

Poetry Series

Arsiema Berhane
- poems -

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Arsiema Berhane(March 10,1920)

'I ain't much of a poet. But i love writing what comes to my head and call it poetry. (i know that sounds crazy) . Anyways, i will keep on writing and please don't stop reading. They can be beautiful, bizzare, strange or Boring. So thank you for stopping by to read'em and comment on'em.

Thanks a million. Naaaaaaaaaaa, , , , make that two million and peace'

*****the Instructor

Mr. Evan,
a chubby Jewish guy with pale skin,
likes the classroom cold,
so we all have to freeze.

In the morning, when he comes in,
he stares at us all, with those small
Chinese-looking eyes,
checking for absentees.

Today he began:

"If you do have to vomit,
then vomit! "

He told us to listen
when our bodies complain:

"I don't like this stuff,
so get it the hell out of me! "

Later he spoke of diseases,
infections, and shingles.

Mr. Evan, a chubby Jewish guy
with pale skin, likes the classroom cold,
so we all have to freeze,
and when, like me, you are slim,
it is so bloody grim!

04/28/2010

Arsiema Berhane

****just One Of Those Days**

I'm so tired I dunno why..
I feel like I been working like a dog.
It's funny cus I haven't done
anything the whole day,
but sit lazily on this chair.
Its the weather, there's so much pressure
Its draggin me around
I really hate it.
September and April are the worst months of the year
transition months
I wish i could sleep those two months,
you know, writing a notice that goes like,
'wake me up when October comes' and
sleep all the way through September.
The same goes for April, but change the October to May.
The internet connection is awfully lazy today.
Maybe it is the weather again.
It's not worth downloading anything during the day
Funny how the weather is ruining everything.
I feel like doing something else
besides sitting on the computer
and writing this.
The weather is again to blame.

Arsiema Berhane

****self-Centered S.O.B.**

All you know is

me me

me me

me me

me me

me me

me me

03-29-2010

Arsiema Berhane

***my Lady**

Some of the things
That make my lady
Happy are
Picnics on beautiful sunny days
Watching her friends fail
and poetry.

Tomorrow
It will be a beautiful day
And I'm taking my lady
On a picnic and will read her
A poem about how one of
Her friends failed.

My lady will surely be so happy.

19.7.2006.

Arsiema Berhane

A Certain Life

There are times when you feel
unsafe and insecure
about yourself that
you ain't at all sure
If you'll wake up the next day
And no matter the pain,
no matter the sorrow
you still want to go on
be part of tomorrow.

Then, just to make yourself feel good
you scribble down a letter
to an insurance firm
asking the details of the kinds of cover
it does offer.
Mailing it makes you feel better.

But deep down you know
Wherever you hide or go
You can't cheat death
And an insurance company
can do nothing, to save you.
It's ridiculously stupid and funny.

6.4.06

Arsiema Berhane

A Contemporary World

A crowd of people were staring
At the cold dead body
That was lying in the street.

Cops and cars, cars and cops,
Cops and cars and more cars and cops
Were all over.
And the light from the police cars
That was blinking
Made the scene look like
some kind of bistro.

He was so young,
the dead man on the floor
And I thought life was too short for him,
To die at this age.
I'd no idea where he lived,
no idea what he did
But something in his face
Seemed innocent and saintlike.

Suddenly,
A question formed in my mind
And I shot it to the crowd,
saying 'Why? '
'Why did they shoot him? '
I asked
But no one answered,
They just stared at me
And turned their faces back to the dead body.
Their look was so scary.

But then...,
'Maybe they think the world
Is a better place, '
An old woman said,
'Without him.'

31.1.06

Arsiema Berhane

A Dog With Six Names

This is a poem about a dog
Not just any dog, but our dog.

It's funny how everyone wanted to
give him a name, but each name was not the same.

Some wanted to call him Tarzan
I called him Rex
My sister who is into books and stuff
Named him Malcolm X
My other younger sister called him Fofi
A tribute to our late dog
I didn't really mind 'bout the name
Doesn't it sound a little like coffee?
My younger brother called him Undertaker
Name of his favorite wrestler
I really loved this name, but mother was like
"Come up with something else, this is not a game"
My older brother called him Jaguar,
A name that's good for a car

I remember once a friend said,
You should do something before-
Your dog is dead
I can see he's suffering from multiple personality
You all should do something before you feel guilty
Of his death.

Well to settle this matter
We all gathered - talked, argued
(everyone was so serious)
For many hours composed of seconds and minutes
But we didn't agree on anything.

