

Poetry Series

Chronos Author
- poems -

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Chronos Author(10-11-1988)

I'm a poet born from the inhabitants of South Africa, where I grew up with a God given talent to draw. I never succumbed to the influences of poetry, I always assumed it was too feminine, however, I got drowned in that sea.

I have been a poet since 2006 now, I have shared the podium or the stage with big poets around my city.

I perform vocally most of the poems I write, and their format of writ is in that nature.

Currently I am busy working on my so-called book, titled SEASONS.

I am also doing or writing my poems in most of my graphic designs, post cards, gift cards, as day to day messages, etc.

One unique trend about me is the fact that poetry has greatly influenced me to the point it has created another person within me, I call that personage Chronos Author.

Chronos is my other, the one I normally use, his sense of speech and the way he quickly understands situations, his ideologies and philosophies, they all make me a better person.

The power poetry has in my life.

She Spoke In Bliss

In the seasons that gave birth to soothing sounds of nature- A daughter born with 7 Angels incarnating her as a heavenly creature. Divine in transe this woman communicated with Cherubims- O thou fair female flaunting fragile wings of Seraphims. In Spring duets that taught her aura in tones of bliss- And made the best air wave hiss with her sweet lips in kiss. She spoke to me, and my heart listened carefully- As a peasant to the master, hearken, solemnly- In moments of drowning her mouth to embrace each echo in slavery. The ocean splatters that created tranquil aroma- When i heard her speak the first time, was the day in her voice i slept in a coma.

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Strings Of Ivory

Her beauty and elegance charms the summer morn- As firey ambers blessed her in the day she was born. With moon beams that project vivid lights to blind shades- The token velvet strings of love played a melody that never fades. As ink writes sentiments of heavens hope- So did pen dance to aroma of spoken sounds of cope. Trees bowed before her rapture and numberless worlds hailed- To where her feet stood and cried as Christ was nailed. Queen of rainbow, peace and Earth refined in transe- Oh so nervous of brain to upgrade the human sense. Songs shout in fair countries with green replenish- To transport her groan agon away before she perish. Beauty as divine doth angels envy- Quite amusing, the glooms of pain are empty.

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