

Poetry Series

**Achilles Mauko**  
**- poems -**

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# A Saviour Between Two Thieves

The man in the middle, taught the kingdom with wisdom in riddle,  
He was so simple, raised the dead healed the sick and even the cripple  
But to the hypocrites who were idle, he was never to be an idol  
Stood accused of deity swindle, by men who wanted him to play a second fiddle,  
Therefore, they hung him between two thieves, barely naked, in a tree with no  
leaves,  
Executed by horrible means, his whole body filled with a mass of wound leaks,  
Speared and pierced in the ribs, but no blood or bone breaks only water drips,  
Thorn above the head and bleeds, nothing to hold him just nails for grips,  
With his fate decreed, face struck with reeds and bleeds no shoulder to lean just  
grieves,  
They mocked him indeed, saying, it shall be only by miracle that he lives.  
Feeling thirsty, he could whine, and in sheer mockery, they gave him wine,  
Being righteous could not drink; he wanted to die with his conscious,  
Humiliated and reduced to zero, soon he was forever to become a hero  
For even in such excruciating pain, nothing to lose but everything to gain,  
Because no man worthy of his kind, could have changed the face of humankind.

Left to die in the company of two thieves, they struck a conversation,  
A symbol of perfect humility, even a midst series of frustration  
However, between the two criminals, each had a mixed reaction,  
Like a tale of two poets who couldn't agree on a simple description,  
To the man on his left, he was nothing but a symbol of inaction,  
Nevertheless, to the man on his right, he was a saviour, messiah in action,  
So the man in the middle by grace, to the latter, he promised redemption  
What Einstein in his worldly wits, could have referred to as relativity,  
Moreover, to the children of God this was by no way a show of simplicity  
This was more than love, but an act of grace, not of mere reciprocity,  
For He bore the sin of many. A fulfillment of Isaiah's prophecy  
Though numbered with transgressors, he became their intercessor.  
So in between the two thieves, there was pardon and reconciliation,  
To bring a revolution that will transform the fate of condemnation  
And usher in a new creation, to end the rule by a constitution, but salvation,  
Planted in people's heart, no longer by wit and sight, or by our physical might  
But through Jesus Christ, to whom I am a witness and has brought me the light

Achilles Mauko

# An Elegy To Abandoned Paths

## Prologue

The witty pages by the sword of the modern poet is fallen  
The natural musings by the inks of a young poet left barren  
Of these dog days, shall we not bid the whispering wind?  
To make haste and for the solemn farewell dirge lead  
For in forlorn times like this, a poem to the beneficiary,  
Is a rose, a beautiful flower in a cemetery

## I. □

The modern poet knows not the panther's paths,  
Of silent solitude and nights of darker darks.  
And words loathing such blatant ingratitude,  
Has deprived the young poet of infinite solitude.  
The mysterious existences, whose life endures,  
The winding foldings of a river's contours.

## II. □

Once upon a time, in a world such as this,  
When fame was base, and knowledge such a bliss;  
Mighty was the pen upon a poet's hand,  
As a straying river to a bending bank  
Elopes the sand with wanton streams,  
Quenching its lust to lecherous schemes.

## III. □

Oh! Such times I do reminisce, when occasion sits;  
Soulful pages I did caress, of poets so full of wits,  
Blushful bachelors wove our aphrodisiac verses  
Into rosebuds; the hairless loins of virgin lasses.  
Coy ladies that did hear our kissing sonnets,  
Were half won with verbal ease and less regrets,  
A poet's death made the sun long for the grave;  
Shortened life as the funeral tears of the great,  
Rebellious robins mastered our songful lines,  
Feeding upon the unwatched farmer's vines;  
Inks of freedom did water the veins of liberty  
To give revolution, the stature of immortality.  
Luring flattery, did make the peacock's feathers stand  
As words of wisdom, did wind whisper upon the land

