

Poetry Series

prophecy mzwah
- poems -

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Banging Nights

Some tell from inside
Some do not besides.
From blacken sights,
That sinks to the complex of dreams

To the banging nights no one could tell
Life draft, drive them to hell.
Shuttering imaginations like ringing bells
From hidden features of mankind

To solid states of our mind
Keep us blind, letting to dive
From path of life,
To the banging nights

Sweeps the stigma of humanity

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Being There

Feeling joy, love and breeze
Of people around me,
Really just being there
Brings me to the fullest.

Scanning home vibrancies
Gives me strength,
Figured by hopes and dreams.
Just being there

Greases my heart with happiness,
Vanishes loneliness in dark scenes of me.
Leaving light to my dreams
Yet now i feel great for being there.

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Through The Horizon

All the promises
Of those who fail to define life
Through the dormant rays;
Of the murmuring sun

Mounted to valleys
Of nowhere from everyone's imagination;
Rises with hope and dreams;
Letting the world of passion to action;

For unsaved promises to be groomed again;
To unleash the pain;
From smashed vomited words of illusion;
With abandon rejects of wisdom;

Colonizing the spheres of souls;
Deep inside, so deep;
From the root of mankind;
A call for everyone

That might be you or that be;
Again I call on those pending hearts,
Not to fade to have faith;
Yes to have faith within them;

Through the horizon;
The mesmerizing horizon that gives hope;
Gathers lonely hearts to quench their thirsty.

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