

Poetry Series

Eric G. Alleyne
- poems -

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Nothing to say

A Diamond In The Rough

Got up this morning with a glimpse at the sunrise I turn
For the yesterdays gone it is the now the here that I yearn
Here for the service and the prayer of each day
I, the dark, lumpy, molted clay
When the stresses of life get me down it is to the Quran to the pages I turn with
grace and poise
I shut out all the rumble the daily noise
Reciting it is the highlight to every woe
The pages they resound in my mind the higher the slave is allowed to go
The stories remind of the reason that I the slave made with his creator
The many hours on constant prayer
I started in a homeless shelter in Harlem New York right after the towers fell
The city cast to and fro in a frantic spell
On a massallah made of White frail sheet I made my stand against the forces of
darkness and despair
I arose by the grace of my Lord Allah's azawajal, he gave me a ladder that
helped to climb out the Devils lair
From place to place within the city I traveled to and fro
Teaching to all of the people that I had come to know
That the Islam that I had come to love was not about the violence that I come
and had seen
The monument at ST station so vividly ripped through my being, souls screaming
in despair the images were not imaginary, they were seen
Death can make anyone stand up and take an account of one's own life
The goodness the happiness, now lies by the Media Moguls only out to make a
dollar, the strife
I remember all these things as the saga goes on, as I was allowed across the
desert sands of this blistering inferno
Through the streets and back the student of the Master Creator, more powerful
than the government and ten thousand volcano's
From Harlem to Brooklyn I sojourned
There I was turned back to the streets kicked out by the homeless system
because again the slave fought for the weak and destitute a lesson to be learned
Well I then fell upon a place where the water was fresh and clear
Masjid Ul-Ikwa was there as she bid me near
This slave sent five years as the student to the true Islam, the Haqq, the not so
crooked limb, the Tree
Truth of who the slave was as it it happened to me
From there the slave traversed the plains by the mercy of his Creator part of his

Majestic plan, they refer to it as the Qadiir
Well here in the Dirty South I, the slave rise
Not willing to give in to man not to compromise
I made a pact a contract if you will
Not planning to be a punk or spill my guts if you will
Destiny again as I rise, slavery and slave just never enough
I, the slave to the Master I elevate by his Permission
A diamond in the rough

Eric G. Alleyne

Gathering Roses

Once and a while I got to admire the thorn and the beauty
It can be so tempting to try to capture the richest pirate treasure
Senses are dead to the pain
There is only ice and numbing sensations
Every time I stare into the expansive skies
I see the stars
At least they have each other
I have no regrets
Love is a foreign word to someone devoid of life
You see I am the bird in the cage
I am the prisoner to the rules of this society
Whether I run and hide they find me only to make fun of me and then I am no
good to them
I would rather the life of a loner
There is no color to me
I am not this costume character in a dance set to display
I prefer that the punishment meet the crime
Alone and the only one I can show to is the Unseen
Well I am not unhappy to that Creator I know
It seems being a Nigger is all I am good for
I wonder if people think about what they say or do
Never the walls are too high and too wide for reconciliation
You could never know love you are the most foolish of people that I have come
to know
I regret ever being in the same room with you
I pray that the serenity you never come to know
Dark are you like coal
Unfeeling like a cold gem with no luster
Careful when you go to gather this Rose

Eric G. Alleyne

High Above

If the mention of the places I am allowed to go
The heights would dizzy even the crow
The matter and air is so thin to breathe
It not a trick and it is not up the sleeve
Here is the a riddle for you to guess
Where I go there is no stress
Far above the mess
I journey there when the world tries to weigh me down
The politics the fools the clowns
When you know the answer to the clue
You will know what to do
Try and try to replicate
It is a ocean too hard to adjudicate
Funny I saw the youth and the old try to rob me of my gifts
It is a spoon too heavy to lift
When you understand the giver and the source
You will come to remorse
Many have tried to eliminate me and have failed at the objective
There is a higher prime directive
When I die it will be at the call of another
My faithful provider, sustainer, cherisher closer to me than my deceased father
Know a trick at this in and out pattern
Too expansive than the seven earths and the seven heavens
The call too high the price has been paid
The Foundation has been thicly set and laid
So for all that continue to try
Here is the final piece to the map it has 99 parts to its tale
Can you guess the power that assists me when all else fails
Five letter make up his highest name
I am the slave and he stays the same
One day this shell will surely die
No regrets have I
For my price is paid with each step I take
Blood shed parts taken nights in agony and pain, it was the best decision to
make
For him I live and for him I die
Ashadu gather me to the friendly sky

