

# Word Are So Important Volume 1

Jeronimo Mooney



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Jeronimo Mooney

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*This book is dedicated to my children; Matt,  
Phoenix, Xander, Sanaa, and Nai'lah, and  
my stepsons Michael and Xavier.*



# PREFACE

These poems were hand selected to the first collective in a series of books to be released by Jeronimo. The styles and subject matter have a wide range to take the reader on a rollercoaster literary experience.





# Love Is...

Love is like ..

love is like, it's like love is light,  
like how the moon loves the light I mean how  
the moon loves the night

How a scream loves a fright

How a swords loves a fight

How a visionary loves their sight, right?

Love is like...

Love is like, love is life

Life is love like love of life is all we're thinking  
of

Like feeling connected to the God above

All because I felt you when you gave a hug

Love is...

Love is...

Love is like not eating all day cuz I only want to  
dine with you

Love is like I don't have to look for you cuz I  
cooked for you and you know I cook out of love

Love is like choosing you every day cuz  
refusing you seems like an act of hate

Love is like always knowing the right thing to  
say when we're having a bad day

When I find love I always have to redefine love

Love is...love is people and people are unique

so love is different with a different definition for  
every person you meet  
Yea...That's that's what I think love is....

# Missed Call

I'm trying to find a deep meaning to keep  
breathing so I keep breathing meaning I'm  
succeeding

But in between inhale and exhale it's deep  
grieving

They say the answers in the Bible so I keep  
reading and reading and repeating

So if the answers in there then why it keep  
leaving??

And if I can't see it ,then why you keep telling  
me I need it

But I read it and complete it

Re-Read it and complete it , to complete the  
sequence

Re-fence my Defense my deepest secrets until I  
can't see shit but swimming in them til I'm  
seasick

You know how it feels to be locked outta your  
soul and need your key fixed?

My heart contacted H.R and filed a grievance  
I'm believing I can be saved by the blood of  
Jesus

But everything I get is cold freezing like anemic  
Where's the deacon

Cuz pastor keep calling me a heathen

When I asked him to call God for me but he says  
it won't reach him

# The Sun Has Fallen For You

I was cleaning up in silence  
I found some letters but they weren't in mine or  
your hand writing  
It was the Sun he demand license to use your  
smile for a while  
Said that the velocity of your luminosity  
Made his corona seem like an atrocity  
So jealous I kept reading...heart bleeding  
it said your eyes was the only reason he set in  
the evening  
Is this just game or should I believe him  
The sun said other stars In galaxies far mentions  
your name  
The mere suggestion they study your radiance as  
a form of a lesson  
Said Your eclipse is a form of his depression  
I'm guessing  
Your natural glow was the Arctic snow putting  
on a show in your honor  
He says he'll be waiting in the darkness for a  
midnight Rendezvous  
I do believe the sun is set on falling for you

# Loose Change

On highways I've been holding up my sign  
They think I'm homeless or drunk off wine  
Cause I'm asking for change  
My clothes are dirty cuz I need more than just  
grounding I need to feel earthy  
Boots with dragged heels from walking thru the  
bad deals we've been handed  
Knees weak cuz I can't stand it  
Some of the empathetic think I'm pathetic and  
give quarters  
Some throw pennys thinking I illegally crossed  
the border  
But I hold on to this dog eared from hard years  
cardboard held high  
Begging for change and nobody can tell why  
Some supporters stop to give waters maybe ask  
if I'm hungry add to their Burger King order  
But most just respond with exhaust fumes  
Dressed up for Halloween in their human being  
costumes  
I spend the whole day on the same corner  
looking at all the nickels ,dimes, pennys ,  
quarters  
Watching cars stop and go to and fro  
The Same ppl at least 5 days a week

Over and over they pass I just hold my sign and  
don't speak  
They think I'm insane, I think they're insane  
A walking banksy is my name  
Cuz you can keep your coins Im just begging for  
change

