

Poetry Series

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lyricist



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Happy Birthday Boss

I gazed at every angle of your pictures
And how often you made me laugh,
I waited for a moment to seize; a day of party and pleasures,
To wish you happy womb escaped but how can,
I forgot how often you'd ask me to be brave, honest, and smart
And how you hold me brass the reality of life.
Happy birthday, CEO
I'm sorry for being too much emotional

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Untitled

Once upon a time I was guilty for being childish and lazy
Forgetting, am a child of a rich man who's financially weak
But these's; what life has taught me : to be reckless, mean and stubborn,
Enduring the rage of hustling for survival, because of the poor time waste, so;

Listen to what I say my child so you'll never be like me.
Arise and walk from your crawling act, arise and wipe away your innocent face
Though your tears will bring nothing, hmm nothing
And what more will your stupid Jack brings? If not a waste of time; agony to your
rue

Listen and remember how wicked I am, how I laughed at your tears and hatred
I know it's hard seeing Dad growing thorns, though let your panic turns brave
sooner you'll be proud of what you've become
Arise and erase the good memories, of sand and plaster beach mold
Arise and let it elude from your mind as you brass the stark reality of life

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Musing Of Death

Makumo, I am stuck within all of my fears and griefs,
Of all many thoughts which I had about death;
I have had a had thoughts within the time permits
Wishing there could be armor against death;
But why Makumo? Why's death so blind and deaf,
So innocent, rich and mean:
Holding a scythe with his icy bunch of five
To harvest souls and reaped them away from life.
But if one day, I'll be gone with the grim reaper
Journey into the trouble sea: sinking deep, drowning, still deeper
With gentleness and much of regrets, but maybe;
This is how I wish to die
Laying slowly slowly my head down-into a rare dream,
Where few people cheers and others scream
Where perhaps we'll be assigned as grim reaper,
With no hearts, no eye and nose, holding our scythe in our icy hand;
But Makumo isn't death so innocent?
To harvest souls and reaped them away from life.

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Conversation With My God

Oh! my dear God

I only got so drunk because of my infantile,
So I glanced bitterly at the sanctuary holy altar
To perform some worship
Before the trees wave their branches of melody,
To praise before stone dose
And to prepare to dance like every winner of dance India dance

But God

I tripped and fell with a broken heart
While I'm quite intoxicated and sober
Yet knowing the words to blurt out
But hear me when I cry to thee
Not only when you'd pity feel on me
'Cause I'm too tiny to bear the weight of my sin

Dear God

Let me cheers with thee till when I'm shot of wine
Glancing at those years back in agony and illness
While we habitually lead vigils each time of my anguish
As each night passes by with lachrymal and laughter

But how can I forget?

How I wheeze and cough
While watching the burning candles and the shooting star
How I gazed at the brown-yellowish cricket hustling for survival
While I was painting breath of air to seek.
Well, I'm still breathing, feeling the grace bubbling through me.

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