MEMMAGE’S Jewels

a collection of poems
written by Memmage Von Balfred Jaffersen
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To Marguerite

Delivered from Memmage 14 August 1996

DEDICATION

To my wife, Atlay and my two daughters who encouraged and supported me in every way.

To Dr. R. E. Williams of the University of the District of Columbia who encouraged and motivated in undergraduate and graduate school.
# Memmage's Jewels

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### Part I - Memmage's Jewels

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ahs Awfully Well For The Shape Ahs In</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Talk With The New President (Wm Clinton)</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ahm Somebody</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dah Black Man From Tennahsee</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jump The Broom</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How I Wish</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life's Moments</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Am An American, Afro American</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Wind That Slowly Blows</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stick, The Crack Man</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Part II - A Black Man Writes Poetic Real Life

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Success</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chocolate Girl</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charming Black Woman</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lil Brown Chile</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Part III - Words In Prose from a Harper's Ferry Black Poet

The Coming  
Poem  
A Glimpse  
Do You Know Me?  
I Know I Will Be Free  
Jimmy The Welfare Lover  
George, The Cat  
The Sox
Part I

Memmage’s Jewels
You know ah is great as can be
Dah ain't nottin at all de madder wid me
Ah is an healthy as healthy can be
Ception ahs wanna be free de udder day -
Ole Bess de workin mule kicked me in deh
Stomach and broke both may knees
When ams walkin wid dis had arthritis
Most of dah words comes in a wheeze
Dem Chitlins and hogmaws is itchin and twichin me
Til ah thinks ahs got a touch of the yaws
Child my pulse is weak
And Doc says de blood is thin
You'll ain't gonna believe dis had
But ahs awfully well for des shep ise in
What does you'll folks think when ah knows my
Liver is out of whack
Not regular, but dahs a helluva pain in de
Small of my back
Both mah years wuz checked wid all de instruments
Dem dah doctors must be still in suspense
Mah sight is slowly becoming dim
Evahting seems to be out of trim
Shucks, de way I stagger must be a crime
Ise likely to fall anytime
De other day, mah preacher reminded me
Dat complaining is a bad sign
Collect it all up ahs feeling fine
Ah ought to mention de falling arches on
     on both feet
Dr. Schools arch supports allows me to
Walk de street.
Dese hah finahs are ugly, swollen, stiff in joints
Dah nails are impossible to keep in points
Black heads and pimples along wid
Dry skin
You’ll bettah believe dis, ah is beautiful
For dis good shape ahs in
Dese mail order dentures don’t fit, no
Sleep at night
Dah mahning brings a helluva sight
Sho think ah ought to mention dat
Mah memory’s failing, May heads in a spin
Ah is making id on aspirin and some
Shots of bathrup gin
In spite of dis, Ise awfully well for
Dah shape ahs in
All you smart folk listen to dis
No mattah how bad you better be glad
Tis so much bettah to say ahs fine, wid
A big grin
Den it is to let evahbody know dah bad
Shape you is really in.

~To my Grandmother who died at 95 years
Some folks may not understand
The lasting effects of a President’s hand
Now to the Kennedy Graves
Then to the Lincoln Memorial
Honoring the man who freed the slaves
And then I’ll walk across the bridge
Peep at the city from Arlingtons ridge
With bells ringing out freedom
Love and brotherhood, not hate
From Bunker Hill to the Golden Gate
Now its time to take a break
Change up visit and dine
Hear some toasts and sip some wine
I want to bring us all together
With my own special design
Martin Luther King, Jr. comes to mind
When he said he had been to the mountain top
America must move ahead
Though his work might stop
He spoke of red man black man jew and gentile
Mixed with democracy freedom, Clinton style
The first lady looked her best
In her fabulous designer dress
Little Chelsea was wondrous and proud
Almost hidden in the crowd
They walked in almost freezing weather
Joking eating and singing together
The crowd was awfully large
Like tons and tons on a big barge
As the ceremonies went on
Dr. Maya Angelou’s Poem was born
Then they began the pop calls
From celebration to celebration in the fine halls
Congratulation and much celebration
Into a ballroom and hear a tune
then disappear like snow in June
Then he met in a certain hall
Vice Pres Gore just having a ball
The writers said he had two left feet
His wife said he did not miss a beat
They knew the Pres could blow the saxophone
He played like when jazz was really on
Had a really whaling style
made the other musicians smile
Was talented in many fields
From his mixed grey hair
To his razorback heels
Now sleep in the White House tonight
Jog in the early morning
And start off right
And then I'll talk to you and you
Not what can I do for you
But what can we do with you
I know I'll make some mistakes
Trying hard for goodness sakes
I'll probably break some promises made
Presented with the facts
Those promises must fade
I never want to be outdone
Because, in my evaluation
Consideration will be given for everyone
Bring your suggestions and opinions too
For our country me and you
There's a big job for you and me
With God with Congress with the people
And the brainy Hillary
I see America's Greatest Victory
AH'M SOMEBODY

