

**TALES FROM MY HIGHER,
AND LOWER SELF**

Poet Rays

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DEDICATION

Dear reader,

These are poems about LIFE, HAPPINESS AND
HEARTBREAK.

Every poem is a story by itself. They are inspired by my personal experiences, and those of people I have had the privilege of crossing paths with.

PS: I don't write these poems out of knowledge, I am as clueless as anyone.

Now Please, calm your mind and dive in...

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DEAR FIRST BOOK,

When I created you, I was high,
Understand that I don't do drugs,
But, I would be lying if I said that I wasn't soaring up and
above!

When I created you,
I was kind of lonely, I won't lie,
I was tired of just sitting and waiting for the unknown,
I was tired of tolerating everything that came with the dull
days,

The reason I created you, it's because I had visions,
I had visions of you being held and read by the prettiest of
girls in coffee shops,
and by some of the most uncommon men, in the most
uncommon of places.

When I created you,
I saw the entire galaxy falling for you.

POETRY IN RETROSPECT

I read somewhere that, 'there are so many poems, but
there is only a handful of good poetry,'
So I asked myself, 'what is good poetry?'
Because I believe it is more than just rhyming words,
Its is more than just a clever arrangement of syllables,
And it surely is more than written works of bored writers,

You see, I think a single word cannot define good poetry,
because

Good poetry is purity,
Good poetry is lust,
Good poetry is contentment,
Good poetry is desperation,

Good poetry is waking up to swollen fingers numb to the
nerves for creating lifeforms with words, thus,
Good poetry is uniting a pen to a paper and watching
them make passionate love to bear art.

Good poetry is defining forever, so
Good poetry is portraying unspoken, and indescribable
feelings.

Good poetry is finding relevance in the irrelevant, which
means that
Good poetry is classy people with rugged looks.

Good poetry is complex, complex like when the heart is
on the right side.

Good poetry, is what forever feels like,
A good poem, is the world

THIS IS HOW I FEEL THINGS

This is how I grieve,
This is how I love,
This is how I hate,
This is how I work around the idea of the damages I have
done, while carelessly walking around,
This is how I do anything and everything, I write,

I write,
I've been writing,
And I won't say that I do it to right my wrongs,
Still, writing for me is like confessing, so you can say that
this is how I justify things,

I know I live in a world full of wrongs and ordinariness,
But when I write, I grow wings,
And with my words, I can draw a halo too,
So when I write, I am not human, I feel divine,

This is how I do anything,
This is how I do everything, I write

AND ON AN INSPIRATIONAL DAY, GOD CREATED ARTISTS

Artists are just children who refuse to grow up,
Thus when I speak, I am representing generations of
hopeless-romantics who grew up partially,
I am representing wild souls who are;
so uncontainable,
so uncontrollable, and
so unpredictable,
And I mean this in every sense, because the artist in me
made me write this poem in a preoccupied state,
Apparently, when I wrote this poem, I was supposed to be
walking; fully focused on where my feet should land,
But the passion I have for poetry makes that impossible!

THE FIFTH OR THE SIXTH DIMENSION

Most nights I am the optimistic one, but tonight that is far
from what I feel,
tonight the roles are reversed.

So, I am standing with a friend outside a busy street, and
everything looks so alive,
Still, I fail to understand why I feel like I am slowly dying
on the inside,
And without warning, I tell my friend that I feel lost,
His reply is that of lighthearted mockery,
But on a serious note, he tells me with certainty that the
world will be ours soon.

We then proceed to have a complex conversation,
We talk about life,
We talk about death, and
We talk about how we could be oblivious characters stuck
in a make belief world before laughing at the idea,
There is then an abrupt-but not awkward silence between
us.

Much later as I walk away, I contemplate about our
conversation,
I contemplate about dimensions,
As I walk away, every step provides a certain clarity,
I gradually understand that I have to find the fifth or the
sixth dimension, I have to find my higher self.

A HUNGRY POET

I finally sat down at noon,
I have been doing my laundry since morning.
Now that I'm seated, I try recreating my day in a poem,
I write a few lines, but I can't seem to get the words right,
And I try ...And I try...
But I just can't.....!!

Well, I helplessly watch as my train of thought departs,
I am almost giving in to the feeling when my stomach
growls,
and suddenly, I am burdened with a new purpose,
I know it was not the goal here, but I still ended up making
a decent meal that afternoon,

Fast forward,
It has been a week already,
The last time I tried writing, I ended up hungry,
Still, I really needed to write, because there was a lot to
write about,
I wanted to write about the last couple of days,
I wanted to write about a girl; I wanted to write her off my
brain,
I wanted to write about a little boy I met, and how he
reminded me of my younger self,
I wanted to write about the hell I rule inside my mind,
I wanted to write about poetry; I wanted people to know
that I stopped writing to impress,
Honestly, I wanted to write, but it was a lot for a single
poem,
So, I sat and wrote this instead

WE ARE NOT OUR BABY PICTURES ANYMORE

Life started out so simply in our parents' minds,
They pictured us as, 'cute little versions of them,'
Hugging and cuddling us was not enough, so they took
cute little pictures of us,
And they felt in every way fulfilled,

But the feeling lasted for what seemed like a single night,
Because when morning came, we grew up, and we grew
out of the thoughts our parents had of us,

Anyway, who knows, maybe one day we will get back to
our senses,
Maybe one day we will be our parents' children again,
Still, if that day never comes, our fathers and mothers will
have to forgive us,
Because in life, I have learned that nothing is really ever
the same, I mean; it is even impossible find the same
person, as the same person twice

THE DREAM

The outlaw dreamt,
He dreamt that he was not an outlaw,
He dreamt that he enjoyed a simple quiet life.

The servant dreamt too,
He dreamt that he was married to the Queen.

The poet had a dream as well,
He dreamt that he was the Sun,
He dreamt that even the moon was falling for him

OBNOXIOUS

In actuality, I am a ridiculous man, perhaps the most
outrageous of them all,
For I am knowingly rude, and mostly ignorant,
Honestly, sometimes there are moments when I am quite
terrified of myself,
I therefore pity any poor decent soul out here who is
unfortunate enough to meet me when I am truly myself,
for I am quite indifferent,
I differ with indecency often,
I am aware, but still dismissive of the reality of things, like
beauty
And most of the times too, I am totally lost in a room full of
happiness,

Well, I donno... I guess I am used to lurking in the
shadows so much that darkness became somewhat
appealing,
In many ways, I am like those sinners who constantly
enjoy knocking on heaven's door, only for the thrill of
getting turned away

CROWNS ARE OVERRATED

Madmen will sit places where sane men won't dare,
Thus when I grew up,
I wanted to be like a mad man, which is why
I am officially declaring myself crazy,
So, this is my first mad poem,
Because I know it sounds absurd when I say that...
I want to be everything and nothing,
I want to feel it all, and I want the numbness too,
I want to randomly burst into hysterical laughs,
I want to sit beside the roads, and stare blindly,
I want to feel content even when am not happy,
I want to walk inside a room full of order, and create
chaos,
I want to get into random fights,
I want swollen fist, and aching joints,

The next mornings, I want to see my reflection in a broken
mirror,
I want to feel like I have never been this complete,
I want to drown in that feeling,
And then to complete my look, I want to learn how to
smile through the chaos,

Thus, I want to be like a mad man
Because only then will I know how to sit and write poems
for...
The misfits,
The broken,
The rejected,
And for those who feel like they are defected in life.

OUTCASTS

We had a choice,
The choice of sitting there, and pretending that we were
okay!
The choice of constantly answering rhetorical questions
like;
Is my smile wide enough for you?
Are my shoulders straightened enough?
Is my spirit elevated high enough?
I hope there is no sorrow in my eyes?

And so, after years and years of constantly not being
ourselves, we grew weary,
We then became rebellious,
We were warned though,
But I guess we never listened,
So, since their versions of Heaven could not tolerate our
edginess,
We adopted the role of outcasts,
And ever since, not once were we not turned away,
Apparently, we became contagious

THIS IS THE REIMAGINATION OF A FALLING ANGEL

They say that "life is about choices,"
And looking back, it looks like I did not make some good choices,
But wait...
Did I really have much of a choice??
Anyway, right now, this is what is happening; I am falling from heaven,

I am tossing, and turning,
I am falling, and burning like lightning on my way down,
And I feel hurt by all this,
Regardless, I do not know what should hurt me more,
I donno if I should be hurt by where am falling from?
Where I am falling to?? Or why I am even falling??

I am falling,
Faster than a billion miles an hour,
And I can't breathe,
Still, I keep trying and trying, surely, there must be a way I can catch a breath,

Still falling,
I wonder when I will hit the ground?
I feel stuck in motion,
I have tried and tried, but there is no other way out of this fall, the only way out this, is down,
So I give in,
I let myself fall,
All I am only left holding on to is hope though,
I am hoping that I make it out alive...

EVERYTHING WAS ALL GOOD JUST A WEEK AGO

I used to be a king,
I used to have a castle,
I used to have a golden throne in it,
I used to think that the utopia would linger,
I thought my crown would always feel light,
I believed in myself, I believed a lot,

But one day,
The walls came crumbling,
And the dignity,
And the grace, they all just left,
The crown became heavier and heavier, always seeking
to crush my skull,

You see, I've known happier days, days when my armor
was not soaked with blood,
Days when the skies felt blue,
Days far back from nowadays,
Because nowadays, my world only knows gloom,
Nowadays, I can't even enjoy a blue sky, since even when
the sky is momentarily blue, I can't stare at the sky without
thinking of back then,
back when I used to feel like a king

WEAK

Weeks nowadays,
They come and they go as they please,
Usually, as the last day leaves, I am left weak.

Monday is the meanest,
Because Monday shatters me,
So on Tuesday, I am utterly numb, I can barely move,
By Wednesday, I am somewhat numb, but I still manage
to collect my broken pieces,
I then spend the entire Thursday piecing myself together,
And when Friday comes I am whole and quite optimistic
again,
The optimism builds up all the way to Saturday,
And as Saturday passes, I am tempted to be hopeful,
Saturday goes on so fast though,
And before I can even handle the weight of Sunday, it's
already Monday again,

Anyway, as I was saying, weeks nowadays,
They come, and they go as they please

LIFE IS A SAD POEM, HAPPINESS IS A DREAM

So the other day someone asked, 'why are most of your poems sad poems?'

And I after thinking about it, I replied that my poems appear sad because I am self-aware,
I told them of how life is filled with sadness even in moments that appear to be full of happiness,
Hence, I told them of how it's only children who have the privilege of seeing the good in everything

I told them of how I stood on a balcony of a busy streets and saw sadness among happy souls,
Standing there, I saw how people barely looked up,
I mean if God decided to show his face momentarily, none of us would even see him considering that we are always looking down,

I then told them about love, about how love has been cruel to me;
I told them about a girl I recently met and how I couldn't love her the way she deserved,
I told them of how as me and this girl eventually parted ways, it felt like me and this girl had stumbled across forbidden knowledge which gave us an unspoken understanding.

I donno, I donno if he understood my answer,
I donno if he now knew why I write sad poems sometimes,
I genuinely hope he did

NOT COOL!

When I was child,
I thought the ice cream guy lurking in the streets, was the
job to grow up to,
As a grown up, I now know that there's nothing cool about
being the ice cream guy,
Because, every phase of growing up,
it feels like waking up from a dream,
Only to wake up from another dream

WHERE DOES HAPPINESS GO TO SOMETIMES

Do you know how it feels like to find yourself standing alone on the dance floor?

Have you ever huddled yourself on the floor as the weight of the world crashes you down?

Have you ever felt like a stranger in your own body?

Have you ever run out of space in your own space?

Have you ever had to fight for room in your own mind?

Do you know how it feels like being able to swim, but you are stuck in the middle of an ocean?

Have you even ever felt strange?

Have you met strangers in people you've known your whole life?

Have you ever felt whole?

Have you ever felt like the holes inside you could never be filled?

Have you ever wondered where you came from?

Have you ever looked in the mirror trying to find yourself?

