

Poetry Series

Amos Christopherson
- poems -

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Amos Christopherson(Jan-24th-1989)

Sanitizer Smells Like Alcohol

Sanitizer smells like alcohol or simply; spirit
blessed is the peace the manufacturers had
making a resemblance of hate with love in it
It enters worship places coz its not that bad

Its misused. Specifically Customs and Mpondwe, then come to Nyabugando and Bwera

these are twin inseparable towns, even a kid knows searching Opera
The manufacturers did what i need to call a great job so sensible
their full names and pics should be placed on billboards in towns if possible

At least a rose-mary-flower even though its a sanitizer
And necessarily alcohol alike inside and out? Whole or portion?
And that i need to sanitize Monday to Monday even after a Pfizer
or the mighty mRNA, or Oxford-AstraZenec or Johnson and Johnson?

Infection control is in your hands anyway
Who knows what your hands might touch
I use less of it so to say
If using it a lot would know it much.

Amos Christopherson

The Devil Is At Work Now.

Corona virus disease is here,
And some people are using it as an opportunity
To show they are the ones to whom power is belonging
As if they want it stayed; yet they say they are healing it
We are told to stay home to stay safe
Without working. Without food relief
Without meeting people in public places
We are starving financially, economically, and spiritually

Police brutality is turning discourteous than the virus
Killing civilians yet, covid as they say, has killed none in my nation
The devil is at work.
Our trusted security officers are killing our people in broad daylight
And taking advantage of the pandemic putting into use order from above
We are locked down but see
The country's only wisest one is directing entry
Of positively sick truck drivers to import the virus

From the most affected neighbor countries
And what do these trucks even carry? Non-essential sort of things!
Are you surprised? Recently, they saw some of those hazardous trucks
Carrying within them, beer, cigarettes, and soda. For God's sake can't we live
without these?
We are now told to stay in the lockdown for more 21 days
Again and again, again and again without assisting with food relief
The devil is at work
Churches, Mosques, All spiritual gatherings, are no longer allowed, The devil is at
work now.

Rain also came in recently with furious anger
And over flooded my region, claimed many not to mention houses
Leaving most properties in untraceable scraps and people's clothing's and
beddings
As old mad man's rags
And people finding shelter in tarpaulin camps
Which leaders are now calling it a burden to them?
They are starving seriously and they are suffering psychologically and physically
God, this is not you.

The devil is at work.

Curfew hours yet approaches

And the leading party police, yes.

They are preparing to re-arrest my cobbler neighbor and my tailor neighbor

Who feed their extended families by repairing shoes and putting zips on trousers!

Milking money from them

In pretence of regulating

The directives of the wisest leader

The one bowed down over

The one who holds the dreams of the nation

The one without whom this nation shall not prosper, yes!

The devil is at work.

God save us the devil's trap strategy.

Amos Christopherson

Bondage

The desperate people who look for guidance
Are immersed and left in ignorance
With your dubious vice
That then sought strong unwise

A threatening awakening of your character
With bitterness awe is strong degeneration refractor
You leaving the young ones only doubt
That areas and all-time operations pout

Upbraiding and maltreating all conscious senses
Appraising yet reframes them frightful terror offenses
That may they prostrate in honor of fear
To append life living it on peanut career

Will art or music or design or language
Rather will madness or silence or faculties of some offstage
Many enraged men and women and organizations overtime
Resume visual peace or audible liberty and comprehensive reconciliation in your
time?

Amos Christopherson

My Voice, What If No One Is Hearing It!

We will be taken captives of the rebellion demands
Bloodshed pictures are forcibly grabbed from our hands

Burnt and then later are perfumed
So as out there rottenness may still while zoomed
smell as glamorous sugary rose flowers stooped

The weak beggars, the one-eyed, the gawky needy
The crippled, and the poor suffer a lot
Our voices are echoed back at our hearing so dainty
We are hushed by men of embezzled fiat

No one will ever rise to our uplifting
O my voice, what if no hears it

When shall this ever end I ask?

We have lost confidence in this
No one hears the voice of our silence

We are shocked and suffer from within
We feel chocked and suffocated for the win

The surrounding is misty with malice
It has come with urban business demise

What legacy do we leave
What do we think they receive
When injustice develops in a law

Persistence becomes a duty
Whilst in my noisy room I pose to rest
I hear gunshots playing from without
Compiling us like young birds in a nest

The sound is heard like a ticking of a clock at night
O my voice, what if no hears it

When shall this ever end I ask?