IV.□

Young is me; Longing is my old soul for an elixir of life,  
Of deserted paths like the forgotten story of a former wife  
Now doleful moments dance to the woeful chimes  
Of wounded pens that attends our barren rhymes  
Of facile writings, inks in search of tears of oblivion  
As the melancholic moon bleed colours of vermillion,  
Let the creepy night owl play it a teary rustic lore,  
A demoniac laughter to mock its sweet years of yore

Epilogue

Be blue gay lily  
Blossom into dust  
The coy maiden knows not your colour,  
Weep sweet blushing rose  
Wet your withering countenance  
The slothful lad knows not your beauty  
Rest old poet□  
Rest your tiring soul  
The young poet knows not your winding paths

Achilles Mauko

# Change Of Heart

In love didn't we watch the sun rise?  
And even embraced its magnificent warmth  
In full bath of its pleasure  
What of its going down  
Wasn't it a pleasant stare?  
And in unabated breath  
Promised to stay till the next  
With single hope that it would rise again  
But what happened?  
Now that you aren't here  
I watch it alone  
Or is it that your sun rise no more

After the sun in the night  
Didn't you whisper the beauty of the stars?  
And in the presence of the moon  
Made a solemn oath  
To stick till the dawn would break  
So in grace we made  
The sky and its children  
A witness to a sacred kiss  
Signing the heavenly seal  
Not to retreat from the deal  
We vowed to never depart the dream  
Pursue it to the brim  
But what happened?  
In the presence of these heavenly hosts  
In this beautiful glamour  
I dream alone

That was when the seasons were fair  
You were always there  
In love we would share  
The very much we care  
You never told me to prepare  
Should the seasons turns bare  
That you wouldn't bear  
Maybe I wouldn't dare  
To fair in this venture

The storm and rain is clear  
And am hurting since you are not here  
You let me face it alone  
All intentions shown  
The rains beat harder  
The storm strikes even harder  
And my soul gets weaker  
The very once definitive spirit  
Now cries from within it  
But you are not here  
Wasn't it an oath?  
Crafted by two  
And sealed in heaven  
In full view of the gods

Would you come back  
So we could dream again  
Undo the untimely change of heart  
To amend the love  
That was once ordained

Achilles Mauko

# Destined Height

This is no inspiration,  
But determination,  
Of a heart,  
Faced with part,  
And spurt,  
Still can't,  
Crack,  
But,  
Staying intact,  
A head,  
Though wounded,  
Can't be grounded,  
Nor cowed,  
Hence unbowed,  
A mind crowded,  
With grief,  
But still grounded,  
With ease,  
Upholding peace,  
To grease,  
Its new found lease,  
A life gone through series,  
Of miseries,  
Trickeries,  
And mockeries,  
Yet not yielding,  
Needing,  
Or pleading,  
But putting,  
A spirited fight,  
Holding tight,  
To fight  
For what's right  
Casting a light,  
To all its plight,  
Not to lose sight,  
Of the destined height



# Disturbed

Yester night I had a morbid dream  
Like a Sheikh In a forbidden harem  
The messenger of death smiled at me  
And in a rare case, bent at my face  
Then kissed my forehead,  
Never did we speak o'wise I would be dead.  
After that I could not sleep  
So I got down penning it  
In a blank black page to fit  
But the ink in my pen was insufficient  
So in the steel of the night I stayed silent

Today morning I visited the seer  
To tell me what I see  
For one cannot dance with the devil  
And still stay to tell the tale  
But the Wise-man man was blind too  
Even with the help of his voodoo

Tonight when I get to rest  
After a long day of quest  
My spirit will not be at its best  
I lay with my fingers crossed  
Warmly placed above my chest  
And even as I close my eyes  
My heart stays awake  
And my mind won't take a break  
For I worry for my land Africa  
Cradle of the world ancestors  
Learn to adore your daughters  
Oh the land of the singing sun  
Stop maiming your sons  
Only the future can be trusted  
To keep its own secrets  
Till the fullness of time

Achilles Mauko

# Fragile Passions

Shattered flings, scissored down  
Into sharp fragments of broken glass,  
Feelings of betrayed, stabbed soul:  
Bleeding flower, laughing flies,  
Willow wounds, shadows of forsaken love