## No Mo' Love to Give

Does garlic n sunlight turn a succubus into dust  
before they run amuck  
What about a wooden stake?  
does that take away the leech in your plate  
stuffing face  
Wait this ain't mystical this is physical and  
spiritual  
I've given so much love it'll be a miracle  
If I left an ounce for myself  
I have no more love to give  
She was supposed to be my rib  
But I hailed a cab for that dry ass slab with no  
sauce  
Draining me and telling me what to do but I'm  
an entrepreneur I don't need a boss  
She don't need a Lyft to haul her off  
This engagement became enraging ...so the  
wedding we can call it off  
Cleaning out the infectious ...emotional  
holocaust  
Oddly ...This well ran dry but a dry well seems  
oxymoronic like a tsunami in the Mojave  
But I'm god body  
And god got me



So I use discipline and boundaries for myself  
and those around me  
Cuz this empty wishing well is missing tales  
Of the love I gave and in return they gave me  
hell  
Unbalanced tipping scales  
The challenge..Clawing from the darkness got  
me missing nails  
I gotta treat me like I'm number 1  
So Lord forgive me if I'm trouble some  
Cause all I got to give is hard dick and bubble  
gum

# I'm Living My Life to a Different Beat

Stevie wonder  
Songs of life in a different key  
Different world different street  
Distant relatives instant grief  
Insanity and vanity and calamity  
Those triplets of sick shit  
We're all equipped with  
Internal scars we like to pick with  
Like plucking the strings to a violins dream  
I wanted to be sexy and manly like talkin in  
Baritone  
So I grabbed trumpets and saxophones  
But black men are labeled makers of father  
absent homes  
So when I blow my horn it sounds like a rock  
slide of rolling stones  
I threw away all that brass picked up an axe  
To show how these rocks can roll  
But they still tried to assassinate my character  
like shooters on the grassy knoll  
But when I found these drums  
These drums turn ear drums into conundrums for  
the humdrum  
Turn dumb dumbs into dum du dum dum

With these drums a wordsmith beat words into  
verses  
I beat generational curses I beat black man only  
survive to 25 hearses  
I beat self doubt and insecurities all the  
unforeseeable  
So as long as my heart beats I'll beat the  
unbeatable  
I'm just a black man living my life to a different  
beat

# Black Boy Joy

Black boy ,black boy joy, black boy black boy  
joy

When he was eight he was finally allowed  
outside by self long as it didn't get too dark  
Hustle quarters for grocery orders then buy  
slushes for his friends at the park  
Black boy black boy joy, black boy black boy  
joy

He looked both ways when crossing avoiding  
danger  
Didn't talk to strangers  
Knew how to count his change and avoid the  
corners with gangbangers  
Black boy black boy joy,black boy black boy joy

He played football in dirt fields , flipped on  
mattresses and willied bikes  
Ignored drug dealers but couldn't wait to grow  
up and enjoy the city life  
Black boy , black boy joy, black boy black boy  
joy

He did his homework in school, he was smart  
didn't get any wrong  
Every minute counted cuz when he got home  
ninja turtles was on  
Black boy black boy joy , black boy black boy  
joy

Got his first crush at 10 she was a tomboy a  
secret he couldn't keep  
Thought about those brown eyes every time he  
heard SWV's weak  
♪♪ I get so...black boy black boy joy, black boy  
black boy joy

He'd listen to the radio on the porch and draw  
Felt connected to the city and documented  
everything he saw  
Black boy black boy joy, black boy black boy  
joy

He'd send his crush notes with artwork and love  
song quotes  
When alone they spoke but around others she'd  
treat him like a joke  
Black boy black boy joy, black boy black boy  
joy

He paid it no nevermind she was the one for him  
he couldn't see no other

Then he got the news she died hit by a car trying  
to save her lil brother  
Black boy black boy black boy black ,black boy

# Bread Crumbs

Her dad had took her camping all her life  
See her dad was a survivalist that moved her and  
her brother to a new city with his new wife  
But Every night she cried , cuz when mom died  
dad lied said he'd never replace her mother  
And her lil brother was uncomfortable with her  
tears and put his head under the cover  
But she did find happiness with the families  
excursions  
Leave the city past the suburban  
Their pilgrimages to the wilderness  
Where she gets to imagine her mom is back at  
home and not gone  
Her dad used to say that  
“where I'm from , we spread bread crumbs to  
find our way back”  
He let her spread them sometimes and  
sometimes she'd count her steps in her mind just  
to pass the time  
8 years go by and dad had a couple of divorces  
making bad choices, drinking and smoking has  
almost left him voiceless  
She went from being dads lil princess to being  
depressed

Sadness is relentless and with all this sorrow for  
tomorrow she's defenseless

She wants to end it all...

