

Poetry Series

**osanitu Tutu**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2019

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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# Betrayal

??Betrayal

?Why use me as a Mason in building your dreams.

you watched mine crumble.

in thundering silence I cry.

My silence like an hurricane destroyed everything in its part.

Choking in my tears, suppressed it not to flow, gaging it not to say a words.

It hammered my heart into dice.

smashed, covered with mask of happiness.

stung venom into my blood stream.

destroyed trust, hope and faith.

I Struggled to Ignore a soothing hug from Mr Johnny Suicide because I love to live.

I staggered back to sanity.

I need forgiveness to find me.

Betrayal made me lost me.

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# Drown

slow, mild, softly  
like the wind of desires  
it quenches its furious gaze  
I let go swiftly  
I sway away  
sliding slowly trying to be myopic to feelings  
To let go is like clinging firmly.  
the heart is determined  
but emotions betrays it all  
I gaze tranquilly  
at your cold Stare  
as I drown in you

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# Gess

It's morning handsome  
Wake up let me fall all over again to your smile  
It tickles my heart  
Sending warmth which caresses my body  
Like the warm waters of ikogosi  
I can stare at you till eternity.

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# How Can I

How can I forget you.

When the taste of your smell lingers

In every beat of my thought like a singer.

How can I forget you.

When I inhale you like you are entwined in every frail of air I spined.

Forgetting you is forgetting existence.

Forgetting you is forgetting my appearance.

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# In Love

You know that feeling of certainty  
Felt with clear clarity  
Filling your smile with a sweetie beauty.  
I know I have fallen in love again  
Because my heart skips a bit like the bata drum beating tarap tatap tarap  
Any time I think of you.

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# Our Voice

when measuring time  
things fall apart  
Efuru! ! !  
Sizwe banzi is dead  
The mine boy smiled.  
the old man and the sea  
saw chike and the river  
gazing at half of a yellow sun.  
so long a letter  
the house boy who speaks  
Americana  
plugged the purple hibiscus  
into his baskets of flowers  
like the colour purple.  
on the ant hills of the savanna  
there was a country,  
where our husbands have gone mad again.  
because the wives revolt  
against the trial of Tithan kimathi  
the palm wine drinkard  
went on a berger strike  
because the beautiful ones are not yet born.  
this is our chance  
the black boy said  
they all attended the trials of brother Jero.  
sitting like they are measuring time.  
waiting for and angel.

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# Uwem

you know that feeling  
That feeling of letting someone into your world.  
Knowing where it hurt you the most  
You get scared that the person will judge you and be little you.

It's sometimes better to smile even when you know you are drowning.  
Humans shoulders ain't carved out for comfort.  
Because the heart of the comforter always idolize you as a weakling.  
Haha! I feel like am using you.

I wash the dirty lining of my mind before you.  
Let you deep into my thought my feeling giving you a French kiss.  
Its me Handsome! the quiet, the brave and the stubborn  
who smile with the wind  
Trust with my soul  
I let you dance within my Feeling  
then, suddenly I run back into my shell.

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