Amos Christopherson

Beautiful To Lose

I thought I Lost Twice in a Row
I was away with my friends
But this'd hurt the most
She was very beautiful

She was so
Beautiful to lose
She was so
Beautiful to lose

I strained myself with tender tears
I last saw her, say like, it was yesterday
She had a bag
Perhaps took she for burning it

She was so
Beautiful to lose
She was so
Beautiful to lose

This day
Is her wedding day
And she is the lady
In a white gown

And a little surprise
The man next her is me

She was so
Beautiful to lose

Amos Christopherson

Mum's Little Baby Boy

While her pains lasted all the eight and one month
She drowned in deep shire until my birth

And whetted her strength with fury so bright
She headed straight down right

And felt she was swiftly moved endlessly
She forgotten all in all the rocky Clichy intensely

Sweated for once on an edge of something and calmed
Fought with struggle and behold

They chanted mum's little baby boy is born
And so is today between joy and happiness torn

Amos Christopherson

My Worry

On the mountain cliff we moved tired
Every leader on their own
No one to help the other
Children screams were heard in remoteness
We then met ourselves as little children
And helped to uplift ourselves
In our past journeys
We impressed ourselves beside comfort trees
We often cried unheard
Now we are of age and mature
You have moved from this job to that
Everything you touch fails
There are things you taught me
And I thank you endless
For I believe if I leave you
I will always be my worry

Amos Christopherson

The Departure

We had fun at the last moment
I wished it lasted always
Nothing was possible any longer
Time left us in waste of it
Now we are far and distant and grieved
We will not see each other I don't know
Am so troubled
It makes me think am a failure
But she says am not
If we shall meet once again
Let us live together
Or else we cease to exist

Amos Christopherson

Sostin

Sostin was the name which
We nick-named short people who
Sold bread in our school compound
One day we discovered
It was a name of the previous head teacher
Who was arrogant and proud
He said he had two wives
One made him arrogant and the second proud
He said that ever since he was transferred
He had never come back to see his wives
But for us we knew that these two women
Were wives to the two short men who sold us bread
When Sostin saw by his eyes
He disowned the two wives
The bread company
Belonged to Sostin
Those of us working in this company
Regret the curse and insults of this old man

Amos Christopherson

She's Beautiful

She's beautiful
She has a wealthy man
And she has strapping children
They even go to good quality schools
I wish I was like her "she said";
She goes out even with other men
But I can't serve two masters at once
She has been caught in the act thrice
I just wish I was her man
She would have packed
All that is hers and go
But he keeps saying
She's beautiful

Amos Christopherson

Every One Deceives You

He calls you for a handshake
And you bring close your cheek for a peck
Then I see something on the way you seat on the table
Everyone so thinks you are able
And the look in your eyes
Shows you having odd thighs
As if you've seen a stranger
Lady you are leaving in danger
Lay off your shrewd self-importance
Or else everybody baits your stance

They always want to know you
Later on wants to dumb you
They calling you this amazing
You are always attractive
You are all they've been searching for
You are the sweetest thing
Because you never show you care
You say uncle keeps complaining
And you keep on deceiving yourself
Now in just months
See everyone deceives you

Amos Christopherson

I've Found Love At Last

They say love is sweet
Do they know what a sweet thing is
They compare love to multiple things
Do they ever mention them
They compare things to the unseen
In kinds of joy, happiness, and cheerfulness
Love is natural; it is acted and willfully expressed
Joy instead is
And happiness
And cheerfulness
Love is the same in all continents
No need to travel miles and valleys
It is even found flanking to you
It is not in the look for the brown one
And across the media
It is not mistaken for measurement
Such as done to clothes and food
As in height and kilos
It is not about wealth, or poverty
It is in actions of the soul mate to be
This is love found at last
I've got to cherish my love and impress

Amos Christopherson

Burying His Own

And he talked naughty all the while
Moving all along from town to village
Far from the richest country to our own
With him the lifeless person on shoulders
People advised him to talk with intelligence
Than crossing words to pest them
He said he will bury his own person
Even if people won't

So there he goes
Moving lane to lane
With him the corpse
A thing so unspeakable since years
The whole world has come to witness and judge
And the whole street is in a mess
There he goes causing all noise
The countrymen are in composed silence
Witnessing his innovative teachings
Here he comes to bury his own

He drops not a tear
And look!
He has hired people to weep on his behalf
Counts it not a loss
He is not sorrowed
He says it's not the beginning rather the end
To bury his own people
And he will bury his own
O my country!

Amos Christopherson

Whoever Came She Showed Letters

My wife is a surprise
Who never knew; know it from me
For whoever came she showed the letters
I had gone very far from my country
And with this my girlfriend
I had confidence
That I would come and make
A family.

I made a promise that after
My seven year's contract abroad
I would come back and marry her
Every year
I sent her a letter through mail
It never even possessed much content
Sometimes it never even reached in time
It said, "soon, am coming and we get married"
So whoever came she showed letters and he never came again

Amos Christopherson

The Man Never Came

Once upon a time
There was this poor guy
I waited for him
The man never came
I had told him and he accepted
That when my work has reached me somewhere
I would come and we get married

I then introduced him to my friends
I spent all this time believing he was
All time thinking of the same things
I got what I thought would keep us
While together
He was all I had to think of
Every day I saw him brought me happiness

I gave him whatever he would ask me
Did all I thought would please him
Knowing there was a hundred ladies thirsting for him
But he showed me a heart of a soldier who deserted
On the day of my introduction
They never came
The man never came

Amos Christopherson

The Direction

These days I don't think the government
Will trust its people at this time of management
Neither shall the instincts they implanted in its very people
Unless they remove colors of blue, yellow or purple

They have thought it wise

But lost their truck
Their minds are stuck
They have created divisions
And there will never end these confusions

Until they come in unity will realize

Amos Christopherson

The Woman I Would Also Marry

It's four in the morning
Am hearing beatings and slapping
Music has stopped
I think the husband has come back
He is all drunk and noisy
He is angry and so wild
The wife is sobbing from crying
And brings him food

The night is short
He wakes and goes away
Comes back at midnight
Fights the wife for a while
And goes to sleep
It goes on like this
Now two years since marriage

It's three in the morning
He chases the wife
Who does not hear
Who does not see
Who does not listen
Who cannot cook for husband
Claiming "where is money for food?"