Captured soul, trousered heart  
Hemmed in prison of virtual bars  
Alas, what horrible fate! Beset  
Than that of Romeo and Juliet,  
Lost to poison and the blade  
And to dust by the valiant Achilles

And as every flower lover knows,  
Mortal hearts, are, fragile blooms  
Shadows walled against shadows,  
Flings only anchored to the wind:  
Oh, my lucky naked mind  
Feet west should the wind pitch east  
And feel the kiss beneath the skin

Endymion, you  
Who sunk into the abyss of a goddess:  
Wake from your blissful, pleasurable slumber,  
And I pray you tell me, the secret  
Of the cave of wonders  
That houses the immortal soul, for  
I crave to kiss the wizards sleeve of a goddess  
Against the chasm doom of mortals.

Achilles Mauko

# Hope In Death

Nothing stands between where I,  
Lie,  
And I,  
As with vapour in the sky,  
This breath that I,  
Hold so high,  
Will soon speak bye,  
Like Seasoned rivers my,  
Veins runs dry,  
Time,  
Pass by,  
And my,  
Waste life,  
Flash through my,  
Eyes,  
My,  
End draws nigh,  
But like,  
William Bligh,  
Tied,  
Drowned and left to die,  
By,  
Mutinous spy,  
Still had to survive,  
Never did he comply,  
Even to the raving tide,  
Like him I,  
See no time,  
To bow and cry,  
I,  
Will not just try,  
I,  
Shall have,  
To fly,  
Above,  
The sky,  
With gods, eagles and angels flight.



# In This World

In this world, like sand by the ocean bed,  
You will see much series of miseries, trickeries and mockeries,  
Love and hate a like,  
And as air is to life, accept, you are child of the universe,  
Don't say life is unfair, neither say the world owe you anything,  
Because prior to your conception the world was here before you,  
If anything you owe it much more,

Therefore as a child of the world you got to master the law of life,  
Not to live alone,  
The world got many children,  
Both living and non-living,  
None invincible,  
You are not an island,  
and with all its delicacy,  
Life is mutual,

Amidst the face of all these evil, try to do good,  
And like a budding flower's leaf you will often fall,  
But still rise,  
And if the world should throw dirt on you,  
Take bath and move on,

Live good among all things,  
Thy sisters and brothers,  
Shunning violence, arrogance, dishonesty and hatred,  
They poison the heart,  
Embrace respect, humility, forgiveness and love,  
They are bread to the soul.

Remember in life all is same and equal,  
No matter your status,  
Creation and mortality is a commonality to all,

Achilles Mauko

# Love And Wisdom

Love and wisdom, More Intimate  
Than an exchange between a tender bridegroom and his bride  
Combination Clear like a foetus thought and pure as a virgins kiss  
Much sweeter than her tease  
Twice fold noble as a sturdy horse  
Yet opposite like a gun and a rose

No wisdom in love  
Or should I say no love in wisdom  
Which is which, I can barely fathom  
For in love even the wisest minds sleep  
And in wisdom the purest heart cheat  
Lack of love just reason, minds marry and can't keep  
Without wisdom but only passion, hearts bond and later bleed  
Wisdom is organized love  
Love is accessed wisdom  
In affection devoid of wisdom man take other man's life  
In reason a lawyer put passion of heat as a defense  
And in wisdom devoid of affection the judge lessen the sentence  
What anomaly  
Wisdom feel life but think of death  
Love feels of only bliss  
Because for wisdom its foolishness to think of happiness

Love and wisdom  
Both treat each other with sheer suspicion  
Love sees wisdom as so immoral and evil  
Wisdom sees love as so naive and foolish  
Yet to men they appear to be in perfect harmony  
So Many desire love and wisdom  
And even as I speak now,  
Many a man are making friend with love and wisdom  
Surrendering reason to passion  
Some thinking without loving

For me Lord I pray you spare me both  
And if I am to have any  
Don't give me love  
Maybe wisdom

I have tried love and it hurts  
Even then I can't love and be wise at the same time.