Because I have, and I know how it feels like,

I know how it feels like to be seated in a restaurant alone at 5am,

I know how it feels like to not expect any tap on your back, because you are not expecting anyone,

I know how it feels to watch the amused waiters watch you,

I know how it feels like to drink a cold satisfying drink, and still feel empty inside,

I know a lot, a lot more,

A lot more like how a backstab is not the worst thing about being backstabbed,

Like the familiarity of hell every time you picture your life,

Like the screams trapped inside of us,

I also know that everything was not always like this,
And I know that we all wonder, 'what really happened?'

WELL

We somehow left church and home,
And we took off,
We took off to look for God and gold,

We are now somehow stranded at sea,
There are thousands of dead depths beneath us, and on
the path that lies ahead,
Constantly, we gain hope only to lose it,
And we could row our boats consistently instead of letting
them aimlessly drift, but the thing is,
we are in the middle of the sea, with zero sense of
direction,

Anyway,
I have seen several boats drown now, and I fear that ours
could be next,
And so, some morning before the sun is even brighter,
I don't even pray to God for my soul to keep,
Sometimes, I leave it all up to Him

THE WAIT

The night arrives,
And I spend the entire evening like I know what I am
doing,
When I cannot anymore, I lie awake in bed and wait for
sleep,
You see, I do this a lot,
But I don't like thinking about it,
I lie to myself that I know what I am doing, yet all I do is
wait,
It's infuriating, that feeling of feeling like I am standing in
line every minute of the day and not knowing what I am
even waiting for, it's infuriating,

But, I take comfort from the fact that, none of us really
have a clue what the grand scheme looks like,
We all just wait,
And wait,
Hoping that the final show is as grand as advertised

DROWNING IN FIRE

Bukowski wrote about a loneliness we all cannot escape,
and I have seen it,
I have seen it in the slow movements of the arms of a
clock,
I have seen it the distance in between the steps of my
feet,
I have seen it in the silent moments between my mother
and my father,
I have seen it in-between the blink of an eye,
I have felt it in-between breathing in and out,
I have felt it while on a job interview,
I have felt it walking away from the interviewers' somber
offices,
My conviction to date about that office was that, 'no one
spending their days in that office stood a chance of
leading a sober life,'

I thus see the world for what it really is; the world is a
stampede,
And most of the times, we are all victims,
But on the bright side, it could be worse, right?
Think about it, even if you were a bird, free to fly as you
pleased, would you be really free? because I think not,
I think the gloom is in everything, I mean, look at those
free birds in the sky and you will see,
You will see the loneliness, it is written all over,
It is written across the empty parts of the sky

BURNING IN THE OCEAN

By 25, I should have had a quarter of the world,
But all I had was an un-composed book, with hundreds of
poems scattered across my world,

Something I have managed to do successfully on my 25-
year flight though, is break the hearts of fellow
passengers constantly; I donno know if that still counts.

Anyway, sometimes, something ignites inside,
However, that something is snuffed out as fast as it
ignites.

You see, most days, my world is emptier than my pockets,
And all my arms are left doing after my brain has given
up, is scrolling through my phone,
Hoping that anyone even remembered to hate me,
But I find, not even a note from my exes, bragging about
their present happiness

DOES ANYONE ELSE FEEL THIS WAY?

All it takes is a moment of weakness,
Then my mind and heart are fighting again, and again,
Sleep becomes unbearable,
The sheets cannot contain me,
This is bad,
This is really bad,
It's like being in love,
It's agonizing,

And how do I deal with it?
Mostly I deal with it like most people, I am scared of pain,
But at times when happiness is not an option for me, I am
not ashamed to admit that I am driven by pain and
desperation,
Sometimes, I am thus subtly grateful for the pain,
Other times, I even find myself praying for the numbness
to stick around, just for a while

THE WRITER'S SORROW

Sometimes, I feel like I am stuck in an Island,
All alone, and doomed to be lonely,
I keep fighting to survive, but once in a while I give up,
And I attempt to drown myself,
But in all my attempts, I have never drowned, I somehow
always end up back on the shore,

Planes keep coming my way,
Still, every time, they always fly very fast, or very high
above me,
And so all I have is time,
And sadness,
And sand,
And I also have things to tell the universe regarding my
situation,
And I would try and write all my words on the sand, but
the sand would not even be enough, because my
thoughts are as vast as the sand

THUS FAR

To be a great artist,
There is a point of no return that must be crossed,
There is an epiphany when you become one with the fact
that good poetry will at times come at the expense of your
heart,
Other times, it's even scarier because, good poetry comes
at the expense of your soul

TODAY

Today is one of those days,
One of those days when my pockets are on a serious dry-
spell, because money decided that she needed a break,
So today, all I can do is slouch in bed,
Today, I feel the emptiness of a single room,
Today, I easily find fault in everything,
But either way, I am used to days like today,
Thus today, is a normal day

FREEDOM, WHERE ARE YOU?

In every sense, we all crave freedom,
But in actuality, only a few of us get to be free,
And those of us who find the true meaning of freedom,
freedom follows them around like a fragrance,
We all search for such kind of freedom...
The freedom of looking sober in a drunk society,
The freedom of fitting in, and still looking out of place,
The freedom of walking in shorts around a trousered
community,
The freedom of knowing when to lose control,
The freedom of discovering that freedom is indefinite,
The freedom of simply embracing the mud that comes
with madness

ALONE FROM EVERYONE

The sound of footsteps rattles my souls sometimes,
because usually, I love being alone,
And I know the reason why I love being alone might
sound like a cliché, but alone time for me is the only time
that I am truly free...

Free from the judgements,
Free from feeling trapped,
Free from feeling ashamed,
Or used,

Free from feeling like those shady walls all over town
written in paint; "USIKOJOE HAPA!"

LOST

Am seated in what would be the last lecture I would ever
attend in college,
I feel lost and scared,
Scared by their big words, because almost everyone in
that classroom is inhumanly determined.
They subscribe to rules on top of laws,
Positivity hence fills, and refills their conversations,
But that is far from what I feel, because with every word
that is said at this point, I feel like I am left stranded
deeper in the middle of the woods,
They all easily, complexly define life.

And so, as if it was written at the begging of time, I
eventually walked away,
And as I walk, I walk away feeling like a failure,
I walk away to find some ruins, somewhere I can finally
breathe

I AM COMPLETE THIS WAY

Yeah,

I am on the side of Angels,

But my days of blindly being one of them, are now distant memories,

Either way, although I have rebelliously added a darker shade on some of my wings, I still like the original color of my wings,

so my Angelic wings are still mostly white.

Thus, do not mistake my allegiance,

I still am mercilessly on the side of Angels

POWERED PERSONALITIES -by Poet Rays and E Man De Poet

Part I-Poet Rays

Your Imagination is like your Superpowers, so,
how strong are you?
I know this, this is a powerful poem,
because for me, I feel stronger than superman.
You see, I prayed to God for superpowers; I have always
wanted superspeed like *the Flash*.
So I prayed, and God did listened,
And now, I have powers alright, except,
I don't Lift physical buildings,
I don't fly across in a red cape, or outrun the speed of
light,
Imagine, I have so much more,
I've got God,
I've got Imagination,

So, how strong are you??

Part II- E Man

Beaten, left and forgotten,
I still have a view past the way-word "forgiving ",
Blurred mind, full of power with my blood atoning
fulfillment,
I can rise, butthen still you can't see me,
Your brain can be a leaflet book for me,
Turning your memories in micros,
Talking to you with my lips shut,
....well yeah, I can sing, butthen so sad you can't get the
lyrics,
Awkward, weird, astonishing... right?

Buthen why do these words look normal to me?
"Abnormal..."to begin with, does this word even exist...?
Who said, I can't write a letter without a pen,
Who said, I can't think once before an act,
Who said, I can't build my name in a day,
I think strong is underrated,
Am more than strength

HONESTLY, I AM NOT GOOD WITH DATES

I do not accept a life where, death will feel like it's doing
me a favor when it kills me,
I do not want to be history when I die,
I need to reach out from the grave, and live on throughout
the history of time,
So you will have to forgive me, for I will not apologize for
these words,
And I refuse to apologize for this personality either,

That is why, as I sit here typing this poem,
I am here to live so modestly,
At the same time, I am here to live so fearlessly and
obnoxiously as myself across space and time,
I am here to slowly and brutally kill any gullible parts of
me,
I am here to make sure that, the thought of death picking
a date when I should be leaving this place, will maybe be
the scariest thing on its mind

BABY I AM A GENIUS

Despite
The long nights,
The constant giving up,
The recurring confusion,
The overwhelming despair,
The same old ceiling with no fan,
And a thousand sad poems,
It still feels right that I am what I am

I AM WEAK, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?

Am not your typical poet,
I am bold enough to stand on a stage, and recite a poem
condemning myself the same way I condemn others,
And I know that I have broken peoples' trust more than a
handful of accounts, because at the count of ten I stopped
counting,
I am still bold enough to acknowledge that breaking
peoples' hearts on a handful occasions is a behavior that
calls for psychological help; it's just that I just can't afford
a therapist right now,
So, maybe someday...

Anyway, I was saying that,
I am bold enough to condemn sin, yet I find myself
repenting ten times for the same exact sin,
I claim I am a hopeless romantic, but I have intentionally
been driven by lust,
And you might be thinking, 'perhaps this boldness is sheer
stupidity,'
Well, for me it is not,
Because I am wise enough to understand that, I am not
as wise as I want to be,
Thus, I am confidently owning the fact that I am weak,
because nothing is wrong with that

TRUTHS AND LIES

What happens to the priest?
Who gives therapy to the therapist?
After much confession has been done...
After unloading and offloading of burdens, who unburdens
the off-loaders?
Does everyone get everything they deserve?
Is there even anything right about anything? Because I
think not,

I think it's all a lie,
The truths are all lies,
Forward is in reverse,
Cemeteries are full of flowers,
Wedding are full of dead people who think they are alive,
And the madmen, they have the best reserved seats for
this theatrical occasion called life,
while the sane, they are the one's living inside a mad
house

THE BUTTERFLY

There is a butterfly who lives in my room,
Most nights, the butterfly is around, it flies around and
about in a corner somewhere,
But most days, I can't tell where the butterfly disappears
to though,

There is a butterfly who lives in my room,
The first time I saw this butterfly, I did not know what
think,
So I stopped and stared, and I noticed that the wings
irresistibly stood out,
And my first thought was 'what prompted such a
thoughtful attention to details, for such a tiny creature?'

There is a butterfly who lives in my room,
And today I think I killed it

HAPPY NEW YEAR

The year was ending,
I sat there alone with my full belly, and we were grateful,
Everyone else though, they were blowing everything out
of proportion,
You see, I was certain that some people somewhere,
were even setting up fireworks.

I had a plan of my own anyway, the plan was to treat
today like yesterday,
Because, too many times my world ended at night, only to
begin again in the morning,
So I guess every day, was a new year to me,

On a serious note though, I have not known how else to
define the end a year for a couple of years now,
I mean, how do you define a new year when you have
lived for a quarter of a century?
Is it by the number of permanent frown lines on the face?
Or is it by looking at the calendar which is still stuck in
May?
Who even keeps watch of the time?
Do the sounds of the storm understand that they are not
relevant anymore?
Do the holidays understand that they have multiple
personalities?
I donno too much I guess,
Thus, I will say that the end of a year for me, is like an
hourglass running out of sand, and I am one with the
sand,
I donno if that even makes sense...
I donno...

WHAT YOU ARE ALONE, DEFINES YOU!

I stood there beside her in total solidarity!
It was a helpless stand though,
And it took inhuman amounts of energy, to just stand
there and watch,
I watched helplessly as a young lady's dreams struggle
not to scatter, after being viciously shattered.