Ah got what anybody else has got
Ah got feelings, I'm poor
Ah got a mind, I thinks
Ah got a heart, I breathes
Ah got ambition, I wants a chance
Ah got problems, I wants to solve 'em
You know what
I'm somebody, I'm somebody, I'm somebody
You know if I try
Yeh, if I try hard enough
I guess I could be uh, uh, uh
You know what I mean
Yeh, I'm gonna say it
I guess I could be uh, uh, uh
Mister wid mah name on mah desk
Like deh white man or de oreo
Yet wid a pretty secretary
She be writing what I say in shorthand
Yeh, me doing all of dat
Dat is if ah passes dis damn
English grammer, conjugation and stuff
And dis heah chemistry is rough
And dem Egptians should be mummified
For a startin dis algebra, trignometry stuff
Course wid mah tutor working overtime
And he now learning what I shoulda got
In high school along wid mah college work
Ah just might make it to be somebody
If dat don't work out
Ah can throw bricks at de penitentary hopin ah miss
If ah do, ah'll buy some silks from france
Ah'll buy deh biggest ride deh sell
And lean baby, lean, Ah'll be mean
Mac chine will say to dem who ain't got none
Ah am somebody
Course Ah hopes to be out of deh projects if ah kin
Nice carpeted apartment and all you know
On deh top of deh building
More expensive up dah on top
Just ridin all dem floors
Ah got to be somebody
Shucks, ah knows I'm gonna fall like all deh rest
But Ah'll be somebody deh easy way
And when deh police come and get me
And deh finance man reposses deh chine
Deh will gimme a number
And ah'll be nobody, mad and mean
But, if ah pay may dues
No matter how heavy dat load
No matter how much study it takes
Wid some perseverance and sweat
Ah'll be somebody, somebody to stay
Somebody who can grow and mature with whatever Ah get
Ah'm just thinking back from my black history book
You know way back in slavery and on up, yeh, you know
Some blacks was sorta recognized
Ah guess deh had some knowledge
Or skill dat wuz in demand
Like training roosters to fight
Like mebbe shoin hosses
Or mebbe training dem, too
Even shuckin corn
Yet all de folks knowed dat deh wuz somebody
Slaves who wuz somebody
To dah white masters and deh udder slaves
And I'm sho you knows about dese folks
But Ah'm gonna tell about three or four Ah liked
Dere wuz Crispus Attucks leading deh charge
Against the British in Boston, yeh, he wuz black
Your maw had to tell you about
Dat fearless black woman who led hundreds of blacks
Hundreds of miles away to Canada
Using jus the stars to guide her
She was a dynamite woman, really somebody, man
And W.E.B. Dubois who theorized the ten percent formula
To develop leaders for blacks
And he developed many right at Howard University
Along with Booker T. Washington who had the facts
Who found out that whites would give.
So much to train the hands
Nothing to make the brain positive
But all will find
You can't train the mind.
So Booker T. was right
In his argument
But we needed the scholars
And - Duboises ten percent

~To Jesse Jackson, a Black leader
DAH BLACK MAN FROM TENNAHSEE

Anointed by dah God you’ll see
Ah got de word through listening to his plea
Deh don’t know how much de sermon meant
Wid dat black man asking you’ll sinners to repent
Dem dah down home spirituals was sho sounding good
Dah feeling wuz de thing dat wuz understood
Reb Green sat wid dat perpetual grin
Dah happiness wuz movin from his big toe to his chin
He said dat he wuz sho happy dat Reb Williams
wuz on de stand

Solemn regrets for Elder Lightfoot Michaux—de missin man
Case you’ll don’t know—he is in de promised land
Michauxs sister wuz sitting in de audience
Would she please stand so dat we alls could glimpse
her countenance?