Achilles Mauko

# My Beloved

My beloved is mine and I am hers  
She who is finer than imagination  
She has ravished my heart with her eyes  
Her eyes, like doves by the rivers of waters  
Her teeth washed with milk and tightly set  
Hair so tender and smooth  
Her lips are like scarlet ribbon

Oh! How lovely you are  
All beautiful you are my darling  
Your beauty has no equal  
Your cheeks rivals a bed of spices  
The fragrance of your breath  
Bypasses banks of scented herbs  
Your body wonderfully carved  
The work of a skilful workman  
In you there is no flaw  
Yours is the perfection of an intention

In your tears  
I find water to wash my soul  
And in your laughter  
Gladness to bubble my heart

Sweet one  
Would you set me a seal upon your heart?  
A seal upon your arm  
For the strength of your love is like death  
Its jealousy, cruel as the grave  
Vehement flame its synonym  
Roaring flood can't drown your love  
Neither can many waters quench it  
My beloved

Achilles Mauko

# Peace Soul

□

In the event that I lose my soul  
The occurrence of my demise  
Peace my broken soul  
The curtain closes on me  
Faster than dewdrops I depart  
I looked at it and it did smile  
For I am destined to travel young

Though soon  
Honourably and with dignity  
I have accepted my fate  
For to live is to die

Like an illusion  
This breath I hold so dear  
Is verily impermanent  
And when it will speak bye  
Shed the stains of sorrow  
For i ascended into beauty  
And beauty withers when it grows  
Grief not my loved ones  
Sing no sad songs  
Plant no roses  
Only be the light above me  
For the hour is here  
To return to the potter

Achilles Mauko

# Politic Dog

This pet of mine,  
Has just preyed on its first birth,  
Claiming it was starving,  
When I had just bought it,  
Enough to quench its appetite,

This pet of mine,  
Has pushed away its second birth,  
Leaving it desolate and cold,  
Claiming the kettle has no enough space,  
And it was only yesterday,  
I made it spacious kettle,  
For I thought with the new born,  
It needed better accommodation,

Now this pet of mine,  
Is bitterly barking at its third birth,  
This time reason unknown,  
If there be, maybe political,  
When we had just enacted ordinary law of homestead  
Of how to air grievances and amicably resolve disputes

What good is a nation,  
That feeds on its children?  
Of what interest is a nation,  
That refuses to re-settle its very citizens?  
Of what benefit is a nation,  
That does not respect the ordinary law of the land?

This nation of mine

Achilles Mauko

# Redemption Through Sacrifice

We buds of 1982, Chant salutes and clang shields,  
To mock the silken knot, the loose noose at your collars,  
Your names, like an army of resurrected aborted infants,  
Bring chills across the wombs of the wives of your executioners  
And of the hand by which your deaths were sealed,  
Long is his life, an addition of your lives sufferings,  
Eloquent was your defiance, as the history of your neglect.  
November 10th give life to the surrogate corpse we buried,  
Events of your execution is still slow news indeed,  
Illusions of the media age, Power has its own agenda,  
Guilt did make equal those, whom it did stain,

&quot;Enemies of peace&quot; history revisionists proclaim,  
Inklings of 'Nyayo professors', have vilified your struggles,  
Results of a negotiated and renegotiated past,  
The clocks struck one, their pens wrote thirteen  
This history without memory confines this generation,  
This generation promised so much, yet to be delivered  
To a sort of eternal present, a bastard historiography.  
Mutation of time, has rendered your guns stale,  
Weaklings are your seeds to call forth your courage,  
Allegedly, they killed revolution by word of mouth,  
Invited us to a mock funeral, never did we see the body,  
We do believe in the immortality of Grundnorm,  
Derived power can't be greater than its source

Worthy comrades what plagued you, still ails us,  
Corruption, tribalism, cronyism, nepotism, poverty,  
Private tyrannies, looting of public resources,  
Internal exploitation, external dependencies,  
Unsustainable policies, increased taxation,  
Political opportunism, Ideological bankruptcy,  
Narrow self interest and underdevelopment.  
What is a vote to us if it can't change lives?  
If not but a Mickey Mouse democracy.  
A tree is so called whilst still growing,  
But a wood when it ceases to grow,

Should destiny call, shall we not cut it?