I knew what she felt, I have severally been in her position,
And so, as much as I understood that just standing there
in total solidarity was not enough,
I also understood that some battles are just meant to be
fought alone

A LITTLE LESS AND MORE

Back then, behind closed doors there was a lot of "we are going to be fine,"

These days, there are less and less fine things,

These days, there is a lot of crying, and so

These days, I would kill to hear the lie one more time,

I would kill to hear of how fine we will be,

My father was a preacher, he taught me to believe in God,
But these days, sometimes it feels like God is not even there,

Which is why behind these closed doors, there is a little less believing,

And a little more of everything

DON'T FREAK OUT WHEN READING THIS POEM

Technically speaking, I am somewhat human,
I find myself filing my horns every morning,
They tell me that there is something not appealing about
having horns, so I am compelled to file them away,

But one of these days, I will lock myself inside,
For months, I will grow my horns,
And my claws too,
And I will rip out their beating hearts if they stare at me
wrong

BROKEN

I often wondered what was wrong with me,
Could I ever be content?
Does anyone else feel this emptiness?
What kind of love could fill me?
What kind of beauty could remedy this ugliness?
How unattractive could a person get?
How many people would I push away?
How many would constantly tolerate the push and pull?
Was I a genius, or was I just clueless in life?
You see, deep down I knew that I could create monsters,
faster than I could describe heroes

INSIDE OUT

I am the king of my world,
My mornings sometimes begin at noon,
I might go for days without sun,
And being my father's son, I will go for years without
adjusting my point of view,

I am the King of my world,
I will wear my sweater inside-out, and carelessly parade
myself on the balcony,
My neighbors will only stare, and I will ironically wonder if
it's my unkept hair,
Or my uninviting face

BEHIND MY ROOM

I could have sworn that just a few hours ago, it was on a Wednesday,
But it turns out that yesterday was on a Saturday,
Because today is on a Sunday apparently, I guess I need to get out more,

Anyway,
I can tell that it's on a Sunday since,
Just behind the room, behind my room, there is a church,
And Sundays in churches are distinctive, just like today is,
So, it's irrefutable, today is on a Sunday,
I say an unspoken apology to God, before stretching my sleepy arm towards the volume button of my radio,
But my radio barely drowns the high-pitched singing of the determined church girl,

Five minutes later, my adjusting eyes are now fixated on the clock,
It is a quarter past 11, and I am finally awake,
I roll over, and stare at the ceiling,
A song then comes on the radio, it's about God,
The girl in the church is still singing, it's about God,
The two singers don't know this, only I can tell.

I am now past listening, and
I can't help but imagine writing about this,
So, I begin forming this dark... dark poem,
And as the words take a beautiful form of their own, I become a creator,
At that moment, I am god

ME AND THE WORLD

What would make today wholesome? you ask yourself
sitting on your bed,
You slowly lift your phone which has a big crack on the
screen to check the time,
You check the time, and it's already afternoon, but you
don't even know what type of weather today came with,
You feel like stepping outside and checking, but you are
hesitant about leaving your world,
You love it behind these four walls, because outside these
walls, there is a whole other world you can't really control,
which is why you created this one,

Minutes later, you are finally off your bed and behind your
small desk, you have been writing,
And after creating this poem, you abruptly drop your pen
on your note book just like you abruptly picked it up and
began writing,
Your gaze gets fixated on the day light illuminating
through the curtains,
Your mind slowly takes you away from here,
You then think a lot, and your mind settles on people,
So you think of people and their struggles,
You think of how people are all struggling to live,
how some are drawing their first breaths,
how some are drawing their last breaths,
And how some just have stinky breaths.

The alarm brings you back to reality,
You stare at your poem,
You think of how you do not have a lot, but are grateful
that you at least have poetry,

You know you do not even expect any awards really, but
accept that as long as you have your words against the
rest of the world, that is good enough,

Night time comes,
You have still not left the world which is your room,
You check the clock which is almost completing its daily
cycle before you crawl to bed sleepily,
You allow your sheets clumsily engulf you,
You then settle on blindly staring at the rough concrete
ceiling,
Your mind thinks of your poem today,
And the words slowly help you fade into sleep

LOSER

On a surprisingly warm morning, I lost almost everything I had,

My girl left me weak, after she left a week earlier,

And then I lost every dime I had on that sweet morning,

Alone and in my room, I would break into outburst of
laughters from time to time,

I wanted to scream really, but I have been through worse,

That day, I remember smiling before I dozed off,

To date, I still laugh and smile when I should be
screaming, for tomorrow might be worse!

BENEDICTION

You promised yourself that, you would always see
yourself whenever you stared into any mirror,
But now it feels like, that was you lifetimes ago,
Ironically, you never thought that you would witness the
day when you changed right before your own eyes,
You mutated into something you despised,
Thus, despite those public smiles, you know that you
carry something you cannot clearly recognize within you,

So,
Once in a while,
I grab my pen, and I write,
I write all my sins into extinction,
You see, with my pen, I try to find a way,
A way to turn all my wrongs into written confessions,
And sometimes it helps,
But I will still own the fact that, I have lost most of my
innocence,
And I refuse to refute that,
Either way, in the stillness of the night,
I still feel my heart beating somewhere deep inside

A HIGH FUNCTIONING SOCIOPATH

When I hold a pen as a poet,
I feel like a soldier wielding his weapon,
I feel like I am in a battle field,
And somehow, there is peace in the chaos,

When I hold a pen as a poet,
In most cases, I find myself as the last man standing,
Because with my pen, I become the best version of
myself,
I am beyond genius levels,
I am like something born out of brilliance and darkness,
I become someone in the lines of 'a high functioning
sociopath'

I AM ONLY HUMAN

This poem is for the days,
Days I do not know what else to feel for an attractive
woman besides lust,
Days I have failed to reach out to my parents,
Days I have failed to acknowledge that something greater
is in control.

It's crazy, crazy that we have come so far, with little
knowledge of how everything is everything

WHERE AM I FROM?

I am in a journey between forward and reverse, constantly
trying to figure what I am not,
I hear you could find answers within the stillness of
nature,
But it's summer, so when I arrive at the mountains, they
are not as appealing or ideal,
Still, it's nothing the rain can't fix though, I hear that God is
in the rain, so I pray for rain,
And I wait, and wait,

I almost lose hope, but it finally rains, it might have taken
all summer, but at least the rain comes,
And when the rain goes, the earth laughs flowers,
And the mountains now look beautiful,
But then, I still don't find my peace when I look at them,
Instead, when I see how beautiful the mountains have
become, I wish I had the ability to make-love to them,

Hours later, I look in a mirror I brought with me, and I still
don't know what I am,
I look at my watch, and I am running out of time,
I guess the answers were not within these mountains,
I guess, I am still caught in between forward and reverse,

Much... much later as a noisy society embraces me back,
I can't help but think to myself, if only I had wings like the
birds,
I would learn how to fly, and fly away,
I would disappear completely, to never be found

A PRAYER

I need God like, how I cannot help it when am writing a poem,

I need God like I need air,

I need God because he created my lungs,

I need God because he understands that breathing nowadays is becoming harder and harder;

And it's not like I have health issues,

All I have are life issues,

But He already knows that!

So Dear God,

if you are always listening, this poem is actually a prayer.

LET'S SET FIRE TO THE RAIN

Let's set fire to the rain, and watch them ragingly reign,
Let's dance amidst the flames, as the fire burn across the
rainy sky,
And as the rain turns into haze,

Let's set the rain on fire,
Unite fire and water,
Let's watch them make passionate love across the sky,

Let's set fire to the rain,
And watch in wonder, as they wander across the vast
skies,

Let's set fire to the rain, and inspire romance between
solar-opposites,
Hence, let's set fire to the rain, and ignite a passion
between darkness and light,
between the moon and the sun,
And between coldness and warmth,

Let's set fire to the rain,
And conversantly watch as everything unfold in disbelief

I DO NOT PLAY POET, I AM A POET

I cannot paint or draw,
Thus, to become the artist I am, I had to live up to the title
of a poet,
I had to write myself into existence,
And so, from the very first moment I held a pen as a poet,
I have not been acting like a poet,
I live as a poet,

Ten years from now,
I will still sit here typing,
Writing words anyhowly,
Living in my poems carelessly

BREAKTHROUGH

The artist,
He took a step back,
And all there was to see, was chaos, Beautiful chaos!
And he loved every edge of his creation

LET HE WITHOUT SIN CAST THE FIRST STONE

This is for boys and girls blinded by the need for validation,

You see, we all get lonely sometimes, but relationships are not the solutions to everything,

I hope your relationship won't be sinking in the middle of the ocean when you realize this.

This is for fathers and mothers,

This is for grandsons and granddaughters,

This is for everyone living in an imperfect skin,

So what you are not perfect?

So what you have been as irresponsible as anyone can get?

Tell me, doesn't even the most irresponsible parents still expect their children to act responsibly?

Thus, this is for everyone evolving,

I hope one day, you will have the patience to understand lyrics that are more poetic, as opposed to lyrics that are more of songs,

And when that day comes, I hope you listen more to poetry,

And when that day comes, I hope you find a way to embrace your imperfection,

And now that you don't have to be perfect,

I hope you find a way to be good

MONEY WON'T MAKE YOU RICH (A

Swahili/English (Slang) Spoken word Piece)

If your God is money,
Then, you are the definition ya word poverty,
Because,
Richness haiwezi kuwa measured na wealth,
Si richness ni good health,
Si richness, ni inner peace,
Richness, ni kindness,
Richness ni, realizing that despite our color shades, uwe
Black ama white, man ama woman
Si' wote tuko tribe humans,
You see, richness entails so much more than just pesa
kwa details,
But, some people, wako soo poor that, all they have is
Money

ON POLITICS

Before writing the first word of this poem, I will admit that I have barely written any poems about politics or justice, And before you judge me, you should know that I was recently in a public protest against our government, And so for once, I was proudly one of many.

Long ago, I read somewhere that most of us only think of injustice when it happens us, and being a conscious victim of injustice, I finally see that now.

As I sit typing these words, something tells me that this poem is one of many, Because now more often than ever, I find myself thinking more and more about injustice, And so, to anyone reading this, before you vote in support of burning the world, try and save it in your own little way first

16 BARS FOR PEACE

This poem is not rated18,
It's for adults, kids and teens,
You see,
Bars are underrated,
So,
For peace,
I am writing this 16 bars poem,
Hoping, that I will get you drunk enough,
Drunk enough to give you a sobering experience,
Because happiness that is serene,
Come at the expense of making peace.
So I pray you make peace.
But before you go and make peace with the world,
Start with a piece of yourself,
Make peace with what fuels the soles of your feet,
Make peace with your soul

GOD AND MYSELF

I have written for a lot of reasons,
But right now, right now I am writing in my own defense,
Poetry is my advocate, and God is my witness...
And so I will admit that I am not a Sunday school kid
anymore, hence sometimes I do question God,
And I also know that if today was two thousand years ago,
I would have been stoned to death,
Either way,
I have been through ups and downs,
And surprisingly, God has always been on my side,
So I won't sit here, and refuse to acknowledge that there
is something greater than myself

CERTAINTY

For a moment
I stopped thinking,
And I started typing this poem,
What I was going to write about, I honestly had no idea,
What I had planned to do afterwards, was as clear as the
light of day though,
You see, my plan after this poem is what my plan has
always been, and my plan has been to find a way and
make it big in life,
Anyway, how I was going to make it big in life, was a road
full of uncertainty still,
But, just like I began on this empty page, and I now have
a full poem,
I knew that I was going to make it,

And listen,
Looking at what I have to accomplish, the facts are so
frightening,
But people like myself, we are from a higher state of mind,
and you will know this if you get close enough,
A close encounter will then show you how we actually
don't belong,
And how we essentially lead a somewhat troubled
existence, because we are constantly trying to find our
way home,
And so, our minds carry the capacity of nations,
The notions we hold, extend beyond the ceilings,
Thus, although the facts are frightening,
We know for a fact that something greater than great
exists

SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL

When I met Poetry, I found a part of myself,
I found my addiction,
An addiction that has never done harm except filling the
blanks inside,
I found out that peace could be made out of chaos,
Thus,
When am holding a mic to an audience,
When am holding a pen to a paper.
When am one with words, I find myself floating,

And so, the simple beginning and ending of me is that I
love creating,
You see, I know that there are many ugly parts of me, but
I also know that I can make the ugliness sounds beautiful,
because every time I write, I don't just lose myself to
poetry, I write like I lost everything

I MADE ANGELS CRY

Sometimes, I crave moments that are inhumanly quiet,
I am talking about moments where the only audible
sounds are the beats of my resting heart,
Thus, I proudly thrive in solitude,
In fact, the poet in me was born in solitude,
And when he wrote his first words,
For the first time, I heard Angels wailing

LOONG, LONG AFTER

We write like this because
We plan on living on,
Long after we are gone

SOMETHINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT ME

Before we go on, allow me to reintroduce myself,
I am,
A Son,
A grandson,
A brother,
Their Uncle,
A Cousin,
Their nephew,
Their in-law,
A friend,
A stranger,
And a poet

My friends call me Rays, Rays like the sun,
But if calling me the sun feels a bit much, you can call me
Ellon,
I am Ellon of the writers' club

LIVING WITH MY THOUGHTS

Today I finally saw God,
He was not dressed like the rest of us,
He had on dirty clothes,
He carried a dirty sack,
He gave wild stories,
And he stood, and sang amusingly on a busy road.