Dah happy am I choir started de shoutin
Den ah eight year old boy put some soulful clout in
Dat black man from Tennessee wuz an old pro you know
Watchin and waitin for his time to blow
Da long testimonials—den come de singahs from Tennahsee
Dah preacher asked for two songs or maybe three
Mix Williams dah director said dat it wuz just one
Save dat dah time for dah guest speaker who aint even begun
All de while de black man from Tennesse sat in his big chair
Dah long trip to deliver his sermon wuz just about here
He stood and den spoke very easily
He said dat he wuz proud of church and family
As all of god’s chillum oughto be
He started very slowly and made his position clear
Don’t you’ll miss a word - dis might be his last visit here
Dah crescendo of amens and emotion rose
As he told of a xmas present for his wife of many years
So dah story goes
Dah bankah wuz in tears
Dah black paid in change for one fifty dollar bill
Dat bankah had give him two from dah till
Dah rebbin thought about keeping dat extra cash
Den took id back and got relief
His Ten Commandments could nevah let him become a thief
Den behind me Tina started to shout
Taint nuttin wrong when God’s chillun lelts it all hang out
Next de reb rallied de church wid spiritual fire and thunder
Talking bout a whale and Jonah deeb down under
Den closed his sermon eloquently
Cuz he wuz deh black man from Tennahsee
Who had a brillian son nane R.E.
Who worked and studied to earn a P.H.D.
I wish dat all God’s chillun could meet and greet
Rev. R.E. - Dah black man from Tennahsee.

~ To and for my favorite teacher,
Dr. R. E. Williams formerly of
the University of the District of Columbia
JUMP THE BROOM*

Jump the broom
We gonna marry
Witnesses here
In this room
Jump the broom
I love you truly
You must jump high
Do you love me truly.
If you fall you lie
Do you love me truly
If you fall you lie
Do you love me truly
If you fall you lie
You must jump high
If you fall you lie
jump the broom
We gonna marry
In this room
Jump the broom

* A slave’s wedding
HOW I WISH

How I wish I could go afar
Be in movies
And become a star
How I wish I could be serene
Be a sculpter
And capture every scene
How I wish I could write a song
Be a judge
And write sentences for wrong.
How I dream of what should stand
And reach out with goodness
To all the folks in our land
If Bibles could make us good and pure
Every person should stand in line
Til at least one book they secure
How I wish that life was easy
Always cheery and ever pleezy
Never a challenge never a worry
Going in was nice and breezy
How I wish I could hit the lotto
Have big bucks
With lots and lots of dough.
How I wish that life was always easy
People giving love and decency
Never being low and never greasy
Take things to levels agreeable to see
How I wish that we could grow
Giving love and happiness
So all could know.
LIFE'S MOMENTS

My life is mine no more
    The quick days are shown:
Like dreams that come to the fore:
    Whose images we telephone

What is to be is not
    I can't own it then
This moments all we got
    It's traced so very thin

Then talk of ambiguity
    The mistakes of men
And domestic tranquility
    The hand of God
And the lack of humility

Life's moments is all we got
    Don't let one second go for nought.
They're yours and mine
    Given by God's design
Life's moments are big and still
    Ever dictated by your own free will
Grab it now
    Or wait and pay the bill
Then take a bow
I am an American, Afro American
I am mixed with the Spirit of the World
I AM AMERICAN, AFRO AMERICAN*

