If a flower's in the fan shall I start it?
"No!"

If a chipmunk's on the target shall I dart it?
"No!"

If a fawn is in the driveway shall I ram it?
"No!"

If a warbler's in the window shall I slam it?
"No!"

If a child is all alone and the devil comes along shall the devil take her home shall he take her?
"No!" (For children both safe and missing)

peace
It's been my heart's desire to
Help the poor and people who
Face injustice in the land
But I end up the begging hand
Lacking wealth and void of home
Storm drenched nestling left to roam
Looking up and chirping loud
Being shunned by all the crowd.
God I wanted love and truth
To aid the cripple, teach the youth
To loose some turtle from the litter
Overwhelm with joy the bitter
Parts of life that steam and fret
I'm able, healthy, strong and yet
I end up the bird on steel
Roasting on rotisserie grill
Stumbling, flapping, squawking still

- Vincent A. Johnson
off the beaten path I go
Deer-skinned anticipating
The stream it squirmed with jolly flow
The cottontails were mating
The sun was hot, the flowers smiled
The day was fair and clear
The trees were waving every mile
Their leaves the wind made cheer
Run red foxes, falcons glide
Squirrels come out to play
The thickets and the sagebrush hide
The quail, the thrush and jay
What a happy place to be
Inside the great outdoors
until the eyes are pained to see
The man-made, hidden sores: 
precious Litter

A shoe, a skirt, a sock, a comb
A backpack and a dress
The bones within a shallow tomb
Across the wilderness;
A pouch and make up kit
An eerie silent call
A dry stain where a bunny sits
The DNA of a doll.

Huddle ducklings, fishes peak
Bucks and does keep view
May joy and peace, and life men seek
To wisely leave with you.

"Whom do you seek for the ravens,
When is your remorse to end,
and comfort you? for lack of bread?"

Isa 38:7

Vincent A. Johnson
Anna Pavlova Here's Your Gold
she was the best beautiful, bold
Tumbling pet the eye beholds
How she strutted, danced and rolled
Royal in her every mold
up and down around and hold
Inspiration of an ode
Never could my eyelids fold
How my heart went down the road
In sync and dreamy but I told
The pumping joy to not implode
And yet the viewing hearts were polled
And "Ahhh" we knew she won the gold
But how the crooked judges rode
The cumbersome backs of lying-toads
And to the west the rock was sold
The precious flipper wept so cold
Her faith it swiftly did erode
And I inside slumped down in mode
Enraged with spirits clearly holed
until the judges did reload
Another chance and how she strade
"Anna Pavlova here's your gold."

On Olympics In Greece

Vincent A. Johnson
I dreamed the home, the wife, the pup
The child, the yard and healthy sup
Laboring long in great desire
Ache in joy, in love afire
Egg-chick eager to become
Quenched of longing, warmed of sun
Crowned with all the things that be
within the grasp of people free
Skipping but surprised to see
Antarctic ice prepared for me:

My princess was a prostitute
My son was not at all
My spokesman was a silent mute
My freedom was a wall
My palace reigned a homeless tent
My car a charity bike
My income was donations spent
On candy, gin and strikes
I sought the talking parrot and
Was not the life I sought...

gerewed the cawing crow
The butterfly I hoped would land
A fly without the show
I sought the orchard strong with plums
The garden thick with flowers
But peppers do not please the tongue
And weeds scent not the hours.

Soul Crime

Those who deprive a man of a woman
Until he desires the same sex
Have committed a crime against the soul.

May 6, 2013

Vincent A. Johnson
MISCELLANEOUS

uhuru L.A.

Who is worthless
when all have the right
to life, to marry, to pursue
to be free and to pursue
Happiness? - Tolerance

7-UP

Love

PEACE

Knifeless stab
Lies are like daggers
piercing the flesh of feeling
when hurled against a neighbor.

40 Acres?

GREEN

PEACE

protect

The Constitution*

True Justice*

Ban The Abusive use
of HAARP technology!

First Nation Love

Tolerance

Love

JOY

FREEDOM

PEACE!

Oppressive operations
no more prisons
10's soul

Inglewood:

80's Rock

Civilization:

Latin America


Vote yes for
Human Rights!

Vincent A. Johnson
The rabbit and related hare
Tackled from raptorian air
A mercy call but not a care
As fur and feather meet with flare
Eagle calls and wings a pair
Below in mass and roaring there
prowls a greater bite and stare
Chomping fawns by unawares
One is full the other where
In the belly of a bear.
In the depths the sea reveals
The twitching prey of evil eels
The salmon at the river’s hill
Like oranges are both plucked and peeled
Darting through the water still
struggling to survive the mill
The comparison

Like whale and penguin, shark and seal
Athletes of the fast wet meal
Running on the water skilled
None strong for lung or weak for gill.

The ways of beasts though gross and raw
Do not exceed the wildest law

But in the world where men and meat
Are civilized with spice and heat
The store, the grill, the plate, the eat
The mind is like an egg yolk beat
To view humanity’s defeat

Where men like predators delete
Both man and child from civil streets
And though some crouch like cat descrete
There dwells no pride in primitive fete.
Same Difference

The hatred combatants often claim
That we are people all the same
And though I sympathetically
Support the hearts of unity
There's a difference unexplained
Some are sprinkles, some are rain
Some are different as the dog
From the fox, the pig from hog
Some like music drumming loud
Some like silence, some like crowds
Some are ravens, some are crows
Different yet the sameness shows
Apart as pigeon from the dove
But just as close as like and love
And difference is the beauty in
God creating different men
What an awful place the pain
If every thing was all the same.

