

30 Poems



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The poems in this book were shared in honor
of National Poetry Month in April, 2020.
No sweet talk here, because I'll rather have
you develop all your opinions on this one.

But here's what I'll say:

read it more than once

that's the way poetry works

read with the relaxed part of your mind

don't try to understand a hundred percent

Here's why:

in letting go of what we know,

we find things we never knew.

with overflowing love,

— Alexandra Zion.



*These are our libations
Simple and complex
potions
Of hearts filled with
praises
And mouths filled with
prayers
Entangled in faith
Thirsty for fulfilled desires*

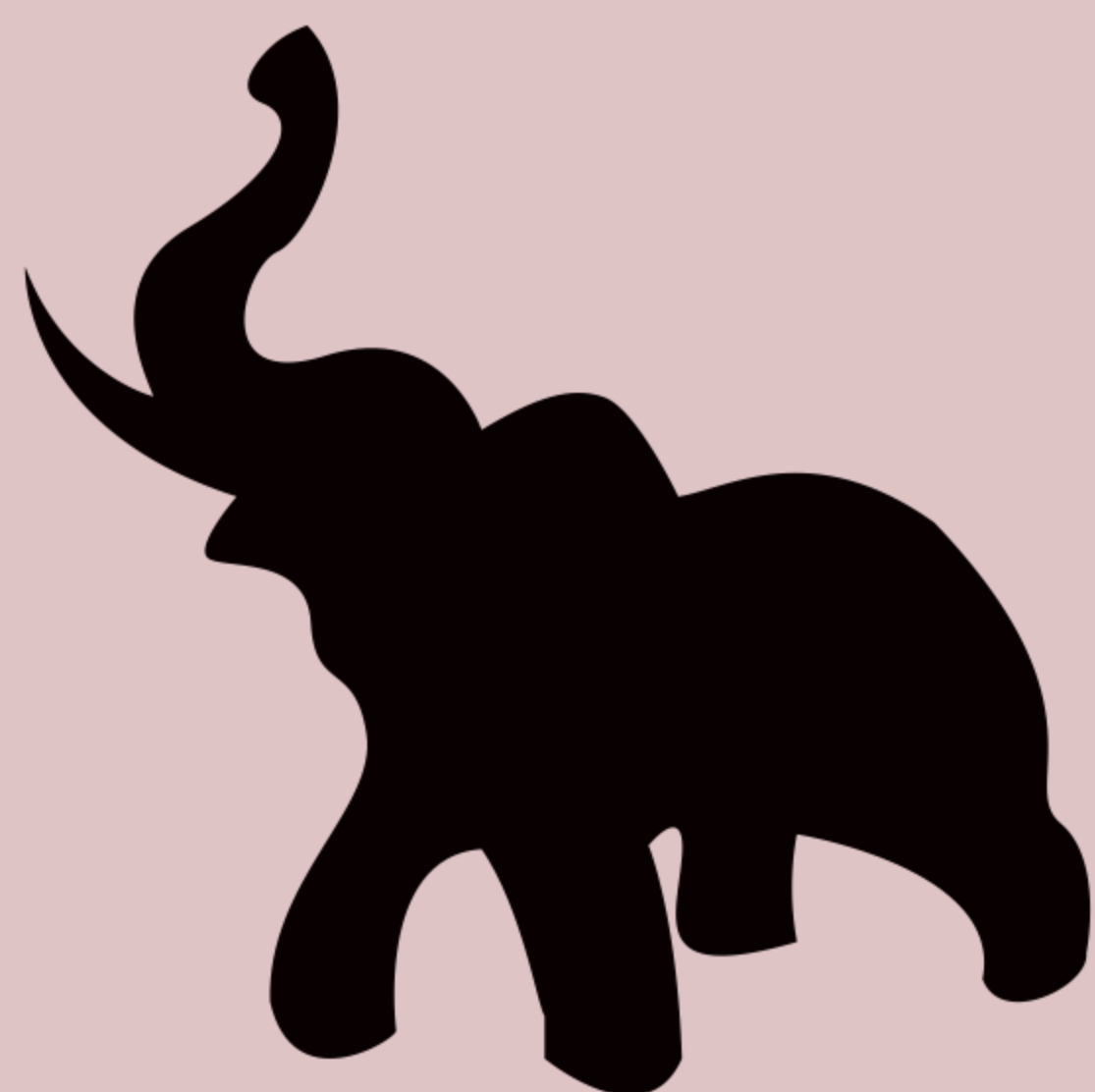


*When we're crushing
under the weight
Of our own breaths,
When we're tired and
torn,
Help us to remember
That it's out of your ability
To stutter
It's not like you
To store our cries
In jars of futility*