"Let me put an end to this controversy
But you should promise that you agree with me,
I have come with the perfect name for the dog
And he shall be named DOG" mother said.

We all agreed.

2/1/2006

Arsiema Berhane

A Love Poem

Man! !

You are so serious

You never say nothing funny

You love too much talking

Never giving me a chance to say

Anything.

(though I ain't got nothing to say)

You love talking about your self

You love talking about Philosophy

Two subjects...

Which make me feel sleepy.

You know what?

After all this time

I think I thought of something to say to you.

I love you, but you are boring.

Arsiema Berhane

A Note On The Fridge

Dear brother,
I know you are hungry.
This is just to say
Please don't open the freezer
For there is nothin in there
It's empty.
And opening it
Would only add annoyance
To your hunger.

Arsiema Berhane

A Perfect Lie

After what he said and done
after all those promises
she never even for a microsecond thought
he'd go leaving her alone
in a small house
with a dog and a book with a strange title.

All she said,
at the moment he walked out of the door was
'you know I never loved you anyway'.
Finishing that line
she waited for him to say something.
and nothing came, but silence.
That's when she burst into tears like hell.

05/09/02

Arsiema Berhane

And Here Comes Another New Year

and it's 2007.

Happy new year.

29.12.06

Arsiema Berhane

Bad Day

Here I sit
Feeling angry
Oh dear lord
My life is a misery.

Arsiema Berhane

Beautiful Day

Forces of nature
are working in your favor,
especially in service-oriented
projects
that put the concerns of others
first.

Your sense of compassion
is getting a workout these days,
and the stars predict great results.

I'm Pisces,
This is the horoscope for Pisces.

It's gonna be a beautiful day.

24/8/06.

Arsiema Berhane

Bombarded!

Our town
Full of laughter
Full of joy
Full of happiness
Full of life, it was.

In a flash of seconds,

Our town
Full of cries
Full of misery
Full of sympathy
And as silent as glass, now.
No one to be seen walkin'
No houses or trees standin'
Except the miraculous, little church
Standing tall, proud and lonely.

Arsiema Berhane

Bored

Six A.M.

Here I'm sitting in my sofa
trying to think of something
make my mind busy
I've been having sleepless nights
And life hasn't been that easy.

I am staring out the window
The world seems so empty
There's nothing out there
Or is it me?

6.1.06

Arsiema Berhane

Cathedral Street

People.

Some are walking slowly
Some so fast,
As if taking life
So seriously
On cathedral street.

Arsiema Berhane

Cats

I don't understand why people love cats.
Forgive me if you are one of those who do,
And you can call me nuts,
But I hate `em

There's not a single thing cats do,
They're lazy proud and comfort-loving
And like to make a slave of you.
You feed `em, wash `em and everything
While all they do is sprawl about
like some lazy queen or king.
Sometimes I wonder to myself and say:
"Could God have created them to show us
Laziness does pay? "

15/8/06

Arsiema Berhane

Childhood

You would have laughed
At the way I used to speak
But I don't find it funny
The way I used to think.

I'm serious.

Every time reading me
Bed time stories
When I went to sleep,
Every time telling me
Fantasy stories
In my memory to keep,
Grandmother
More than anyone I loved her.
She died when I was still a little kid
I thought about all the things she did
And said to myself
'My! we are in the middle of
The book named lord of the rings
Where we met the old man, Gandalf
Now that grandma is gone
Who's gonna finish it? '

Arsiema Berhane

Collapse

Some days are better than others
Some days worse than the ones we call bad
Some days we are content and happy
Some days we are sad.
Some days the world is so tiresome
Some days everyone and everything should rest
Some days we are so confident
Some days we think our decisions are best.

Some days the sun shines
Some days it doesn't
Some days the sky is full of stars
some days it's just dark and vacant.
Some days life is so pretty
Some days life goes to your head
One day you will read this poem
And I'll be long dead

16.6.06

Arsiema Berhane

Come To Dubai

Not bloody likely I'll come to Dubai.
When I endured the 14-hour 'red-eye'
flights to Arabia and back,
I was much younger.
I'm retired now.
It has rained every day
for a week, here. Hmm.
I may prefer this to Arabia.
The only flower I ever saw
flourish in Arabia was
Bougainvillea,
climbing over the walls
which surrounded houses.
My flowers are growing ardently –
you would envy the view
from the window at which I sit.
I am envious of your being
able to gape at Dubai.
What an incredible exercise of
the human imagination,
to build a city upon the sea!
Well you watch out for the
Halliburton folks.
They're not nice people.
All good wishes to you.
We're trying to bring down
the Bush regime here, but it's hard work.

