

Poetry Series

Michelangelo Onicha
- poems -

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I've been a shy mind from birth, matter of fact still a shy mind. Always had something to think about, always wanted to be different. Strongly devoted to GOD. Always seemed to bizarre, with people seeing you as what you want them to think and not what one truly is. Keeping my self high headed always wanting to be the best.

Ain't No Sunshine

In the darkest hours of my dream
I have experienced your saving deeds,
I came to worship you, so don't make it over,
in reflections of your holy beams,
I have traverse all these barren ridges,
right here, where you became sober,
oh the lions of Zion, roar out to the dark,
praying for light, could a lion ever be held?
even I seek to thee for strength, oh yeah
its just like yesterday, remember vividly
watching the works of my kin bold and boyful
giving the races, chase of their lives,
yeah, fest and dine on them majestically
yes, they saw no sunshine
but that was yesterday, the mirrors would break
all those years was my day,
and who ever thought our hearts could break,
right here, they ain't no night or day,
still praying for dawn to break,
still hoping that I should wake,
but, there ain't no sunshine,
we were Kings oh yes indeed
young and free who wouldn't believe?
but now it's sadness
when at the Peak, who would think of falling,
but my friends, only the downed fears no falling,
where as it been heard before, a beast in a cage,
oh yes, roaring here, wild but tamed.
oh dear, this ain't no sunshine
if I be free again, I'll walk paths thought so lame,
I'll never hunt again
I'll just be, be myself
for all the races that I'll care
seek for peace and lay down there,
and I'd never be like the rest
oh my God, I would not blend,
but come to think of it we're lions
so we need no sunshine.

I Believe In Death

I believe in death
I believe that it is part of life
I believe that we are born to die,
to die that we live more fully;
born to die a little each day
to selfishness, to pretence and to sin.

I believe that every time we pass
from one stage of life to another,
something in us dies and something new is born.

I believe we taste death in moments of loneliness,
rejection, sorrow, disappointment and failure.

I believe that we are dying before our time
when we live in bitterness, in hatred and isolation.

I believe that each day we are creating our own death
by the way we live.
For those with faith, death is not extinguishing the light;
it is putting out the lamp because dawn has come.

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Rainmaker

Let the rain fall
open your windows to receive it from afar
open your hearts to it
oh make yourself be pure,
wash it off, wash it off

oh let it fall
thunders spark,
lightening flashes
oh rain of justice come and fall

deceive not yourselves for it will fall,
there is nothing you can do,

come inside it and be strong,
ancestors may rise
it would bring no harm

it brings joy with it,
you would be happy, smiling and jumping
for the rainmaker is come.

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The Man Of Sorrows

Angels gleams heavenly above me,
sorrow streams narrowly around me,
no one knows what tomorrow hold,
your penny can't buy what your future can't hold,
hopelessness is in an endless flaw,
doubtfulness rises, trust and faith fall,

The beauty of the world can't stop its end,
when the almighty one, trumpeting angels send,
the wicked ones cannot complete the race,
they shall go extinct without no trace,
for every kindness a man sow,
bountiful of sadness his heart has sold,

When my heart stiffs and my tongue seize,
when I lose hold of my lively grip,
when these roads I no longer walk,
even if my words seize, my soul wont stop,
may our footprints be on the sands of time,
and our deeds remembered for all time.

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We Succumb To Fate

The past came calling,
look at me running, falling,
nature watch me defying,
my honour and glory is fast dying,
now my main job is wandering, wondering,

well in life you hate wrath taste,
as human you have alot to gain and waste,
though on our face our shame we paste,
with gold and purple our image we try to paint,
but at the end we succumb to fate,

life is a transient dream
that flows through a cold sullen stream,
only the foolish gets a drink,
the wise manipulates and sink,
we take chances and win,

in the market of life, we price shades of sin,
and with Web of lies, we buy our own coffin,
the with basket of guilt, we celebrate our acquired sins,
and with glutton upon greed we sloth in our own griefs,
though the voice in the wilderness cries, we have our unending streak.

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