I am mixed with the spirit of the world
I am mixed with all that have been in touch with my woman and girl
I have the blood of warriors, presidents, and people from every
corner of the world
My roots are in Africa in every way
My culture is that of the country where I live from day to day
I am not black, colored, negro or full African
I am American, Afro American
My history was bred and wedded to the present American
Like people of English, Irish, or French Descent
I have sweated in every corner of this North American continent
My skills are those that every one has to know
Building and contributing with aches and pains to grow
Yet I want to mention some African Americans that everyone should know
Dr. G.W. Carver is first in my mind
He made the lowly peanut and by product something really useful and superfine
Any American who fought in World War II
Knows about the blood plasma technique of Dr. Charles Drew
And what about the remarkable under ground heating systems of
Rockefeller Center and Radio City Hall?
It is hard for some to understand that this was done by an Afro
American man at all
The list goes to automobile pistons
Automatic railroad car couplers and truck refrigeration
Even to the filament for lighting tubes in stores across the nation
And most of the labor saving devices came from that Afro American's mind
Shoe lasting, and Granville Woods improved the modern telephone
And the opening of the west was not done by the white cowboy alone
The Afro American suffered and toiled wherever the American flag was flown
Bill Pickett and black cowhands rode the trails that opened and settled much, much land
Lewis and Clark might not have made it across the continent
Without the assistance and skill of an Afro American
Even in repelling of the British at the Battle of New Orleans
    when things were looking dark
Some slaves were promised freedom
They furnished the winning spark
Yet after the battle was won
The Americans gave them none
Even on the Boston Commons where historians and archivist dwell
A stone statue marks the spot that brave freedom loving Crispus Attucks fell
And what about the city of Chicago?
That was founded by an Afro American
Who traded furs both high and low
And what about the little lever on you auto?
That blinked if right or left you had to go
And strange enough
This kind of stuff
Many Afro Americans still do not know
And even down to the work on the human heart
A daring Afro American surgeon led the way
When a razor had split it open in some viscous play
He sewed it up and it pumped away
And any where the labor devices were invented
The skill and acumen of the Afro American always played a part in it
To think that we have Afro American History week
A one time a year subject of interest
It should be part of every American's learning and matriculation process
The Afro Americans contribution to the country is proud, honorable
    and of continuing good
They should not be commemorated yearly
But studied and really understood
Because they are inseparable from American history
Our media should cherish and honor it for all the world to daily see
Now we approach bicentennial time
The brilliancy of Benjamin Banneker is brought to mind
He was the pendulum clock father and master of L’Enfant’s Capital City
design
But some of the facts are brought to light
With force and skill to those who have sight
If you visit the Anacostia neighborhood museums
Documented study in Afro American achievements
It will be well worth the time and expense
Yet in a very short poem such as this
There is so much that I might miss
But this is my little, little part
I what I hope is a start
Making sure that all know that we were involved in the two hundred years of toil
That gave Americans the richest and strongest nation of all.

* Written for the 200 year celebration 1976.
LITTLE WIND THAT SLOWLY BLOWS

Little wind that slowly blows
I touch you like a pretty rose
I see a leaf falling from a tree
Like sugar mixing in a sea
Grab a thought and talk to me
Little wind that slowly blows
Like chilling love that never grows
I bring it back for strength and love
Waiting and hoping for my new love
Come and fly with me
Thoughts have always made me free
Little wind that slowly blows
Reach up to God above
Your face has a gentle pose
When you smile with all your love
Then close your eyes in resting sleep
Developing ideas and dreams galore
Like conquerors coming from the deep
I touch you lip like daily chores
Like pointed toes
Little wind that slowly blows
Then I touch you pointed nose
My heart and soul
Just slowly glows
Little wind that slowly blows
Like wounded love
That grows and grows
Then soothe in that special way
Remembering life challenges
Shredding dreams from day to day
Five billion souls in this world
You really ought to know your worth
Are you that long lost pearl.
Never knowing your special birth
Little wind that slowly blows
Grab the love that grows and grows
Little wind that slowly blows
STICK, THE CRACK MAN

Stick, the crack man would stand on the corner
He would stand in every neighborhood
He would not have the same name
But crack, reefer, and horse was his claim
Stick never had it on his person
You gave your order when you spoke
From an once to a quarter
No time to haggle about the price
Go quick with your bag
Because the cops might see him make the sale
He would keep it laying in some place near
But never on his person
The police knew the set-up
But he had to make a buy
He had to catch Stick with it
If he did not the judge could not accept it
The mod squad came up one day
They had a warrant
They took Stick away
They arrested him not for selling drugs
They arrested him for non-support
Black Joe took over the business
When Stick got out the next day
He was back on the corner
Flapping his hand on his knee
So that the customers could see
That he had crack and other drugs
And he was still free
Part II