*Help us to remember
That you're with us
And that's all we need
to know.*







erin lákátábú

“Everything”

is an answer to many things:

to who you are.

to what you see.

to what you can do.

to what I have with you.

to what the enemy thinks I’ve lost.

to what the enemy will lose.

to what love really is.

to what heaven is.

my Àjànàkú tí n mi igbó kijíi kijíi

my erin lákátábú

You are everything!





nine

1. Your

2. opinion

3. does

4. not

5. have

6. to

7. be

8. my

9. truth

in nine words,

I birthed peace with self.





my heart grieves

*each heartbeat is a trickle of blood;
blood pricked by the
smells of pot and molly
which cloud over the locks
of boys who ride the bus with me
eye sockets sullen in the sadness
that surrounds the world,
sullenness unabashed
by smoked trees
and each day is fleeting, y'know!*

*as the trees wear off
they see destiny waiting to be realized
for a moment, they know destiny
will happen
but like felled trees, hope falls off
too
Flying away like birds who lost their
nests*

*hope is meant to stay
but hope needs you to stay, boys
hope needs you too
hope needs you as much as you need
her
hope needs you to stay sane.*





Come.

Come to the place where it began.

If the destination turns bleak:

Dark, grey, and stormy shades,

Draw from the strength of those primary colors:

The colors of your departure;

The high-hopes blues,

The ready-for-whatever reds,

The I'm-going-for-growth greens.

Remember why you started

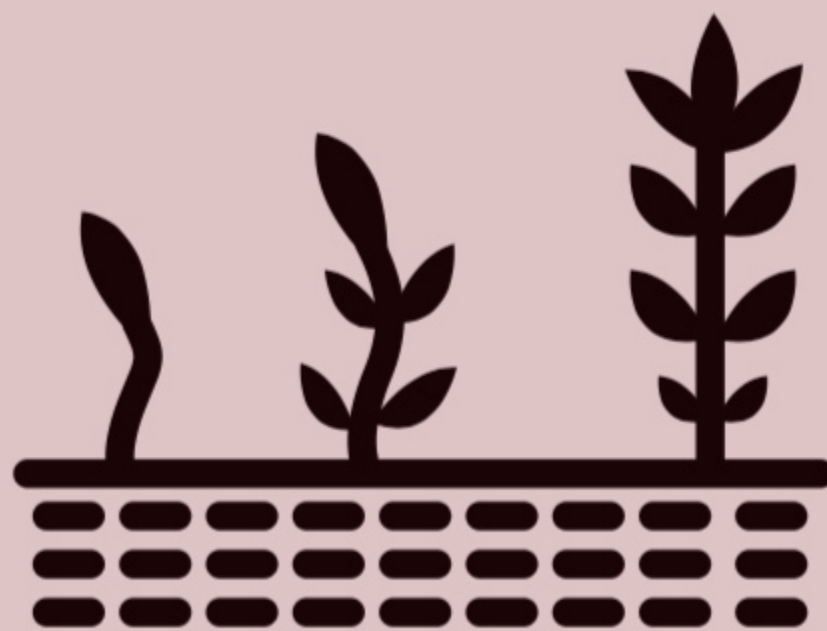
Put your back into it

Sing a hallelujah

Dance litty litty

Go back to basics

Rise.





*Maybe it's okay to stumble,
Maybe it's okay to feel inadequate,
Maybe it's okay to tumble,
And see the dreams as less ornate.*

*Sometimes,
Only in these times of inadequacy
Do we really find courage
Only when we feel low
Do we realise the highest possibilities
Only when we step into our shells
Do we know we can break out*

*But I plead:
Don't drown,
My darling,
Don't drown.
You were not even born
for the waters,
You were born
for the skies.*





*I told Shower what I knew
How she tilted her head
And struck a pose;
How she spoke to her reflection
And asserted her uniqueness
How she got herself to order
Just by speaking in my presence.*



*But,
Shower giggled at the perfection she
portrayed*

*He laughed at my shallowness
And exposed the brokenness
before my moments with her
She permitted his rain on her
Controlling his drops.*

