

Anthology of WhA

WhA

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

THIS ANTHOLOGY IS DEDICATED TO A DESPONDENT 15 YEAR OLD OF 'AGES' AGO.

summary

Eye Contact

Frigid or Lost?

Trivial or Not?

Behind the Screen 2020- 21

Theme: Transformation- Reflecting Jesus

Without You by W.h.A.

A 19's Poem

Mouth but The Pen's More Verbal

Bearing the Weight of My Previously Unasked Questions

Eye Contact

Stop holding back, stop holding back....
Three seconds, make it count.
They lift their foot for the next step,
Thump-thump,
You're trying not to smile too hard.
You glance at their eyes. They pause mid-sentence.
Thump-bump
Nothing's notable about whoever's with them.
Breathe in as they recognize You Next.
Thump -bump
So much more than a second is in this instant.
It's a time to become visible.
A moment for a mutual gaze ,
A pause to create a memory, a shift.
This second, like no other ever before.
And as they stare, and inside you're now in a state of shock,
Your brain tells you whatever this is might be very real;
Since you've given yourself up to storing these exchanges
Like a movie, scenes preceding are on the reel.
Even now you're still staring
And you think they realize the moment is too long.
Your inner bicep starts the shake,
then your fingers twitch and another step they take.
Grasp for the railing and stay on the far right.
You prayed for this eye contact and, now you've lost sight.
Thump-thump.
Of course you forgot how to speak,
You achieved nothing but a sped up heart beat.
Thump-! Time's up!
When will you ever say something to your crush?!

By W.h.A.

Frigid or Lost?

The mornings that you've taken up
The burden before you register
All the fights leave too many blisters
Before you even wake up.
And it's never a learned lesson,
Never the distress of hindering blessing,
Never the 'communication',
That patches this wound up.
It's the teary-eyed regret,
The shame with no companions left,
A spontaneous and deliberate composition,
That balms the pain of hostility and rejection...

by W.h.A.

March 2023

Trivial or Not?

Make amends,
Be genuine.
Split apology, explanation, hope into thirds.

Shine a light on the mist of thoughts
Cerebrum isn't handling this 'distress' right.

Hold onto a hope,
That while they don't **need** you,
You could be honest, be true.
Memory will recreate the connection from before...

Distinguish your "I'm sorry" amongst the lifetime of apologies they'll hear.
Expose your wrongs, approach.
Mold a heart absent of fear.

By Wh. A.
June 2021

Behind the Screen 2020- 21

Behind the Screen 2020- 21

I want to be great,
But then I'd rather stay up late.
Netflix , and Crunchyroll control my dinner plate.
I hate my online classes; that's why I go to sleep.
It's not because I'm burned out and eat less each week :-)

I HAVE TO BE ON THE HONOUR ROLL!
Never mind, is that a 30?
Who gwine dance through CSEC when even term grades cyaan 'get sturdy'? *

But gwaan, Ms girl!
You and labs mussi have it lock!
9 outta 10, 10 outta 10
All SBAs on track.**

Ready?
I changed my mind!
Set?
Nah waste NO time.
Gooooo!
5th former crosses the line. ***

...But 6th form's on the other side.

By Wh. A.

* CSEC refers to O-Levels

**SBAs are assignments that supplement O - Levels.

***5th form = Grade 11

Theme: Transformation- Reflecting Jesus

REFRAIN

Yow wah gwaan youths, mek we tell you dis straight
You see my Jesus, no, him NEVER LATE!
Your troubles, your sorrows, with everything have faith.
No bother downplay how our God is great.

1

I've had my own trials, the Devil he's a liar.
Addiction, Desires,
My mind was never quiet.
Now I have a bond,
Self-control is strong.
The worries and the doubt are-
Brought to God.

REFRAIN

So wah gwaan youths, mek me tell you dis straight
You see my Jesus, no, him NEVER LATE!
Your troubles, your sorrows, with everything have faith.
No bother downplay how our God is great.

2

You see Proverbs says,
Ye with instability
Are a fell city,
Protection is gone.
Even you
The meek and the mild:
Just, guard your hearts, keep God in your sights.
I know you think it's easier to know God by yourself
But IDENTIFY YOUR LIGHT
SHINE BRIGHT FOR ALL MEN!

3

You have it,

You see it.

It is all in you-

You're a temple of the Lord, so stop denying truth.

Love thy Neighbour,

Put off the old self.

Here with Jesus, is divine help.

REFRAIN

Yow HEAR THIS youths...(mek me tell you this straight),

BELIEVE THIS youths...(with everything have faith)!