It's Sunday midnight
He's taken into cells
For violence and threatening to kill
The night there is long
Morning brings the wife
Pays the bill for releasing him

He is home and happy for the wife
For a day or two or three or a week
It's early morning, he goes away
Comes back at midnight,
Drunk and noisy
Chases the wife again

A week later on he follows her
To ask her for forgiveness
She comes back
What exactly doesn't she learn from the past?

Amos Christopherson

1996

On a bright cool Thursday morning
I heard rapid footsteps
Come from where I had gone
To see what fight might have been happening

I lived in town for the last two years
All my property was enough to make me proud
They broken through doors of people
Looted, burnt what they didn't like

Destroyed what meant to my people
My room was not broken since I left it open
The glass furniture and all that I called mine
Laid down in particles and pieces

After the whole four months I spent in a refugee camp
A few who came back to foresee of their property
Never came back to the camp
Fear was what I valued to save my life

For war started from the town centre
Where we had all our might to survival
Where beautiful women made business
Where new age youth found bread and bed

Amos Christopherson

Now What Can They Do

They went into Territorial Army
Not their arrangement for studying
Life is a teacher of cross ends
We need to experience to live
The first position is taken by one person
And such are opportunities to survival
The minority have succeeded in life
A few people living their additional years
Have respect and love to share
A crowd of youths
Have a conscious of destruction
A mind to react negatively
And mislead the mass
The advice from elders is of the essence
To some they think

A few people have entered our lives
And gone away with time
Now what can they do
It's natural after all
Death is meant to happen with time
We get near it every the next day
And every struggle is a risk
They have started carrying
People in sacks as snacks
We have not known whether it's legal or not
But perhaps it is legal
A few laws are read after a crime committed
They have got money through concentration
It is life risking
They lack but jobs and advice alone
They accomplished edification
And that's what they can do now
Now what can they do

Amos Christopherson

My Right Hand

You can cut off my legs
And any other part connected to my body
I love but my right hand
I write totally nothing without
My right hand
I can't get satisfied
If I don't eat with
My right hand
You can do any thing
since you are threatening me
Save for one hand
My right hand
I can still cope to write while eyes closed
I can manage to do many things
With my right hand
Let me not walk
And
Let me not speak
But let me write
For writings lasts always
And
Let my writings be remembered always
I love my right hand

Amos Christopherson

City Born

I am the new city born
Living after centuries gone
I fear the worth
Pledged by both
Who lived in those old dark ages
Yet to be retold in lines from back pages

I will keep moving on
To change with the situation already there
A long time prestigious concept
Rehearsing along the rows and vows
Watching murder cases
Playing eyewitness
Risking my life against antagonism
Spinning to getting used
Of fate without being noticed

Proceedings of our fore actors who lost
Everything they had gotten
Seems strange to listening ears
But are those days really gone
Are they now history
Because I am the new city born
Moving on will I keep
Without fear to change what's there
If risking my life will not spare me

I will not fear to destroy and build
Neither sell my people for love of money

I learnt a lesson from each line I read
Was a reason for my tears to shed
I need to remember once again
The faith of those who believed in prayers
And learned to let go with pain
I will reconstruct newly and meet them still in chairs
I am the concrete survivor
I am the eyewitness
I am the new city born

Amos Christopherson

Nasikika Nikisema

Mpenzi, mbona wanitupilia mbali?

Na kuniacha katika ziwa la mashaka,

Kisha nikapata mawazo kwamba,

Nasikika nikisema

Labda kuna sababu,

Kuhusu hilo jambo,

Lakini ikiwa ni hivyo,

Nasikika nikisema

Hatua fanya nipate furaha,

Mpenzi, kwani kwangu kusikia uzoefu,

Angalau ningeambiwa nini kiendeleacho.

Nasikika nikisema

Amos Christopherson

Anger And Love

If at all you
You could say a word
Each day
Like it was your last word
In your life
We would be living in no quarrels at all.