A BLACK MAN WRITES POETIC REAL LIFE
SUCCESS

A great man once said in jest
Don't do any task
Lest you do your best
He said to a friend one day
Before starting
Examine every detail
Then success will not delay
You will win without fail
But by God's powerful encompassing mind
And if by reason
Yours is a mighty task
Rise to attack
Problems won't last
Every point will be in your journal
Project with patient reason
Solving problems is eternal
Always continuing
Ever in season
Should you stall without a good reason
Brace yourself
You can win it all
Then stand proud and tall
You have met the
Best test of all
Remember, you
Cannot rest
Once you meet
The call of success
CHOCOLATE GIRL

Chocolate girl, my pearl
You are that elusive one
When god made you
His work was done
I saw you first at a glance
Then I gasped to get my breath
I had to get a hold of my self
The picture that I saw
Was the best of scenery
Like vermontian greenery
When I got real close
Your shape was just divine
Dimply cheeks were the most
And when my friend made me acquainted
Lord, lord, lord I almost fainted
Your smile was warm and mellow
When you heard me say
I wanted to be your fellow
Right this very day
Then as the weeks and months went by
Our friendship grew
My, my, my, didn’t time fly?
Chocolate girl, my pearl
You are that elusive one
When god made you
His work was done
Chocolate girl, chocolate girl
My pearl.
CHARMING BLACK WOMAN

First of all
You are my queen
Exquisite as aged alcohol
Powerful as a movie screen
Careful and some times bold
Moods and thoughts of old
That satisfy my soul
You were watching over me
I was chained in slavery
You nursed and strengthened
Though my master seduced thee
You’re never neglected
Although often rejected
All through life
Man need a good woman
To weather the turmoil and strife
About the middle of the road
He is wiser than he was years before
He asked her to share the heavy load
Granted she must look like a hot score
Or someone that mother would adore
And then, always be a ten
Admired by all the men
For her a man’s a special friend
LIL BROWN CHILE

Can you just picture
As sweet as can be
A lil brown chile
A sittin on your knee
A talkin to me
Listen _____________!
Sho me some lovin
Sho me some smile
Sho me charm
Ahs is no strangah
Ahs gonah do no harm
Ah knows your Mah
Ah knowed your Paw
Befoh you was born
Ah heped you Paw
Weed and chop his corn
Light your eyes
Like dah summah skies
Set heah on mah knee
What’s dat ah see
Hanging on your chin
Some collard greens
Dat you musta been in
Dah lawd blessed you chile
Wid dat pretty brown skin
Wid dat pretty smile
But ahs gonna let you go
So hah bugga man will
ketch you
Den chew you slow
But if'n you be good
Really good, Ah'll make
you a stool
Of oaken wood
But if'n ah travels a
hunnert miles
Ahse nevah gonna forget
Mah Lil Brown Chile

~ To all the beautiful
brown children
PART III

WORDS IN PROSE FROM A HARPER'S FERRY BLACK POET
Anger comes in little clouds
Exploding loud like evil shrouds
After we get things on track
Money comes like blooming rosies
Guard it carefully
It will go like dying posies
Love comes like swaying branches
Disappearing like sudden avalanches
Life comes like many pieces
Toil and strife until it ceases
A child grows like a running vine
Bearing fruit and slowly dying
Rivers flow from north to south
Over mountains and down the hills
Finally dumping in some bays mouth
Birth comes and suddenly ceases
Peaking in youth with deathly releases
Beauty goes like monthly rent
Diminishing until a life is spent
A baby screams at will
Smiling for some sudden thrill
A train starts down the line
Tracking much for the end to find
A great man once sternly said
Never bite the hand
That gives you bread
If you go from here to eternity
Never grab the close star
Always reach for the one afar
A poem is like a stone
To each person
It has a special light
A light all its own
To some it's just a stone
Poems have a personality
You must listen very closely
Or mostly nothing you will see
Even to a stone
A poem can be reality
When the stone is shaped
Like rippling words
To capture life's true actuality
And when the stone is moved
We have a new portrait
As with the proper wording
The poetic lines will penetrate
A stone yet still
Will capture the painter's mind
And give the poet
A poetic design
And so the stone has life
When carved and shaved by a poet's knife
A stone alone is still
A stone with a poet's mind
Is a great design
A GLIMPSE