Today I saw God, I first met him outside of the apartments
I live in,
At first, I just thought he was another mad man,
But as I walked away, he seemed to have been walking
behind me,
And that's when I thought about God, who is God?
If God was among us, how would we know who he is? I
mean, he would be different in some way, but how?

Today I saw God,
And look, I know God is the equivalent of clean, but it's
hard to picture God as an embodiment of a well-dressed
person when the world is full of foul devils disguised as
clean people,
So, if God exists, and he is amongst us, I just thought that
he does so in the most peculiar manner,
And now that I think about God in that sense, I think I see
him every day,
You see, if God is a mad man, he passes up my street
around noon, uttering gibberish,

Still, I could be wrong,
Maybe the Madmen in this town and every town are not
God, they are just mad men
But what is madness really?

POEMS WRITTEN PAST MIDNIGHT

Its 10 minutes past midnight,
And I am thinking of a handful of poems,
I am in a race against time though,
because, tomorrow I have to wake up before 5am,
So, I try writing ten poems in ten stanzas...

One,
I love my mother,

Two,
I am my father's son,

Three,
I am a genius who is not good at mathematics,
Anyway, now that I think about it,
I am not good at most things either,
and right now, I am thinking about at least four of those things,

Four,
10 out of 10 times, I am trying not to lose my composure,

Five,
I have been writing this poem for fifteen minutes now,

Six,
When I was little, I used to dream of living in a kingdom,
Until I found poetry,
Now I create kingdoms,

Seven,

I have always been an hopeless romantic,
You see, I used to write heartbreak poems even before
my first breakup;
That was waaay before I was even in my first relationship,

Eight,
the reason I put God in some of my poems,
is because people do not like doing that often,

Nine,
I donno how I write what I write,

Ten,
I guess I have a soul, because these poems are from
within

IT'S 5:57 PM

There is a lot to remember;
Like how mountains exist,
Like how the evening has a first light too,
And how you can see the beauty of the evening if you
stare past the storey buildings.

You see, there is a lot we forget,
Thus, there is a lot to remember

A FATHER

You know,
My father once told me that
A father is created for a god-like role,
Hence, to fulfill that, every hour of the day,
He has to adopt to the role of being called a father,
The child has to have a figure of mythical significance,
Someone they can easily look up to,
Someone greater than a protector,
Someone in the lines of a selfless provider

MAMA

Before my sister hugged me today, my mother hugged me first,
And before we go any further also, you should know that
the day I am writing this is the first day in a long time
being back at home.

So where were we... yes, I met my mother first before I
met my sister
And I will say that I am grateful that the first familiar face
that spoke to me today was my mother because after my
mother hugged, she went for her purse and pulled out a
baby picture of me,
And in all honesty, I have never felt such a feeling before,
because as I write this poem, I still don't know how to
describe it...

DEAR DAD

It's Me, your last son,
They call me Rays nowadays,
Because amongst letters and poems, my words shine like
the sun,
You should therefore know that I am irredeemably a poet
nowadays, and I can live a hundred lives in a day through
my poems.

Dear Dad,
For days, I have felt the need to write you a proper letter,
And honestly, I donno where exactly to begin,
So, I thought I should start with these three words that
men hardly use when stating their feelings for other men,
'I Love You Dad,'
To me, you will forever be someone of mythical
importance, someone I see whenever I look up,
Still, I have unfortunately discovered things about you that
I did not want to,
But I chose not to overlook your mistakes because
mistakes are still part of the journey, right?

Dear Dad,
I have some much to tell you, and much more to tell
about you,
But right now, I just hope that it is not too late to say 'I am
grateful for everything Dad'

BLOOD KNOT

Growing up,
In as much as I had my father around,
I had my older brother aloud,
Am saying aloud because,
He was there through many stages, I mean, he helped me
with things mostly fathers should teach their children,
And so, it wasn't only because he was older that I
considered him a father figure, it goes further than that.

To date, I can never measure up to him, he has gifts that
are only his,
To date, I still feel at home around him,
To date, he still knows things about me by looking through
my eyes, sometimes I even think he sees to my soul,
Other times though, he's just a nagging big brother,
Anyway, wherever you are reading this from,
I love you big bro

THERE IS A LOT TO REMEMBER

Remember when you were a mini version of your mother, and father?

Remember when you had nothing but ambitions?

Remember when you were a tiny dreamer, full with big dreams?

Can you recall?

Can you recall when you were full of energy, and you were proud to be a fool?

Can you recall when everything was mysterious?

Remember then?

Remember of nights you slept on the couch, and magically woke up in your bed in the morning?

Remember of the first time you felt true Love from a woman?

Remember how she gave you your first heartache? your first cuddle? and your first kiss?

Do you remember that?

Do you remember that, that woman I am talking about was your mother?

Remember when your father was the strongest person you could think of?

MY MOTHER

The first woman I loved,
The first god I knew

She assumed the role of a mother,
So that the child would have someone interminable,
So that the world would experience a taste of what divine
love feels like.

And so, don't allow the regular name or the regular looks
fool you,
Because she is divine.
You see, in actuality,
And I believe so wholeheartedly, behind all that human
form,
my mother is something angelic

MOTHERS DAY IS EVERYDAY

She is the light, I don't get scared of the dark,
She filled a sea in my soul by becoming the tributaries
that filled the voids,
So this poem is tribute to her...
The one whose smile erects my heart,
The one whose voice launches fireworks within me,
The one who within their hugs I feel at home,
The one whose presence makes my heart chime,
The one who introduced happiness to me long before I
even knew what happiness was,
The one in whose presence I still feel at home

This poem, is for my mother

MY MOTHER MADE ME BLUSH

Today marks the 3rd day of consistently being
complemented of how smart I look by my mother,
The first day was the day before Christmas,
The second day, was on Christmas day,
And then there is today, which is the second day after
Christmas,
Today is also on a Sunday, so you should know that I am
writing this poem heading to church,
Anyway, that is not the point,
The point is that I feel blessed,
And maybe,
Just maybe, I am tempted to name this poem;
"FEELING ATTRACTIVE, AND BLESSED"

ONCE IN A LIFE TIME

Do you recall moments that feel wholesome in your life?
Moments when you allow yourself to be in the moment?
Moments when you can sit comfortably, in the sun or in the dark?

Moments when you felt like dancing even with no music playing?

Have you had moments when you felt like, the less you needed, the better everything felt?

Well, this is one of those moments for me...

And so, it was on a sunny Sunday afternoon,
I donno where my father went off to, but he was healthy,
alive, home, and around that day,
Anyway, I am seated behind my mother who is doing something,
I think she was peeling potatoes for lunch...
In short, the rest of the story is that, I pretty much had a lovely remainder of a day with only both of my parents.

I know that day sounds like a normal day in many ways,
Still, that day was unlike other days for me,
Strangely, I felt at home more than I usually felt at home,
Looking back now, I finally figured why I felt that way,
You see, 'it was a calmness in-between the storms which would constantly come'

PAIN IS A STRANGE CREATION

There is a sadness that is older than I am,
And when I was ten years younger, and my father was
around, I was simply unfazed by this sadness whenever it
came around,

But now that I am ten years older and my father is not
around, the sadness overwhelms me sometimes,

And so, tonight I found myself crying like I was nine years
old,

And I tried not to, but the sadness was an unstoppable
force and I am no longer an immovable object

Thus, the sadness came and as it left it showed the 26-
year-old me that a part of me was still 9

FROM ME TO YOU

Lord I don't ask to speak in the language of angels, just
give me the faith I need to move mountains.

I don't put my trust in money, but I know you created
accountants,
So give me financial freedom I need to feed villages.

Lord I have not been to church in a while, and I also know
that in between poems is not the ideal place to say a
prayer,
but you are everywhere, right??

Anyways, I also understand that in the grand-scale of
things, I might not be that significant right now,
But if we are all some part of grand-plan,
If I am just another pawn,
Please at least change that,
Make me a part of a grand-move

EVERYTHING IS EVERYTHING

The simplistic nature of godhood in parenthood,
Fatherhood in brotherhood,
Defines how strangers turn into lovers

HAPPY EASTER'S'

Love for a fourteen-year-old boy somehow made sense
by going to church, to mostly stare at a girl he liked,
Heartbreak for a fourteen-year-old boy, was when the girl
he liked was sometimes staring at another boy.

Love for a fourteen-year-old boy meant seating through all
Sunday services,
It meant, seating past the Sunday school service, and
past the first and the second adult services if the girl they
liked also did.

Love for a fourteen-year-old boy, was not much beyond
just sitting and staring at a girl,
And cheating for a fourteen-year-old boy, was when
another pretty girl showed up in church, and
you couldn't help but stare!

AS I TYPE

So, we've been walking in the same direction for the last
11 minutes,
And I effortlessly noticed her from the first minute
I will say that everything is effortless except, there is a lot I
can't do,
One, I can't help but get infatuated by her,
Two, I can't cross to where she is since there this super-
busy road between us,
Anyway, we walk 12 minutes further in the same direction,
And at some point, I think about yelling to get her
attention, but I am not that barbaric,
So, I am forced to watch her disappear to the left, on a
crossroads ahead, possibly forever,

As I contemplate about that almost perfect phenomenon,
part of me wishfully regrets...
If only she could have stared this way,
Maybe our eyes would have locked,
Maybe like me, effortlessly walking in the same direction
and at the same pace would also have left an impression
on her,
And maybe she would have stood and waited for me to
find a way to where she was,
And then this poem would have been describing the
beginning of a beautiful love story,
Cliché as it sounds, "How I Met Your Mother" would have
been the perfect title,
But now, I am now standing possibly miles away from her
facing a rusty gate, and my back turned against a
maddening world as I type this poem

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A PLAYER WITH NO GAME?

Men like me, do not necessarily attract girls, we get attracted to girls,
And when we are not so busy not attracting girls, we are busy being alone, and writing poems about it.

You see, what I am trying to say is that, I am not a lady's man,
Because I learnt that to be a lady's man,
You need formidable insides; you need the kind of stomach that can carry a lot of guts.

I am not a lady's man, and when I say I am not a lady's man
I mean, I am fully capable of impressing a lady of course, it's just that I am not good with spontaneity,
And I say that from experience,
Because I once intentionally stopped someone's daughter, but just awkwardly stared at them due to the pressure of coming up with a properly acceptable combination of words,
Thus, a lady's man carries words that can carry women away at the edges of his lips,

I know it seems ironic, right?
How do I call myself a poet, yet I cannot easily find the right words to brighten up a random lady's world? How? ...
I donno too...
Apologies to the poets I guess

A CONVERSATION WITH A GIRL WHO LIKED POETRY

"Never will I ever marry a Poet!" She said,
"Poets, will not be stopped from writing about you,
Poets will draw their blood and use it as ink if they have
to,
Poets will explore every inch of your skin endlessly,
Poets will turn your world inside out,
Poets will describe through you,"

"But still, I am having mixed feelings about it,
I mean, I love poets and their ways with words,
So I donno what I really want,
I know am saying that I can't marry a poet,
but I never said I won't ever date one"

A LUST STORY

She had this well-kept, medium sized hair,
The air around her, and the way she walked made her
nappy hair bounce blissfully,
And when she finally walked past me, I turned into what
men turn into,
I was enchanted, her perfume alone was enough to drive
me senseless,
I couldn't help but think of how colorful her scent would
feel, let alone on my clothes but also on my bed covers.

Later that night, I said a guilty prayer for the sin of lust,
knowing it wouldn't be my last time

MY NUMBER ONE

She had a thing for buggy sweaters and t-shirts,
And to be honest, they had a thing for her too.

