

Poetry Series

Barak Al'Mondia

- poems -

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just a Piece of cake

i look at her an silently i know the fate,
of the black forest strawberry cake as she pulls the plate,
closer to her beautiful self.
gently... more so delicately she holds the fork
and i cant take my eyes off-
her immaculate fingers as they tighten on the fork's shaft,
with necessary force she drives the fork into the cake- she smiles to herself.
i look as she brings it closer to her mouth-
a series of events unfold:
her eyelids meet as she closes her eyes
reviling a beautiful shade of blue eye Shadow
her mouth opens- involuntarily showing off her pearly white teeth,
and her supple lips tenderly caress the tip of the fork,
as the cake lands on her velvety tongue
and her mouth welcomes the chunk of chocolate and cream,
the rest is all like a dream:
its all a series of take and break as she chews on the on the piece of cake.
her face looks flashed as she opens her gem like brown eyes- chocolate rush.
then suddenly her eyes dilate in surprise as her pearly whites meet the straw berry
hidden in whipped cream...
she blushes when she notices that I've been staring all along.
i smile back!
silently admitting to myself that never have i witnessed a sight more gloriously right,
than watching her per take of just a piece of cake!

Barak Al'Mondia

KANE & ABEL

What went down between Abel and Kane,
I cannot explain,
Neither can I understand the pain,
Of living knowing that by his hand his brother was slain,
But did Kane know that man could die?
If he did then how and why?
Since no man had ever died before,
Yet still if he did, I really need to know,
Would he have done the same,
I mean have the first homicide to his name?
Maybe my reasoning is lame,
But maybe his lack of knowledge,
Pushed him over the edge,
And had him act in jealousy rage and hate...
Did he know for one moment think of his own fate?
Did he count on God's reaction,
To be the consequence of his action?
Without prejudice I ask which is worse:
To be the first man to die, or:
To be the first man to receive God's Curse.

Barak Al'Mondia

LIGHT.

Light me a light any kind of light,
Just shine its beam into my darkest night,
For like a child I stay up in fright,
So light me a light any light tonight.

Candlelight, moonlight any light is just right,
For in that light I might find my might!
Don't sing me a song, don't hold me tight,
Just light me a light, any light tonight.

Light me a light to assist my sight,
Just my naked eye darkness cannot fight,
So before darkness gets a chance to bite,
Light me a light any kind of light.

Flickering, glaring or outright bright,
I don't care what kind just light me a light,
All I need is darkness away tonight,
So light me a light any kind of light.

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Piece of cake

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of the black forest strawberry cake as she pulls the plate,
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Seeing Double

When I look at Africa,
I see the wild life- They show the wild living,
I see a people- loving- giving and truly believing,
They show a people heartless and only thirsty for killing,
I see a child holding up a report card saying "I was number one"
They show a child soldier holding up a gun!
I see prosperity, bountiful harvests and good health,
They show poverty, drought, disease and death,
I see the different cultures and tribes they show the tribal wars,
They ignore our strengths and show our greatest flaws,
I guess the good side of Africa doesn't meet their criteria,
Maybe that is the core of western media,
Always struggling to create a boulder from a pebble,
Ignore the legend let us show the rebel!
So while you stand on the other side of the lense,
Trying to capture me on this side of the fence,
I'll stay hopeful- I choose to see the glass half full,
Maybe one of your heartless pictures will eventually save Darfur,
Genocide sets news agendas and builds journalistic careers,
I can almost hear the raging roars of the journalist's ideas,
"Make headlines by taking pictures of where the headless body lies,
No first aid just keep the tape rolling while that man dies,
The world needs to see this"- WRONG!
Show them the other side! Show them the peace.
Show them the love, the beauty please show them this,
Show them Africa- the cradle of humanity,
Stop showing a bleeding continent,
Show them the Africa I see

Barak Al'Mondia

The Village Poet

i am a child of the word.
conceived by the union of paper and pen,
formed and created by the words that take shape,
in poetry and literature's cultured and timely escape.

i am a child of the music,
created by the rhythm that gives life to blues,
forming my soul from nothingness,
shaping it to all soulful righteousness.

i am a child of the art,
Matured and nurtured by the strokes,
of the artist's brush on canvas with paint,
giving my life colour and culture not faint.

i am a child of the creative mind,
conceived in between insanity and earthly genius,
between all the arts in time and passionate love making,
i am the village poet born and bred, brewed and nurtured:
yours for the taking.

