

Poetry Series

**Bryan De Poet**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2018

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Bryan De Poet(30th/3)

The Poet, Screenplay-Writer and Song -Writer (Bryan De Poet) instigated writing in 2001 at age of 12 years, my zeal and appetite towards writing was and is my mother. How juvenile I was in 2001, I started by transcribing Songs, So far I have written twice as many songs as my age, but what I remember, I have written four songs for 4 artists.

In 2006 I floated towards writing short stories inform of plays then advanced to Stage plays in 2009, at present I'm writing my 3rd script.

When 2010 ticked in my basket, I realized I had a knack too in writing Poetry. Presently, I have written more than 100 poems. The Poet has won two accolades and received honor mentions with

I'm member of Uganda film network, Script-Writer/Poet/Songwriter at (T. m.T Ltd) . I pursue modeling some times for fun.

Whilst at University I pursued Bachelors of Commerce.

Now here I am very glad to give back to the entire world, I want my words to heal the sick by giving them hope, Teach African presidents good governance and help one to win hearts of their loved ones.

God gave me the talent and now I'm giving the world too.

I'm approachable and a good listener.

My motto "Listen and you will Learn"

Lets share folks.

On Facebook check me on (

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I Love You All.....

# &quot;My Gold Dream&quot;

Journalism!

My gold dream,  
So out competing it's.  
Sighted by a crowd.  
Embraced by few.  
Outrank on screen it's.  
I love journalism!

Journalism!

Adventurous it's.  
Sounds of rockets in netherworld,  
Not about to transfix a journalist,  
But only sought-after,  
I love journalism!

Journalism!

It's a dream in me,  
A dream of gold and my cheese!  
I want to fit in the press shoes,  
Now I got to write, report and broadcast.  
Journalism don't gravity me!

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# 'andrea Correct Me If I'M Wrong'

Tantamount Andrea,  
Your beauty crumbles my veins and compels me to whisper to desire.  
My heart blossoms as the fantasizes stir to my brains,  
Call it desire, bonny or may be, mirage.  
You're a princess I think of during the sunrise,  
And then dreams accrue at night.  
Ranee, I want to pedal with you this a thousand mile,  
Through the horizon to the wild hills,  
Primetime will get nowhere to ascend but only trail us-  
To the city of magnificent distances!  
Andrea! We see and veer for we are like soul mates.  
Let's live a double life barnstorming Andrea!

Andrea! Memoirs about you will never seize to fade away,  
Never fade away from my heart,  
Just because my heart peeked farther,  
And because you're ubiquitous!  
Clay is molded in my heart,  
Just to keep a simulacrum of you, Andrea!  
Bizarre we will be, a force to be reckoned,  
We will tamp and mingle the galaxy till we vanquish it.  
We will laugh, smile and cuddle all in one lot.  
Andrea! Just focus your eyes on the road and nothing will go wrong!  
Your Beauty is a masterpiece my Mona Lisa!  
Andrea you're my finest admiration.  
Andrea! I want to share the dawn and the full moon with you.  
Andrea your love is a glowing neon sign of paradise,  
Your love is blithe, unhinged, my Andrea!  
I love you against all the odds Andrea.  
Correct me, if I'm wrong, Andrea!

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## “this Cold Morning In December”

Some memoirs are just hard to erase because they are sorrow,  
That cold morning in December last year!  
When I peeked through the window,  
And I unsealed my lungs to breathe in  
A breath wandering for warmth, after a glance of frost!  
Whoever knows how cold it's in winter, will accede with me,  
How hard it's to swallow the cold breeze.  
Looking back in the review, blazing wood.  
I may need a heavier duvet to shelter me,  
Or an open wing willing to cover my skin,  
Towards only a single memoir of a touch!  
This warmth is for today not for tomorrow,  
Princess shall you cover me like you cover your own skin?  
Look out for warmth?  
Erect a tepid fortress for only two of us?  
Because I believe in you, I believe in us.  
Another cold day in December,  
Should seize with you ubiquitous.

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# 25

Look at me, I'm a 25 year trendy maker!  
I feature a brand new me, at present!  
Look at me, and Read through my transition,  
I wear George and shave jeans,  
Now I'm getting A Gucci,  
And now I can volunteer in UN.  
I'm the birthday lad at present.  
May the folks warble for De Poet, as I take my view.  
I'm floating in the galaxy,  
But now, let me trail down, to my castle,  
Look at the mirror, it all defines me as A Script-Writer,  
On my fingertips, is where you unearth my lyrics!  
Did you just read that? I'm A Song-writer as well.  
I just don't give a break,  
God dam it, I'm A Poet, &quot;Bryan De Poet&quot;  
I am, and I have T.m.T forever.  
I am 25! And I'm a silver jubilee today.  
What a better me, I can fly far and wide,  
And It's a Sunday, when Emmanuel rose,  
My pristine birth-date, though! was, a Good Friday, back then in 89,  
That defined and defines, my other name &quot;Emmanuel&quot;  
Now let me stroll to haven,  
With my own visions and missions,  
Extremely eventful and magical I' am,  
Wait a Sec, let me accolade my mother, the tremendous queen  
&quot;Stella&quot;  
And not forgetting my father &quot;William&quot;  
For today, don't try to find my station, and try not to provoke me,  
Just listen to me,  
I'm what I am, and what you see.  
This is, an even year for me!  
It's my birthday,  
But I haven't forgotten where I came from.  
I'm 25.

