

Poetry Series

Paul Proof
- poems -

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Paul Proof()

After The Games

After the games,
I paced, the plains-the park
No referees, no players
No linesmen, no sellers
No coaches, no athletes

Do I really understand myself?
I best can't tell
But one thing for certain
I saw their images, their images scattered the setting
Their true images- benches, bottles, fanmilk, yoghurt, sachet, straws,
polythenes, chairs, cattles, egrets and crows feeding their disgusting images!
I doubt if I could reminisce the beauty anymore

Sometimes I wonder why your image
Could be you, and you, your image
Imagine images painting people so beautifully behind
Not only them, the land, their kind

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Harmattan Morning

Harmattan morning is a giant freezer
Its fog and mist, the freezer's vapour
And we all like living fish in its cooler
Swim here and there for its outer.

One such mornings saw me in the thickets
The warmest bellies of the freezer
My mission was with crickets
Or maybe was with tilapia.
I wandered also the pines
To fertilize the land with compost from my intestines.

Harmattan morning is a giant freezer
When I open my mouth, I smoke, I fume
My jaws mate endlessly in a fierce fight
Like the teeth of a mill take a stone-bite
My veins shiver
With the cold from the copper coils of the freezer.

One such mornings saw me in the thickets
And oh I should have sent blankets
To swathe my green friends, for
The cold running through their veins, They couldn't dance, they couldn't talk,
they were as statued as the dead.

The harmattan morning
Can only be broken
By the eye of heaven.

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Into Your Morning Light

When I vacate my bed in the morning
I battle to open my room's closed wing
A little chance in a slight slumber-dance
Like a drunkard outta full beer bin, but
A moment awhile, a second in time
I stand amid your rising morning light
So calm, friendly, and busily burning bright

Your morning light is a beehive
Rich honey lies in stings and bites
To imbibe, you try, can I?
A white black-dotted dice
Full of trials and eventful lies
When I pace through your morning light
I wish it never says goodbye;
Afterall, it just hides and reappear in time
To sweeten our daily-present bile

Back on bed tomorrow
On the verge of souling out
Out I would want to browse
Again in your morning light
To have the ending right
Lord, if I die,
Let me into your glorious light

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Suicide

Look, the trees are quiet thinking
Their heads and hands dancing and shaking
I see no more though the wind is blowing
Look, the trees are frowning, frowning back at the frowning nature of humanity
The oak, against humanity
The fern, against humanity
The jatropha, alamanda, colocasia, chromolaena odorata, all against humanity

Look, the trees once charming and greening are now rotting under the spraying
and sawing of humanity
Humanity, humanity, humanity!
Humanity, is plotting a massive burial against, huma...nity

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