

Poetry Series

Haile Tesfaye

- poems -



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Haile Tesfaye()



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The Truth No Man Can Crucify

Thou mayest deny His divinity,
Yet thou canst not deny His ancestry.

And if any among His own people
Would deny the lineage of His birth,
Shall a son cease to be a son
Because his brethren disown his name?

For what man shall honour the fruit,
Yet curse the tree that bore it?

And who shall worship the Son,
Yet despise the people of His mother?

If thou must blot out His Jewishness
To make Him worthy of thy faith,
Search thine own heart, and ask:

Dost thou worship the God
Who made man in His own image,
Or a god fashioned in thine own?

And unto those who lay upon Him
The hatred wrought by the hands of men,
I say unto you:

Shall the innocent bear the iniquity of the wicked?
Shall the son be condemned for the sins of the father?

For the guilt of hatred belongeth unto him who hateth.

Yet woe unto them who invoke His name
To persecute the people from whom He came;
For they have taken the name of a Jewish son
And made it a sword against His brethren.

Woe also unto them that bear false witness,
Who call truth a lie and falsehood righteousness,
Who accuse without knowledge

And condemn without judgment.

For Moses, whom thou holdest in honour,
Shall bear witness where thy words fall silent.

Thou mayest deny that He was God,
Yet thou canst not deny that He was a Jew.

Neither the crown upon His head,
Nor the cross upon His shoulders,
Shall sever Him from the people
From whom He came.

For He was a Jew before the nations called Him Christ.

And though heaven and earth shall pass away,
No tongue of man shall make Him otherwise.

Haile Tesfaye

When Empires Fall, Love Remains

Hearken, O children of the earth, ye who build your walls upon fear and sharpen the words of the Holy into spears.

Blessed are they who behold a human face before they behold the borders of a nation; who hear the cry of the wounded before they inquire at which altar they kneel.

For the dust hath no colour, and the ashes know no creed. The child of every nation entereth the world with a cry, and every mother weepeth tears of one salt.

The grave maketh no distinction, neither doth the earth inquire by what name the dead called upon Heaven.

For the greatest war was never waged between the colours of men, nor between the names they gave the Divine.

It was waged within the heart, where two kings contend for a single throne: the hunger to rule, and the courage to love.

And the hunger clothed itself in righteousness, and called its cruelty faith. But love walked barefoot among the wounded and washed the feet of strangers.

Behold, the thrones of conquest shall crumble, and every sword raised in the name of Heaven shall rust beneath the rain that falleth upon all.

And when the last empire is dust, and the final border hath returned unto grass, one question shall remain at the threshold of eternity:

Not what colour was thy skin, nor by what name didst thou call upon the Holy,
but when thy brother stood before thee, didst thou behold a human being?

And when love was asked of thee, didst thou give it?

Haile Tesfaye

No Mere Man

The great teachers of ages
rest beneath stone. Yet Jesus'
tomb stands empty.

They became history.
He became its dividing line.

No mere man
could cast a shadow
so far across eternity.

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Dust Kissed By Eternity

For behold, even the wounded mind
may become holy ground,
when it suffereth not the splinter
to sit upon the throne,
but layeth it upon the altar.

For the scar is not lord over the soul;
it is but a witness,
that healing hath passed through the fire
and was not consumed.

And forgiveness is the key
placed in the hand of the captive,
who, in his sorrow,
had become keeper of his own prison.

Truth abideth
when every tongue is brought to silence,
and love endureth
when even the grave hath shut its mouth.

For we are dust,
yet dust breathed upon by eternity.

We are broken vessels,
yet the Light knoweth every crack,
and poureth itself through what the world called ruin.

We are pilgrims beneath a fading sun,
yet the path of love
leadeth beyond the night,
unto the dawn that dieth not.

Haile Tesfaye

The Blood That Crieth From The Ground

Woe to the kings in robes of light,
who hide their hands from deeds of night;
they speak of peace, yet sharpen spears,
and build their thrones on mothers' tears.

They call their greed a holy plan,
then spill the blood of guiltless man;
they draw their lines through field and flood,
and write their laws in orphaned blood.

They teach the child another's face
is born beneath a lesser grace;
yet dust to dust, and breath to breath,
all stand alike before their death.

O earth, thou groanest under sin,
while hatred burns the hearts within;
thy rivers weep, thy valleys cry,
for innocence condemned to die.

Woe unto those who crown the sword,
and mock the justice of the Lord;
for every grave that men forget,
before His throne is numbered yet.

No flag shall cleanse the crimson stain,
no crown shall silence Abel's pain;
for blood once poured upon the plain
shall rise and speak its name again.

