

5 Poems by J.H. Johns

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“CAN I BUY YOU A CUP OF COFFEE?”

Can I buy
you a cup of coffee,
or maybe just a tea,
I'm not after
what you think I want,
I just want you
to sit with me.

If I bought you
a cup of coffee,
if I offered you
a spot of tea,
would you
consider for a moment
spending some time with me?

If we had a cup
of coffee,
if you drank your
touch of tea,
would you ever
give a second thought
of having another with me?

When we're done
with our cup of coffee,
when we couldn't
possibly drink more tea,
is there any way that
you could see
being in love with me?

END

“LET’S PLAY HOUSE”

Let’s play house,
together
and alone,
with no children
and no chaperone-

let’s play house;

in the apartment,
out on the street,
while making love,
cooking something to eat-
let’s play house;

doing the laundry,
seeing a show,
down at the beach,
whispering soft and low-
let’s play house;

play in the morning,
then play at night,
play while we dream-
for the rest of our life-

let’s play house...

END

“A LOVE POEM”

Trips and adventures,
fun times and explores,
you’re my heart’s protector,
and my wondrous purveyor.

You never seem to tire,
that it's you I adore,
and want to be near you,
at home, car or store.

I always want more of you,
and get blue when you ignore,
my trying to be around you,
more and more than before.

In you I've found my soul-mate,
my life's love encore,
you'll have my heart and my soul,
in life forevermore.

END

“NOW”

Somewhere
between
before and after,
then and later-
our past and our future-
is now;

“...live for now...’
“...now is the time...”
is what we're told
and encouraged
to do with
now;

now,
now,
now;

is it now

that interprets the past
and is the
foundation of the future?

If so-

work the now,
feed the now,
be in the now-
love the now...

END

“WE ARE”

We are supplicants,
kneeling before
the contrivance
of our salvation;

we are pilgrims,
journeying to
the holiest shrine
of our redemption;

we are sinners,
self-flogged
while traversing the coarse stones
that are our lives;

we are saints,
living a life
that is a prayer
because our lives are a prayer;

we are lovers,
twisted and entwined, together,
on our bed- our sacrificial altar-
that is our appetite;

we are-
incontrovertibly and inescapably-
all and only
that which-

we are...

END