A pill bottle she stole from one of the ex wives  
that thought she was a real model

She sneaks to the woods she saw in passing a  
perfect place she had in mind

Past the city limits , right before the county line

She traversed over broken branches , slid down  
paths of leaves that moved like avalanches

She listened to the birds chirping and chipmunks  
scurrying

Her sunset scene was serene for self murdering

But she felt she must stop at the right spot to be  
her final resting place or was she making an

excuse did she really want to ruin her youth?

When she told her brother and dad she loved  
them was she telling the truth?

Who's gonna look after her father before he  
makes another bad decision that effects the way  
her brothers living

And is she truly really done with living?

Mama used to say life was a privilege

She was inspired, encouraged to focus on the  
part of life she did love

Threw that pill bottle that was filled up

She turns to head back home and then realized  
she had forgot the bread crumbs...



# Magic

Watch this magic  
Well Which magic? Not Witch magic  
No abracadabra or words so absurd it don't  
matter  
I mean words that you've heard that manipulate  
matter  
Like we are matter  
Not like Black Lives Matter which of course  
they do  
But I'm saying ancient magic  
Magic that frees you from bad habits  
Not magic that springs rabbits  
Nah that's called Easter  
I mean magic with words that controls and  
effects your surroundings  
Like if you have well rounding  
Then more than likely you were disciplined you  
were put on grounding  
But that's because electrical currents out of  
control need their housing  
Astounding  
How we tune into programs  
And even if you're single...  
your tuning fork still tunes into slow jams

And you can tell the looney tunes even if you're  
not in the room from the opening sound of the  
cartoon

And even more than that were tied to the moon  
On a full moon we consume each other cuz of  
the tides of the moon

These moods swings moon swings ain't just a  
melanated thing

The real lies

We idealize and not realize

lies was told in your face

Like they're in a rush to finish first that's why  
you have a black and white race

Don't believe me...Look at the checkered flag if  
you come in first place

Tell me I'm lying...what does your heart say?

We don't really look to own land cuz this is  
already our birthplace

And worst case

We never Impeded on our fellow man we shared  
this land in the first place

In africa there wasn't fights over land we were  
protecting women

And Notice how nobody truly claims the waters  
that we swim in

Only the land that we live in

To man it's

the land is

just a canvas and we are the paint spilling

When it's in factual they call it magical  
it's called black magic when it's natural  
Like we act savage when we craft magic  
Getting judge by the same ppl that was excited  
about a craftmatic  
When that's just average  
God dammit  
We created that 10,000 years ago but now we  
call it a hammock  
No witches wizards or warlocks  
Just shaman and priest after we feast to make the  
droughts , famine and wars stop  
You can play Harry Potter searching for  
dumbledor  
Death is at your door that's what we call hard  
knocks  
I don't subscribe to terms like voodoo or hoodoo  
I'm already subscribed to Netflix and Hulu  
But unshocking I'm stocking in chakras and  
ShakaZulu  
That's magic

# Get The Chainsaw

You a slave based off of what they taught  
Ok  
Get the chainsaw  
Cut this niggas chains off  
What if I cut his leg off and he can't walk  
He could be the next Usain Bolt but it'll be our  
fault  
I spoke some words and the lock disintegrated  
and the chain came off  
Money phones in crummy homes  
Cuz he was left to be raised by social media  
when he was home alone  
Fake diamonds and wack rhyming  
Treating women like shit cuz he following  
Simon  
Get the chainsaw  
Cut his chains off  
cut the links to his social media  
Get him an encyclopedia he need to get his  
reading up  
Ok now I'm heating up  
She think her body is her currency , letting any  
nigga in her body like they performing surgery  
Urgently  
get the chainsaw

Cut the coal out the hole in her heart  
Fill it with self love n value so her currency  
currently isn't being spent in a quickie mart  
Grab her daddy he trying to run  
Grab the chainsaw but we might need a gun  
Harriet Tubman I'm her son  
Cut his chain off and the attachment to being  
absent and action lacking  
Where his mama at?!