Kamwana Wa Kamaliza, (son of the exterminator)

Oh winged is the time against the slothful

We the unpeople, buds of 1971,

Tribal political alliances is like jail to us,

This seed beneath the snow is repression to us,

And should we extend forth our hands,

To awaken the jazz of revolution,

Where silent life is the lock to freedom,

The gallows could be a key to us,

Our road is lonesome as an ancient poet's night,

Our only guardian is a neglected future,

Either a lily follows us or the gallows.

Achilles Mauko

# Street Poets In Chains

Nothing shall stand between a man and his mind  
Not guns, not prisons, not men in uniforms  
So Poppa, Musambati Shira, Ian and volkanoh  
While you make friends with the bugs in the dungeon  
May your minds find peace in that owl's nest  
Let your souls be of sufficient courage,  
They did that too, to the prophets before you

History informs the future,  
So the past is bound to repeat itself in the present  
Fifty years of independence, no liberty to speak love in the streets  
But the streets is always right, so they silence it.  
Don't tell us how you want liberate Somalia  
While in your own land you detain innocent poets,  
Is it because insecurity in Somalia threaten Tourism?  
So you trade your citizen's lives to foreign exchange  
Intimidation to the men wielding guitars, pens and words.  
Whose main intention is to unite the streets  
Meanwhile the tweeps won't stop till they are free,  
And today will not be the last time we trend

Worthy comrades, Poppa, Musambati Shira, Ian and volkanoh  
For the love of the pen, the guitar and the word  
They made you sleep, friends with the Vermin  
Let the vermin gaze with wondering calmness  
Quite interest implore the wisdom in your veins  
With your suckled blood let them use it as an ink  
To unfold the sufferings of street poets in chains

My friends Poppa, Musambati Shira, Ian and volkanoh  
Let solitude stimulate your minds even to greater exertions  
In cold cell floor, learn to write with be numbed fingers  
Fair thee well for the present, comrades in affliction  
For my heart is cold with the news of your incarceration  
We will visit; follow you even in the deep, darkest prison  
Meanwhile the tweeps won't stop till you are free,

And today will not be the last time we trend

Achilles Mauko

# Taming The Innate

Bequeath me the patience of heart,  
To travel in this fairest journey,  
Which in itself not an end,  
Lest thou in sheer folly strayeth,  
For in haste I lose serenity,  
And stir up desire before it pleases,

Grant me the coolness of mind,  
To know  
That his is that which was predestined,  
In rush human want to change the course of nature,  
But thy will I cannot change,  
For that which human proposes, nature disposes,  
Then ceases to substantiate that which was ordained,  
Because in humility you did not wait,  
Neither conceived the insight of the seasons,  
The beauty of appointed time,  
To sing not before you can talk,  
To crawl before thou walk,

Save me the urging impulse of flesh,  
So in appearance I can detect reality,  
Lest in blatant disdain, disgrace my very soul,  
For in flesh there dwells the power of deception,  
The coercive force that overlooks the counsel of the inner domain,  
And in premature celebration beats its temple,  
For the trust of the flesh is the destruction of the soul,

In grace my reward reciprocate,  
For in discretion and sound wisdom,  
Thy laws I have sustained,  
Of soul, mind and flesh,  
And in patience walked this road,  
Until thy will is due,  
To rejoice in the beauty of my price,

Achilles Mauko

# The Boy In Me When I Was Twelve. (An Archive From Childhood Crush, Now A Broken Dream)

To you Esmil  
The beauty in your smile  
And the glow in your eye  
As to when I look at them  
Turn my heart on,  
Feel my heart with laughter  
Now I am left grappling  
With the feeling  
Will you ever be mine?  
Will you some day  
Look my way  
I pray  
O am I going to bitterly pay  
The price for dreaming,  
Just look at us  
Then at the stars,  
So far away