Barak Al'Mondia

Virgin Spear

He ran out before the crickets stopped singing,
Before the sun rose or the village fiddler and the chief's wife stopped sinning,
All he has is a gourd of milk and a virgin spear,
A ritual to fulfill and a brave heart full of fear,
Fear of the unknown,
Only the dictates of culture on how a warrior is born,
The right of passage from boy to man.
Maybe naive but he has no plan,
Only courage and ambition,
'I'll show them, they'll see, no one shall ever be a greater warrior than me.'
He thinks as he steals a glance at the sleeping village,
The sole of his foot kisses the earth as he takes another step,
And the cold morning dew tickles him all the way to his heart,
Pumping spirit into him-
He looks up to the morning star,
From that far he hears the voices of his ancestors in unison's spur,
Maybe its in excitement that he hears them cheer,
Maybe its the last call to recover from fear,
After all, he is seeking to kill,
Baying for the blood of the beast,
Who's killed a host of other young warriors,
They say it has a limp in its walk,
Legend has it, it understands the language warriors talk,
When it roars, its voice rings on for days and days,
And you cant find it, it finds you for it knows your ways,
They say its not just a beast, but a man,
A warrior cursed by the medicine man for betraying his clan,
But to him. it's simply a beast,
The only thing standing between him and his warrior's return feast...
Then he sees it, or it sees him,
Everything stops,
The sun is emerging from the other side from where it drops,
They are stuck in between their stare and the glare of the big ball of fire,
It's like the world stops to partake of this tragedy,
Not even a thespian could create a scene with better harmony,
The dialogue begins held between changing scenes,
The script is somewhat the same;
The beast is tired of being hunted for game,
And he is tired of being called a boy, the shame!
It roars-
 He screams!
It charges-
 He schemes!
It attacks-
 He rolls over!
They get back on their feet, dust settles and it's not over.
It strikes-
 He strikes!
First blood-
They cannot settle for a draw,
He seeks the beast's heart,
He sees it beating against its chest,

It stares at his neck;
'Just one bite and it's over I can rest.'
He looks behind and sees a pivot for his spear,
it looks in his eyes and sees fear,
They both think it's a perfect time to strike,
 It surges forward-
 He falls back!
Placing his spear on its pivot's rack,
It jumps in mid air for its attack;
He calls on his ancestors as its jaws take hold of his neck...
The last thing he saw before it all went dark,
Was his virgin spear tearing through the lion's back.

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Waithera

I found her sobbing,
Razor in hand ready to slit her wrist,
I move close but she clenches her fist,
Ready to fight- I smile,
Hoping to reassure her,
That I dont wish to harm her,
That everything is alright,
She's sceptic,
I sit next to her in silence,
She looks at me- maybe deciding whether or not to trust me,
I move closer hoping to hold her,
Suddenly, her head falls on my shoulder,
She starts crying again,
I cannot understand her pain,
How do I convince her not to worry,
Yet still have her tell me her story?
She held me crying as she spoke,
Telling me how someone defiled her,
How he held her down and raped her,
How she'd give anything to have him lose his life,
How she doesn't know how she'll make a wife,
How could she ever make love again,
Without having the ordeal replayed again?
I feel useless because I know I cannot help her,
I suggest we call her father-
Then i see the look on her face,
And like flashbacks from a bad dream
the scenes fall in place,
I can clearly hear her scream,
'No daddy, please dont daddy, '
And see her with a blouse torn and skirt all bloody...

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ZEBRA AND THE DONKEY.

So the Zebra said to the donkey,
"Welcome to my terrain,
To a life without pain,
To rain falling on your back- before
Hitting the Serengeti Plain,
To life without labor,
To glamour and loafing in the sun,
Be wise and leave your stupid life with man."

And the donkey replied,
"Your stripes maybe a sign of beauty,
Mine are a sign of pain,
If I left my life with man it is you he would tame,
Thus every time I labour consider it a favor,
'Cause I know you cannot walk in my hoofs,
Besides, I cannot live in glamour nor can I stay aloof,
I am a beast of burden,
Not as a punishment but out of love,
For before we came to earth, when we were still in heaven above,
This, dear brother, was meant to be your duty,
But out of love I chose to live in captivity,
And have you live free roaming the Serengeti! "

The Zebra started to weep and moan,
As he did, the black ran and stained its white.
Soon it looked just like the donkey in a dirty grey,
It dawned on him that inside each Zebra is a Donkey,
And each stripe was not a sign of beauty but of the prison bars,
That kept the donkey imprisoned inside,
And gave the Zebra the undue freedom to ride.

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