She had this smile that I could create a book of poems
with,
And she might not have been a poet, but she was good at
drawing,
You see, everything about her was perfectly balanced.
Sometimes she seemed too real to be true, but she was
real alright,
and everything about her was as beautiful as she was too.

In all honesty, she was the most authentic person I have
ever met,
I sometimes really miss her

A LETTER SHE WROTE TO ME ABOUT KISSING ME

"The first time we kiss,
I want it to feel like the first time that I have ever kissed
anyone,
I want you to move shyly towards my lips like we are
amateurs at love,
And I want you to then kiss me in an intentional manner, I
want to kiss me like it's the last thing you will ever do,
Kiss me steadily, kiss me fast,
Kiss me until it feels like you are giving me life,
Kiss me like you invented kissing" She wrote

ACONITE

"And Son,
When you wander off into the wild,
Be aware,
Because Bears are harmless compared to certain beings,
nothing is as it seems out there,
So, son,
Beware of flowers!
Charming and beautiful as they are, some flowers are
venomous and fatal"

But there he stood,
Enchanted,
And drawn to her,
He could have sworn that, all the miles he had walked in
his entire life amounted to that very moment,
It's like his mother had foreseen that very moment,

Still, he tried to fight this fate,
But there was no way he could just walk away,
So he had to submit,
Either way, there was no point of trying to fight, nobody
could resist her charms,
After all,
She was Aconite; the Queen of Poisons

HEAVY WITH THE WORDS

How could I concentrate,
I couldn't,
I needed to write these feelings off me,
But each time I stared at a blank page, all I could do was
stare,
Whatever I felt for her, had not beginning or any sign of an
ending,
You see, if my love for her is a form of selfishness, then
for her, I am the most self-centered person I know

I SWEAR THESE ARE NOT LOVE BOMBS

To me, you are the embodiment of sophistication,
I bet when you are asleep, all the fairies in the world can
be found in your room,
And when you talk, I am sure that God proudly smiles,
You are the woman other women dream of.

Anyway, I am not usually this sentimental, but lately, I find
myself constantly in this state of feeling,
And it is you who has unapologetically turned me into this
hopeless romantic,
So maybe I will pause at a thousand poems about you,
but something tells me that even a thousand poems about
you won't be enough for me!

GOD IS A WOMAN

He was past the feeling of contention as he stood there in his literal naked form,
He loved the isolation of the night since it was the only time he was close to being alone with the universe.

And so, despite not being on his own that night, he carelessly made his way to his balcony like he always did when he was alone,
And as he stood there in the stillness of night, he loved the way rain droplets crushed against his bare skin!!
He savored the feeling bit by bit, engraving it in his soul, as deep as he could.

As he stood there that that night, he couldn't help but feel everything differently though, and he thought maybe it's because he was with someone that night,
Anyway, he allowed himself to become one with this new feeling.

Thus gradually, everything made sense because as he stood there waiting for an epiphany, he felt the woman he was with coming out of his room,
He felt her slowly getting closer and closer behind him,
And from behind, he felt her fingers beautifully running across his body,
And she felt divine, and godlike,
You see, at that moment he saw everything so clearly in his mind,
At that moment, he realized who she was,
He realized that god was all along a woman

EVERYTHING I AM MADE OF

In a world full of cliché's, you are an anomaly,
And I am sure that as much as anyone can fall for you,
not a soul can crush and burn like I do.

And so for you, I will always find room.
You see, for you, I will always make room in the middle of
my heart,
On the tips of my fingertips,
And in everything that I am made of

I MET A FEMALE DRAGON

We briefly met through a mutual friend on August 20th,
By August 21st, I was already forgetting her,
But by August 23rd, she strangely reached out,
“You don’t find me attractive?” she asked, and it was
startling for a first question,
I did find her attractive though, so I told her that I found
her attractive,
“Then how comes you never told me that night?” I was
dumbstruck by her second question,
I was so dumbstruck that I had to quickly confirm that I
was awake, so I pinched myself.

I told her that I would love to take her on a proper date,
And before I could finish my thoughts, she said that she
had an idea and an ideal spot in mind,
I had no plans, so I agreed to go along with her idea.

It’s August 25th,
And on the first hour of August the 25th, she said that she
was coming over,
It was quite late, but I went and sat on a street curb
outside and waited for her,
30 minutes later, she finally arrived, and I really noticed
her for the first time, she looked in every way
extraordinary.

After hugging her, I asked if everything was okay, and she
nodded with a smile,
I stood there momentarily puzzled by what could have
prompted this,
“Won’t you invite me in?” she snapped me back to how
real she was,

When we got inside,
She asked, "Do I make you uncomfortable Rays?"
"Not by a longshot!" I courageously answered,
"Okay " she smiled then stood up, and asked me to put on
some ambient lighting and some music,
I strangely did everything she asked,
Everything then took an unexpected turn when she began
slowly dancing in a way I found to be incredibly appealing,
And since she let me, I just sat there watching.

In between what I think was the fifth song, she stopped,
and leaned towards my ear,
"Happy birthday Rays" she whispered

MAYBE BABY

I had a dream about you last night,
And I would be lying if I said that it was not a big deal for me,
because it is a big deal for me,
And as cliché as it sounds, the big deal about my dream
can be summed down to the fact that in reality, you are
the girl of my dreams.

I had a dream about you last night,
And I know how much you love dates, so in this dream, I
took you on a date in a fancy restaurant,
In the restaurant, I don't remember what really happened
because I was totally drawn to how stunning you looked in
your dress.

I had a dream about you last night where I took you out on
a date,
And after the date, I finally make a complement that melts
you,
I had a dream about you last night where I mostly only
remember you having breakfast with me the next morning,
and how you looked better than I did in my t-shirt.

I had a dream last night, in which I wanted to live in that
moment forever,
but the earth turned, and morning came,
And as I woke up, and you were nowhere to be seen

TO THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS

You are the intoxication I crave,
You are all I journal about;
of your beauty that paralyses,
of your figure that enchants,
Still, I can seem to find you, I can't

So I write,
I write poems about you,
I have always thought if I could write hard enough, I
could write you out of my dreams and into my reality,

I know, I know,
I know that you are just a dream-for now,
Lost in the twinkle of the night,
But some nights, I just sit outside and talk to the moon,
I sit, hoping that you are on the other side,
Hoping you are talking back too,
Sometimes I also wonder if you are even wandering
around, looking for me like I do

ENCHANTER

She leans in for a kiss, but I pull back,
Hesitant, my heartbeat escalates,
I stare at that innocently beautiful face,
At those perfectly closed eyes,
She had those well-crafted dimples,
Her skin was tanned like an evening sunset,
She was like a perfected lure,
So, I had to stop because I only dream about moments
like this.

Hesitant still, I pinch myself,
Perhaps this could be one of my obscure realities, I wasn't
sure,
What I was sure of though, is that this moment felt too
good to be true,
And I am not saying that I am afraid of love, don't get me
wrong,
It's just that I am a convict of Love,
I have broken out of relationships before,
I have broken Love's heart before,
In fact, I have broken hearts so many times that if you ask
me 'how many...', I have to stop and count,
So, what if this girl I am about to kiss, is some sort of a
bait?
What if this is an elaborate plot by Cupid to get back at
me?

Anyway, after what felt like an eternity of thought, I
decided that 'I do not care either way,'
Besides, they say that revenge is a cold dish, right?
If that is the case, then she might not be a form of
revenge, because her touch felt so warm,

And so, where were we...
...Yes ! she leans in for a kiss,
She leans like she was hoping that I would meet her
halfway,
And now with my mind made up, I slowly close my eye,
and allow myself to get as close as possible,
I carefully embrace her,
And we take a passionate dive

FLOWERS LIKE YOU

You are like a flower,
Everything about you is as gentle as the petals of a
flower,
But I fell for you because you are not delicate like a
flower,
Instead, you are more of fragile, but you are fragile like a
bomb, which is why I wanted you for myself,
Thus I uprooted you from the wild, and planted you in a
room,
And so, in the rooms of my heart, you sit and explosively
bloom

IT IS A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT, AND I THINK I WANT TO MARRY YOU

We met without masters or kings,
But we understood that we were both slaves of time,
So as soon as I found her, I asked... and she said yes,
We then went looking for a chapel that night,
The vicar asked me if I brought any rings, I told him that
the hopeless romantic in me always carried rings with me,
Knees were then bent,
lips shouted " Yes's",
I recited poems,
And God was present too,
You see that night, we willingly cuffed ourselves to one
another, and set sails to 'happy ever afters'

PERSONA

She is the good girl to my bad guy persona,
She is the special to the ordinary parts of me,
She is like the amusement to my sense of humor,
Crowns like her's, are hard to carry.

I want the world for her, but I wouldn't want the world to
discover her,
Because, demeanors like her's, are hard to come by.

When I am with her, I feel inspired,
No wonder I am always making up these philosophies

LOVE ON THE BRAIN

Today,
I met this girl,
She reminded me of love,
And not just any love,
She reminded me of young love,
A first-time kind of love,
Love, that is like a so powerful spell,
A love that gravity can't really hold,
Love that gets you caught in between sleeping and
waking up; so an early morning and late at night type of
love,
A love that is paradox of insomnias and anxieties,
A love that leaves you always thinking of the last time,
and next time you get to hold each other,
Love that glues your souls together,
A love that drives you to tattoo each other's names and
faces on your skins,
Love that has got you feeling like you pump each other's
hearts,
A love that makes you feel that you can't live apart,
A love that broke you though,
A love that left you for dead,
That love, you wish that it still came back regardless

THEY SAY WITCH AS IF IT WAS A BAD THING

I donno how to explain how you make me feel,
but I will try,
So here goes... 'every time I think of you, I am
irredeemably beguiled,
You see, you are utterly bewitching,
And speaking of witches,
Yesterday I was thinking of how lucky you are,
Because honestly, if today was 200 years ago, they would
have burnt you alive

MUSCLE MEMORY

Ever since we met, my reflexes have been acting up,
And so, I am sorry I cannot keep my hands off of you
whenever I am around you,
But honestly, it's even worse when am away, because
even when I am away, I cannot keep my hands from
writing about you,
Because my fingers memorized the shape of you, and
now they unconsciously recite the form of your body in my
poems like a preacher with his bible verses,
which is why when you leave, I hope you are not even
thinking of expecting a replacement,
I won't even try to entertain any thought related to
replacing you, not even momentarily,
Thus, when you come back, you should know that in my
heart, you will always fit right in place.

OF TWISTED FAIRY TALES

"DON'T...!" he warned,
"Don't you come any closer, I've got demons, their claws
and fangs alone are traumatizing,
And I am afraid for you," he said stepping back, but she
got closer, and closer still,

Sensing his confusion, she held him as tight as she could,
And she whispered, "I am not afraid of your demons, you
should understand that I have a hell inside of me, your
demons can live there"

DOWN AND UNDER

Whispering, "I crave to feel the way my name tastes on your lips"

She ignited a dance,

Like a flame, a furious lust consumed her,

She was intoxicated, every fiber in her desired him,

And as their lips crashed over and over,

She yearned to be on every part of his body,

She wanted to taste every inch of him,

She wanted to feel the sear of his tongue scorching her flesh,

And as she pulled him closer and closer to her soul, their heartbeats synchronized,

And with every kiss, the feelings drove her wilder,

She never felt this drugged.

All along, her lips didn't utter a word, but they spoke,

They told of how restless her soul felt,

And somehow in between those warm moments of

feeding their souls to each other, they broke time,

Everything felt like falling in an endless forever of sweet-nothings.

Much... much later, the bed, the couch and the floor were not enough to put out the fire within,

And so, suspended like a masterpiece, she enjoyed being pinned against the walls,

Wall to wall, they were on a passionate war,

Thus, in the pitchy darkness of the night, they were dreaming out loud,

It was a night of sweet surrender where they refused to tire, their souls wrestle till the birth of a new twilight

DESIRE

Question? do you even a little bit miss me like I miss you?
Because only God knows that I can taste you from
realities away.

It is thus an understatement when I say, I want you so
much,

Since...

