

**Poetry Series**

# **Eric G. Alleyne**

## **- poems -**

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# **Eric G. Alleyne(3231965)**

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 to 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 to 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 thickly 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 friendy 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 and 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  
clinging 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 heart 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 drop to his majesty  
Seeking forever to wash the sins from this mottled frame  
Who am I  
Ishmael Abdullaah 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 Jannah  
To nay that wish join me for the road is hard the reward is sweet  
Home  
Sooner or later I will return Inshallah  
Ishmael

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# 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 sucess 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 capitilistic society  
Every where I turn more hurt wrenching tradegey  
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 unkown 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 rabbil 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

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# **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  
A 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 hide 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 is 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 stared 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

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# 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 your arrival  
You are the essence of togetherness  
When the strands of time caress your 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 horizon  
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

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