Just in case the mouth
Had a siege
To enable us talk good always
The world would ever live in harmony

I assumed, how well if it happened
That if you loved another person
Same as you consider yourself
The world would not be at war anymore
We create wars, and words kill than weapons
'cause wars are words in general

Amos Christopherson

The Unknown Casualty

Memorize the motor vehicle my dearest
Dropping me near the trees of your home
When cold and shivering was about to kiss your lips
And your dad came by sneaking
We felt embarrassed
When I drove off

He went with him you
A gift I had gotten in my hands and never to give away
And got me warned, never to come again
Even though it was a party of all
He insisted with no sound reason at all
I had discipline to move back

Without courage and without direction
I lost the vehicle in a whirlwind of my confusion
Where I heard a sound of your name being called
To come over the minute ambulance
And identify the casualty
You had known my vehicle at so many instances

When we trained your ex-lover in the play ground
And convinced me it was your brother
It brought back the love in me though and
We made love in the valley next day
Of course you did not forget me, that's certain
You couldn't this be remembering unendingly
How many men have disappointed you

Because I am not in that list
So deserved I your love and care
You have chosen never to have seen me
Why should I not be among the dead I caused?
Why should I not be among the dead I caused?

Amos Christopherson

If I Get A Job

I will even be donating blood
There and then
Time I hear the
Red Cross van is in the country

If I get a job
I will give away all I have
And start afresh
With a new life
I will never sleep if supposed am not

If I get a job
I will live to be a happy man
If it's to sweep the whole road
I will begin from my village until I shall reach
The crazy city

If I get a job
I will not at any time think about marriage
If they employ singles only
Let come what may

If I get a job
I will never reveal the secret of my hate
And things that make me hate the world
That's without true love
And lives on selfishness

Amos Christopherson

Liberated

Prepare yourself wherever you are
Put on armors that glorify his name
Compare what good cloth you have
Compare the worth you are
Prepare yourself for the day is come
Prepare your heart and your minds
You have reached the long awaited day
Stop that which you are doing
Taking a look thrice at me that way makes me think
You wish to talk with me but you assume am busy
Prepare yourself and do what your minds think is good
Nothing as false against your name will be worth
The truth has been seen in you
Your shadow can never betray you
It is always with you at all times
But what you talked in secret
Still came out the truth of you
You have won the assessment
You are liberated

Amos Christopherson

Come, I Hear Noise In The City Again

Yesterday they were running after me
They thought I was the thief that took with him the woman's money
I from far back heard with doubt a clap of mockery bullets
And a shout came after the sound of guns' toys
I don't know what people think when they see a crowd running after someone
Many of them were crying for I could've been in danger
They gotten amazed when they heard a clap of smiles and laughter
From the army this following me

Today we intend to make noise of our choice
Without cause and with no pause
A few hired children will be crying in the contiguous background
And the women will go on street making stories while moving around
The muscle men will protect us against who stops us
We've gotten all that power and no need to use a bus
We hope you will join collectively to enjoy the cheerful convoy
And the noise we lack tomorrow when dead and gone and no joy

Amos Christopherson

All Your Tears Have Formed An Ocean

Makes me think deeper when I see it rain
Most of you who have gone through pain
If you want a good view of it all
Come with me after the call
For a trip to the Indian Ocean beach
A journey retold of so far reach
Big blue and very beautiful when calm
Draws fear though has no more harm
Dramatic sunset, lapping water
Silence happening so broader
Come without hesitation and shaking
I recall sounds of water toward us making
And clearing their throat
So to fill us in our boat
We drove on the stream as in air
And we swam sorrowful in space free and fair
No limb got broken before our success ashore
And the other boats afar from us onshore
Were seen small clearly as baskets in the church
And all your tears have formed an ocean, like so they match

Amos Christopherson

Dreams Of Wars

"Am ready to fight you"
I heard the voice of the dreamer
"To win and to lose
You discharge yourself so accurate
With a silver poisoned bullet
You display their evil acts
And their heartless thinking reacts
You fear no power of authority
Your head affects the majority
You take steps so quick and illiterate
All your words are then inconsiderate"
"Am ready to fight you
I have an equipped armed force"
When I heard him wake up
I switched off the recorder
I feared to begin yet a war before the real war collapse
This was a day I realized our people suffer in silence
But war does not generate friendship
It disintegrates people from what they cherish most
From their beloved ones and property
There is no hope in fighting
Fight if you can fight the erosion of lives
That is the dream of my fight am struggling

Amos Christopherson

Listening To Music

Music is a big part of our life to sustain
Listening to music takes the whole brain
It can also improve your memory
When someone shouts at you expertly
You become alarmed and silent
But when someone resonates for you
The sound makes you happy so he intent
If someone with a deep hoarse voice you knew
Speaks to you shivering
It might create fear to your listening
And you will be more watchful for what's next to surround
I imagine a movie without music in the background
Would not make us think or let our minds cheer
A low voice is quiet and difficult to hear
But illustrates emotions and lifts a feeling
If someone dies and people do not sing
People are upset
They say that's not respect
I like the sound of vehicles' horns at night
It carries my strength to write
I like the nature and electronic exaggeration music portray
Someone will promise to give you all their life and soul in a day
I love listening to music aloud
It's a sun wiping off the cloud

Amos Christopherson

I Am The Toilet Cleaner

I clean that dust whole day
For over three years
I have persisted to serve you
It pays for my needs
I do not fear to mention
The wrongs of people
When they visit our public place
Any other thing can be overlooked
But not health concerns
The night becomes too long
It disappoints me often
When people get aware
That am not around
So in the morning
I can't find where to sit at ease
I do not know
What people eat
But I guess
They all eat so badly
But that's unfair friends
You may think you are doing fun of me
Think wisely my friend
Life is slippery on top
And you might slide down
To find yourself in my clothes
Little did I know as well
While that way I'd have grown