*She wanted slow drops as she cried;
She wanted mild drops as she thought;
In her rage, his drops were massive;
And when she stopped the drops,
She cried to her creator in the silence
And, then, he would wait,
And watch her walk to me,
To reconstruct herself into perfection.*







*he was
buried
at 90
but he died
at 62
death isn't
the greatest
loss
but the
greatness
which dies
while life
is in us.
LIVE.*





*I hope you constantly weave
The threads of the Creator's promises
In the fabrics of your spirit
I hope you make beautiful tapestries
From forget me not psalms
and New Testament parables
Will you teach your heart
Not to fear?
Will you learn to magnify your Present
Help
And minimize your panic?
Will you take this moment to dance?
Not the type that desires an ovation
But the type that depresses your doubts
The type that teaches your knees to war
The type that moves your lips to positive
confessions
Yes, the type that reminds you
of how undefeated you are
I hope you smile
I hope you keep the faith
I hope you yank your peace from the bosom
of misgivings
I really hope you hold on to ABBA's
infallible being.*



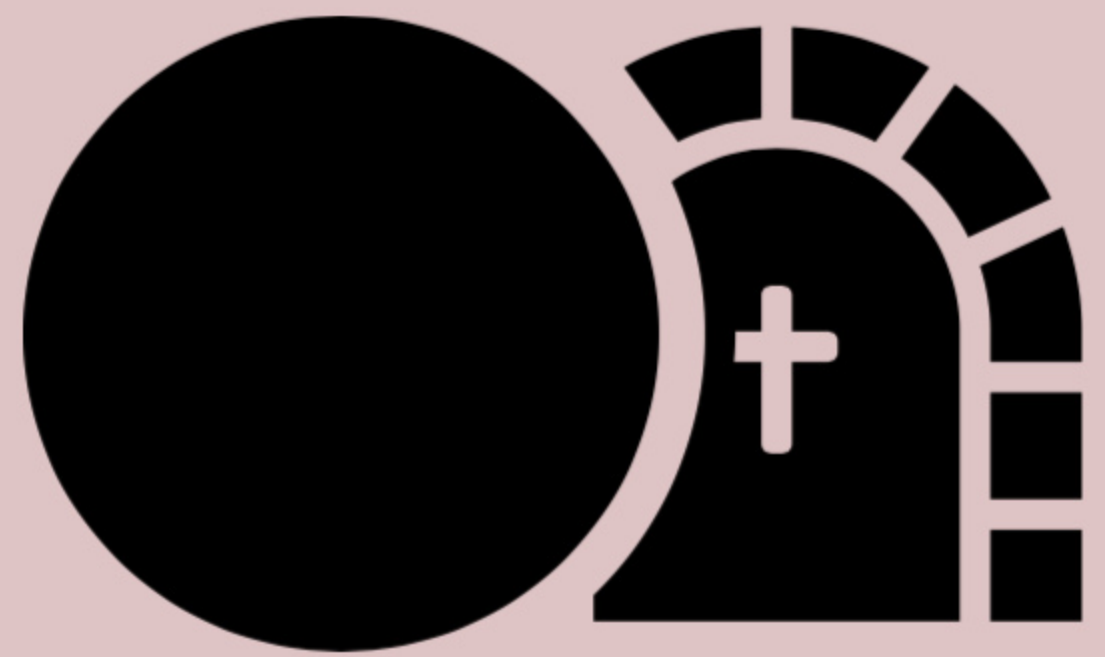


In the initial online posts, nothing was posted on April 12. I did that in honor of Easter - an attempt to soak in the importance of resurrection. In retrospect however, I have swapped April 10 with April 12, with the understanding that Christ was in the grave on “Good Friday” and there was silence in some hearts. The next blank page represents that.





*Don't tell a man
how to deal with his pain
Refrain from teaching the woman
how to handle her hurt
If you really want to be altruistic
Tell the tales of how they once overcame
Play the chords of their strengths before their faces
Acknowledge their weaknesses
But sing songs of their uniqueness
Much more, tell them
it doesn't end here
Point them to light:
the light that left
The tomb empty,
The light that made
An open show of the enemy,
The light that wraps you and me in love.
Tell them it doesn't have to end in defeat.*



