

Poetry Series

Wegolonyo Erick

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2024

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

Wegolonyo Erick()



PoemHunter.com

Men's Talk

Side by side
Freedom walk us!
In talk, we slowly rush,
Now what is that you hide.

We walk daily this talk:
Our land must be free,
Free, totally it needs to be,
Our song must sing when awoke.

Let's move over that grove
And pray to the pastors
Whom our land fed with green pastures
And mean our talk of the move.

Our hearts heavily fall;
The blisters need be broken.
The pus out must come in the open
So that amidst know the foul.

This is a men's talk.
No man less than men must despise
Talk may be our only price
To pay open a freedom's lock.

Wegolonyo Erick

Broken Heart

Broken Heart

Side by side hearts twixt deride,
Anxiety dashes our hearts into glasses.
It is but ain't conscience in the fight.
But the flappy wings of sight or lashes
Everyone wants to narrate his heart break,
And none knows well much how he could;
I, I will upon the mound tell mine w'out brake
Whether the world whole shan't allude,
And my broken glasses shall by own self,
Collect and hinder it behind a dark scene.
And I know how each man's heart a shelf
Of worries yonder beyond climate serene.
Broken heart is never a hat any Tom Dick
Can easily mend with skills most learn'd
For a broken heart is a scattered fragile beak,
That ne'er by some bulge whooper can earn.
Broken heart is never, it is never gathered
And sewn; well fitted into pre-shattered.

Wegolonyo Erick

Demo Revulsive Climate

'Peace is sick in Africa'
Whenever elections come
Errors and terrors arise
So damn
My ears are down for revamp.
Yahweh!
Sometimes I think
And shrink
'Cos I guess You're resting.
No peace, yes, this Peace×
Which is the Mustard
No, peace is nowhere in Africa
If there
Then broken into pieces
Wake up Great Creator,
You shouldn't shift your paradise
Down to this Wilderness
Where Eden has lived.
Politics and religion
Are among institutions Africa received
From the white people,
Unfortunately the black Africans
Poured understanding
How to adopt it.

Wegolonyo Erick

Fountain Of Jubilation

A year fearful like a deer
Gallop'd in and rode away

I and Us were there
A year wet like waters
And roaring a lion's voice
Found us dancing victory songs
We chased All preys,
The vengeful dreams
Which hid among our dreams;

Us and I flew high
With no wings of our legs
Strongly we ascended
Raising dust of Jubilation
As Firemen
Shot seeds of bursting Bullets
Into new Air;

Us and I for real saw
Dust of Jubilation
That was fill'd in new Air
That brought another age
Nineteen after Twenty

I and Us danced songs of Victory
Composed by Losers
And We shouted with Care
To welcome yet another Glory
Of an Unknown Story.

Wegolonyo Erick

A House Outside My Workplace

'Twas one hot afternoon
The fan above my head
Not long before hotness
Stopped flapping its wings
I knew no hostess
I c'dn't do a thing
Of course I was shy
(Talkative though when tickled)
Outside my workplace
On a tall chair
(Almost at my height)

And...

But

I saw a crippler's bicykili
Standing in a space
Just on the ground, right.
Yea, everything that has legs
Stands on ground.

The sun was yellow
The year was just started
And I also began my work
(I was working dear)
Just working of unknown fee
Know that am nah a liar

Yo, but outside the house
Where my workplace sits
Apart from the crippler's(
Bicykili
A house was infront
I mean;
Behind the bicykili

And what I saw was
Is now that I gotta tell
The house was old
(It was older than me-I guess)

And on its roof
Three stones were sitting
(I didn't count the stones all
But I saw three resting on roof)
That house is still alive
He is in Nakasero
In the Northern city
I saw a house
Old and weary in the City.

Wegolonyo Erick

Blades Of A Wise Tongue

though shall life live
and is there must death

ye be a liar
lest we don't desire

good friends are good
best friends always are traitors

the turn to go
is sunk lone in thy eyebrows

if thou all shall pray
then must we here not delay

for a good shadow of you
is fading a little longer

a brilliant light blades
a fragrant flame tames

every mine of thine at mine
swirls in twines

i tonight tight
but loose yet in fright

give comrades gift
in a time receive thy gift.

Wegolonyo Erick

Broken Town

Do not pity this broken town,
I have been one broken down.
Love, they say it heals souls.
And mine, ne'er others' stories at all;
If you love, love with love genuine,
But I am not complaining anymore
About those in love's race to win.
This broken town, a carcass show.

