

Poetry Series

Earnest Gatuma
- poems -

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Earnest Gatuma(1999 Sep 21)

It was for those days that he grew up in the landscapes of , he learnt about life in a different manner of existence; Earnest Gatuma was a poet and a poetry admirer since in the born in 1999 and later on took up the desire to demystify philosophy in a poetic way.

Beauty Is Her Name

I remember the first acquaintance with her,
I looked at her with my eyes moved with such motion,
My head felt enlightened with a new discovery: the truth could also be a
speculation,
She had opened my eyes and reproved my belief,
'Beauty is for the angels'.

I thought ahead, talking to her would have been an achievement,
So ahead I went and asked 'what is your name? '
'Comely Rose' was her answer?
I turned with confusion as if not sure
well if that was a name,
I later thought of the absurd impression I gave
And I discerned my instinct failed to relate her answer with my expectations,
And Indeed I realized Beauty was her name!

Earnest Gatuma

Drained To My Least

Walking so lonely
Reflecting the sour life had
Walking edges of my memory
Start a new life with a new start.

Hard it was to stop sobbing
Sorry wasn't enough to bring all back
But 'keep moving' became my only stunt.

For now I have to bury the history
For present can't be judged with the past?
Although the awful ordeal
Still got me a scar.

Earnest Gatuma

Eighth Wonder Of The World

Oh surely sometimes I do have myself asked
What is the most amazing thing that lives unmasked
And believe me I do deeply think
And without a blink
An answer would then come to my consideration
But ironically in resemble of a question
That goes with I to mention
What type of rose blossoms evermore;
In the autumn and where there is snow?
And oh Melissa your name would go.

Earnest Gatuma

Halloween

In that night risen I would doubt if only for the night done so....
As I walk in encounter of the road now divorced
And comes a trial of decision to prefer the shortest of them all
But in thought adds more than that one regard
For I have heard of stories in the encounter of this God's acre And I imagine of
the Crispy fowls, whispers and all sounds so odd
Rather the fear...
You tell me, is darkness a matter to consider
When eyes meet not what they sought?

And David I clone in me
For the tremendous ahead I say let it be!
But it doesn't take long when fear knits within
And soon am donned in so for I hear it all....
 Rapping and rapping on the oak barks
 And the scrapping that seems to prolong from the graves
 And I shout, in sought of some recognizable sound?
'Who is there show yourself! , 'I say
And silence then at last intervenes...
But then comes the rustling in the far grounds
And shock then builds in the imagining of it could be
All I regret in the show of bravely at first
But something looms out of the dark, some recognizable shape;
'A being! ' I sigh, 'for at-least any would have mercy over his own kind' I
presume

But then a sickle he rises
And i realize this is no fairly tale
And in attempt of dong so,
Wisdom then I borrow from the son
For truly I made a good run!

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