I want to hold you,

I want to touch you,

I want us to feel like one,

You see, I want to be so much around you until I leave
traces of my shadow around you

I LOVE DANCING WITH YOU

We stood there surrounded by people,
But somehow, I still felt like I was alone with her.
Hence, despite the loud noises, and a room full of life,
The only sound I could feel, was that of the rhythm of our
heart beats,
That is why I know without a doubt that even in a room full
of colorful artworks,
I'd still choose to stare at her,
since what I feel for her, is indefinite

GUILTY AS CHARGED!

She had a cunning and deceptive face,
The kind of face that screamed at me,
Begging me to turn around, and run away, away from her,
And I know anyone timid would have listened,
But those eyes though,
One look into her eyes was all it took,
And I was ready to get locked out of heaven

ON CRUSHING, CRASHING AND BURNING

There is a girl I seriously like,
They call it crushing nowadays,
But I dislike the word,
Partly because, I have literally crashed, and burnt myself
into ashes for people who have only walked over my
remains before.

So this girl I like, I might not tell her that I have a crush on
her soon,
I will try to eventually, but not tonight,
You see tonight, I will just peacefully lay in my bed,
And enjoy the comfort of the fact that she is stepping on
the landmines of my soul, and that she doesn't know it yet

Honestly, you can't blame a man like me for enjoying such
a simple pleasure of life

REVERENCE

My desire for you is revelentic,
And so, I want you not like a boy loves a girl he has a
crush on,
since, a love like that is limited by shallow reasons like
lust.

I believe, I want you like a man wants a woman,
And not just like any man wants any woman, no! I am
talking about a man who has felt love and hate for a
lifetime.

Thus, I want you like a man loves a woman he would
rather not touch,
A woman who inspires his letters and poems,
A woman who he keeps a photo of in a special box, at a
table beside his bedside

THROUGH THICK AND THIN

I can tell you of nights I did not deserve even a goodnight text,

But you made sure that all my nights felt like lucky nights,
I mean, you gave me a hug every night,
Honestly, I considered myself an abandoned ruin, yet you sat among the debris.

It's still you, who gave me kisses for breakfast on days we could not afford breakfast,
And I still do not understand how I deserve you because I know I was like a charity case,
I mean...For Christ's sake!! you slept beside me even when I could not even afford a bed.

So, for giving me the luxury of you lying beside me through meanest of days, and the coldest of nights, it's you that I must strive to love,
In fact, the definition of love is an understatement compared to the feelings I have for you,
Which is why I will not say that our love is like what Bonnie and Clyde had, because that is so basic.
For me, me and you are more of a sophisticated combination, ours is like what THICK is to THIN

LAVIE

Lavie,
She defines the fool in me,
She is that one person I don't want to stop wanting,
And even if my heart stopped beating, I don't think I would
know how to stop loving her,
You see, loving her is like driving on a fast lane, and at
top speed,
She is the reason I somehow understand different
languages like Spanish, because she drives me "Loco" in
a good way.

Lavie,
She is more than an idea of my ideal type of woman,
Because she is the one place I could lose,
I mean, I lose myself around her without the fear of getting
lost

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER

Tell me the story of the Sunflower and the Bee,
You know, that story about how 'The Sunflower Loved the
Bee so much that every day she effortlessly made nectar
so that the bee and his colony could thrive ..."

Tell me the story of the Sun and the Moon,
You know, that story about how 'The sun loved the moon
so much that he rose every day and sometimes even
worked overtime for her sake...'

Tell me about the story of the man and the woman... tell
me that story...
And then tell me about love,
Tell me what is this love that seems to be in every tale?
What is this love that seems to not only drive men crazy?

JUST US

Today, you don't have to go,
In fact, you can't go today, I need you to stay,
Today, the curtains will have to remain untouched too,
Because today, my arms and whole body is only devoted
to you.

Today, you don't have to think outside this feeling, so if
today is on a work day, today, you will probably have to
call in sick,
Today the phones will have to go on a flight because
Today, we will both grow wings of our own, in fact...
Today, I need you to grow claws and fangs, and today, I
want you to please leave nail marks on my back, and bite
marks on my neck.

You see,
Today, there is room for errors too, since
Today, we begin again and again, at every ending

OKAY, LET ME BE REAL FOR A MOMENT

Sometimes I am slow,
Ask the dirty residue behind my nails which I notice a little
too late.

Sometimes, I think of the ugly parts of my past and am
ashamed,
But that is beside the case with you because every time I
think of you, the sun shines brighter,
And every time you are gone, it's like the sun is still there
shinning, but the brightness goes with you.

So,
My nails might be dirty, and
My past might be ugly,
But you have never been

FOREVER? FOR EVER, EVER?

She is my lover,
And she is more than that.

You know how you feel the urge to tell someone about a
crazy day or week you had?
She is my religion.

How awesome is she? Right?
Anyway, how awesome she is, is not the point here, the
point is that she is enough,
I mean, if I am overwhelmed by my sanity, her lap is the
equivalent of laying on a therapist's couch,
And even when I need to confess, I find myself easily
opening up to her because anywhere around her, is more
than an enough safe space

ADJECTIVES AND POETRY

Its 12oclock, midnight of course,
I am scrolling through the Merriam-Webster dictionary,
And I am trying to find a word to describe me, and the
woman I love,

But I cannot find to find an adjective that is good enough
to describe me, and the woman I love,

Because no adjective seems to justify anything about me,
or the woman I love

A PAGE FROM A DIARY OF A GIRL I USED TO CRUSH OVER. DON'T ASK ME HOW I GOT IT!

Dear diary,
Today I meant to kiss him, but
I froze,
So I let him walk away,
And know I should have chased after him, but
My knees give away that option whenever he is around,
The idea of him holding me,
The thought of his smile,
It turns my whole being into jelly.

Dear diary,
He's been insisting, but I am adamantly resisting,
Holding on to my fears, I am scared of falling,
And I know that he has promised that I will land gently in
his arms,
Still, I am hesitant,
I hope he has enough fight in him to persist a while longer

WHEN THE CURTAINS OPEN

If I could draw, I would spend at least my first 10 thousand
hours around you,
If I could draw, then I would tell canvases about the
different angles of you,
I would be explicit about how in many ways I find you
clythomic.

I donno why I have been thinking about cats and dogs a
lot,
But lately, I am fond of you; maybe like a cat is not fond of
a dog, I donno...

I also don't know if being told this makes your heart skip a
beat anymore, but 'you stole my heart,'
Anyway, you stole my heart, and I showed you I can steal
yours too,
And now we are both guilty, and on the run,
And nothing has been the same anymore

STAR WARS

She is not of this world,
She is from the galaxies,
I know this because I found her somewhere in space,
And together we ran away,
And now, the Stars are at war, apparently, they all wanted
her

TALES OF CREATIONS

The entire time, I was only drawn to her,
It was like, every great artist who ever lived had been
tasked with drawing her to life,
I mean, she was utterly immaculate,
And so, my impenetrable walls stood no chance,
And now, she is not only living rent free in my mind,
I experience withdraws whenever I am away from her

SO THIS IS LOVE?

I hate uniformity, but I love the sound of me and you,
I know I can't be around to touch you all the time, but you
should know that even when I am away, I feel you every
time I blink.

Thus, I might not always be able to hold you, but you
spend most of the time around me, in the corners of my
mind,

And honestly, sometimes I miss you every time I breath
too,

I love you

DUSKS' TILL DAWNS' – PART 1

She sat there staring,
You see,
It's because of moments like this that she dared to
attempt drawing and painting,
Something about these mornings drew her soul closer to
the surface than it has ever been.

Everything about what she felt was so real,
But she had to make sure, so she was constantly pinching
herself to make sure that she was really awake,
Thing is, she had never experienced this kind of bliss
before,
I mean, she had done drugs before,
But this was way beyond high,
And she planned on overdosing

DUSKS' TILL DAWNS' – PART 2

He'd been awake for moments now,
His eyelids were still heavy
But he knew that she was watching him,
And he let her take the time.

Thirty minutes later, she still sat there looking at him,
And so, knowing that she would even sit there for hours,
he called her out,
“That’s creepy you know,” he snapped her back to reality,
“One of these days I might have to buy a mask for when I sleep,” he added jokingly,
“Do I make you uncomfortable?” she giggled slouching beside him,
“Not even close,” he said playfully facing her and pulling her closer and closer,
“I have been writing you a poem in my mind Mr. Poet” she said,
“Really?” he opened both of his eyes for the first time, and curiously stared at her,
“Yes,” she said, “and it goes like this...
I love your skinny fingers,
I love your fingernails,
I love your hairy feet, and your skinny toes,
I love your big nose,
I love the way you kiss me,
I love the way you miss me,
I love what I feel for you,
I just love you,” she ended laying fully on his chest.

He was now fully awake, and melting between the sheets,

He was the poet, but out of all the words in the world, he
found none worthy to describe what he felt for her at that
moment,

He even thought of a sound he could make besides cry
with joy, and none other existed,

And before he could even think of how he would open his
mouth,

She interrupted his thoughts by carelessly tickling his
sleepy body,

He was simply powerless when it came to her love for him

IMPULSIVE THOUGHTS ON OUR FIRST DATE

Should I take small bites?

Should I make small conversations?

Should we eat first?

God knows that all I wanted was to hold her as close as I could, and feed French fries to her mouth-to-mouth,

'...would that be as bad as it sounds right now?

...is she comfortable enough around me for me to even suggest that right now?'

I was curious,

Curious of how interesting this date could get,

Like, when would I kiss her?

Will I ever even kiss her?

Should I go for the kiss right now? Maybe later?

Or maybe I should wait for the night, do I wait for the night?

Will she wait with me?

Will she let me walk her home?

Will she let my arm linger around her waist as I tell her goodnight? I hope her reaction will not make me want to disappear into the darkness forever,

Instead, I hope that she will she pull me inside her house, and lock the door behind us?

...I was spiraling inside, so I thought to say a silent prayer.

And I said a prayer, but not for the food in front of us,

All I needed was for her to make even one bad decision for me,

You see, she was worth cashing in that miracle I have always been holding on to,

But I needed a sign...Anything? ...Please?

DIVINE

When I met you,
I found something I could believe in,
God is good, but I wanted something in the lines of a
goddess,
So body and soul, I made myself yours,
I know the priests and preachers will tell me that I am
doing wrong,
But every night before I sleep, I love devoting myself to
you

SOMETIMES I LOSE IT

Listen, it's 30 minutes before 5 am,
And I am tired of being mad at the night,
I am tired of waiting for day-light to bring you back to me,
And I hate that I am feeling all these feelings while you
sleep on my chest,
And when I cannot stand 6 more minutes of this agony
any longer, I slowly lay you down, and get up to find my
notebook.

It's 6 am now,
I have been seated in a chair, at the furthest corner of the
room, staring at a now almost full page of my thoughts,
And all I can do is still feel,
I feel hatred for the night,
I hate it sometimes,
And I think of telling you about this,
Telling you that, after you sleep, sometimes I lose my
sanity,
I write letters of how I miss you every time you sleep

FOUR-FIVE-SIX... NOTHING MAKES SENSE

Your smile is like the 6am sunlight,
Together, I can't even tell how we get to 9pm?
It's like when I am with you, I suddenly have the ability to
defy time.

And so, I am a hopeless romantic because of you,
And this is true because I find myself writing cheeky
poems like...; *'how I still check the sky every night, and
stars spell out your name,
And how I still wake up every morning, and the sun shines
for you'*

A POEM FOR TRUE LOVERS

I Am intrigued by thorns,
Because any fool can get attracted to petals,
So judge me how you judge me when I say that
I love her thorns, as much as I love her floweriness

I GUESS I SHOULD THANK JOJO

I donno Jojo that well,
But since gold sometimes exists in Wells,
I thank Jojo for somehow drawing me to you,
And I am not saying that you and Jojo live in a Well,
But would it be such a bad thing?
I mean, to me you are something out of a Wishing Well,
To be much clear, you were that sweet voice in the
Wishing Well,
I wished for you to come to life, and into my life,
I guess what am saying is that I want to thank Jojo

I DON'T CARE

I don't care about math's, but I cannot define this feeling
any other way,
You see, in my mind, you are that one recurring thought,
And just like you can't define recurring numbers,
What I feel for you has no ending.

