

Poetry Series

GeorgeherII Musiime
- poems -

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GeorgeherII Musiime()

How We Die

May be, may be not...
Probably it will read...
Here lies a soldier, a damn good one
who died not in battle but in his sleep

O Gosh! !

reason enough isn't it
For people to spit on his head,
Sit on it and fart on it too.

And that...That kills me
the thought of it does kill me
Even before my time is due
And continue to die long after am gone!

Never stopped to wonder what the
Epitaph on my grave will say! !

(George HeroII)

GeorgeherII Musiime

Let Down

From would be nurses, it only got hate
Promising it was but it fell on a Rock
Optimistic and blossoming with ideas it never saw

when it germinated, a lot would be up
And all looked up to that painstakingly
but none knew the seed would be;
Cast where no life ever sprung!

And now the original dying out, the poor seed is pallid
From where life once spouted, now it only Oozes.
optimists now dismayed and disillusioned
Only left to do none but wonder;
When did a seed ever thrive on a rock-top

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Lost

And there I was again, lost...even to my self
In my bed I lay, with a roof over head yet
My thoughts always away, wondering with the blue star-lit dome of heaven
All dwindled by the gloom of earth for a roof
How did I ever wonder off so far away into the woods? ?
I still can't figure out, O yet still, find my way back home
But feeling lost, even to myself.

Oh how I prayed for guidance and consulted with my faculties!
And how could they all lead me so far away from the truth
Did I pray to the wrong being Or
Did prayer stop working, but who knows the answers anyway? ?
Walking amid the gales of perplexity, my vision
Already blurry is even getting blurrier!

With difficulty, I still muddle through
My faith dying, and my Hope waning
What's the essence, why stay fighting on only when
You are not winning a thing
I can't justify bleeding out, and am getting close
Am giving up... heaven am sorry but
All is lost, and all that's left has since lost meaning!

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What Do You Do

when it's you, only you left there
when all are gone, those that you owed respect and
all those that meant a lot to you
Have so early and prematurely met their demise!
what do you do, tell me what...?

when you know many brothers is at stake
and the pursuit has got it as an alternative end
For ever weary 'cause of the phenomenon but
so powerless to say no and when the only option is to follow train
Tell me what do you do?

I know my demise might be eminent
for all is painted red for me
thought an abrupt halt is next thing up,
one thing gives me the strength; for the life i lead,
am never go fade away
Am never gon fall into oblivion even after my demise

(George HeroII)

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