Amos Christopherson

The Hidden Part Of Me

Peace, demanding peace I can't get
Friends, I've seen things I regret
"Love me, love me", am pleading for love she has thrown
I can't believe she considers things I have never known
Am sorry am coming this morning before you aunt with the news
Of division, compassionate passion that she can't use
She has forgotten, forgotten the way "how we jump"
She treats things in silence I can't understand why she's dump
Am taking a step for always standing a chance to lose her love in my daily time
I've got to steal an instance before I can see her movement in delaying, it's a
crime
Many things have happened
While every time she imagined
Perhaps (she could) be the person richest
Perhaps I don't even have to understand this thought nearest
Am hoping in things of my doing today
She's there hoping in things she watches everyday
She demands for things without which I'd cease to be her man
Am tired and again, and in a moved state please I ain't a businessman

Amos Christopherson

Lion Country Tess

All have got chunks to swallow food in portion
That every similar one is tending to use to obtain
Strength and royalty as traditionally it is all force becoming
Using the power of no one above them
Leaping on the prey's back
Biting the back of the neck
And roaring out in private in exploitation
And robbing of those without
And aggravation of those under
Rubbing themselves in greeting each other
In a pride, the females do most of the hunting
It is often observed that the male will eat first
This way, the males get big and strong
This is how poor a man is reduced to nothing important

Amos Christopherson

He Might Begin The Nonsense

He doesn't listen at things twice
He perhaps hears them all at once
We wonder and ho! there he is!
Tiptoeing, kicks; ho! he's jumpy
Carries the wife in his mouth all the time
And spits words full of noise, hear them clapping
He's sharp o my God! and tells his truth,
But might Begin the Nonsense, if you surround him
He begins with jokes then laughter, ends with a cry
He is a part-timer, he teaches and supervises himself
He talks about anything, ask him the source, so he laughs!
You say a sentence and same way he repeats it
So He Might Begin the Nonsense

Amos Christopherson

Free At Last

After reddish noise,
Bloodshed
and regrets,
Energy grabbed
From us like from thieves
And our beloved ones enslaved
Struggles leave scars on bodies
and people
Homeless and restless
But we are freed after all
With this little strength
And shoulders weak to carry
We'll put back our fractured buildings
With no help
But not anymore
These broken limbs
These beggars
These lame features
These one-eyed creatures
they were naturally made
Now physically manhandled
But better though in fear
We are now freed

Amos Christopherson

Silence Is Traitorous

Humans need words with sounds
And then hear the tone of your voice
They want to analyze the picture on your face
And not to suspect you wrongly
Even though you are angered
Or have failed, speak a word
A word of peace and not revenge
In what situation but must be understood
Humans want a response
Negative or positive
They are relieved or angered
But that is what it takes
People like the silence of nature
and not of humans
Words have hands of thorns
And they sit not
They are wide ranged
They are heard, understood and misunderstood
They run so faster than the bullet
But silent response brings confusion
Silence accepts all defeat
But a word makes us happy
We need to hear words
And from our leaders,
And elders and our friends
And from our loved ones

Amos Christopherson

Thoughts

I this morning without courage had thoughts of her love again
If hurried minds and thorough torture tend to regain
I'll reassemble bones of her photographs in those halves
And pronounce her name highly with shame
She having respect to faults
And her promiscuity so intensely exalts
She hates my gift of love wrapped and specially marked
Near the weighbridge I hence stand heavily parked
And seeing things balance in kinds of less and excess
I felt frustrated with doubt to return back to normal so to cease
But seeing things broken in nature
And her minds on things of pleasure
Watching her learn and understand in vain
I took off and surrendered all to be without pain

Amos Christopherson

Genni, Love Of My Heart

Genni, LOVE of My HEART

Your love is indeed appealing;

you are so beautifully attractive

so so beautifully attractive

your eyes are a lock and key

infact you are so dear to me

I find rest in you after a tiring experience

You are an angel with wings to take me higher

You light the road to my happiness and

I see the brightness of life with you

I begin to forget the saddest time I have passed through

All the people are liars but you are not

How amazing that all these others pretend but you do not

I have all I need because I have you

You are my dream fulfilled

The reason why I used to sleep

To find the most wonderful dream

That I will live with

haha many others are there stuck in bad dreams

And being stranded cannot make a step forward

But for me I run, I jump and again run faster

and stretch to see them reach me with you here

Amos Christopherson

Nature Of History

In time, days, months to years

Is the failure of relationships
In January to July to December

And the shallow of rivers
In July, August to September

The destruction by earthquakes
In January, February to December

The reshuffle of accidents
In lakes, roads and in air

The manufacture of acids, guns, and robots
In laboratories, industries and employment areas

The color of rainbows
Blue, green, grey

The personality of people
Conceited, gloomy, temperamental

The training of soldiers, students, and also religions
In academy, schools and institutes