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## 33 And Beautiful

I was strolling through the rich coast on a Sunday evening,  
No doubt, I had glanced at beautiful Enid,  
I have to accede; your face, all, of you, is incredible, pristine and attractive.  
Through the trials, I was transfixed,  
Transfixed to look out for you, Lady E'!  
If you ever happened to get lost in the jungle, I would fight a good fight,  
Till I extricate you from the jungle my Lady!  
Incredible, you're beautiful.  
That nightfall you were my heroine,  
And you will always be one,  
Since you stained my eyes like the spectrum colors on a rainbow.  
Incredible you're 33 and beautiful,  
You're my Jasmine, my modern timetable,  
Enid my Lady, my cheery pick,  
Welcome to my castle, in it, I'm the Prince; you're a Princess,  
You're a Princess in my fortress taken care of, No one can harm you my Lady,  
Precious, Hilarious and tremendous you're my Lady  
You're destined eternally to look beautiful.  
Coz your sky, will always be beautiful.  
Good Lady might, save the day,  
And make me your summer rain.  
Sting me, back.

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# A Kiss

A kiss from an angel, is brief.  
A kiss from a frog, is dirty,  
Kissed by an army of frogs,  
Thee is as unclean as sin.  
An a waited kiss, is next to bridal,  
And is worthy, glory and sterling.  
A kiss from a princess from the rich coast,  
Is seldom like the blue rose,  
And floats with benisons.  
Rani together we can fly with-  
With our butterfly wings,  
Like Romeo and Juliet.  
Titanic we are.  
Epic lovers we are,  
When I put my arms a round your neck,  
And open my lips to find your tongue,  
I know you! no one can kiss my lips like you do,  
When your lips linger around mine, it's the aroma of your saliva  
Leave it all to the French,  
The French kiss at the Ivory tower!

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# 'Angels'

Angels! ! !  
Pristine they are,  
Angels are our aegis.  
Angels are our confidants,  
Confidants who know what we want!  
Angels are sidekicks!

Angels! ! !  
Legends they are,  
Who work around the clock?  
I prefer calling them enthusiasts.  
Angels are our seekers.

Angels! ! !  
Heroes they are,  
In tragedy, angels consume us to keep heart and have hope!  
Angels are victors!  
Angels are noble!  
Let's accolade angels.

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# Christmas Is Here, Jesus Is Born

Jesus was born to Virgin Mary 2000 years ago,  
And his legacy dwells to date.  
Hey yes, let's sing for the birth of Jesus.  
I said, hey yes let's sing for the birth of Emmanuel,  
He was born on 25th December in Bethlehem.  
For every year we recollect his birth,  
Because history repeats itself, Christmas is here.

25th december is the day,  
The day, the universe shone so bright, with the hero being born,  
Jesus is the universe,  
Love Jesus not Lucifer,  
Lucifer who tried to equal himself to Emmanuel!  
There can never be a house of equals even if Lucifer dared to.  
Heaven will always be heaven.  
And hell will remain bottom.

If you do let Jesus in your life,  
You will feel his presence,  
Because he was born to guide you through, in this world full of temptations,  
Even that evil buried six feet under the ground,  
Will be nowhere close in your life,  
Only if you do believe in the birth of Jesus who died for our sins,  
Jesus is always on the other side protecting us,  
Even if we don't seem to notice!  
Now let's celebrate the birth of Jesus as 25th December looms  
Jesus was born to save the world, which he did,  
Christmas is here, Jesus is born  
Jesus is God.

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# 'Friends Are Like Trees'

For a record,  
A best friend covers your past from floating to the present life!  
Though we also have,  
Next-door friends.  
Worldview friends.  
Cross-culture friends.  
Financial friends.  
Mentor friends.

Don't quote me wrong but,  
Girlfriends and boyfriends are like florets,  
They bloom, fly, fall and dry.  
While your friends will be crafting more brush-woods,  
Each brushwood with abound leaves.  
Friends are as mightier as a pen.  
A clement friend will collate all the early worms for his/her friend!  
A horizon friend will always transcribe and send missives.  
A barnstorming friend can be amiable,  
A friend's cuddle and trust is glory!  
True friends wipe off the tears trailing through your cheek  
Friendship is a heart of trust.  
Friends are like trees,  
Trees grow and craft other brush-woods!  
Friends are synonymous to trees.