Ishmael

Once the ink is dry
The destiny is set
The feet are planted
The Walls are built
The Demons are slain
The Rivers run high
The Path is clear
The Yesteryear's are forgotten
The regrets no more
The Stars do shine
The Wandering no more
The trees are green
The air is sweet
I long for peace
I long for time
I long for a peaceful path
I long for the blossom so pink
I long for the silence yet I await the essence of her touch
Maybe in the grave then will I know
There are too many that seek
For I am the Mountain Uhud
I have the picture of Makkah and Medina
They are the anchor in the deepest seas
Must I tell you of when the faith can leave you
Of the many times hungry and fasting
Of the many days and nights of prayer
Of the waking and going to sleep
Of the days when walking seemed the only journey
I made the pact and I am complete
The thorns prick my feet in the denial of yesterday
Yet I continue with the firm perseverance
cling to to my heart to my cerebellum
I am the last of my kind
This I know, never will I submit to anyone or any thing
I revile and curse those that will not submit to the light
To the One true Lord
For those that gather and experience my poor reflections
Have but a chance to gather the pearls from an expansive sea
I hate to tell you that Islam means Submission

Anyone who submits to the higher power is Muslim
I will die with this in my herat the belief the courage and the strength and the
hope
I am not perfect to say the least but I strive I climb I grow I breathe
I learn and I know
That each day I know nothing I am nothing and Muhammad is his Messenger
A slave of my Lord Allah
A mosquito to the expanse
A dropp to his majesty
Seeking forever to wash the sins from this mottled frame
Who am I
Ishmael Abduallah Muhammad Ali
Servant
Slave
Brother
Father
Teacher
Poet
Friend
Who is my Enemy
The Dark ones who choose to keep all those enslaved
I am the bright sword the torch the fire the light for the Greatest Light and
Knowledge that I have come to know My Lord and Redeemer
Allah
Well the tale is eternal
The past is the past I live for the Akhirah the garden is my quest Jennah
To nay that wish join me for the road is hard the reward is sweet
Home
Sooner or later I will return Inshallah
Ishmael

Eric G. Alleyne

Larger Than Life

If I told you truth you would no believe
The truth that the creator is the only one to achieve
Another story another message and messenger in this time
Harassed, lied to, and kept under subjugation a black mime
Funny how the tables have been turned
Too many new lessons learned
For the purpose there is a high cost
Humanity in the balance success or all is lost
Everyone hates me for being loved by the higher power
A station for this deserted flower
Color is not my crutch
Never could I ask for much
Just freedom to worship him far from this prison of a capitalistic society
Every where I turn more hurt wrenching tragedy
Mark the signs this true
I know the next time to pay attention to the clues
This time I take my leave in peace
Desert the lie of those that wish me to be on a short lease
Time to pass the torch and leave for foreign lands
Time to make firm stand
It is for my Serenity
Time to change destiny
Not going for the lies and plots of other soothe sayers
Gotta focus on one final prayer
Time to be free
I have seen the Paradise Tree
I have seen the Angels and had them talk to me
But to others I am a mystery
Time for Justice to play its part
Unload my dying heart
Wanna see home and say goodbye to my mom and family
Time for a different page in the saga of the unknown prophet
Time to call on a earth shattering comet
Calling on creator to end it all in a ball of fire and flame
It is time to end the unceasing shame
Let someone else pick up the pieces of this war
Not got let them see my soulshaking tears
This is where I depart from this plane
Wanna go on to a higher heavenly rain

Wash the dirt from my essence
Enjoy rabbi alameen's decadence
Let it be time to end the strife
Tired of being larger than life

Eric G. Alleyne

Not Wanting To Be A King

On the other side of the rainbow
Can you imagine things running rapid to moving slow
With just no place to go
If there was a choice and things were different
The money the cars the women and
there are better things in life to be content
Many look at the color as a content of a man
Wonder does the colour rub off under Retinal or UV Scan
All there is is the master plan
Valleys and plateaus are part of the grand scheme
Hoping for a greener potters dream
Since then have had to fight just to sleep to eat to live
Problems multiply and open like a sewer hardly no air
cupboards empty only love left to give
It is a journey of the lonely and the few
Feel like a baby on this mountain air fresh and brand new
If you ever want to find this soul go to the highest cliff and jump
land on a cloud and ascend to the highest peak that makes the heart to strain as
it pumps
Then immerse yourself in the deepest ocean get lost in the darkness if you
please
Then you to can understand the shadow of this slaves majesty
Up there where you cannot see
Clouds and a place only dreamed of no description can you put to your souls
mode of communication
A place too sacred for man to cause dispensation, confusion, degradation
They say that it is all just a dream
What these eyes have been allowed to see would make you scream