The warmth of life brushed past
The glow of health plugged away
The sands of time seemed to glisten
Now America is adrift
History blends with blood
And then the river crushed the shoreline
The flowers fought to get about earth
The rain dropped to the ground
The animals quieted and sang a tune
The trains whistled with an eerie glow
The daylight strutted till dark
life shone like a bullet’s flash
The season changed with a quiet clash
Then the torrent of death whizzed thru
Ominous yet still and ever brand new
I saw blood of life inside love
I dredged the rivers of spirit
Through piercing eyes I shot eagles
Through rounded thoughts I conquered hills
Through strength I made life glow
Books touched me with sparks of light
People gave tremendous strength
Like wine with its unseemly growth
Up went the cries of lives wrecked
Up went the atomic flash of deadly mistakes
Up went the dreams of strong men
Up went thoughts drowned in hope
Up went albatross headed for shore
Up went prayers that grasped for reason
Down went evil for recovery
Down went words of life and realism
Down went dreams boxed for storage
Down went the end in the beginning
Do you know me?
I was chained and stacked in the holds of ships
DO YOU KNOW ME?

Do you know me?
I was chained and stacked in the holds of ships
I was ripped and torched with lashing whips
Little babies were torn from their mother’s breast
I was flung into an alien world with nothing
The bullets of the slaver made him king
The ships would dock
And the auctioneer would start to sing
And all the while
The puritans and christians would smile
The Bible did not apply to blacks
Their salvation would be segregated back
But Denmark Vessey and Nat Turner fought hard
Yet, they were captured and hung in a slaver’s yard
A white man named John Brown fought too
Robert E. Lee captured and hung him too
The emancipation proclamation came in 1862
Which gave the slaves a life anew
Freedom! Freedom!
For all America, through and through
For any who did not see it that way
Lincoln made it a crime against the USA
Do you know me?
I was a dedicated christian
My faith was Methodism
I KNOW I WILL BE FREE

I know of my people being sold and taken
To the shores of Virginia almost three centuries ago
I know of the suffering brought on by skin color
I know of my strength in the middle of pain
And strain
I know of my rising to his oppressors defense
In time of war
I know that I have not learned to hate in the midst
 of injustice
I know that I have made this country great
From the barren coast of Maine to the muddy California plain
I know that my blood is that of every man
Who has been in contact with my womanhood
I know that my God in spite of oppression, racism, and hate has somehow watched over me
I know that I am now a part of everything that America might be
I know that I will be a part of whatever else America might be
I am an important cog in the wheel of our democracy
I must run ever onward and around the forces that continually stifle and deny me
I dream the dream of the unfettered with hardship and blessed with tranquility
I know that in the end there will be fairness and justice as life truly ought to be
I know I will be free
I know I will be free
Because this is my destiny
I know I will be free
I know that I will always fight to be free
Because being free is coming from within me
Jimmy the welfare lover
He really don’t dig you if you’re not a mother
That makes you get a check
And once a month he gives respect
And has a dilapidated auto
That he loves with a passion
It runs very, very slow
Yet he takes many loads of groceries to the projects
Around the first of the month
When his benefactors get their food stamps and their paltry checks
Jimmy the welfare lover
He has many contacts about getting things done for a price
He can even sell our food stamps
His commission allowing him a roll of the dice
For all the women he is a special friend
Since most don’t have no permanent men
He knows where to go to get the dough for your checks on the first
Which he has named mother’s day
For his attention and kindness he mothers have much cash to pay
Therefore you can hear Jimmy constantly repeat
Welfare women is my only meat
They is sho nuff sweet
Jimmy the welfare lover
He has so many sons and daughters
He makes acquaintance with the momma
Just by giving the kids dimes, dollars, and quarters
They get really sucked in
Jimmy commits his sin again and again
Then the baby is born
Jimmy is suddenly gone
After everything cools down
With the case worker looking everywhere
No Jimmy can be subpoenaed down
The mother’s check is slightly increased
Jimmy’s responsibility is now totally deceased
He returns after a while
And explains in great detail
How we helped her and she starts to smile
Lets her know that there’s no problem at all with one more child
Jimmy now starts to grin
Because this is one more house that he can always come in
Even though there is six children here
The sixth is his own little angel dear
That’s Jimmy the welfare lover
Them single girls is not his pick
Four or five babies and no man in the house
That really makes him click
Jimmy has no scruples about where he’s at
He wants his wimmin to get a check and make him fat
Jimmy the welfare lover
If you happen to get on welfare
He will con and hang around
His name might be different in your town
His actions are the same
Though he’s still a Jimmy but not in name
Now if you are a welfare mother
Watch out, watch out, watch out
For Jimmy the welfare lover
Or if you’re on welfare
He could be the daddy of your little sister or brother
That’s Jimmy the welfare lover
An unregistered father under cover
Watch out, watch out
For Jimmy the welfare lover
Watch out, watch out
For Jimmy the father under cover.
And has a dilapidated auto
That he loves with a passion
It runs very, very slow
GEORGE, THE CAT