Shes been a slave to addiction  
No slack in her chain ,her chains full of tension  
Grab the big chainsaw, the one with the pistons  
Cut her addiction and past dealings allow  
healing so her life can be fulfilling  
loving on her grandchildren  
This the part where I explain thangs  
different faces , different names but its the same  
chain

We tryna change things not chain things  
So I'll See you next time In adventures of the  
Chain Gang

## Drowning From the Inside

Secondary drowning or dry drowning occurs when an individual inhales water due to a near drowning or struggle in the water. A person who experiences a drowning “close call” can be out of the water and walking around as if all is normal before signs of dry drowning become apparent.

I need a doctor... get me to the e.r  
See our malfunction is we think we function  
under the assumption that scars are only on the  
outside  
Is that pride? You haven't cried since someone  
else died  
And inside I'm drowning  
Tear ducts have been duct taped up  
I'm not a construction worker but I'll be damned  
if I don't fix this aqueduct  
Unreleased tears crashing and splashing on with  
forgotten purpose  
Short cuts to Shortcircuit these short circuits  
And wonder why anxiety feels nervous  
I need a life guard  
I know they say you can't perform cpr on the  
conscious

But I'm drowning in my obnoxious, toxic waters  
I've concocted  
Maybe a life raft will stop it  
Ohhh...No ?not an option ?  
Ok Enough of that , grab the IPECAC  
Let me vomit this pool of tears gathered over the  
years until my lungs collapse  
Grab a defibrillator to bring me back  
I'm the walking drowned  
See me sloshing when I walk around  
hear me coughing it's an awkward sound  
Water behind my eyes pounding  
I'm upright but uptight cuz inside I'm fucking  
drowning

# Empathy: The Hearts Imagination

Imagination of the mind probably leans you  
towards being a scientist  
Not because your the smartest  
At the same time Imagination of the heart  
probably leans you towards being an artist  
If this is true for you I'd wager you feel fulfilled  
If the heart n mind imagination is equally  
matched you're probably in the medical or  
mental health field  
We've been following our hearts more than we  
know  
That's why love from n for other ppl makes our  
hearts grow  
Ever been in a room of ppl that think being  
empathetic is pathetic  
Or some other type of toxic rhetoric  
It's imperative to understand That's because  
their heart condition is on a sedative  
Or they've been subscribed a dose to thrive but  
haven't taken their medicine  
Our souls whisper as our heart paints pictures  
Pictures worthy of shared conversations  
Empathy is indeed the hearts imaginations



# Dear Poetry

I hope these letters finds you in good health

I come to you to say all the things I'm too  
cowardly to say

The things I never knew I didn't know about

The things I know about and the things I'm  
trying to figure out

Dear poetry

The diary that inspires

The journal that encourages

The soul food that nourishes

The therapy that helps emotional whispers finds  
its voice

I don't envy you.

Cuz I'm a coward and you're courageous and

you open up to allow us to step into you and

wear you like mighty armor for a few hours

Standing in front of the rest of us cowards and

bear our soul

And some of our listeners young and old can

feel empowered

You have been chained and enslaved to the

realm that exists between ballpoint pens and

paper

For ages.

Even genies have a slight chance of freedom

But not you  
You're not thru  
No rest for the weary  
Or the honest  
Dear poetry...