Eric G. Alleyne

O Allah Who Can Find Words For You

O Allah who can find words for you
The Eternal, The Refuge
The Majestic, are but a few
You the Creator, I the Slave
You the Redeemer, I the Knave
From Sunset to Sunrise
You I cannot compromise
This a pittance of a poem to you
O Allah who can find the words, but a few

Eric G. Alleyne

Open Wide The Gates To Hell

Shocked at the approach to this theme
Funny when truth illuminates it causes the senses to scream
There are doorways to the gates to both realities
The government one the other a safe house from the tragedy
Ever since this event took place it has caused alot of people to take sides
It has caused to worlds to collide
Welcome to lonely voyeur caught in the middle
The lazy revolution of the The Dark Lords spindle
Yet for the or so that did not show up that day
The forces said it was a warning for their Pele that fiery hellish day
The owner gained a heavy financial gain
As the fire exploded and the Gold began to rain
There are mysteries of this madness that are still waiting to be explained
The Media call for a recount to the magic spell
Open up wide the gates to hell

Eric G. Alleyne

Starving For The Possibilities

It is a joy to Surprise
As clears Sunrise
The sounds drift in through the window panes
The rush of traffic it is even on the Web, life in the fast lanes
So sure of the profit for tomorrow
Clearly mankind has forgotten their sorrows
She hides the mask of insecurity with high tech terminology
This is part of the fantasy
Mesmerizing the soul and the eyes and the soul
Vying for complete domination and complete control
How is it that the Majority is ruled by the minority
Riddled with wounds deeply scarred is the Majority
All the vices of mankind abound
Just listen to the soundless sounds
The Wretched dead from the neck down society
Still got the Light, the Guidance, the Fluidity cannot stop the one starving for the possibilities

Eric G. Alleyne

Take A Look At The World

Well the period has come and gone
The many nights forlorn
Anxious for another day
To once again be reminded of the grave
To look at the sky before the Sun begins to Rise
This is the crypt that close in upon my eyes
Got a a get the view I had once before
When I was the eagle that rose and soared
The heavens are my home the place I rest
No fancy palaces or treasure Chests
Well this is for those that need to ponder
The fools who go about blind the design of the Universe I wonder
Thought love was there for me
Funny how life can blind you so you cannot see
To the open spaces to roam very soon
A home and the wild green and blue landscapes of the Canadian skies
Pity away from all those that I despise
Free to be me and not have worry if I am black or white
Just another day and another night
There to repose and watch the world unfurl
Take a look at the world

Eric G. Alleyne

The Companions

Functioning in a scattered pack of ravenous wolves
Got to keep a pair of heavy dependable work gloves
Coming in at a fast rapid pace
Not trying to make a peace treaty, all up in your face
How do you defend against this attack that rips at your being?
It is now, not when you are you are willing
For the future bleak and distant
The more that you ask the more that the heart becomes vacant
Try as I could the portion that has been dealt is not unjust
Remaining in the center of the storm is a must
Well this is my journey alone and in this cage I have designed
I hope it is for the feathers that long to soar, I am inclined
Now I know what it is like to have loved and lost
Faithful to him despite the cost
Searching the heavens for a heavenly inspired vision
Stuck with vastly different cruel desperate unknown companions

Eric G. Alleyne

The Father, The Sun, And The Moon

The Father gazed up at the stars and saw a wondrous sight
There in the heavens blazing better than the Moonlight
His vision so clear
His path it was easygoing this voyage with care
Long before the eons of the Machinations of man
This father had prepared the journey for his son, the master plan
If you veer from the path that I have set for you only gaze at the Moon, she will
be there to guide you
This caught the young one who knew that this course was set by purpose and
clear heavenly aspirations, down the road he journeyed anew
The thoughts of a colliding universe as it revealed itself
Like many bound books on a dusty shelf
As time grew on the path started to shift in its course
and there the son found many things that filled him with remorse
The butcher, the baker, the crack alleys, the pimps and side deal makers
The careened and broken lives of those distracted onto the wide avenues of the
one who they blamed as the man,
A crutch that would make a staunch christian turn into a sham an illusion the
faker
The son saw through all the illusions and facades of these life players
He only had to look at the Sun by day and the Moon by night and believe in his
Maker, The Ultimate Caretaker
One day the Sun came to say goodbye to the son
His days were over his battles were done
I have got to go young one keep the torch alive
Shine bright and help to keep the moon in her popular jive
This is the tale of the Father the Sun and the Moon
Hope that I to will see you soon