12



*THE TOMB IS
STILL
EMPTY*



13



*Don't be quick
to hold your bloom at length*


*Even now
While you're growing
You are blooming*

*Even now
On the bad days
You are blooming*

*Even now
At the heartbeats of discipline
You are blooming*

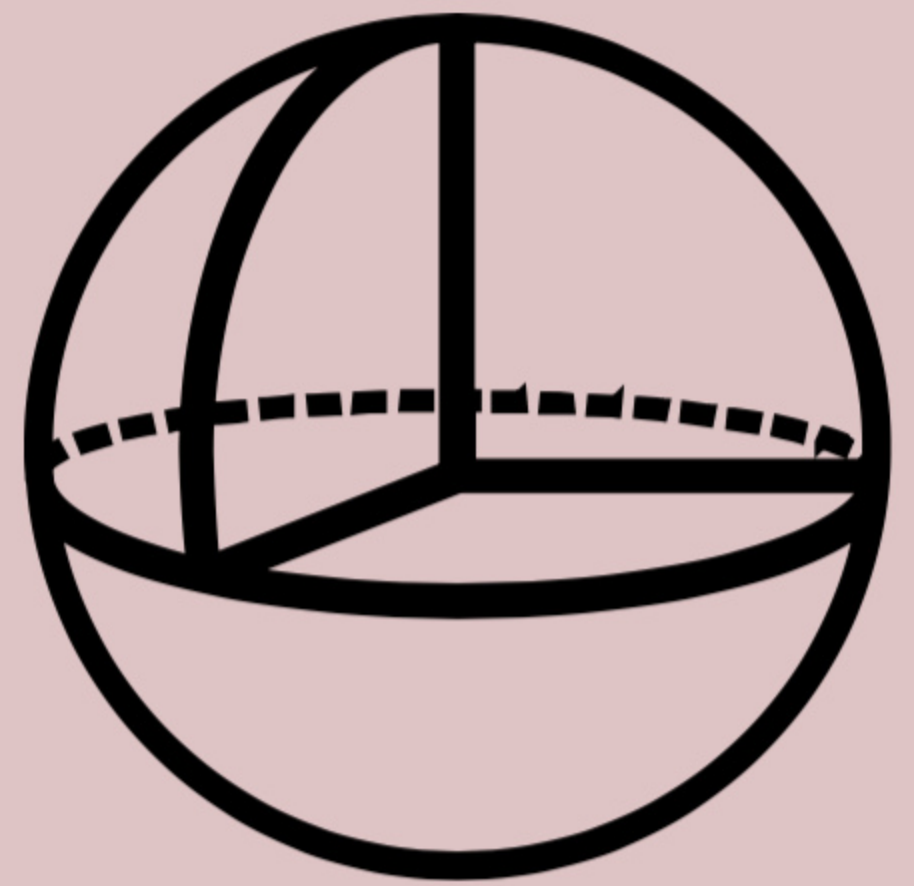
*Don't hold your bloom at length
Today, in your pain
In your good reports
In your discipline*

*In your leisure
You are blooming
All along and all inclusive*



14

*At what point are we allowed
To draw the line between your
whinings and your winnings?
When do we begin to distinguish
your trials and your triumphs?
Do we really need to compartmentalize?
Is it too hard for you to see the
circle that your life is?
To see how everything comes
together to make you whole?
Do you see Jesus in the center?
How then do you think your circle
will fall apart?
How do you separate your
failed attempts from your successful
ventures?
Why do you divide your need to
be loved from your need to love
others?
Hear this:
Your life is a circle, and Jesus is
the center
The good and the bad?
Consider them radii and diameters
But always remember that they
all come together to make you
whole.
Most importantly,
remember that your center never
fades away
because Jesus never ceases to
hold you so.*



15



*You are fine art
in spaces where artists
still need to figure out colors.
You are rare embroidery
in worlds where seamstresses
try to discover new threads.
You are the Creator's masterpiece
A thought process formed
Before the worlds themselves
You are deliberately designed
And intentionally loved.
You are fine art!*



16

*Rabbits run into holes
Snakes into pits
Fishes fear to leave the oceans
And birds do not perch too long
for they were made to fly.*

*In all of this,
I have learned a thing or two.*

*So today,
I will run to your presence
And look within
for the voice of your Spirit
I will curl up
on the promises of your Word
And cover myself with the
warmth of your songs.*