28/6/2007

Dedicated to Will Barber.

Arsiema Berhane

Crazy Questions

Have you ever
Stood for one moment
Stopped everything
And gave a thought
About today?

Have you ever
For one minute
Stopped everything
And looked round you
And appreciated the view?

Have you ever
For an instant
Stopped everything
And felt bright
That you are part of this planet?

Have you ever
For a second
Stopped everything you do
And felt proud
Cus you are you?

Have you ever
For a trice
Stopped everything you do
And thought about
The people around and
Figured what a helleven hell
It would have been
If they were not around you?
Have you?
Have you?

May be 'yes'
May be 'no'
May be 'I don't care'

May be 'I don't know'.
18/10/2002

Arsiema Berhane

Hundereds Of Millions

I kinda favor that painting
Hanging on your wall.

I 've seen many paintings
That hanged in a wall,
But they ain't as pretty
As that painting of yours.

I saw a painting
So beautiful like yours
It was also hanging on a wall
But, the more I looked at it
The beauty was
Like your painting
Not at all.

I don't have the guts
To ask you to give it to me
Nor the guts
To ask you to sell it to me
For I know you'd do
None of it, even
For hundreds of millions dollars
But always
Late at night
While me in my bed
And not a sleepy head
I think about it, and say
'If I were a master thief
I'd have stolen it.'

Arsiema Berhane

I'M Stupid

I found him sitting there
On his only and lonely chair
Lots of papers on the floor
A candle of light on the table
And Beethoven's poster was on the door.
It looks so scary, cus the shadow of
The voodoo talisman has fallen on it.

He was writing, my friend
What he calls a poem
And never said a word to me.
Infact he never wanted me
In the room with him
For I'd only disturb the ideas on his mind.
So, knowin' that, I never said a word
But wrote a note
On a small torn paper
Saying 'tell me when you are done.'
And put it on the table
Where his eyes can reach it.

An hour passed
With out a single vibration in the room
And that was when
I admired myself for my patience.
But he was really trying me,
For I was so dying to tell him,
what I was going to tell.

I looked on my watch
And he looked at me
And said smiling,
'Just one more minute, I'm done'.

With out me realising
That one minute, turned out to be
Two hours and half
My watch was saying, a quarter to three,
And that really made me angry.

'Ok that's it I'm going"
I said opening the door
But he didn't look like he gave a damn.
'I came here to tell you an important something
But you are busy with your thing,
Your poem or whatever'. I said
And when I turned away
He said ' aight I'm done, '
'Tell me what's on your mind? '

That was when
After a moment of silence
I laughed and laughed and laughed
With anger
at my stupidity of forgetting
what I came to say.
23/03/2002

Arsiema Berhane

It's Cold Here.

It's cold here.

3: 25 Am, and here I am
in a long line of people
waiting to buy bread.

It's cold here.

Life has been so tough lately.
I just hope today is not like
those annoying days I have known
Where I had to go back home
Empty handed.
It's cold here.

I once read a poem about people
waiting inline for bread
and finding themselves
in a hospital bed.
That's if they get lucky,
cus some get dead.
It really is cold here.

Anyways, I just hope my day unravels
in so many beautiful ways.
It's so damn cold here.

1/11/06

Arsiema Berhane

Leaves In The Wind

I'm living
Forgetful of the world
By which I'm forgotten.
I'm living in my world
Which is full of tall grass
And not so wide
For it's my back yard.

Sitting here listening
To the whistling wind
And seeing the leaves
Being carried away
I realise
That one day
Death will come
And carry me away....
Just like that
Like the leaves in the wind.

Arsiema Berhane

Like A Hero

How come you waste your time
Writing something I don't
Understand, and most people
Don't understand
And feel proud about it?

Arsiema Berhane

Love Or Somethin Like It

Yesterday,
My friend left
For another country.
Leaving this country of mine and hers
Which she always said is sick and tired of.

Today
She called me.
And the first thing she said
was 'I miss my Eritrea'.
Missing it seems to kill her
After only one day.

Shall i call this 'love? '

Arsiema Berhane

Networking For Dummies

The PCs are all acting crazy
they won't print to the the only printer
and you are trying to do something
about it. The network has been acting up
since early morning
you don't know what's wrong with it.
this is the best designed network
but feels like it's held together with
bailing wire and chewing gum.
It fails most of the time.
You been working hard to make it work
but it won't start.
Here is my advice.