- Vincent A. Johnson
"Underworld, over world, UFO's,
Area 51, Top secret hidden agenda
Aliens, EBE's, slow take over,
Government secrets tunnelling through earth."

off with the sirens in leery heads
Down with the flags of restive plans
Eyeballing the news, telescoping the skies
Old bunkers stocked with seven years
of butt wipe
waiting for what has long landed
Assimilated and dined on its human hosts
And we wonderfully debate visitors
Flying in from afar with plans of barbarity,
Slavery, control, destruction and what?
The real terror arises from earthlings
The diabolic with foreign hearts
Take Herod and the slaughtered children
Nero and the Christian fed beasts
Hitler, the gypsies, Jews and the repugnancy
of underfed people and well fed overlords
Pol Pot and the Asian body heals
Idi Amin, Stalin, Pinochet, P.W. Botha
Jim Jones,
Expungers of life!
The hell-flashing attempts at genocide:
Bosnia, Rwanda,
The U.S. and the atomic winds of Japan.
Go ahead, you can search for UFO’s,
But man’s greatest threat is man himself!
Playing With Matches

Matches
A new brand's known
Some burn fuel
Some burn homes
But striking for fun
With matches of clones
Will burn up the world
With images known

Confusion, deceit
Can't get much higher

Scientific children
Playing with fire.

By Vincent Johnson
To Those Who May Be Deceived

The dog whose master fails to heed  2-2-2013
The bark of hunger and of need
Is not to blame for theft or greed
When on the chicken coop he feeds

The parrot cursing in the cell  2-4-2013
Is innocent of talk
That seems a random, vulgar hell
Protruding from what’s taught.

"Will you play with me as with a bird..."
The Only Thing That's Left

We've seen a thousand wars in life
We've seen the great depression
We know the things that lead to strife
We've known alleged recession

We've seen how governmental greed
Could lead to terrorism
How disregarding vital needs
Builds monstrous decisions

The residue of hate is known
The pain, the death, the fires
And how when peace's cover's blown
There lies the threat of mire

The lesson's clear for all to view
What history gave and gives
The only thing that's left to do
Is love and peacefully live

By Vincent Johnson
To Love The Enemy  6-1-2013

To some the humble and the meek
Are tender targets prime and weak
Social signs of meal and plate
stalked by pupils high in hate
And there I find the strength in me
Too weak to love the enemy
Can the dog love the flea
That bites its living eater
siphoning in selfish gain
To curl a leg to scratch for pain?
Can the sparrow love the cat
That gnaws its tiny body fat?
A stench by most is not adored
Nor a flower’s smell abhored
And so it goes with friend and foe
Though some are called to love them both.
If it’s to change an evil heart
Help me Lord to play the part.

83  Vincent A. Johnson
Live
We shall not listen to those
Who say that death is well
Life on earth, before the curse
Had known no death or hell

We shall not say it's good to die
We must not look for death
We shall not wait, for such a fate
But strive for every breath.
Poetic biography

I began writing poetry in 1988 at the age of eighteen. My initial poems were love poems and nature poems and most were in rhyme. Social, ethnic and penal based poems would eventually follow in my collection as well as religious poetry, but none would surpass, in numbers, the poems that were love and nature based.

The first poem I had published was titled: A Mountain Man someday. It was published in a book titled "A Time To Be Free" by a small press named Quill books located in one of the Dakotas. I was confined at the time.
at the youth Training school a california youth authority facility in ontario and was unable to purchase a copy of the book and the publishers would not send a free copy. This took place in 1989. In 2010 I searched for the existence of Quill publishing company and the book titled A Time To Be free but had no fortune in finding either.

I never got to see that poem in print and much of it I don’t remember, the following are the few lines from the poem that I have been able to memorize:

“I’m going to be a mountain man some day soon/ They’ll be no smog or lazy nights to cover
the moon/ I love the wilderness and
the freshness that it brings/ you'll be
cooled by waterfalls and warmed by
hot springs.”

Not being able to see my first poem published
in the pages of a book was/is deeply
disappointing but the worst was yet to
strike.

By the time I had accumulated some
four hundred poems I had a run in
at the facility and went to a more
restricted tier and in the process
my property was sent home. The
address the facility used to send
out my property was an old
address located in Inglewood
California and my family didn't
live there anymore. All of my poems were worse than history, I never heard from them again.

Devised, I immediately began a poetic binge writing two, three even four and five poems a day until I amassed about four hundred poems.

In 1998 while confined at the Iowa state penitentiary a group of publishing my work, but found none and conspirators began an overt/covert operation, with use of my life, involving the use of Remote Viewing/HAARP (High-Frequency Research Project) on a city bus and various technology. This is spy technology used by the military and now perhaps rogue criminals. The conspiracy
was oppressive and exploitive, and because of it I ceased to write poetry from 2003-2009. Also in 2009 when I was discharged, discarded hundreds of my poems discouraged by the depriving atmosphere created by the conspiracy. Some of my best poems were lost forever, but not long afterward I began to write poetry again and had some old copies of some earlier poems stashed at home in California that I had sent to me here in Iowa, some are included in this collection. Since then I’ve been determined to be a poet undiscouraged and accomplished.