

## Poetry Series

# Austyn Chimbuoyim

- 3 poems -

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## THE PROFANED...OR SACRED?

O citadel once great!  
Magnificent, you stood glorious  
Heaven's birds on you perched  
As they sing to your maker.

O temple once fair!  
As His hands did you make  
The creator's with much care  
For He, in you, shall dwell.

O house once hallowed  
From the abundance of the ONE!  
How you've been shadowed  
By the cloud of your wrongs/ own doings.

Once made from the earth  
Then despised and trampled upon  
Now marred to death  
Any hope like the risen one's?

Through your windows unrestrained  
Came flying the vultures  
Foul dungs down they rained  
In the dwelling of your maker

Your ambo speaks  
Not in praise of Him  
But with certain insolence  
Some blasphemy and sacrilege.

Never free, your sanctuary  
From dead bones and carcass  
And your altar a mortuary  
For all who worship in you.

Once great, fair and hallowed  
O man, wonder of creation!  
Then nought, rotten and profaned  
Your body, God's temple.

For more, the flesh craves  
The eye, for lust acquiesces  
The heart, for shadows yearns  
The tongue, like fire, blazes

Your maker, deprived, waits  
The vultures, from you, drive  
Clean up! Open your gates  
In His abode, may He enter

Then shall your ambo sing  
In praise and joy

And once more be pure  
And not again profaned.

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## THE SHADOW

With the appearance of light comes shadow  
Yet the real remains unchanged.  
Though far from reality, it tells of the reality of the real.  
Assume the world without shadows

Pity though it be,  
that the two exist,  
Or three: light, reality and shadow.  
Or should darkness make four?

For most of the world's vision,  
Occupy the shadow and all its like.  
But only few men see the real thing.  
Imagine a shadow-less world.

The shadow - as beautiful as it is,  
so non-majestic and formless,  
Yet it draws the attention of many-a-man  
From beholding the beauty of reality.

Is the real made for the very-few alone?  
Or has the eyes turned away from it?  
This I know:  
that in darkness exists no shadow;  
Without the real, no shadow deceives

That light shines to unveil the reality  
Yet it can't help making more shadows  
To deceive the sons of men.  
Think of a world without shadows

Why do many perish, sons of men?  
And why are very few wise?  
From nothing comes nothing  
Shadows harbour no wisdom, nor do darkness

True wisdom lies in the light, in the real  
And not very many behold the real

But then, for the neophytes,  
what is the real?  
Where lies it?  
Since many take the shadows for the real

Very simple, first is the light;  
Then the real;  
At the bases comes the shadow.  
Simply look beyond it

There lies the in-thing...

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## THE UNBORN

To God it Cried  
Abel's blood for vengeance.  
For justice theirs cry  
Much louder than his.

Oh victims of the neo-science!  
In the echelon of the new world  
Their silent voice though piercing,  
Resounds in a deafening bang.

Altars are erected;  
For God, no, for death  
The altar of science thirsts for blood  
Where Satan is himself the chief priest.

The undying voice of the defenseless:  
Where could be safer?  
When the womb can no longer contain  
Can the test tube shelter?

Hei allies, agents of death!  
Hardly had they lived than died.  
Yes, they died once  
You will die many times.

Weak and defenseless they seem  
Powerful and protected you appear.  
Yet God is their shepherd  
And death your guardian.

Like them you longed to see the light  
You deserved it no more than them.  
Now you live so that they die  
You too will die when they live...

Like Abel, their maker hears them  
For He hears, who made the ear  
Unlike Cain, he'll not spare you  
Since He punishes, who corrects nations[1]

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[1] [Ps.94: 9-10]

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