## After Work

Lemon luminous lanterns soft lighting  
A breeze of Peppermint tea leaves or coffee feels  
exciting  
Mellow melodic music makes for melancholy  
musings  
Intense Incense that insists on being noticed  
Pad of paper and motivated ink to create my  
magnum opus  
Fabric of old habits incapsulates the soothing  
Butter pecan but it's more vanilla for this bowl  
A tumbler of whiskey for when my taste buds  
are out of control  
This amateur weatherman feels the wind slide in  
from the east  
Satisfied I've carefully curated my  
amalgamation of peace

## And Still I Breathe

Cramped in damped wooden vessels  
Months on the ocean no matter when we get  
there we're still off schedule  
Freedom confiscation stifling seriously suffering  
suffocating  
And still I breathe  
Chained to a deceased stranger is the situation  
Cause of death asphyxiation  
We smell land outside the stale perfume of  
death and despair  
But I just can't smell the air  
Stood upon blocks and crates  
Poking and prodding until an options made  
Removed my name and called me slave  
Trapped in labor  
sun silencing gusts of wind  
whips cause cries with seized air  
and still i breathe  
Give us free and free we was  
Until me reading or speaking seem like just  
cause  
For nooses that have truces with its self  
And knots removed they love to see the struggle  
for a breath  
Greedy stares as you stare back looking for help

Feet kicking as if the tree has shelves missing  
while looking for steps  
And still I breathe  
Untrained cops police my block  
Routine traffic stops turns into a wrestling spot  
When undisclosed police academy chokes holds  
Revoke souls  
Laugh at the communities outrage when the door  
close  
And still I breathe

# Matches

They took a journey thru the welcoming forest  
Singing songs they knew but forgot the chorus  
Picking up sticks and turning over rocks  
Chasing butterflies and since their parents  
weren't around they cussed a lot  
Chased after frogs that stayed by the pond  
they could never have this much fun had they  
stayed with their mom  
Jimmy had a lighter  
So they set dry leaves on fire, threw it in puddles  
when the fire was getting brighter  
What a fun adventurous day, moving this way  
and that way  
They rolled around the forest like watching two  
cats play  
They ran and laughed and tussled and giggled  
Told dirty jokes and misquoted riddles  
But they took a wrong step landed in a old  
abandoned well  
How deep was it? It was too dark for them to tell  
Jimmy had lost his lighter he was scared felt like  
the walls was getting tighter  
Timmy had a box of matches hoping they still  
worked and didn't just turn to ashes

He goes to strike one then a third voice blows it out saying your not supposed to play with matches...

# A Cow Story

A humble man had a plan to cook a whole extra  
cow  
Not being selfish he wanted to feed a portion of  
his town  
Now he had a young son... and a young  
daughter  
Son had heart but the daughter , the daughter  
was much smarter  
Not truly trusting his sons behavior  
Told his daughter I need a favor, nothing major  
with me cooking all this food go and invite all  
our neighbors  
She moved so fast to complete the task  
She knew exactly what to do, no questions asked  
She was inspired  
Running so fast into a neighbor she almost  
crashed  
Face almost grieving breathing sounding like  
she's tired  
She said! HELP ME , HELP ME! OUR  
FAMILYS HOME IS ON FIRE!  
Neighbors she's known all her life walked back  
into their house  
She knows she said it clearly but they act as if  
they didn't hear me



Strangers with a sense of danger came to see  
what this lil girl was talking bout  
Her father was confused maintaining being a  
host and refraining from his anger  
He asked his daughter who are all these ppl and  
what happened to our neighbors??  
She replied Daddy I promise they're the only  
ones that responded  
when I said your life and our house was in  
danger  
I wouldn't dare Ignore who cares  
So the neighbors are the strangers  
Her father was shocked  
Took time and thought  
It's better to eat with those that responds to  
what's important to you  
Especially when they lie when things are good  
but when it's bad they tell the truth  
So they ate merry and laughed in peace  
And over night their quality of life increased

# Loved Bounty

Love has set a bounty y'all  
love has set a bounty for us all  
When love finds you it finds you naked and  
afraid  
Or armored and courageous ...it'll find you in  
your different ways  
Yet still, none of us are prepared  
Most of us are the former not the latter  
Filling our day with things that don't matter  
Like we have an inclination for conversations  
that sound like chatter with awkward laughter  
It's like taking a shower in baby powder or with  
soap that doesn't lather  
We know love is out there ...looking for us  
We keep our heads down hoping not to catch its  
eye...why?  
Cause we're not ready  
No not so soon  
We're not ready to close those new wounds cuz  
they take attention away from those old wounds  
And the journey we'd have to go threw is so  
new...  
And new is scary...  
Mostly because we don't know if it means we'll  
have to admit I'm not good at something