I look at your world  
And it's perfect  
There's where I want to be  
Where life will always  
Be enough for me  
And the pain I feel if any  
Is a another kind of pain  
Please guide my way  
Into your arms  
Where I belong  
I just want to share  
In your beautiful world  
Esmil

Achilles Mauko

# The Burden Of A Generation

I looked and I beheld birds hover,  
Myriads of birds, flying around the pale in her face,  
Some weeping, some gossiping,  
Most singing the inhuman songs,  
Sounds so shrill and confused;  
It stirs her blood but she won't dance,  
There are more pressing needs  
Than the humour of the birds,

I watched her lean figure, tired and heavy,  
Heavy with child and burden  
Yet her frame racing, hurrying with a flying feet;  
Oh! How I wept, and yet shall weep  
With the ever returning morn.  
Of how such tender breasts, must suckle slaves  
Slaves of unrepayable debt and heavy taxation;  
Her very days, shades of night

Oh Lord! How we sow with tears,  
Bearing trail of seeds  
And yet reap burden and pain  
Where are our sheaves?  
We inherit the emblem of our for-bearers  
And pass it to our heirs,  
Their every dream born entombed,  
The scars of pain and burden we pass with a mute strain.

Achilles Mauko

# The Dance Of Lust

This lady with an hour-glass figure  
And side swept bangs, hair loosely falling to her shoulder,  
If, even for a moment takes to the dance floor,  
Would make me boogie flow,  
Till the wee hours of the morning glow,  
To dance all my youthfulness and joblessness blows  
For I want the dance of lust.

So tonight, with her, I will drink all my days' hustle,  
To refrain my brain from dreaming, air building castle  
That someday I will be great if I only battle the struggle,  
My fate is an inverted pyramid; it will not stand the angle,  
Soon it will stumble, drop the mantle, and then awfully crumble,  
So before the sparkle in my eyes, are by the gods laid humble,  
Before I gracefully surrender my youthfulness, to outlive my usefulness  
Let me, by this lady of my time, dance, this life's sorrowfulness,  
For I want the dance of lust

To her I will, willfully toss to the Caesars  
And when the drinks finally finely hit us,  
We sail in the ocean of delusion,  
Save for a truckload of flirtation,  
Glide smoothly to the hour's romance  
Pair up in a smooth sauntering dance  
Hold it in a closed up arms  
With plenty of wrap under arm turns,  
Lose my heartbreaks to her magic feet,  
And with the infectious accent on the upbeat,  
Make rapid steps, long moves, stretching moves,  
To make her stretch to the limits  
Passion pouring out from every hit,  
And with her suggestive leans  
If it doesn't stir my blood for real  
Then nothing under the sun will  
For this is the dance of lust.

And when floodlights fall in her eyes  
She is such an elegant dose of beauty  
And for once makes me forget the burnt bridges,

Makes me feel like I am at the end of my rainbow  
With her I got tonight, I don't need tomorrow,  
I will just dance away all life's pains sorrows,  
And keep at bay all my past horrors,  
To enchant this queen of my youth,  
In her smile, I fall for her naturally rosy cheeks,  
And in her blush, I steal a kiss from her heart shaped lips,  
To fulfill all my fantasies and dreams,  
Then the DJ makes the music slow  
And all the lights goes down low  
I lose it to the dance of lust.

