

Poetry Series

DAVID ISAIAH
- poems -



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This Death By This Mettalic Eagle

My poem

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4 days agoDetails

THIS DEATH BY THIS METALIC EAGLE

By: David Isaiah

This death by this metallic eagle

Hurrying, whirl like Tsunami wind

Claiming our heads

This white man's bird

Wreck this little countryside

Men and beloveds we called ours

Now no more we see

Though we are not all consumed

Yet we die by attachment

Being bond in dead by love

Good or bad we all have the hole in hearts

For memory lingers fresher than dew

This death by this metallic eagle

Poor chap bones

This air monster crushed and flushed our lives away

Far from what we forget in a hurry

For statistic stands above the rest

Send melancholy deep down the spine

And marrow shrinks

Then bulletins sells our images

To our brothers and lovers, even foes alike

Outside our home, beyond boundaries

Inviting them to the mourning

Which they have no share

The inflicted wounds in some solitary hearts

Well beyond moonlight tale.

This death by this metallic eagle

This big demonic docile

In flame of hell
Burnt our communities, families and nation to ashes
And them accord an instant burial

DAVID ISAIAH

I Have Found You

Queen of queens
An angel she is called
An epitome of beauty.

I have found you
This one missing bone of my rib
The one whose beauty calm the waves of the sea
A pathway among peers.

I have found you
The one my heart desire
I have vow to dash you my heart
only if you would come with me

Then I would take you to this island of love
An island preserve only for me and you
And island where the flower of love grows
And real love itself is guaranteed.

I have found you
My pure soul mate
Please come with me
Then I would take you round the universe
I would set you on the highest pinnacle
Where all eyes can behold your beauty

My angel
I have promise that even amidst the fiercest oppositions
I would come out
brave and strong and pronounce you my one and only.

DAVID ISAIAH

Little Freedom Of Mine

This little freedom of mine
Like young marijuana leave
Soak in ogogoro gin
Move me madly and wild
For counsel no more I take
Great pagan's mind sooner I grow
Leaving this path whereupon I walked, rightly, kingly and happy
And now wide Broadway I move
With fear of no one, nothing
Yet, this liberty so sick and slim
More perilous, bitter than vineger
For imprudent now handcuffed me
I care no more about hell
Nor does heaven anymore matter to me
Though am convince they are real,
Like northern Fulani cattles
I wander and wander
Then health consciousness far beyond acceptance
And these friut many despise
Now become my best
All infection to me means nothing
For my mind doom and loom
I felt I had gained it
This long seeked freedom
But now a slave to lust I become
For no one to his maker return cheat
And through the door escape
From his eyes
I try to return
But deep in me it has entered
And into it I have gone deeper
Darkness eclipse my path
And great chaos battled me
Day by day and night by night
Now those admonitions I forsake long ago
Like pure scavenger I search for
But counsel have abscond me for
My lock head drive them away
This little freedom of mine

Has so far lead me into this wilderness
Where sane, consciousness I forever forbids.

DAVID ISAIAH