

Here Still

There was a time when I knew what you felt.

How are you feeling?

There was a time when our minutes could be measured in a day.

Where did the time go?

There was a time when a touch would bring flutters that touched my inner being.

How do you feel?

There was a time that unrealized dreams were in reach.

Are you still dreaming?

There was a time when the sun never sank.

How dark is your day?

There was a time when flowers grew where you walked.

Where are we going?

I am here still in the midst of time,

hoping you will come along with me to that reality.



Photo By: O'Neil Pemberton

It Could Be Love

It could be love, or something better.
When kindred souls recognize to share a moment.
It could be love, or something better,
When age has taught us patience and a simple gesture of affection.
It could be love, or something better
When thoughts are not of wanton energy spent between sheets
and tangled thoughts mire our every move.
It could be love, or something better
With the quiet confidence of you being there.
It could be love,
but it's better this time around.



Photo By: O'Neil Pemberton

All My Joys I Bequeath to You

Don't mourn for me,
but think of the beauty of my life, though short.
Don't cry tears of sorrow,
for I lived with vigor.
And though my body lay still, my spirit is all around you.
Find comfort in thoughts of me smiling, living,
for you are still here
all my joys I bequeath to you.
So, don't mourn me.
Smile with all I have given you.
Have no fear for me.
For I have lived a gallant life
filled with woes that an old man would envy.
There will be no mourning or wake for me,
but now I sleep, and my spirit is spent.
All that is left of me are memories dear.
And in that way I will live an eternity to those I left behind.



Photo By: O'Neil Pemberton

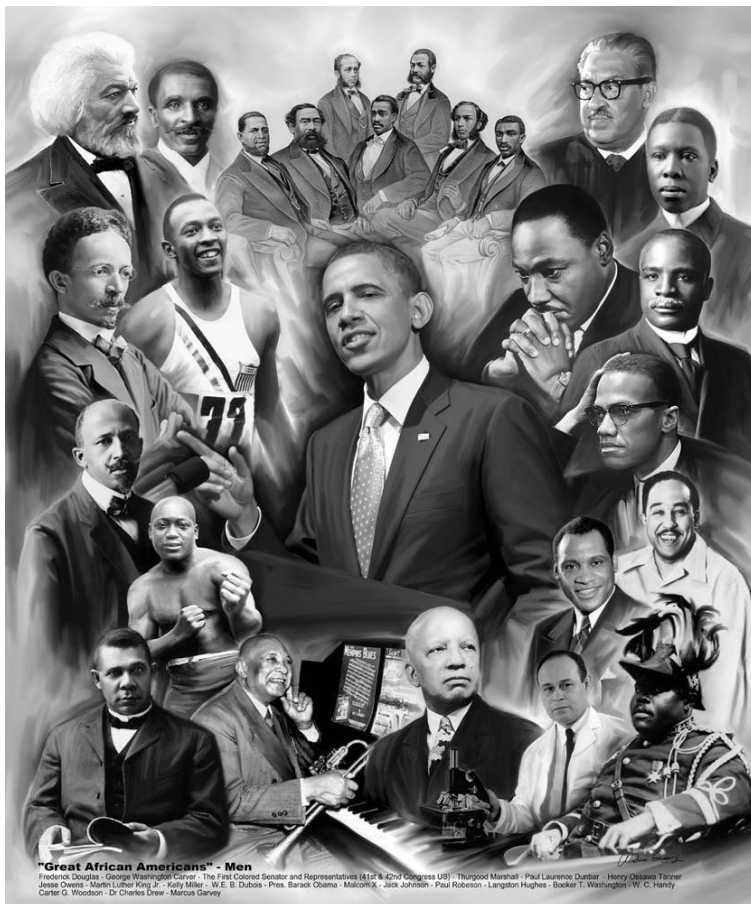


You Judge Me

You judge me from the day I was born.
 You make assumptions of criminal intent.
 You judge me,
 although years of peaceful and painful existence in your presence.
 You judge me walking down our streets.
 You judge my upbringing,
 although not filled with privileged education or inheritance.
 That 40 acres and a mule.
 You judge me for the clothes I wear and the way I look.
 You judge me,
 as if I don't belong,
 although I worked hard to get here
 from the grip you hold steadfast on my ascension.
 You judge me with my mop in my hand,
 cleaning your spaces in your comfortable existence.
 You judge me in the fields that you employ me.
 Never asking how I got here, but yet you still judge me.
 You judge me on the bus that I ride,
 hugging your purse closer.
 You judge me in the stores,
 when I wander in to inquire, just like you.
 You judge me in my job, questioning my intelligence.
 You judge my worthiness.
 You judge me although my forefathers' blood
 is at the root of all the wealth you acquired.
 Who judges you?

My Brother, My Brother

You have been told a lie
 That lie was told to you in your youth
 from the day you were free of that cord that binds you
 to the mother that bore you
 My brother,
 self-hate is only to deflect from your strength.
 That beautiful skin that the sun adores holds such power
 That power creates fear
 That fear fosters hate
 Don't be burdened my brother with that hue
 With all that you are
 you will survive this life to be stronger
 Self-hate will just bring you to their level
 You are strong, black, and proud.



2020

These are the days
when we with faceless eyes are confined to our circle of friends.
Where we share fist bumps and hand sanitizers
These are the days
These are the days when men who interpret words written on paper,
carry arms in government buildings,
Searching for a place to belong and be heard
We hold signs and yell in frustration at what we have become
These are the days
These are the days
Where shuttered storefronts that once employed everyday men and women
lay empty
The uncertainty so strong,
that it brings a shudder of fear of a future bleak
These are the days
These are the days when death could be at your doorstep
and we huddle waiting
waiting
waiting
for it to come
These are the days when I miss good company
and all the joy that comes in a gathering.
The essence of being human
Hugs are missed
Faces are missed
But we move on because
these are not the days to be weary.



Photo By: O'Neil Pemberton

Happiness

Happiness has settled in.
I listen to you breathing beside me
and all I can do is wish for more.
You have made life so wonderful
and each day I am thankful for those little snippets of what's to come
because I know that
happiness has settled in.



Photo By: Misty Higgins, Boheme Bridal & Boudoir

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



O'Neil Pemberton was born on the island of Nevis in the West Indies. His mother died in the Christena Ferry Disaster when he was 5 years old and was then raised by his grandmother for several years before Vovo took him in. He immigrated to the United States when he was 18-years-old thanks to the generosity of a stranger (at the time!) and has worked all kinds of jobs to earn a living -- working in a shipyard, direct mailing, landscaping, and maintenance work.

O'Neil has a tangible joy for life, is extremely handy and hardworking, loves creating crafts and has an inherent gift of poetry. He lives in Massachusetts with his wife Maria and has 3 grown children.