*In reaching to my roots,
My trees will bear fresh fruits.*



17

Dear Goals,



*It's good to have you on paper,
To speak about you
In the presence of mirrors,
And sing your praise in every shower.
It's good to examine you like a
specimen,
hit my chest to say,
"I'm proud of such amazing plans."
But you know what's even better?
It's better to pursue you
And intentionally work on you.
At certain points, it's better
To keep mute until you are achieved
And to maximize spaces for your
flourishing.
Sometimes, it's better to take a step
back
rather than burning out.
Dear Goals, you'll be goals
until I choose to christen you again,
won't you?
So tell me,
Do you like to be called
Progress, Achieved, or Successful?
I think you like all three.*

18

it's in how we step into the room.

how we have it all planned out.

how we become architects,

painters,

and authors

of our own destinies, or at least,

our own weeks.

then,

it's in how the math no longer

works.

how one plus one never equals

two.

how the letters in the alphabet are

no longer 26,

because we have a new language

called gibberish.

but I say, "sweep."

with all the energy you have,

pick up the broom.

sweep every thought of perfection.

sweep every notion of it-has-to-work-this-way.

don't overthink it.

don't be paralyzed by plan A.

pick up the broom

make room for plan B.



19

*I was taught about angels
About cherubs and rare beings
About seraphs and extraordinary wings
So I thought about them often
How cool it would be to see them
And then I met you
Your rarity lies in kind speech
Bound by the gentleness
of your cherubic nature
How do I describe being wrapped
In the wings of your backing
Tell me what to make
Of your love-dipped actions
Has anyone ever tried to meet an angel?
They should try looking through my eyes.*



20

*They always want to see you
as “brother” or “pastor”,
as “doctor” or “sister”,
as “business mogul” or “athlete”
Everyone replaces
the ampersands with distinctions.
And everyone knows so well
that even he or she is more of
ampersands than distinctions.
So when the boy
in the one you labelled man
comes to play,
don’t call him foolish
because he chose
to peel off your label.*



21

*You played this game so long,
So long you got to Level 2.*

*While you spent time chasing
the least of glimpses*

from uncertainty's eyes,

You could have stopped

to listen to the dreams

which burn in your bosom.

Rather than lean

against the walls of validation,

You could have told

the lips of your inadequacies

to gulp a chill pill.

Instead of waiting for perfection to come knocking,

You could have thrust yourself in a world of consistency.

Believe in yourself, darling,

If for nothing,

But because Abba believes in you.



22

*You've come a long way, haven't you?
From being a pot of nothingness
To being the Creator's canvas
You must have heard the words
"Let there be"
And there was
Oceans.
Trees.
Whales.
Me.*



*So, here's to thank the Creator for you
Here's to hoping to do better
In my dealings with you*



23

*why do you take your pain
to the florist?*

*why do you water your past
like a bed of begonias?*

do you not know?

have you not heard?

*To stop watering dead plants
Quit feeding the petunias of rage
And rhododendrons of danger
these tended wilted roses
will only be weeds
for your new seeds.*



24

*I got a package today
Breath. Feelings. Open Eyes.
Even the beauty of sunrise
Wrapped in this shipment called a new day*

*

*They say it's luck
Nothing but accidental boon
I say that conclusion is too soon
I'm probably riding in a love truck*

*

*So I'll come closer
Say a prayer of thanks
And let go of funny ranks
When I'm with this truck driver*

*

*In waiting for the land to heal,
I'll embrace the blessing called today
I'll refuse to smell fear's bouquet
I know Jesus has the wheel.*



25



*Just wanted to remind you
You with all your rhymes
You with all your lines
You in your verses and stanzas
In your life's figurative language
the parts that hold meanings
beneath the surface
You in your many sided components
You are God's own poetry
Written and spoken
As letters of love
Remember this to stay true
Even when all seems blue.*



26

*Permit the words that flow from my lips
to be the ink with which you write
Use me
Take me on a flight of trust
Neck deep in your promises
Rooted in your love
Use me
Imprint your message of grace in my heart
Help me be the sermon of your art
Use me
Bounded by the threads of your grace
Covered by the smiles of your face
Make me a reflection of your fine countenance
May I exalt you when the days are dry
When babies no longer cry
When nations rise against nations
And earth is in her worst situations
May I exalt you
till the very last breath in my nostrils
Form a sacrifice of praise and a fragrance
to your heavenly window sills
When I don't know what else to do
Lord, I want to exalt you*



