

## Poetry Series

**Richard Israel**

**- 6 poems -**

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## **come home my missing bone**

Come home my missing bone, haven't you discovered my awesome plight, i express each time we summon our voices? I eager for while now,

But you close your silver teeth at my express. At the wall of love i tread every day, I got intoxicated many times, and my mind tightly loses strength.

You back my audience often time. I move alone on the street, when my teeth seem to be boring to you.

I pick up a mirror for reflection, my time moves at a snail's pace, expired with speed on the same talk,

But i have no response to the your judgement. I struggle to have my head erected far below your foundation,

But you stop my proposed-determination and your disposition wails me down. Up and down I got blocked by my philosophy. I then become a preacher just to win at your side.

Though, you beckon at my response at a glance, happiness strikes my mind, but now your thought give a vicious kick. My expression seems to be boring,

why do you remain in the shell of your philosophy? Your response regress my movement.

I grope my mind through help when my culture drags in barrier at your feet. The negativity among some of my kinsmen, your expression accompany. I halt not my sermon.

My mind i pour out, but you nurse pharaohic-mind. I look for a moses to sink your pharaohic-mind in the red sea

This I accomplish, when i stumble on jericho wall. And a moses is dying, but i have not seen a joshua that demonishes. Where would my help come from?

Oh! Jericho, stand not as a cog in my wheel. Wall of jericho, here I stand waiting for a joshua. And joshua i find not when i heard a voice; it takes her to bring down the jericho wall, joshua you may not find.

I sneer at my sneeze and agitation to make your adam. But i do not give up, i pray you pull down the wall, for my israelite to reach his promise land. How long would it take the jericho wall to fall?

No land is as promising as a canana land. Milk and honey i have discovered through your locution. But denial is the answer that stir at me.

What would i do? jerusalem exit is rolling. Tick tack waits no moment, and jericho wall i face. When would the wall fall and let go? will you please pull down the jericho wall before my strength goes frail?

I have seen another paradise here on earth, at your mind i find it, at your yard i find My happiness, lives not in purdah, let us build it in togetherness. And forever we shall

stand.

Will you please, come home, my missing bone?

Richard Israel

## **emissaries of shame**

### EMISSARIES OF SHAME

The city groans and wails everyday of the untold truth  
Nature soul gasps and pants why brightness fades away from our city  
Darkness forms her feet on the platform of our soul  
We couldn't comprehend the future seeing in emptiness

At night our existence swing round to hold a breath  
Promises overwhelm our better judgments, but starvation never  
Stops finding her root in our land

Emissaries of shame the principal of our misfortune  
As a ship aground is battered by waves so they imprisoned our mind  
Emissaries of shame die of obesity and gluttony while seeing their men dying  
Of starvation and perish in hunger and  
The expopriate cowries from us are used for our burial

On the golden seat they sit with their blah sound to determine the course of our land  
In the vanity of their souls  
On thorn seat we hang ourselves seeing how vanity and mirage promises grow wings  
But we couldn't help what our ear can hear  
The emissaries of shame are the blagger nourishing our mind with empty vision and  
mission.  
Emissaries of shame are the bread of sorrow that give nothing but  
Five pieces of silver for the perishing souls in the ring of struggling  
Help their corruptible act  
Their young generation lies amidst blinking future  
The north piggyback death, south breastfeed pains  
West impregnate tears, and east is clouded of ingesting noise death of lost ones  
In the sizzling heat of afternoon there we stay to have a rest  
Our clothes drenched and our shoes fill with tears and sweat we celebrate  
But in strength they encourage our bitterness and penury  
Emissaries of pain, the manticore whose improvident activity possess venom which  
impoverish  
Their kinsmen

Are these self absorbed mascots innate to our land?  
These emissaries furnished their homes and  
Built up their bank accounts through contest check  
Many who lost their futures is valueless to the contesters,  
Their bank accout is what they built and their children future  
We are seen as pray and  
we celebrate them.

Emissaries of shame, the tiny gods who sponsor deception as a bill  
On the same circle  
They abandoned their former means of earning their livelihood  
To devote all their time on the corridor of power,  
Exchanges of business is valued than people's lives.  
Emissaries of shame are the ignorance servants of calamity  
And warmongers

The disciples who betray the will of the people,

Selling the future of the young generation at the market of negotiation  
When would our lives cease to be influenced by their wild experiment?

Richard Israel

## **long goodbye to literature pundit**

In the memory of my lost fantasy, i was invoked. The raw definition of celebrity shaded my mind.

I quickly searched my pen from my pocket to pen down information.....

I succeeded in writing a five-page article, when i looked and saw Crimson embarrassed the scholars' eyes. Not knowing that things have fallen apart in the literary pundit world.

Ah! Ooh! The author of things fall apart has fallen apart from the living world.

Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

Thing fall apart and centre cannot longer hold, the literary pundit released unto us has fallen apart from us. Long goodbye prof, Chinua Achebe.

Richard Israel

## **my home**

If i do not stand on my feet when the sun set in, till darkness choke the sun,

A bell will surely bang to lead me to a land, where sorrow is deprived of the right to live with man

Home! Home! Home! Home! Home! My soul shout. Home!

welcome home, home! a precious land, i set to go, my will i can not control

My home will i never abadone. Sun set not again and darkness breathe not again, I have set to say good bye good bye to setting sun.

Richard Israel

## **shame to this generation**

Living our generation in darkness path as they  
Sell our future at the polling booth  
To make their wish accomplish at all cost  
We hold our breath and collapse in our luxury thought.  
They are like usury that feed on our future with heavy levy to death  
Our death cannot travel than to move around like a losing kite.  
Appraisal and applaud our minds sing to eulogize their stupid act invested on us.  
Each citizen displays sore Stripe, but it makes no sense than the silver-gold.  
The silver-gold is the prize we are paid for their villain acts  
Shame to this generation, I will always say.

Richard Israel

## The Ugly Ones

My heart aches of the death of the young ones  
Disease sinister of wrong story incubates my heart  
The young dies in the position of the age  
The age struggle to snatch the blanket uses by the young  
The young die of night cold. 5

We have no blanket, we all witness the death of the  
Little children shivering to death  
And we open our mouth wide in anxiety  
When the rich strangulate our health ward; and flown abroad  
To have themselves sterilized of menace 10

Our little children are enslaved, slavery the daughter of darkness  
Instills in us an ignorance of value, the blind instrument of  
Our destruction.  
Our ambition soil calamity and treason with patriotism  
In illusion of our believes, we stumble on our strength  
Stumbling into every pitfall, our hope capsize 15

We parade others' vision in disparity of our soul  
Our ways make the best stand of time,  
The corridor of our judgment stains with unforgiving blood  
Politician souls, more powerful than the rule of the tyrants  
Lawfulness prevails than the constitution does. 20

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