

Poetry Series

liz jumah
- poems -

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liz jumah(18/11/1991)

Hidden

Today I learnt something
about the person
who wears a proud face
and casts an indifferent eye
about the mouth
that never tires to gossip.

I learnt that all this
are done in an effort
to conceal something
that we may not see
and to pull others
to that level

I found out that
there is something hidden
behind one's mirrored self
which tries to lower others
to the very low level
where they are

I realised that
there's something hidden
behind the gossiping mouth
whose only satisfaction
is biting people's backs
to hinder their progress.

liz jumah

I Let Go

i let go of everything that held me back:
all the obstacles that blocked my track:
i erase negatives ever created in my mind,
and positively i'm set my destiny to find.

i assemble the pieces of my shuttered dreams
and just before the fire in me dims
i rekindle the flames that remain aglow
and into reality, i let them grow.

I release all the hard feelings I had stored
as my eyes part with tears kept on board
i let go of all the bitterness borne in me
and now i'm free....oh yes...I'm free

i let go of heartbreaks due to promises unfulfilled
all disappointments when efforts produced no yield...
the regrets about the failures of yesterday
and worries about tomorrow: a better day.

i let go of the little girl confined in me
and conform to the great woman i wanna be:
all the chains that trapped me, i let go
and now i spread my wings to fly; to soar

liz jumah

Life

life is a narrow stream
draining into the lake
life is like a beam
through the window when you wake
life is a marketplace
where things are sometimes amess
life is like a diamond case
too valuable, it's priceless.

Mysterious life,
shut me down not
with you i want no strife
as i ride in your boat
but listen to me
I have a dream
whose reality I can see
because so bright it seem

Within my short stay
i have a dream for change
a change to cast troubles away
i know my time is a short range
but through my window is a beam
indicating that my dream
though difficult might seem
will come true as i cross the stream

liz jumah

Pregnant?

Is she pregnant, is she?
after engulfing man's seed
and gulping the red fluid
of the mighty warriors?
and more so the greed
of eating their bodies?
Is she pregnant,
after soaking the tears
of the bereaved?

Is she pregnant, is she?
after opening her mouth
to swallow libations
and tributes offered
to the bodies she ate?
Is she?
after having a double meal
every other day?
is she pregnant? Is she?

liz jumah

Robbed

A whirlwind circled my mind
as tumour trailed behind
on him my thoughts wound
and as they played around
i knew it wasn't mere confusion;
i had been robbed of sanity.

My tongue lost the accent
and words became insufficient
to express what i truly feel
but i know it's for real
it ain't any infatuation;
he has stolen my heart.

His fingers explored my hair
every move turning me crazier
and as he teased my lock(s)
my eyelids began to lock
and all i remember is...
he stole my lips a kiss.

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