Looking, peeping and almost leaping
Churning, turning and slowly walking
But never ever quite talking
Creeping and Sweeping over the ground
Yet not making a discernible sound
He listens and thinks he hears a new noise
Then carefully arches and braces in only George's attack poise
After he had greedily ate
He quietly slunk under the kitchen gate
He carefully moved across the porch
And suddenly he was in his tall grass
Looking as though he was a self appointed guard
For his grassy back yard
Then he quickly remembered the day
Which could never be forgotten
He challenged a passing tomcat
Who let him know that this territory was for him verboten
He got slashed and bruised
King of the Alley he had suddenly defused
Anxiously attempting to fight
A big tomcat who almost erased him from sight
He had really fought hard
In just attempting to defend his won backyard
What could be wrong with defending against the notorious?
Even though his frail body was almost reduced to a sarcophagus
He had defended and fought with head, body, claws
His eyes were now beady from fierce paws
You must remember, that those who are no sinners
After fighting, are not always crowned as winners
In George's case, he wound up with a ruptured back
And a disfigured, torn and disjointed feline face
His beady eyes had to be stitched into place
He listens and thinks he hears a new noise
Then carefully arches and braces in only George’s attack poise
Its no wonder he guarded this time with a walk of Steathly caution
Such that he might be aware of any present abortion and make the first move on any striking visitor in his Private backyard
This time he would pounce and bounce, not wait to see Who this new intruder might be
Check him out to see if friend or foe
Then march across his yard real slow then peep around the corner near the rose bushes Where he had just heard a new sound
He did not know whether it came from air or ground
He stood very still this time get the first jump And move in for the kill
Also make a quick choice Whether to attack or retreat behind the biggest porch Joyce
In spite of this his perception was not clear Was it his fighting ability or the intruder that he was to fear?
Crouching very still he started to think That the sound he heard Might be a bird Even the wind And what about a friend?
SOX

There once was little boy name Jeff
He was a devil high and low
Every night around a quarter to ten
His ma and pay said he had to come in
He had to take his bath and wash his teeth
And wash behind his ears
The nightly cod liver oil would give him tears
He had a mutt named Sox
He was not a thoroughbred
Jeff would hide him in the corner of his bed
When his ma found out
She would scream and shout
Dogs don’t sleep in the house child
However, domesticated they are
It’s just not style
Little Jeff loved Fox with all his heart
They were seldom seen apart
Except when Jeff went to school
Sox would meet him wagging his tail
This would happen repeatedly
Every day without fail
Until one day Sox strayed away
Jeff just didn’t know what to say
Was he lost or out to play
After he was gone for over one month
Jeff spied him a block away
He ran to get closer
So that he would not get away
A little boy had him
And they were fast at play
Little Jeff did not know what to say
Before he could speak
Sox bolted his way
The little boy looked
In almost total dismay
He knew then
His great friend
Who he had named Spot
Would be leaving
Jeff said that's my Sox
The little boy started grieving
Because his new friend Spot
Was suddenly at end
He knew Spot was not his
But to find his owner this quick
Gee wiz
Jeff was happy as anyone could see
Seeing Sox again was almost heavenly
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mr. Jefferson was born and educated in the poor section of the nation's capitol. His father worked for the railroad. He has three brothers—June, the oldest; Matthew; and Samuel, the youngest.

Mr. Jefferson’s Christian name is Bernard Alfred Jefferson — he writes and publishes under the name of Memmage Von Balfred Jaffersen.

He attended Storer College in Harper’s Ferry, West Virginia. In 1972, Mr. Jefferson received his Master of Arts in Educational Administration and Bachelor of Arts in Adult Education from the University of the District of Columbia.

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