Honestly, I donno... I am not even sure that this is healthy
at all,
Because, I think the way I am tripping and falling for you
right now, can only be described as the Fast-food diet-
Kind of Love,
And I understand that it's not healthy!
But I can't stop myself,
I have never felt this medicated, I am feeling too much,
And I am needing too much of you,
And at this rate, I will probably overdose, and die,
But, will you at least let me die having had enough of you?

AN EPITOME OF BEAUTY

Overflow,
She is an overdose,
She is not a drop, but-rather a cup-full of finesse,
She is an epitome of beauty.

The thought of her, is soothing to the soul,
Her shape; she is a perfected hourglass,
How she talks, its enchanting,
And when she walks, Oh. My. God!
Her skin-tone, is set like the sinking sun,
She is a synchronization of a thousand different flavors.

She is an embodiment of beauty,
She possesses the kind of beauty that is haunting,
I know this because an encounter with her, left me feeling
like I was possessed,
And to date, I am still obsessed.

She is an epitome of beauty,
An uncontainable epidemic,
A stop sign that calls out,
An irredeemable abyss,
Thus, even if she was practically lethal and I knew about
it, I know that I would still not be able to fight the
temptation of being around her

AFTER TODAY

Hold my hand,
It should be rough,
Don't be scared to hold it though,
I might also have grown leaner, or bigger from what I do,
Pull me close anyway.

I know I am one with the smells of a long day,
Bring me closer either way,
Let your head lay in my chest,
Let me engulf you in my loving filthy being,
I know my hair is clammy, even I can feel the rain forest
smells on head,
But don't pull away,
Please stand here with me for a while, please.

By now I feel better,
Ask me how my day was,
But don't wait for a response,
Allow me to sigh heavily,
You see, I don't know when I will reach a breaking point,
but if tonight is the day I finally cry,
Don't you worry, I'm fine,
And no, no, don't wipe my tears,
I like how they flow and fall, fall right onto our tightly held
together bodies,
So let me cry, just hold me until I am calm.

I'm calming now,
But still, hold on to me a little longer,
Two, or three, or four seconds will be just fine,

I am fine now,

As you stare into my eyes,
I hope you stare like my eyes are not sorrowful,
Like my unmade face looks appealing,
Like all you can see on my face, is a perfect smile that
lasts for a lifetime.

I hope you will still want to kiss me,
I will not resist, I will let you kiss me,
I hope you kiss me like my dry lips don't disgust you.

After kissing me, I hope you hug me some more,
And I will then whisper something to you,
I will whisper what can't be said loud into your ear
"I Love you too"

THIS IS WHAT LOVING SOMEONE FEELS LIKE

Love can hurt,
You see that night, they had their first fight,
And as he lay there beside her, he now knew of how
much he loved her, and not even numbers could quantify
that feeling,
But she had refused to eat,
She had refused to talk,
She even refused to be held,
And so, his mind was full of thoughts like, 'Will she stop
loving him? was this how their story ended?
If so, he was not ready to lose her, because he couldn't
think of anyone else like her,
He thus had to somehow make amends before dawn.

So, tirelessly, he lay there beside her, but even after
hours and hours, she refused to turn her back away from
him,
And eternities of silence passed by that way,
And with each moment, he felt pain in waves; hell was
real, he was in it,
But still, he tired not, because he began thinking of grand
gestures that could undo all the harm he had caused,
He first thought of writing a poem,
He then thought of printing bill boards signs,
He was even entertaining the thoughts of getting on live
television to apologize when the sound of her sobbing
abruptly pulled him out from his swamp of thought,
Hearing her cry, he couldn't stand the idea,
He hated himself for making her cry,
So he took a heavy breath followed by a silent cry too,

Hearing him cry, she finally turned toward him, and slowly
found a way to his arms,
And he embraced her lovingly, and they cried together,
They cried and cried, until it finally came to an end,
Then, as they were calming down, with all the strength he
had left in him, he whispered, "I Love you"
She took a deep breath, and whispered back,
"I Love too"

SUNSHINE *(My first ever slang poem\ I wrote this for spoken word performance sake)*

Hi Sunshine,
Am calling you sunshine because I know your smile
shines,
So am hoping that your smiling right now since, your
shine can light up anyone's day,

Si akismile utadhani ni advert ya toothpast, because si
wala smile yake hushine,
Si smile yake huimba outloud, because meno zake zi-
huwa snow white,
Na sijui ametoka kwa kingdom gani, but I think ye ni king
wa Queendom ya mwezi, because
Smile yake hukaa creset shaped kama sura za mwezi,
Si yeye ni mwizi sababu ali steal my heart,

Yeye ni, prayer ilipita kwa ceiling, na ika knock milango za
heaven, na God akai-receive because,
she is heaven sent,
Ye ni my noti ya thao, na siyo coins ama cents,
Malkia, ngozi rangi ya thao,
Skin tone yako iko set, like sun iki-sink,
Ye ni a synchronisation ya a thousand different flavour,
If a thousand different flavours zingekuwa personified,
zinge add up to her,

Her shape is like that of an hour glass,
Design akitembea, ye hu walk in rythms,
Aki-move, nikama time hu-move in slow motion,
Aki-move, seconds zina-turn into hours and that's her
superpowers,
And so, yeye ndiye ali-unlock my heart,

Ye hunifanya nafeel kama 'The Rock,'
Speaking of rocks, to me yeye ni more of a diamond
because diamonds are rare gems,
That is why I only pray that I won't get left behind,
because
You are my inspiration, and good poetry can be so hard to
find,

So, Hi soulmate, I am calling you soulmate because,
every time I breath in, I know that your breathtaking self is
always breathing out,
You see, last night I had this dream,
In my dream, I was the wise Solomon,
And after I woke up from my dream, nili-realise why
Solomon had 700 Wives,
All along he was looking for You

OF FIGURES AND SPEECHES

I am proficient with figures of speech enough to
understand that your figure deserves the adjective
"remarkable,"

To tell the truth, each time I see you, an interjection is
born in my mind.

Romantically speaking, it is safe to say that each time I
touch you, I am somewhat senseless because,
I swear that I would cut my ear off for you, just like Van
Gogh did.

And so, I promise you that my love for you is more than a
verb,

Thus each time I whisper, or exclaim "Nakupenda," I am
not just using a sweet Swahili vocabulary to woo you,
I really find you to be as pleasant as honey,

Anyways, I understand that this is quite long method of
declaring my love for you,
Still, I find writing you a poem to be a sane way of
declaring my love for you considering that people like Van
Gogh have done much more insane things,
I mean, Van Gogh literary cut off his ear, for love
apparently

WHAT'S THE POINT OF ANYTHING?

We met on a Saturday,
At 8pm, I was hugging her for the first time,
At 9pm, I was cooking for her,
At 10pm, I was eating with her,
At 11pm, she was changing her mind about staying till morning,
At 12am, I was walking her back home,
At 1am, we were stranded outside her locked apartment, apparently, she had locked the keys to the apartment inside the apartment,
But, she said her sister lived somewhere around this town though,
and so after making a call, the sister said she was on her way to pick her up,

At 2am, we found ourselves walking around this small town looking for a place to wait,
At 2:30am, the wait was getting longer and longer, and so, she preferred to be drinking in a nightclub as she waited but I ended up buying her tea, at a not so fancy restaurant instead,

At 3am, her sister was calling her outside the restaurant,
At 3:05am, she thanked me before she left my life without even a hug, possibly for the first and last time ever,
At 3:30am, I was walking home alone feeling like that male character written by author James Joyce in her story 'ARABY'

You see, as I gazed into the darkness like the character did towards the end of that story, I felt what he felt, 'I finally saw myself as a ridiculous creature driven by vanity,'

I wanted to hate her, or hate myself, but it was pointless

FROM TIME TO TIME

Crossing the signs,
Crossing the rivers
Sleeping and waking up,
Meeting a girl,
Kissing the girl,
She lets you touch her waist, and suddenly your life has
meaning,
And you hold on to her like your life depends on it.

But one day, one of you leaves the other,
They leave your world empty,
And ever since, you wander around,
Wondering where life suddenly vanished into

THE HEART WANTS WHAT IT WANTS

The heart,
It's a selfish little muscle,
It always has been.

Isn't it crazy how a tiny muscle cause so much harm?
Crazy how this fixed muscle which never moves, still
sways our whole being,
Crazy how this muscle, without even a mind of its own,
outwits the only thinking muscle; the brain,
It is indeed crazy how this muscle is always looking out for
number one, which is itself.

Regardless, the heart is still a complicated organ,
because sometimes it acts against it's nature,
I mean, it is surprising to realize that as much as the heart
can lead you to hell, it can also lead you through hell.

The heart, its a selfishly complicated little muscle,
No wonder it is always getting what it wants

WANTS AND NEEDS

She Knew that I wanted her,
I wanted her with all the shine in me,
But she did not settle for that,
How could she settle for the sun? the sun is just a star in
a galaxy full of stars,
You see, she needed to be wanted by everything,
And so, I had to come to terms with the fact that I could
not be everything she wanted

I GUESS I AM JUST BITTER

I am seated in a park bench,
A couple is standing in front of me,
The girl is in a compromising short dress,
The guy is in the drugged phase, I know this because I
have seen and made that face before around a girl.

Anyway, I also know that he is thinking that theirs is
forever,
And with his arms around her, the world could burn for all
he cares,
Lucky bastard...!
Some part of me envies the state in he is in,
But mostly, I don't!!

I USED TO WRITE LOVE POEMS

It March,
And the Sun is angry nowadays,
His shine is brutal,
He hates it that some humans call it "The March of Love"
Because the Moon decided to turn March into "April first,"
and she played him like a fool,
Without warning, she has grown distant,
She is now as cold as July toward him,
And with each passing moment, it gets worse for the sun
because his situation is not a secret, apparently all the
stars know about it,
This is probably why he is so mad nowadays.

I honestly donno why the moon turned her back on him; I
don't really understand love sometimes, still, I can't blame
her either way,
But, I really need them to make up, because when the
Sun sets and the Moon rises nowadays, nothing feels the
same,
You can literally feel the emptiness between them in
space,
The galaxy nowadays looks somewhat deceased

LIKE I HAD NO CHOICE

She had me waiting,
She had me wanting,
She knew that I was the kind who would easily defy
heaven just for the hell of it,
She knew that if I was enchanted enough, I would easily
give forever up.
Fast forward...
I have been grieving for months now,
And everything is not right on the inside,
I mean, it took me hundreds of hours to write this poem

WHY ARE YOU NOT DEAD YET?

Just yesterday, I saw a picture of you online,
You looked beautiful; you always have.

Just last week, you left me weak,
And I am still recovering from how you left me, when you left,
From the wounds you inflicted when you left, I know, they are going to leave a scar,
Anyway, I guess I will finally have a tattoo of you in my heart, and although it will be in the oddest of places, i'll finally have a tattoo of someone.

Just yesterday,
I saw you online,
I know I should stop,
I know I should block you, but I refuse to,
I refuse to erase you,
If anything, I want you to fade, I want to nothing you,
Because, how could you leave on a Monday?
You couldn't wait, until Friday, or Saturday?
The funny thing is that, when you left, some part of me was still hopeful,
I was left hoping that you would maybe come back,
But, that was on Monday, and today, today is on a Friday,
So I guess I was just in denial.

Anyway, just yesterday, I saw that you moved on,
Hurt, is an understatement,
I am more of disappointed, but not by you,
I am disappointed by myself,
I was so blinded by love, I guess I forgot that love was blind,

I guess that's how I lost sight of everything,

And so, as I sit here, I can't help but feel bitter,
Bitter when I remember how every other day you told me
that, you couldn't Leave,
How you swore you wouldn't live without me,
I mean you made believe in things, things like how you
couldn't live without me,
You made me feel proud to be you air,
But now, I am just left wondering why?
Why are you not dead yet?

TO BE AND NOT BE

Have you ever constantly fallen in love with a person who is fully capable of love, yet incapable of considering the thought of loving you?

Have you ever fallen for a person who insist on loving you like your sister?

And they don't even care that you have more than one loving sister?

Have you ever felt like you went sky diving, jumped out of the plane, and everyone but you had someone in their parachutes?

Have you ever loved someone without being loved back?