27

*Sometimes, ever so often
Poetry is in the silence
Life is in the stillness
In staring at a blank page
Or gawking into empty spaces
In letting your thoughts flow
To planets of nostalgic reverie
In permitting your dreams
To be transported into the future
Imagining and seeing worlds
you never knew existed
It's in suppressing the bad pasts
And jettisoning the voices
which whisper words contrary
to the Creator's will
Sometimes, ever so often
Sweetness is birthed in the stillness*



28

*How do you weigh this thing called courage
Do you pull out scales of comfort
Or of balances between
avoiding risks and going all in?
I think courage is Esther's "if I perish I perish"
It's Rahab's kindness to the spies
It's David's psalms at the end of his wits
It's Abraham's obedience
It's Nineveh's repentance
It's breaking the alabaster box
True courage is in moments of weakness
And scenes of strengths
It's thankfulness and cries for help
It's the thin line
Between fear and risks
It's hanging on to the One who holds eternity.*



29

*if love's not butterflies, what is it?
it's the Creator-creation ties: your God-thirst.
it's the pleases and sorries,
and the way your lips do not curve differently
when speaking to people you consider poor
it's the way you don't do lies.
and even when your lips tremble,
you snatch them together to tell truths.
it's the willingness to stand
to say, "I've got this"
it's the drive for why you're made
the thirst to play your part on the earth.
it's in the little things:
the words, the touch,
the listening ears and random gifts
the sacrificed times and forehead kisses too
butterflies are icing on the cake
they fly freely when all is in place
and tummies are safe havens for them.*



30

*let that be dead
let that be dead
which causes thumping hearts
and shivering fingers
let that be dead
which keeps you up at night
introducing tears to your pillowcases
let that be dead
which steals your joys
and drowns the world in worries
let that be dead
let that be dead
let death be dead
**

Then.

*let that be born
let that be born
hope unbroken
tenacity unspoiled
let that be born
thoughts and dreams on the inside
which speak comforts into sunrise
let that be born
listening ears and kind speech
which draw you closer to love
let that be born
which reminds you
how you matter in the grand scheme of things
because you, baby, are the grand scheme of things
let that be born
let that be born
intimacy with the One who defeated death.*



notes

The following notes are captions from initial social media posts on some of the poems:

Day 2:

Translations:

Àjànàkú tí n mi igbó kijíi kijíi:

Elephant that troubles the jungle

Erin lákátábú:

Ginormous elephant

Day 3:

one of the things that comes to mind when you think about the number nine (9) is the process of pregnancy and childbirth.

Sometimes, peace is like a forming foetus - in your quest to birth it, you might get sick, nauseated, tired, but if you choose to hold on, you'll realize that your miracle was never far-fetched. ❤️

Day 11:

JESUS's empty tomb is proof that our battles don't have to end in defeat. Because He has the victory, we have the victory! Happy Easter! ❤️

Day 14:

This poem is drawn from one of the personal tenets I have lived by since I began to establish personal values and principles. I recently named it: The Life Circle, and the idea is that my life is like a circle. .

.
As I learned in Math, every circle has a center, and that center makes all the difference when it comes to the radius, diameter, or sector. As a believer, I like to see the center in my life's circle as Jesus. .

.
When I'm trying to chart new "sectors" in my life, I understand it's best to run to the center. When I find chords in my life that

are not so pretty, I focus on the center. I have come to understand that there'll be all kinds of chords and all kinds of segments, but the center remains the same. I also understand that my journey in life is more divergent than linear, and that means I can never rely on the different phases of my life to determine my destination in life. So, in the good and bad, I choose the center so my circle can stay strong. .

.

What's your center? .

Day 17:

Here's to stopping at nothing to put our backs into the things that drive us. Here's to knowing when to work and when to rest, knowing when to pursue and when to reflect, and knowing that in everything, you have capacity to flourish! ♥

Day 26:

Scholars tell us that one of the words used in Ephesians 2:10 means “poem” or “poetry,” and it’s why the TPT reads, “We have become his poetry,[a] a re-created people that will fulfill the destiny he has given each of us, for we are joined to Jesus, the Anointed One. Even before we were born, God planned in advance our destiny and the good works[b] we would do to fulfill it!”

.
Tell me who else makes a person just to love on them. God did. He actually created you to love you. Like, "hmm I've got so much love, I mean I'm love myself. Love definitely needs an 'object' " and so he wrote you out as poetry - an expression of His love! .

.
Think about it. You are God's own poetry! That resonates with me so badly, and I'm just grateful for that identity! Aren't you?



THE END