The birth of children
Over years and years all over the world

The truth of lies
In homes, schools up to work places

Amos Christopherson

In Such A Happiness

In such a happiness
You resemble one in a stress
You have everyone to yourself now to say yes

You have in your accommodation the right foreign man
And you have his entire plan written
He's at present recognized prosperous in all this clan
And you differ not effectively beaten

What is kept in that thunderous silence
That looks nevertheless a rainbow
You have a bias in speaking and letting us know
Or is it what they say in doubt you have the heat's shyness

In such a happiness
Being given all the choices
When all said is as well an omen
And you think love is everything
You put shame on brains of the youth
To send your letter while open

Amos Christopherson

Change

Do not listen, be then deaf
And misinterpret circumstances
Do not see, be then blind and stumble
Thinking in change there is no use
You herewith decide to seduce
And break your bread of fame
You framing life in your name,
Can't you reduce yourself to shame?
To change that fashion to the old
Do not change your behaviors if you can
Be enslaved and become like that
If you feel needy
Locate a straw in man's pocket
Suck all he has
Suck the whole world
Feel fully contented
Drop your head on a greasy stone
Slide along and burst it
Wait to be composed together and buried
You who search your own death alive
Booze and get intoxicated
Do not change, be then still
Change belongs to the right ones

Amos Christopherson

Everybody Needs It

Everybody needs a pencil
Everybody needs it
Everybody needs a rubber
Everybody needs it
To correct their inaccuracy
Everybody needs it
Everybody should smile
And be happy for that life
Never to laugh at failures as losers
Rub them, sharpen your pencil
Make a high resolution image and love it
Be a carpenter love it
Everybody needs it
Be a herdsman love it
Everybody needs it
Busy yourself and love it
Love the works of your hands
No one needs to die
Not even those who commit suicide
Don't think about it
Strive to live without end
Everybody needs it
Don't be rich and hate your friend
Don't be poor work firmly
Don't be evil and earthly

Amos Christopherson

Love's Lost In A Devil's Heart

Love's lost in a devil's heart
And now imposed in human kind
See how now two people in a relationship
Develop feelings of jealousy,
Pride, hunger and thirst to break up
Their minds as emptied away as a vacuum
Brought together in mindset hate
Away from themselves
Each thinking differently
And judging the other falsely over time
These who do not share their problems
A mind so totally different
Totally differently than before
And have now finally separated
Failure to fulfill a want in their mind
Aware that never will they get satisfied
Because they are humans
They now know speaking in anger
In absence of their minds perhaps
They are not crazy
They are crazed
They are not in fact possessed
They have become so tempted
With the devil's heart
Minds that have long been together
Now far apart and in part
Can't each see the other in face any more
Do they actually remember?
Do they take time to think?
Do they lose memory with time?
Love's lost in a devil's heart
And now is imposed in human kind

Amos Christopherson

This Harvest

When I dipped into honey
I forgot it was not mine
I did it many times just as thirstier as I became
I had no other option than to taste and reduce my hunger
I had a belief it would also end as I gotten used
It was sweet and served me right
I have a responsibility to fulfill still
To return what I took
Grabbed, stole and eaten what they thought I ate
But am ending up in fate
To fulfill what in others shoes should be done
I do not feel sorry for the shame this has whetted me
I am now turned bitter with sugar
And sugary with bitter in this sacrifice
For the initial silence I went through
Rectifying her false ideal insinuations
That turns the feast to point direct to the heart
I never assumed to harvest
No matter how should you have loved?

Amos Christopherson

A Dry Riverside

Cherished by many desperate with no joy
Within the heartbeat of exclamatory rough homeboy
Finds peace too merry and blue sky solitary
Walking on all four and not seen as he tarry
Clothes wet with sweat and thwacked toes overlaid
Feels beaten, tired, sleepy, baked and guilty afraid

None by to elevate him hence
And missing a lot to commence
Only alive for a borrowed time
Regrets poverty a giant crime
Fights the inner frustrations she intends at ease
Marries a toothy refuge and breaks it to meeting this peace

At a waterless shore he withholds the power he sought
In friendless state, pale, unwise, and dug minds wrought
And no more feels seated on or carried like garbage and thrown away
Always find choice in what you love and not be met halfway
Trace brightly your footsteps if you can
But run away from them and accomplish a life span

Amos Christopherson

A Quarrel Of Friends

Things of value and much importance
Can tend to separate friends in accordance
The family, the life and are one's happiness
The thought of wrangles with unexpected origins
And throwing minds so blown away as by storm
Finding peace in what is to perform
False wisdom from envy and selfish ambition
Wishing to have what your friend has which is bringing collision
This thinking otherwise, taming totally your lies
About which is impossible, made this being possible in truth so washable
What a quarrel of friends, to tell the truth that offends
Friendship is turning dark and perversely so black
And you cannot see them in front only at your back
Turning this friendlier, thought of whose are interior
Should we be this quarrelsome in an audience full of applause?