Achilles Mauko

# The Dead Too Have A Feeling

Into my silent land I sleep  
In your chaotic world,  
I admire you breath

When you look down at the ants  
I smile, I wave,  
Believing you seeing me  
But you ignore me

Instead you step on my house  
Your heavy weight breaking my roof  
With your pointed shoes  
You smash my rotting bones  
Does it mean you shun my world?  
Or am I just invisible

I like it when you hurting  
When you shed those tears  
You water my thirsting heart  
You bring life to my soul  
One day you will be here

Achilles Mauko

# The Will

If I should depart tonight take this body  
Take it wholly  
Let not even a single bone be broken  
Or even a word of burial be spoken  
I desired cremation to ease space  
Due to the stretched graves  
But not until I visited him at Chiromo  
In one of their exploratory operation bodies no more  
He was my friend a medical student  
In the theater a hundred students scavenged for one corpse to operate  
Only the first five were able to perform the real operation  
The rest was just a facade passing the surgical in mockery  
These are our doctors to be,  
Then I looked down with concern  
How greedy and selfish men can be  
To add to the already overcrowded earth  
Than to give even their carcasses for education

That's why I say  
Should this breath I hold so dear say bye  
Come for my body and take it  
Take it to Kenyatta University  
Take it to the medical students  
Let them use it for the advancement of medical education,  
Let them use it for science and research  
Let them use it for the development of knowledge  
I beg please don't bury me  
Am more afraid of the dark and the ants  
Than these people wielding surgical blades,  
Who desire wisdom to protect lives  
These students need me  
And if God should ask, I will explain  
But I highly doubt if God need this physical body  
For there is no spirit in the dead  
Neither you  
For there is no property in the dead

I almost forgot,  
Should I answer that last call,

Which at some moment I will have to do  
Take these eyes too  
Deposit it with the eye bank,  
Because do you remember last night at Huruma ward?  
Little Esmil was born blind  
I guess she needs these eyes more than I do  
For in the grave men don't see  
And Like my best friend Anita, I don't want her world to be dark  
So should I die, take these cornea  
And light her world

But think a second, do heaven need these eyes?  
Am skeptical, but if they do  
Then in heaven I will be blind  
But it's true that in heaven it's all light  
Or do beings reincarnate? That would be unfortunate  
But it's OK because I have had my share of light in the first life

Finally to my loved ones this is my will  
Let them take these body and eyes  
You can only take my heart for God need my soul  
Please don't stop them,  
To deny my last wish

Achilles Mauko

# The Woman In Your Dream

That woman I see in your dreams  
Her hand is lifeless, everything she touches die  
Her breathe, every plant withers, dry  
She only dances to music made of a living cry

That woman I see in your dreams  
Whenever she wants to feed  
The poor, the weak must bleed,  
Blood stain colour her streets  
Blood paints her wall houses  
Some give colour to the roses  
She always uses  
To beautify love, secrets untold  
Then you worry why some hearts grow cold

That woman I see in your dreams  
In the darkest stage of twilight, dusk  
After dead bodies decompose to dust  
She collects their ashes, gather their bones  
With their ashes mixed with their tears  
Out of it she furnishes her floors  
With their bones she curves bricks  
Then build her foundation,  
Finally she has made her mansion

Do you sometime smell blood under your bed?  
And you still make babies, merry in the guilt  
You say, a child who drowns in the river does not stop  
The villagers from drinking of the same river  
Then whenever a young soul is lost  
You and the priest will say it is the will of God  
But we all know it is the will of the ghost you host.  
I will not drop this last tear, I will write it  
That woman i see in your dreams

Achilles Mauko

# Withered Royalty

Upon this cliff, rests, Silence,  
Series of dreams, broken  
Deep the running river, sits  
My very shadow, wounded  
I shall throw the last stone  
To see how much it bleeds  
Listen to echoes of its sobs  
Watch the waves, tears sails

Across the other bank, meets  
The sweet scented herbs  
Where once grew, the bright daisy  
Like a shadow of gold tinted clouds  
Lies still, withered, stained petals  
Reminiscence, memories once forgone  
Of the river's dulcet sounds upon her virgin's hue  
Ere the wintry blasts of prodigal wasty wilds  
Scattered her beauty to the strumpet winds  
Now the waters hold a candle to her shames

Ye moral police,  
Wasn't every harlot once a virgin?  
Every dead once living?  
Every saint once a sinner?  
And the devil once a god?

Achilles Mauko