Wegolonyo Erick



PoemHunter.com

May I Love Me

I do not know
But let me let you know
That the promises
I made
Were of true mistakes
I falsely justified.

I can barely sleep late
Just thinking about you,
That thought even never crosses
My mind by chance.
When I remember you telling me
If I could leave you alone.

You can hurt my feelings
Zillion times
But not my heart even semi-second
See, I have always loved you
But that does not mean
I hate everyone!

Yes, I stand here bold
To let go off a gold;
I finally have found a better goal
Inside here in my deepest depth,
Do not even love me
I love me more than you!

Wegolonyo Erick

Go Gentle, Go Gentle Into Such Cave

Go gentle, go gentle into such cave
Which that is dug open by fierce free slaves
Go gentle, Sir! Go gentle, go well
As tears tear path through the weary tamed cheeks
O great gentleman, go forth, go gentle
Render thy Soul unto Him,
Render unto Him who give'st
Render thy whole to Him who take'st
Go gentle, go gentle into such ungentle slope
O great gentleman, be brave
As thou hast been;
Go well, go well, go well...
Though the monster do swell
And I know you shall cross o'er-
That broken bridge tongue tied
We shall hush up
And bid thee fare well
Go gentle, Sir, go well
Go well, Sir, go gentle.

Wegolonyo Erick

The Crossover

It was worst,
It was best.
We are walking,
No time for talking.
This is the crossover
Into another year,
Everything was good
And all of us should.
What was never fair,
Tomorrow, let's tend to our care.
It is not far away
To the kingdom we know nor its way.
All what was, was,
That, that shall come it is for us.
Every year that comes,
Everyone prays it is calm.
And what is behind
Leave for the past to define,
As for the day tomorrow
Our prayers should seize its sorrows.
Twenty twenty three
I can't say was free
For it was my worst
As well was my worst.
That year made we march
Finding things never that match
Either alone my desires
Or I guess yours either.
That be that, and I hope
Twenty twenty four, one new slope.
Aside all that every your regret,
When a fresh age shall help to forget;
What was ever worry
Just pity and say sorry.
A fresh year starts,
It is yet another wheel of chart.
Where you were young,
I pray you grow strong.
Where you lost,

I pray you find frost
That can melt away troubles
Which were solid bubbles.
Where you were a failure,
I pray you clutch a spirit to persevere
Through the valley of wander
Uphill to the land of wonder.
Where there was disease,
I pray you crossover the other side of peace.
Where there was wrangles,
I pray you get outta that jungle.
Where there was poverty,
May you prosper in prosperity.
It was that year to fear
But may we let be a pivot of crossover.

Wegolonyo Erick

Little Prayerful Bird

There's a bird that rests upon a crypt's door,
Every day each morning to meditate
Whether weather cold or warm, through and through.
You'll go and come, you'll come and go; till late.
If you like come maybe in the dark night
And there still sits that poor lad bird alone.
Its glassy only feathers against fright,
His head is a hiding corn about blown
Raises slowly his angelic paired wings.
Though in the most timid posture ev'r seen,
Could watch him compose prayers as he sings;
Most beautiful hymns, melodious paeon.
There's that bird there always praying for you
Oh, a humble little fellow, for thee!

Wegolonyo Erick



PoemHunter.com

Easy & Hard Road

Many believe that the easy road is walked by majority.
And by myself oft followed its way goers,
And walked with them down the easy road
Down the road I followed them there.
I now understand what they do not,
Well assured, the easy road is the path ne'er to be plodded.
By myself I am back to sense,
Very much can bisect meanings it teaches,
The hard road is the easy road walked by a-few;
And the easy road is the hard road
Many shall regret whence all is dew.
But because of the burdenless load
The hard road is the one not trod
And to walk it, one must fully aware—dare or stare;
The road is pretty a long case of stairs to paradise in the air.
By day every glory seeker awaits along the easy road
But the boredom road. Alas! Many daily still do trod.

Wegolonyo Erick



PoemHunter.com

The Dog At Odyak

She is keen this May
Setting her ears

To every voice of leg
That crosses her whereabouts;

Saliva from her mouth
Is a ceaseless-
Stream to an oasis.

The sticks of hunger
And anger design
Her ribs and cheeks,

Before posho is thrown
She prompts her presence

The dog at Odyak
Spares no food offered

Sorghum bread
Is sweeter than potato
This famine season;

Her jaws are bushtraps
Waiting earnestly for a foe
And hers arrests leftovers.