Eric G. Alleyne

The Real Life

I got out of bed and what I saw
It could cause most men to dread
The penalties of being fitful is obviously clear
The patterns of those around me
It bring the truth so near
I told myself it better to die than to live being a patsy to the society at large
Government and leaders of this society all the crooks are large and in charge
Not here for the benefit of being the whipping slave or the Token Nigger Boy
That score is for the fools who plays behind White Doors with little boys
Funny how people who were vampires at night and saints during the day
Sonny and Cher well they have seen better days
I am just a slave caught in the swirl of the patterns so delicate the fluctuations
so tender and true
There are no big fantasies, or mistaken identities, take the hint, get a life, just do
not get it don't you
I am here to stay
Like the ocean with her riptides and currents so wide and deep, I am her and I
am here enjoining all my days
Search for me during the foggy yesteryear's
Funny I disappear like smoke creating wonders and fears
I am not the hero in a comic book
You get three strikes, fooled you that is all it took
Part of a design and a master puzzle that continues to evolve
Like the Pyramids in Giza
With each day I am allowed to revolve, dissolve, and all problems i have allowed
to solve
Matrix just has not got anything on me
When the Master meets the student there is a pause the crowd hushes at the
next move, I say he that owns all said be
The final pause starts and the show goes on
The grief and the knife
Shocks you as I play the real life

Eric G. Alleyne

The Ways To The Heart

I cannot tell you of the hours and the days
When I see you there is a bell a chance for peace
Gather I the roses strewn on the lawn with care awaiting you arrival
You are the essence of togetherness
When the strands of time caress you visage it is matchless and eternal
For you I return to the opal shades of your voices lie a wind chime that shatters
the wind with resonance and clarity
You are the force from which when my enemies assail the walls of our home
I would defend until all my essence has ebbed
Layers of the morning dew has anointed my face and all I see is you in this
mind's eye
There are no words that can describe how I feel when you are near
All things are but a reflection when your presence is ushered into the room
I feel your beating, your breathing
Your eyes are a fire that cannot be matched in this universe
The cosmos fails in comparison to you
What I wish most is the quiet times with you away from the crowds and the so
called paparazzi
You are the inner source to the well of my soul
One day we will unite and be as one
And until then I caress the rose and think of you
I stroke the rain and I think of you
May he always protect you, the higher power until I can stand guard of you
At all times I am your Yojimbo, your soldier in this life and hopefully in the next
You ensnared the ways to the Heart

Eric G. Alleyne

Tiger's Lair

There are too many scents of the world in this place
Clear this Zen Garden before it becomes a disgrace
The ripples of negative and dank sins remains
The hidden agendas, the darkened windowpanes
The policy of the hypocrites dot the walls and the floors
Scream to the oppressed, jerring your emotions and taunting your psychy to do
more
All there was the rules of a foolish and stupid creation
Imagine that thinking it is the creator, now that the most impossible mission
Welcome to those that talk and cannot be heard
The gift too rare the spoken and the unspoken word
This is to those that gather webs and the thing that go bump in the night
Onward and upwards for a first class flight
A way to ease many and adjust altered line of sights
It pales the mind's eye to know that the human being is in the height of it's
evoloution
Yet grounded in her search for true dedication and devotion
Rather have Peter, Tom and Paul
The falsehoods, the orgies, the barbarians, the blood covered walls
Now and then there comes on the horizion
A champion to the cause, the first of many for the next generation
So when they ask who is this Prince of the Prose
Contact the Author
Only heaven knows
Got a line of sight on the new troupadire
The new lion tamer in the Tiger's Lair

Eric G. Alleyne

Turning Pages □

There are many things that have crossed my mind
The words are so meticulous to find
Had an idea that race or anything else would matter when it came to you and me

This is like having bitter uncontrollable flea
For love is part of the bitter and sweet package
Hope my heart is there for rescue, salvageable
Gone to the limits of my existence
Just to try and erase you from my essence
Every time I take a step I am haunted by your face
But I am left alone with the burden of disgrace
It seems that the curse I had was being born under this forlorn and forgotten
star

Welcome to this miserable and confused man, you have gone too far
Sorry I am not a remote control car
Just turn on and off at your hearts desire
I told you not to play with this fire
You need to grow up and tell me what you want in this relationship
Every person needs someone for companionship
I think that you need to know the difference
So that will not be a repeat experience
For someone who is innocent
I forgot emotions to you are worth a sixpence
Thought that you cold fool someone who has been burned a thousand times by a
woman's beauty and guile?
Now I hold you as I would garbage in a pile
I pray for any man that has to put up with you
They do not even have a clue
A spaceship that just could not launch
To me you lack power in a punch
Just a lesson for further reference, everything has stages
And right now yours is childish images
Catch you on the rebound; I call this a bomb waiting to blow up in your face,
until then I keep turning pages

Eric G. Alleyne