

Poetry Series

Akinyi Awora
- poems -

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Akinyi Awora(14/02/1992)

Comrades

They'll come and go
Some will stay
Some will fade away
Some are leeches
Others are peaches
Some haughty and gay
Others for foul play
There will be the innocent flower
But with the poisonous serpent underneath
There will be the red rose too
With scents and sentiments to offer
But of them all
There'll be just one cinderella
With all round radiant beauty
That will light your way
In the darker days.

Akinyi Awora

Crossroads

My spirit is in turmoil
The forbidden has gotten me to stray
Me heart is finding a way
To escape further by the day
What is one to do
When thy heart becomes a refugee,
In thine own person?

Akinyi Awora

Fear

'A lone soul in the eerie dark
That is uncertainty over vicissitude
Groping for a gateway
That is: - its own phlegm.

Akinyi Awora

Hope

t'is utter marvel, such a jewel to behold
a costly gem she may not be
yet priceless she is; -
to sundry invisible she may seem
yet inevitable is her charm
she is joy in the infinite
she is a gift divine
she is; -
'HOPE'

Akinyi Awora

Misconception

To you it mayhap tis self pride
mayhap still twas esteem to you
but to others tis bile
a social leper ye to 'em be
to be abhored by all
not for any other than
your character mayhap
to em tis pungent as a rotten egg's smell.

Akinyi Awora

Nostalgia

whence cometh such another?
to woo my heart with sweet vanity
the joy that was emptiness; -
mayhap there was a spark-
but twas only in me.

Akinyi Awora

Notions

Me thought me heart had found a crib
Whence me thoughts and troubles i would lay and slay
Me thought i would go o'er
Graced with the being of another
That would like summer's sun be and
Some light t'would shore
Into my dark abbys
Of sorrow endless nay
Me thought once I would know
The joy of a maid with a babe
Mayhap I was right
For twas there afore
E're the light faded on
Thence me heart
Shattered into tiny pieces
(each holds a sentiment still)
Mayhap me thoughts still
Might suffice to hap
In truth.

Akinyi Awora

Passing Times

I too have walked down the aisle
Of self blame, dancing with the sons of
Lamentation; and even lain on the bed
of traumatic roses.

I too have had picnics amidst blossoms
Of grief, that shadowed away the light of
Joy; and even survived the lethally sweet fumes
Of extreme pain-

I too have ran short of scents
of living bliss'managing to cross the quagmire
Unscathed; and now I too in haven, have joined,
In the narration of passing times.

Akinyi Awora

Slave Of The Past

Pieces of old patch up the new
Pure as morn' dew
Yet some blemish still is due
Ere' the bright light lies the murky dark
The pungent chokes even
The sweetest of scents.

Akinyi Awora

Sorrow

Each morn' a heart cries to the sun
Mayhap her gentle warmth would warm
The cold hearts of the hounds
The constant assaillant
Out to crush and exterminate
The very course of bliss.

Akinyi Awora

To My Dearest

Ye, my love, hath made me wealthier
To me heart ye bequeathed
That which whose worth surpasses a thousand pieces of gold
your love hath been my unseen crown
For in thine eyes, I am of a higher novelty
Much more than a queen.

Akinyi Awora