Wegolonyo Erick

Eve Of Twenty Twenty Two

Eve of Twenty Twenty Two
When you look at your back,
And count the days plucked
And looking, counting, to remember.
O, may this day be last of December!
I prayed for hope,
And waited in faith...
The year, this night drops,
Been one those of everyone's race.

If you sit down to meditate
Both thy cheers and fate,
Well, well, I know
That of all you could show
May all be nothing;
Yes! Never a substance of reality
As tangible as a thing
This year wane-fully made we see.

Wegolonyo Erick



PoemHunter.com

Father To Son

But my son
I speak to you with a humble voice
Do I quarrel?

(No, i do
n—'t)
Yet you heed off my free advice
And I use

My soprano vocal
Not the heavy husky hectic bass!
Dear son, perverse not in this road
In this road of civilization.

Wegolonyo Erick



PoemHunter.com

Advice To A Boy

Never date unless you're capable,
Bear with all the demands of girls!
Girls, most times will tempting be,
Though but often they disagree,
And keep disturbing.
Then do weird things that perplexes,
Or speak words that heart must hastily-
Repel to the chambers of contrition.

Girls, boy!
But one the whole world praise,
In her our faith laced.
Virginity and holiness,
Yet with hers already planned before

For what then in skirts is the truth
That in girls today you boys want to prove.

Girls, when their time arrive,
Boy! You'll get a good one for life.
Sometimes, hunt and let it be for fun.
Or else your ears are waxed, you'll run!
If you pay keen to this bell I am ringing.
Then happy life shall you chew.

Wegolonyo Erick

Anyaka Maleng!

Laber! Cung kong,
Cung kong apenyi
Nyapa Ojwiya.
Winya kong, cung iwinya:
Kiteyiteyi ma i wii emi enoni
Tura woko...
Del doggi mapekki
Dong tyeka ya nyapa dyang,
Del doggi ma aremoni
Neka woko ki ker,
Wot ka idwanyo adwanya
Tangalu mene
Malaro yoo Elegu kwedi;
Nena gidi pwota wangi
Olil calo nyig oywelo,
Dud oculi pud bong bong
Ka kwar keken, ci ikwar tul tul...
Jami ni ducu
Tye ki rom,
Ka ikato ka mo keken
Apwulu mol ni tuuu
Kalubu kori,
Anyaka maleng
Laber in
Nga dok matyerri
Ma ityeko beco ducu
Ducu kipetetere liweng!

Wegolonyo Erick

Dark Shadow

Sun, you made me black
And original
At this festival,
When you are dying
Turn me not dark
As death does.

Sun, you raise dusts,
Let it kill not my sight
For I know you shine bright.

Sun, dry not any river
My heart feels thirsty so does liver.
You dancing widows
Close the door and windows,
Death went with your husbands not long ago
And still waiting for you too.

Sun, bathe my bow
When I travel with poor death
Encircle yourself with rainbow
But let moon be clothed dark
Just as I am dark.

Wegolonyo Erick

'Wilt Thou Trust Death Or Not? '

[Inspired By Robert Browning's Epic 'A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL']

A pretty balded head man would prob'bly
Answer as quick as possible, ' I do.'
And a damn man invoked by poverty.
Knowing much small shall say it is ne'er true.
This man decided not to Know but Live.
'Tis nothing worth whether he Knows or Not.
As long as to each day his wants receiv'd
And a Doctrine in his mind, ' All shall rot, '
Yet the former man whose answer was, ' Yes.'
In Biblical context so much his faith,
He ventures life or nothing-Heaven's success
Giving Kirk his whole as the only path.
Greedy for quick profits of goodness, sure,
He w'd not discount life, as fools do here.

Wegolonyo Erick



PoemHunter.com

O The Bush Has Grown

There where once us did live,
There where once my feet now sets on,
Heart hastily appeals to leave.
'Tis a homestead where grave's beard has flown
Up shooting silent dirges.
Day and night,
Dancing or glancing with eyes full of pus;
Side by side,
Me and myself leaves I.
O! the bush has grown into a forest.
Slowly memory reminds me, though Shyly do I sigh.
My feet greet the soils, then a moment at rest.
Home has become a wilderness,
Heaven how have you become?
O my goodness,
My heart could not comfort soul of mine calm-
Till we meet again,
Till we meet again,
Land once milked sweet honey.
Till we meet again,
As my heart drains,
Curing nice such pain completely...

Wegolonyo Erick