Poetry Series

lucky brown - poems -

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Before We Were Born

Before we were born was the earth before our merry morn we woke to unbound the future hike before the rising sun awoke from his slumbing cloud mattresslike we travel through the paths of prophesies tedious popping eyes with our despairing vanities Before we were born was the earth traveling through the eyes of the milky miles through the shadowless paths natured as forlorn we dance to the mid ways and tells of our bliss in piles the matrimonial bliss to suck those infants bloods from the niles which would one refine more precious than that dust of gold or its liquid black who would measure our ways grown likewise taking our grown lacks before we were born was the lonely earth filled wiith people growing corns in cornless field to appease thier ancestors our ancestors are the earth herself was the earth born when void black fumes entrails we would die and the earth rid what she give including our fortunes but the earth remain born after our deceased morntune then we the earths ancestors would join the earths entrails

The Storm

The storm is over we all in persons are basked under cheer the morrows are the sabbath we go and bed our heads in battling prayer i repeat For our hope has grown moustachoid like a bearded old man. Then it recomes this time with greater glory than that mere swirling tornadoes last night that rid my courage with its norcturn blast that trumpet sound down in the conscience of my judgment from the four cardinals With its pointed tail whistling wrinkling brown roofs seen embracing the air sun hung clothes flying over limited skies pants and bras dancing in the air witty village children rapturously speaking with the wind Dust and sand sheltering into our staring nervous eyes pinned off roofs laugh with their structures womens back covering their suckling babies face under arms running helter lightening and skelter thunders wail around with hooded rainclouds trees obeying their beckoning master gathering dancing according to its beckon litters gathering theirselves in bunch or scattering everywhere irrespect of the glorious swirling wind breaking into locks stocks and barrels with its leg as the leg one hand holding mirror god we would remain in Asisa of the preying wind bedding our heads inspite in refuge prayer.

The Storm Of Fears

Heavy tornadoes came whirling, mere in my backyard, Where my old clouds swelling like that rotten coffins content, cooking faggots lies, below the sky the moon did hide. In the dead of my night dreams, heavy trumpets sounds wings flapping Angels goldsteps on my old rusted roofs. А gust of winds flapped my wooden ironed wrinkling door and my roof banging its structure, I hide in prayer where my conscience plagued, for my impure sake i judge. A host came no near in fear of rapture, the morrows are the sabbaths to the church, i will battle in prayer for my impurity, but may the sermon beckon me not back to my sinful stare.

When It Wars

When it wars no one run to old gnarled sagging oak or erect trees alike a thing that made one a man no one runs to no ancestrial shrine to seek a refuge behind wooden corpes reincarnated to faggots that lies at the sights of the truth of the lies that lies under the root of the skies lies when it wars no one runs to those impotent river bank that its legs sank the blood of the bloody brothers of ours when it wars no one runs to kings or priests our ancestral living deities and gods that became ancestors to feed from them lies but eat but when it wars do we run to our homes there ones heart lies spices its a sign of civilisation