Scream for help.

21.7.05

Arsiema Berhane

Nine Lives Of Innocence

You only live once.
There's no such thing as
a second life
third life
or after that.
Unless ofcourse you are a cat.

28.8.05

Arsiema Berhane

Seven Line Poem

I never knew we were made of ashes
And would end up being ashes
Until I heard that priest say
Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
At the burial procession
Of i don't remember whose.

Arsiema Berhane

Someday Never Comes

You said -
'Some day,
Your dad will come home,
There'll be no more tears,
No more fears
Of tomorrow.

Some day,
You won't feel hungry,
Miserable,
A bright tomorrow your dad will bring,
You'll find it some day, some morning when you wake.

Some day,
Things will not be the same,
You'll see that life is fun, a game
And all those nightmares that you have now
Will melt away like snow in the sun.

Some day,
Those long dark days,
Those creepy nights
Will be no more
And the sun shall rise.

Some day,
It won't be only me and you;
That photo on the wall of just us two
Some day when your dad comes
Will show his portrait too'.

Life is getting harder though,
It worsens every day,
I can't be sure our life will change,
Some day seems to run away.

500 some days now have come,
500 some days gone
Yet still it is

Just me and you, alone.

15.8.05

Arsiema Berhane

Something About The Weather

Dear sister, you have no idea
About the weather here
The earth is dry
We haven't seen any rain
For the past few years
And hunger is striking.

Looking out through the window
Father is trying to forecast the weather
And he has been saying something
But no one heard what the exact words are
For he's talking to no one, but himself.
Oh! how terrible things are here
The weather is bad, so bad that
I am beginning to believe what father has said.

'This is not weather, but a curse laid upon us.'
23/03/2004

Arsiema Berhane

Strangers Are Strange

'The world is so messed up
that I'm afraid
it won't be long
before it turns red
(like Mars)
and becomes
nothing but just another ugly
lifeless sphere
in the universe.
But then, you won't have to worry
and have sleepless nights in your bed.
By the time all this happens
you will be long dead.'
I said all this to the man
sat next to me
on the long journey
to my village.

He looked at me and said,
'Madam are you a pessimist?
I don't really like what
I have just heard.
Try to say something pleasant
or don't say a word.'

31.1.06

Arsiema Berhane

Such A Rush

It's mornin', I have to get up.
It's mornin', I hate to get up.
It's mornin', it's gonna be a busy day.

Wake up early, make breakfast,
today's newspaper, gotta check it out,
got to run to the office, to earn a livin'
work like a dog from mornin' till evenin',
get back home and call it a day
and I will wish I was somewhere else away
but right now
sleeping in ma cozy bed
with a lot of stuff goin' on in ma head
all I can think is:
what the rush to the sub-way will be
if I don't get up - right now.

31.1.06

Arsiema Berhane

There's No Beer In Heaven.

We were just little children
When our neighbour
That funny and clever mister
Who loved drinking beer
Died of too much drink.

I remember
How we loved him,
And the songs he sung
When he got drunk.
They were so strange
And outlandish
We loved them as well.

Mother replied then
That he went to heaven
Where there is more beer
To answer our question "why he left here? "

Now,
I know she said that for our sake
And knowing that any answer we'd take
For I know in heaven there is no beer.

Is there?

Arsiema Berhane

To K.

In the first hand I want to give
A brief reason why I'm writing you.
It's 'cause I have nothing to do.

But to make things worse
I really have nothing to say.
I just want to tell you,
While I'm writng this,
I'm listening to U2's song
Called 'Walk on'.

Arsiema Berhane

War

Nomatter It's ugliness
destruction, death and pain
It will always rise again.

1/7/2005.

Arsiema Berhane

What's Going On?

These days everyone is in a hurry.

I don't know what's the story
behind those fast gaits and
paces almost running, but
these days everyone is in a hurry.
You never see anyone stopping to see
the sun rise, seasons change
the flowers bloom and fade with age.

These days everyone is in a hurry.

16.6.06

Arsiema Berhane

Wind

The long tall trees
Are swaying here and there
There and here.
22/09/2002

Arsiema Berhane

World On Fire

"Paul, Paul
The world is on fire"
My youngest sister said,
While still in her bed.

"Paul, Paul
The world is on fire"
She announced once more
Still looking at Paul.

But Paul was busy watching and
Smiling
At the world map he set on fire.
That was his heart's desire.

7.11.05

Arsiema Berhane