Ohhh I was gonna get it together eventually  
I'm not as put together as I'm meant to be  
Or that everything is not as together as It  
pretends to be  
Still...love has a bounty for you  
When it comes to collect  
It don't care about your regret  
It doesn't care about your intellect  
Or Your introspect  
It marches through harsh environments  
To the drum of love songs you're admiring and  
inspired with  
all the while tireless  
You can't hire it  
You can't fire it  
I just told you!!  
It literally matches to its own tune  
It is undying and unyielding  
It is protective and faith healing  
And we run and we run and run  
And we make excuses that's useless  
Creating more contusions and confusion to  
ourselves and others  
Love has set a bounty yall and it's a relentless  
motherphukah

# Deep In The Shallow End

Money , cars , clothes, hoes I'm drowning  
Lacking grounding  
I'm just a material guy focused on looking fly  
I drown in Düsse and crown royal and wonder  
why nobody I find -finds me loyal  
No plant I've planted on this planet grasps the  
soil  
I'm so shallow I drown in my shadow  
It's a constant battle to run with the herd of jones  
ranch cattle  
Can't connect to intellect  
Never looked inward no introspect  
I'm taking other ppl down with me the drowned  
dont give respect  
We don't care about anything besides money and  
the benefits  
Menacing  
I shame all names that don't agree with me  
You gotta pay to play but for me I get it free  
Hustle all week just to shine on the weekend  
Nah I'm not Deep , just deepest in the shallow  
end

# Toska

Over here

We call that a Wednesday even some call it  
anxiety

Over 500 years we've been suffering on trees n  
small screens quietly

We prayed to Anansi for him to end the story  
Anansi Anansi Nime choka (I'm tired)

Maybe hes just playing with us hes such a joker  
So we started praying to Jesus in a foreign  
tongue

Looking for relief but he say you gotta wait to  
die to get you some

Your heaven is in sky

But keep on pulling that cotton keep pulling on  
that rye

While I get fat off the calf and American pie  
Do I know toska? Nah but I probably should  
Judge me for my earned despair? Yea you  
probably would

# Childrens Story Part 1

Apparently when a parent leaves  
A child grieves cuz their future and childhood  
are taken by a pair of thieves  
They lose one parent means they lost both  
parents just listen...  
cuz that one parent is failing trying to be the  
other parent instead of maintaining their original  
position  
If mommy's upset with daddy then maybe the  
child stops asking gradually  
Cuz if she's mad at dad then I know if I bring  
him up she's gonna be mad at me  
Then she'll see it as the kid don't miss their dad  
anyway  
So she doesn't make anyway for a father to be  
involved on any day  
He feels slighted and possibly guilt absolved and  
you know what he finna say:  
I mean my son don't ask about me so that gotta  
mean they're better off without me anyway  
Alotta ppl claim they put their kids first  
If that was the case you'd move with haste to  
make the shit work  
To be the bigger person you gotta do something  
big first

With No resentment no biggie like Shyne Po  
doing a B.I.G verse  
But nah y'all both decide to do what's typical  
Being vengeful making all 3 of your lives so  
fucking miserable  
Just wait until your child finds out they was  
being lied to  
They may still love you but they definitely ain't  
gonna like you  
Moms dating and the kids hating the security is  
gone with a stranger inside the home  
Either that or they're home alone  
Dad fucking it's disgusting no protection just  
bussing he tryna build another home  
And Y'all can't see that somethings wrong?!  
Financially Y'all struggled when y'all was  
together  
Now it's 2 rents 2 light bills 2car notes double  
the cheddar  
is the situation supposed to get better?!  
The disdain y'all have for each other is based off  
y'all bad decisions  
Knowing this isn't the life for the child you  
envisioned