KNOW DIS YOUTH, cause my God is great and

TRANSFORMATION is THE PRODUCT OF FAITH!

by W.h.A.

October 2023

Without You by W.h.A.

¿Sin Ti?

How am I at peace and this piece was torn from me.

I cried every night,

Blinded over time by the tides and my pillow.

I had no thoughts except why:

she made me. Why? To leave me behind?

Why?

He gave her me. Why?

'Rabbi',

Must I let her go?

This liquid pain on my face, in my nose,

In my chest, seeping through my bones.

Free-flowing tears for the one who Passed alone.

Glossing the inevitability,

embossing too many of my faults,

varnishing a guilty conscience...

Scuffing, belittling my Parents' masterpiece.

Addicted to the cold, the chill of being alone:

Shivering through the creeping obsessions,

Curling up to survive the freezing home.

No warm hugs from one long gone,

Another too lost to even reach out,

Grief as it fully plays out,

The third viewer, a character in its show.

By W.h.A.

November 2022

A 19's Poem

A 19's Poem

1

I can't live like I'm living, I can think like I'm dying.

I'm the example for the Lord's stead,

I'm the example for my mother's stead,

I'm the example for my stead where I don't know who I am, but I sure as hell ain't dead.

2

I'll make a mine with mine.

Mine is time,

mine is Mind.

I know I mind ; what's in here IS MIN-ED.

So just in time, she shines.

**mined- sought out*

Mind - content of the person, deep thought process

mine(d) - owned for myself, totally belonging

mind- watch the example that I set, watch the watch as minutes go by.

by W.h.A.

January 2024

Mouth but The Pen's More Verbal

Mouth but the Pen's More Verbal

Pen to paper,

Mouth but no speech,

I see you , want to know you.

But that's a lost mind hoping.

See you're just the same as everyone else,

At least, I'm trying to convince myself.

Why do I think of you,

Pray for every breath you'll blow

Love to wish the best on my heart's cue:

1...2...3,

And

There

You

Go.

by W.h.A.

April 2022

Bearing the Weight of My Previously Unasked Questions

The Weight of My Previously Unasked Questions

---1

My bad for not asking you crucial questions, friend,
As a child who was praying over fellow children at eighteen...
My bad for not asking you crucial questions, friend,
Since I've been in unforeseen encounters

During bus rides to Half Way Tree.

---2

In the midst of my fervor to know Christ,
My bad for praying for constant protection of each person I call friend.
How could I have known that God would charge me to pray in the midst of my own lack?
Who proclaims a tough message to strangers unless God has their back?

---3

The answer I sought was a gift of the Holy Spirit;
Wrapped up, tied up, tangled up in Jesus' crown of thorns.
A call to have more than hope, but faith...
A sound that blared over my doubts, spurring me despite the familiar feeling of being afraid.

---4

"It is finished", Christ declared on the cross,
Yet still I scoffed at his proclamation like it was a Jamerican's twang.
How? My spirit wailed.
I still didn't understand my authority despite knowing gospel songs.

---5

Maybe I shouldn't have taken so long to ask the obvious,
I should have told you how a random woman spoke life to me from a bus's double seat.
My bad if when I relate her quiet admonition,

You would see why I was the first of 10 passengers rushing away from the vehicle and into the Kingston heat.

---6

I could have ignored the pull I felt to you,
So I would not now be ranting to you about my Lord.
But I couldn't have known that fellow passenger would ask me if I was saved in the name of Christ.
So my bad if I said "yes, of that fact she could rest assured."

---7

I'm saying sorry for all these actions
Because I now know I had only one choice then.
I wanted to say, One Stop Driva quietly and under my breath,
But I craved more of the armor of God, so my trip of addiction and grief could come to an end.

---8

Now I'm no longer living like I was 'living';
I'm not beholden to the unpredictability of this life.
Is it really bad if one scary lady had me inviting the Holy Spirit in?
Is it so wrong to loosen my death grip on su*c*de?

---9

It is my bad that I want something eternal.
So please hit me with the facts of surviving on Earth.
Really, keep me grounded in the understanding that each bleak problem is 'just life'.
Why then does a blessed assurance spotlight where God's goodness counteracts each and every hurt?

---10

It is by grace that I am saved,
And Salvation allows the Spirit of Christ to dwell in me.
Honestly, God's been carrying my burdens since before that schoolday trip.....
Now, he's reusing all my bad and the Spirit helps me understand peace.

by Wh

Early December 2024