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# I Speak Speeches

Alicia altered my life attachments!  
All I say, all I see, all just happen!  
Errors exist in English!  
Emotive enable enthusiasts explore!  
Even the early come to an end!  
Fate finds fortune!  
Fortitude foretells the future!  
Hypocrites hibernate in church!  
In joy, Joyce jubilates!  
Ice cream conversations intensify romance!  
Join Jesus but not Judas with jinx!  
Knacks are known and renowned!  
Lend a hand to the lentitude lass!  
Misogamists and misogynists mix well!  
Moths multiply at night!  
Ministers minister ministry of politics!  
Politics are never pellucid!  
Practice and praise the present!  
Signs and symptoms aren't similar!  
Sweat or not smile!  
Some people aren't sought after!  
Sink or swim in a swimming-pool!  
Save a sinking ship from the rats!  
Talent is never taught twice! no  
Twins are taught twice the same way! yes  
Times of troubles torment!  
The devil dares in the darkest moments!  
I say words I say!  
I speak speeches!

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# I Will Smile

I smile, to dispense out the rage in my soggy heart!  
Most folks smile, if they're dwelling in cloud nine.  
I will smile, when I get that kiss from my child hood crush,  
Like Bow Wow did from Tyra Banks.  
Queen Elizabeth's kiss on my cheek will spark a radiant smile on my phiz!  
Elegant, brief and delicious dreams tender smiles on my phiz.  
A prior romantic night, will glow up my smiles, this is evident during the break of dawn.  
If I ever fish out million-dollar woman, I will smile at the end of the day.  
For a chitchat with Kanye, I will smile.  
When I get to transcribe Rap lyrics for Jay-Z, I will smile.  
Imagine me on the same comedy show with Kevin Hart,  
What a diamond smile I would compose.  
Writing screenplays with Leonardo Dicaprio and Nicholas Cage, why wouldn't I smile?  
Ah yah! Oh yeah! Not forgetting lunch with Obama-  
What a glowing smile I will tattoo.  
Okay! I studied from Makerere University,  
The best University in East Africa and the fourth in Africa,  
Let alone, I have the happiest smile so far.  
When I flicker to Trance and Digital Dagers music,  
The hidden companion smile, is transcribed all over me.  
Let's float through Def. Jam Records with Russell Simmons,  
Where I would love to record an audio anthology some day,  
Russell heed to my dream, because I want to smile.  
Let alone, working with ColdPlay, their lyrics always drill smiles into me.  
In the end I'm with Linkin Park.  
Let my confessions be by my side,  
And my phiz will smile eternally.

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# Mathematics

Pessimists call Maths, abyss of a subject,  
A subject invented to detest their brains,  
A subject of arithmetical errors,  
Errors, that need a heap of stint to complete the puzzle.  
But to the Poet, I call it,  
A common mistakes subject,  
Like the Romeo and Juliet miscalculation,  
That can only be nursed,  
Long live Shakespeare though.  
And long live Mathematics.

What about some logic,  
 $2+2 =4.$   
 $3+1=4.$   
 $4*1=4.$   
Now let's glimpse at change of a question,  
 $-1+2-3+4+2=4,$   
Seems different queries,  
But always, one solution, one focal point!  
Folks lets not elude maths,  
Because we need it,  
In Finance, Procurement and Accounting.

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# This Fantasy Is Just Too Much

I'm so cheerful that I'm finally conferencing about, my fantasy,  
It might seem so abstruse,  
But this fantasy, I'm about to relate to you is just too much,  
I'm despondent when I wet dream in my bed,  
Knowing very well that you're not besides me,  
This fantasy is just, too much.  
I wake up red-faced in the middle of 3am,  
Only to budge my hands to the other side of my bed,  
You're not with me.  
This fantasy is just, too much,  
That, I can no longer hang onto it.  
The wake ups during the wee hours are just, too much,  
This fantasy is just A1 with its own lane.  
From the back of my humanity,  
This fantasy is just what I think of, about you,  
What I adore, from you,  
What I want, from you,  
And the moon between your eyes.  
This fantasy will always be too much,  
Will always be there and here.

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# Walls

Walls invade privacy of badmouths!  
Walls articulate,  
Wandering how they articulate?  
Echoes! Echoes! Echoes! Ears! Ears! Ears!  
Walls have exuberance of ears.  
Walls are deleterious,  
Even though they're stunted and dead like nails on doors.  
Thee! Can't even fight walls  
Because, of their fortitude!  
Trust walls not, when conspiring,  
Walls! Have exuberance of ears!  
Walls defray to whispers

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