Amos Christopherson

I Am Confused

I have tried and I think I have tried
When you fail they are notified
When you shout they are silent
I will shout to that extent
You can live to tell
And forget to dwell
Among which is most significant
And mislead him who is so infant

I have tried and I think I have
Yet nothing farsighted I preserve
I am confused
Do not be amused
I have these three quick response letters
To my people, enemies and debtors
That each time I meet my people,
I am confused
Each time I meet my enemies
I am confused
And am going to meet my debtors

Amos Christopherson

Neighbor's Hair (And Revenge Availed)

Plaited and curled as rolls
Protecting and strengthening as house poles
Arrangements made and broken
Neighbor's hair to be my token
Weekend is near and the hair is new
Neighbors gather to curl it as a crew
Shame is gone and pride is merely anything
to enable the husband engage with a ring
Neighbor's hair will avail the revenge
If at all you comprehend, and never again pretend
Or fail to arrange, that which I do not wish mention
For to attract your attention
Do it and do not be ahead man
Do not be a middleman
Do not be boastful
Be a serviceman
Be honest
Be attractive
Be assertive
Be faithful
Be reliable to avail the revenge.

Amos Christopherson

Rain

A cloudy, gloomy, cool, rainy morning
Fresh, transparent, and sparkling,
Muddy dreams pouring and droplets springing
And all my things left in an open to get dry
Love, trust, life, joy and here is none to supply
I place not a blame
They art wet all the same
Found it interesting as a computer game
To see these teardrops of shame
Sorrow shared is half the sorrow
But I have the audacity to see tomorrow
Rain has seasons
And also reasons
To bind boundless
For with time it will be cloudless
To strengthen strongly
When the atmosphere is misty
And words exchanged wrongly

Amos Christopherson

I Refuse To Be Comforted

I hear voices now and again
Of losses of a beloved dear wife
So false and true to believe in vain
I remember her scent and our life
O how this sorrowful news sharpens
I refuse to be comforted
Because she's no more
I want no condolence
Do not even come this near to share my grief
She will never come again
I am afraid to know what happened to her
I do not want to see what caused her departure
I am bitten and those snakes have run away
leaving with me only an angry wound
I have a reason to cry
I refuse to be comforted
I am worthy to follow
I do not belong here anymore
there is where everyone belongs
this heart is scratched and smashed with thorns
and electrified and thrilled with nails
I feel tightened to the ground where I belong
Until the soil swallows this being
This is easy and hard to live by
To enter and to leave my life
I refuse to be comforted
I hope no more
I will not believe if not for death alone

Amos Christopherson

Before I Met Your Love

Before I met you I had confusions

I had questions and never the more had answers

So love is when you marry a rich man

And beauty is when you have everything you need from a man

So intimacy is when you are terrified of someone you feel affection for so much

And trust is when you have no money and

Your loved ones shun you for not giving them money

So forgiveness has a price

And togetherness has a negative influence

Which doesn't matter on this person as smooth as long ago jokes

Amos Christopherson

What Do People Want To Hear

I don't know what people want to hear,
While they listen to the speech?
When I am asked to introduce myself in public
I find myself beginning with my name and where I come from
or possibly where I now am residing
or even what am doing
when am telling this to learned people
I come across myself retelling what I have already said
because I just think they have forgotten
maybe they forget
people forget?
do they actually listen?
but I have also learned that they don't have
another time listening,
after getting to know my name and my job
it is only students who will have significance in my status
but it doesn't matter if you say you are married or not
what do people want to hear?

should you talk about your success
sometimes a nick name is derived from your own words
your own speech
a few people will like asking questions
when they know you are never concise
and most of them will ask you
only to invite them comment
do they pay attention to your failures?
some women want husbands as noisy as a master of ceremonies
some people fears picking the microphone while speaking
but others if there's no microphone
he will even lay a hand on his ears like this
so that he avoids his own noise
people like speaking, just speaking
they find liberation after speaking
what do people want to hear?

Amos Christopherson

A Child Is Born

A CHILD is born, a robber is born, a destroyer
Where shall we shelter him
What shall we put out of sight from him
What shall we instruct him
Man is what he chooses to be
A child should train good morals
Children will learn by mitigation
Use good words in their presence
Practice love
Let him watch and learn
A child born is trained good morals
And when he is a man he makes a choice
What he says he has heard it home
As you do for your ancestors
Your children will do for you
Give child wisdom
Use good words in their presence
Give them what they ought to have
Teach them love
Demonstrate to them love
Put into practice love
A child should train good morals
A child brought up where there is always dancing
Cannot fail to dance

Amos Christopherson

After The War

After the war

I heard a third last sound of explosions

boooOOOOOOoo!

Later that I heard a boisterous laughter

bwahahahahahaa!

I sensed their bullet was successful

I firstly heard a sound of a helicopter

tocotocotocoooo!

And then saw a parachute coming towards us

I knew this was our Lt General

And was come to release the slaves

We knew how refugee camp peace programs

Would contribute to post-conflict peace building strategies

But was shocked by the calm revenge and destruction

Of all the properties, love, faith and all children we had

Better we all join hands and battle away this war within us

Amos Christopherson

May You Show Me Symbols If I Am Loved Back?