LOOKING LIKE HATE

Your feelings towards each other, brought you closer with
each passing sunrise,
You grew fond of her, she grew fond of you,
Until, you finally became old enough to fall in love,
And you were so thrilled by this whole other world you'd
discovered,
So, you did not hesitate to fall for in love with her.

Days aged, but the love you had for her made you feel
younger, and younger,
Her love made you feel immortal,
That is until she just stopped loving you,
And that stopped everything for you,
She stopped time in a way.
So, you remain where she left you,
And you have tried to understand how she just stood
there, watching your world crumbled,
And over and over, you have thought of how your life felt
like a movie, a bad movie.

In the end, she made sure that you were on the side of
haters,
She was the origin of your villain story, she turned you
into a bad guy,'
Because, you cling on to the feeling of anger,
The feeling of being used, and abused,
You trapped that pain inside,
You strap it around you sometimes,
You fully adopted the role of a bad guy,
And you hated her,
You wanted those of her kind to understand how it hate
looked like

?????QUESTIONS ୧୧୧୧୧୧୧୧୧୧

I am still stuck,
So help me, because I do not understand,
Was what we had so wrong?
Was there even a you and me for you?
Did I just create what I thought we both felt in my mind?
Did I just taste the flavors alone?
Did we not break the periphery of hate and love together?
Because for me, the only word I can use to describe ours
if asked is "Mad Love."

Anyways,
I guess I am just wondering if any of it was real for you?
And if it was real, how could you just let go?
How could you do that?
How did you just easily murder the love that grew in you?
And
Did you really look our Love in the eyes as you drew it's
last breath?

Why couldn't you resist the feeling of an existence without
me?
How could you leave?
Teach me how, because
I am barely living

HEY BABY

I hope he hugs you tighter than I used to,
I hope he calls you honey even when everything feels
sour,
I hope he is good at things, I hope he is good at things like
conversations,
I hope his words are yummy, because whether good or
bad, I don't want you to reflect on what we used to have,
I don't want you to ever have to mention my name in the
middle of your conversations, and it's not that believe in
superstations, but still, I would hate hurting my toes
randomly while walking because someone mentioned me,
So, I hope he is good at things, things like gently moving
you from your past.

I hope he loves you enough to understand all your
choices, and I hope he doesn't judge you either.
I hope he's not boring too,
Because you hated getting bored.

I hope he is light hearted,
I hope he gives you a shoulder to cling and cry on,
I hope he'll give up his sleep in the middle of the night to
sooth you when you get nightmares,
I hope he brings you flowers,
I hope he holds your hand in public,
I hope he is thoughtful enough to randomly do such things
without you asking.

Anyway, I am far past crying for you now, because, I hope
you are now happier,
I hope you found a home,

I hope when you will be reading this, tears will roll down
your cheeks,
But I hope if they do, you will be smiling

HEART OVER BRAIN

This is not me finding an excuse to leave you,
Believe me,
You have given me a thousand reasons to walk away, I
still choose to stay.

But I won't lie, there are a lot of 'MAYBES' on my mind,
like
Maybe I should intervene,
Maybe I should teach my legs to walk away,
Because lately, my Heart and my Brain are constantly in a
brutal fist fight,
And I am letting my heart win all the time,
Maybe I should just take two steps away from you,
Perhaps then my heart will then find the guts to let me
leave you.

So, I have been thinking that maybe I should intervene,
because my brain needs to win for balance sake

BEFORE WE FELL

When we came of age,
We jumped in,
Blinded by the hopeless romanticism, we never knew
exactly what we were signing up for,
Yes! we were loved
But we never expected to fight against the people we
loved,
We never expected that the people we loved would bring
us to hate love.

And so now, we just settle for misunderstood,
'Agree to disagree' is the notion we have come to
unwillingly accept

NOVEMBER

We met on November,
I still fell for her in November
She, I had her in my arms at December,
Four, four is not my lucky number, but I remember how
she fell directly for my arms,
And so by January, we had even fallen deeper,
She then placed her palm on palm, and with our fingers
intertwined, it felt like we floated through February,
Honestly, I hoped that we would amount to March, and
April, May turn to June,
But as much as I am not a Chemist, when July came, I
found out that your heart had crystallized to ice cold,
Still,
I was hopeful that our love would be reborn on August,
But, September passed me by, and as October
approached, I had to say my goodbyes,
You slowly faded away with October,
And I, I was back at November

A LONELY HEART

Have you seen my love?
She wears sundresses under the moonlight,

Have you seen my love?
She is as flawless as a mannequin,

Have you seen my love?
She is as free as a bird,
She carelessly stands on tree branches,
And don't mistake the carelessness for pride, she just
trusts her wings.

Have you seen my love?
Please tell me that you have seen my love?
Because I live a one-sided existence without her

HOW DID WE COME TO THIS?

Did I not love you, body and soul?
Tell me then, why I am standing here? And you are
standing there?
Tell me why I feel like you brought a jury too?
Tell me why this feels like a murder trial?
How did we even get here?
As I can recall, I never asked to be worshipped,
Never asked for a sacrifice.

You could have left, I was okay with being alone,
So now, I am more than alone, I am alone, sad, and
afraid,
I am afraid that I have to agree with you, since, after all is
said, I will still be guilty as charged

EXPENSIVE PAIN

These are expensive phases,
The heart doesn't heal overnight anymore,
These days, heartbreak is lurking on every shadow,
Even during the day, it resides within the tree shades,
As if that was not enough,
Heartbreaks still lays beside us throughout the night.

These are expensive phases,
Where the pain chooses to stay for as long as it wants,
It stays for so long that, we now understand that the only
option is to embrace the pain.

These are expensive phases,
And this pain cannot hurt any less,
Since even those claimed by our hearts, seem to be
always too classy to approach our weary souls.

These are expensive phases,
And the most expensive things we have to show for, is
this expensive pain

BUT I AM JUST A BOY

If you were a boy,
Then you would understand that,
Sometimes it's hard not to be that boy that your mama
warned you about!

But I am the boy,
And my mama did her part, she warned me! she said not
to be that boy your mama warned you about,
But mama, God knows I try not to!

HOW MUCH PAIN WOULD YOU JUSTIFY BECAUSE OF LOVE?

Why is to love so much unpleasantness?

Why is it that the choice of love is always absent when it comes to the question of love?

And how much pain is enough pain for the sake love?

I NEED THIS AS MUCH AS YOU DO!

I was like a wrecking ball,
The world I had strived to build so hard, was no match for
my destructive nature,
You see, I tried to look at myself the same the mirror,
but I could not pretend to play the role of the savior
anymore,
She could now see my horns,
I belonged with the monsters.

I am hence making peace with the fact that,
in some of your stories, I will always be the one bringing
wars,
Doesn't every fairy tale need a good old-fashioned
Villain!?
Well,
As Luck would have it, I have agreed to settle into the
role,
Still, it's not something I am very proud of

DRY

I woke up to a jumbled house,
Clothes, both dirty and clean lie around in random piles,
The bed is not as warm on one side, my woman was
gone,
And the absurd pain returns; pain is a strange creation.

I lie in bed for two more hours, and hate that I have to
wake up,
Evening finally comes, I walk down and out,
The gate-man's stare sends me to hell,
He is amused by my agony, I know this because the
universe has been cruel to both of us

TWO GHOSTS

If we had known the time assigned to our love would be this short, would we have loved different?

If we knew how it ended, would we have fixed everything?
And given the times we have tried, would we have fixed anything?

HURT PEOPLE

Hurt people, hurt people

It is a concept which I didn't expect to learn from myself,

And I tried so much to find the monster at first too,

But no matter how hard I looked,

There was no hideous fangs and claws,

No horns or wings,

I was just a terrible human being,

Anyway, I know we will meet each again in other people,

And when we do, let's make decision we will regret for the irony of it,

Let's move in together the first chance we get,

Let's get married even,

Let's get tattoos we might regret about later too,

And while we are at it, let's have children we might struggle bringing up,

Please, let's burn to ashes in love, and live forever

LOVE IS A DOG FROM HELL

Everything that has happened to me in these towns, has
left me walking around mostly alone,
I bet when I talk about love, I sound like I am two hundred
years old, but honestly, I feel like I am actually a thousand
years older when I even think about love,
So when I see lovers in pairs,
I can't help but think of their future,
You see, I have seen pairs and pairs before,
I wish I could tell them, but I will just sound like a salty or
like a jealous old man,
Because none of them wants their fortunes told,
Because none of them understands that love is a wild
hound

PLEASURES OF THE DAMNED

Time has passed,
I don't think I am on the side of the Angels anymore,
I am mercilessly on the other side.
Hence, I might be young, but I am not a child anymore,
At my age you discover that, righteousness is a privilege
for the clueless,
And so, I know that I am down in the gutter with the rest of
the damned,
And to be honest, nyctophilia is slowly growing on me,
I have been fully immersed on the forbidden stuff; I am
imprisoned by the frissons,
But I think that you shouldn't judge me,
Or, do you think you should?

THIS POEM IS A LIE

This poem is a lie,
You see, I lie to myself a lot,
In fact, I have lied so much that I even lost count.

This poem is a lie,
I claim be good, but
I have willingly done unpleasant stuff,
I claim to not hold grudges, but
my inside is so stuffed with resentment that I should just
let go off.

This poem is a lie,
I claim to be a Christian, yet this year, it's only a handful of
times that I have been to church.

This poem is a lie,
And I am a big flaw,
I mean, I write such perfect love poems, but still,
I manage to sabotage all the good relationships in my life.

This poem is a lie,
Because I claim that love is unconditional,
Yet, I sit here waiting for someone and something perfect.

This poem is a lie
Nothing is pure or whole about me,
Sometimes, I even feel myself losing pieces of my soul
one at a time,
But as much as this poem might be a lie, I read
somewhere that...
"If you're losing your soul, and you know you that you are,
then you still have a soul to lose"

LIKE A POET PROTECTS THEIR SENTIMENTALITY

I want to learn to love again,
I want to understand how to be loved too,
Not as man loves a woman they lust over,
I want to love outside pervasion, like a boy loves their
mother,
Like a poet protects their sentimentality

IREDEEMABLY MYSELF

I don't know how to not be myself, so
I don't think I would know how to stop writing these
poems.

The first time I listened to proper poetry,
Some part in me came to life,
The poet in me; he awoke from a thousand-years-like
slumber.

And the first time I wrote a sensible Poem, I had my first
real orgasm; excuse my choice of words,
But I knew from then, that,
I needed to be notoriously a poet,
And so, I have lost count of the number of times I have
made love to words... forgive my choice of words again.

Anyway, I was saying that,
From the first time I met poetry,
I learned something about myself, and
I am still learning things about myself, like,
I have learned that I can see, feel, and listen
with my eyes,
I can build, mend and destroy with my voice,
I guess what I am trying to say is that I feel proud to
be something,
And I am grateful that, that something is a poet

I AM, POET RAYS

I'm bound around, and with each passing moment, these
chains grip tighter and tighter,
I'm bound inside a cell, and these bars grow thicker within
flickers,
I'm bound and hungry, but the pain and desperation fuels
me,
I'm bound and hopeless, but I still find a way, a way to
wear these chains around like ornaments,
So, I might be bound and naked, but I found a way to
wear these chains like garments,
You see, they could even bind me to the mouth, but they
understand that that it is pointless,
Because my mind is uncontainable; I am telekinetic.

If then anyone is curious about my nature, tell them this;
Tell then that I am not the greatest writer to ever walk the
face of the earth,
Tell them that I am something greater and lesser
simultaneously,
Tell them that I am not neat, tell them that I do not have a
clean mind,
Tell them that I am awkward, tell them that I sometimes
come out as disrespectful,
Tell them that I do not fully understand what law has to do
with grammar, so I do not pay attention to the principles of
literature,

Tell them, that I am an outlaw,
Tell them that I am a poet, and not the greatest poet to
ever walk the face of the earth,
No, I am not all of that,
Tell them, that I am something worse

A LEAP OF FAITH

Dear Poets,
It is not about the pen,
Anyone can hold a pen,
It is more about the writer,
To really write your soul on these pages, it takes
nakedness,
Sometimes a crushed spirit will do,
It's like jumping off a building, and you're not sure whether
you can fly,
And so, I will say that this is not for everyone,
Some prefer the safety on the building rather than taking a
blind leap,
Because, many have fallen off and died