Your kindheartedness just drive me drowsy like the day when
I took over dose
And remember I just be in motion so witlessly heartbroken just suppose
Even when I look so yawning into your eyes I hardly see
love is adipose
Come to common dearest and make this part of my life to you so close

May you show me symbols if I am loved back?

I want to just love you for the rest of my life honey
You've got to hold me so stiff no matter when I have no money
I believe we'll have to earn money in this kind of job so ugly
So never just go away dear when am burdened with a job in your eyes that's so
funky

May you show me symbols if I am loved back?

I bet you appreciate me honey I'll never get to annoy you
I just see you'd be shining so fastidious in a color blue
I just want to thank you in advance so have this magnificent shoe
I know you'll take me so hazardous in this kind of me holding to you so glue
But I believe you'll love me more because am among the chosen few
So may you show me symbols if I am loved back?

Amos Christopherson

The Bride On The Wait List

The Bride on the wait List
Break gentle heart break
That I cannot withstand anymore
Shaking as same as an earth quake
As slow as a snail wakes and calls them whore
Here-in shoulders hands like a perfectionist

To leave and watch her sob
Wanders as blind as a bat
Attending to nowhere step by step
Thinking they call her slut
Runs down step and stumble on an out sleep
Finds time to persevere like in the book of job

And meets her best groom

Amos Christopherson

My Wife Is Coming Back

My Wife Is Coming Back

I would like to be happy but am under attack

I will clean the whole city

This being another priority

I will dig roads to and fro

To and fro I will dig roads

Will lift stones, corns, bones, and throw thorns

And burn up horns

The students creeping cutting reeds

And painters coloring them yellow at full speeds

For this little penny in starvation

Since nothing to do but for whose appreciation

Let everything look colorful afterward

Before I suggest what is 'moving forward'

Understand they are born

You violate they disown

And here comes her day

When a few are now tired to even pray

But only know what time the selection open and close

And never recognize the right choice

Since even a color can pull us from the struggling

In this system of haggling

That the poor and the rich should be quarreling

And she will reduce this pain toward

Before I suggest what is 'moving forward'

Amos Christopherson

I Want To Die When I Have No More Value

I want to apply to die when I have no more value

On that interview date I will put on black clothes

I will not eat and drink and go home to live

I will not seat and not blink and not breathe and not go and not talk

I will not help and I will not work and I will not think

I will guarantee I have lost senses

You will make certain am cold

My appointment letter should state old age

Telling my contiguous friends and work mates might seem thorny

But it is significant you tell those via media that I got a job so worthy everyone else

My earnings should facilitate me leave no debt

Amos Christopherson

Life Without Eyes

Life Without Eyes to glaze
Is abundant abandonnes

That in this enjoyment of things in halves
Looking and never see things engraves

This hearing of things praised but I do not see
This hearing of annoyed crowd sounds such as the bee

Your promises sweetheart that are never fulfilled
I hear your nerves smile even when my eyes are killed

My sight to install is in your strength to fall dearest
That my esteemed love for you can prove strong harvest

My nerves, blood, heart is to function
With this backrest in finding reaction

Life without Eyes to glaze
Is abundant abandonnes

Amos Christopherson

New Clothes New Habits

New clothes new habits
That leaves the receptacle no deficits

And they gone to school with guts
Ask them megabytes, gigabytes

Why drain sooner until the last mourner
Find them in junctions, saloons in any corner

New clothes new habits
Kind of magnetism visits

Downstairs as with the parachute
Have you anyone who would to persecute

Gone to school with guts to grasp, seize and hold
Why gentlemen will plead their hand for household

New clothes new habits
Why drain sooner until the last mourner

Amos Christopherson

Behind The Blind Mind

You said the man you talked with is blind
But he pointed out fingers to someone he's then unkind

You talked with a blind person
But he can give someone poison

You said he walks kind and tender
But cannot you accept as true he's a pretender

You give him eyeglasses and add him a walking stick
But worthy of someone who'd frequently kick

Someone who'd frequently kick your relative
Though positive we'd frequently make him contraceptive
He'd not be literate or limit him being un-educative

Amos Christopherson

As We Hurry Into The Taxi Park

As we hurry Into the Taxi park
The taxi earlier than us is under attack

As I perceive sound and voices
None is busy around and noises

The life that you will drive
Establishes the always providence you will derive

Worthless is life and annulled
Seems all annoyed

Associates in advance your travel
Teach you not only to marvel

But to scrutinize the symptom
And attest you've been to the classroom

Amos Christopherson

The Formless Struggle

The formless struggle
When vain we fought
When vain we fought

And armed we never
That won we lost
That won we lost

Our brains we distorted
That unplanned we did things
That unplanned we did things

And un-united we messed up
The formless struggle
That won we lost

Amos Christopherson

Road To Gray Hair

On the road to gray hair
You have gone through a lot of a snare
And the cloth you wear
Not like ones of your brood as you were
Enriched not as brown fiber
But a resentment coming from afar
Acknowledged with tender patience
But aroused with young fellows faulty impatience
With time things change
Even the age of range
Gray hair is experience
And concentration will lead to your success
No matter how you dress and fail today
Yet mind the utterance before you are stray

Amos Christopherson