And when the final trumpet calls,
and pride is stripped from golden halls,
the Lord shall ask what mercy gave,
not who had power, crown, or grave.

Haile Tesfaye

The Age Of Glass And Ash

The world hath raised its towers high,
yet lost the language of the sky;
men speak through mirrors made of light,
yet fear their souls alone at night.

The child is born beneath a screen,
where truth and falsehood lie between;
and wisdom, once a sacred flame,
is sold for clicks, for gold, for fame.

O modern man, with crown of wire,
who lit the world but lost the fire;
thy hands can measure moon and sea,
yet know not what it costs to be free.

The machine now dreams with human breath,
and learns our love, our war, our death;
yet who shall teach its heart to weep,
when mankind's own hath fallen asleep?

The earth still warms her children's bones,
though we have turned her fields to stones;
we pierce her side, then praise the blade,
and call the wound a world we made.

There is a famine, not of bread,
but of the living among the dead;
for many eat, and many buy,
yet starve beneath an empty sky.

For when the final trumpet cries,
it shall not ask how high we rise;
but whether, in this age of stone,
we kept a heart where mercy shone.

So let the proud their towers defend,
for dust shall be their only friend;
but blessed are those who still can see
that mercy is eternity.

Haile Tesfaye

The King Who Chose To Die

For many have come, and many have gone,
their names hewn deep in lifeless stone;
their crowns lie buried beneath the dust,
their kingdoms fallen, their glory rust.

The mighty rose with sword and flame,
and carved the earth to guard their name;
yet time, that silent grave of men,
hath swallowed them, and speaks their names no more.

But He, the Blessed One, came low,
where mortal grief and shadows grow.
He shaped the very soul of time,
not by throne, nor war, nor crime.

As Light, He entered into night,
not to condemn with wrathful might,
but to transform the darkened clay,
and teach the midnight how to pray.

He spake not as the kings of earth,
who measure man by land and birth;
with borders drawn and swords made bright,
they called their hunger law and right.

He built no power on thrones or gold,
nor sought the praise that empires hold;
His kingdom came through wounded hands,
and mercy poured on broken lands.

He brake the bread, and grace was poured,
and fed the lost at love's own board.
The undeserving He called near,
and washed their shame with holy tears.

For in Him, Truth became flesh,
and Love was nailed where wounds were fresh.
Eternity, clothed in human breath,
walked through sorrow, pain, and death.

The rulers of this world are known
for lands they seized and blood they sowed;
but He is known, not for what He won,
but for the weight He bore as Son.

False prophets came with tongues of fire,
yet fed the world with death's desire.
They changed the earth by taking breath;
He changed forever by tasting death.

For many men have conquered dust,
then turned themselves again to dust.
But He, though slain upon the tree,
made death bow down to mystery.

So ask, O soul, beneath the sky:
what manner of King would choose to die?
What manner of Lord would bear our stain,
and crown His love with human pain?

No man like Him hath walked below,
where tears are born and rivers flow.
For He fled not from our mortal night;
He entered in, and made it light.

Haile Tesfaye

The One Who Gathered The Scattered

The sons of Judah marvelled sore,
"Shall Gentile feet pass through this door?
Shall they, who knew not Abraham's name,
be gathered near by holy flame? "

Yet He, the purest Jew who trod
beneath the burning eyes of God,
Rabbi of Truth, of Grace, of Light,
called far-off nations to His sight.

He came first to Israel's fold,
to sheep long lost, to prophets old;
His Twelve were sons of covenant dust,
entrusted first with Heaven's trust.

Then forth from Zion's wounded ground
their witness shook the nations round;
what Israel heard, the world received,
and Gentile hearts in Him believed.

He broke the wall, He rent the veil,
He made vain pride of bloodline fail;
not casting Israel's root aside,
but drawing strangers to His side.

And though proud lips His crown deny,
and veil His name from heart and eye,
none may unmake His Hebrew breath,
His covenant blood, His thorn, His death.

He came not merely words to give,
nor only showed the way to be;
He made the wounded world His own,
and entered death to set death free.

He is not memory's fading breath,
nor wisdom carved on lifeless stone;
He is the Life that conquered death,
the Lord who claims the world His own.

For from the womb of Zion came
the Lamb who bore the nations' shame;
the Root, the Branch, the promised Son,
through whom the scattered are made one.

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Mortal Mould

For men are but mortal mould,
who are condemned at birth, yet
seek to bring heaven to earth.

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Wax Cold

A garden without sunshine,
where the pearls have abandoned.
Thoughts with no roots yet grow
hatred, the heart weeps and the
spirit howls, for rampant of sin caused
strife to flourish. And the life of most
are smothered by darkness.

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Primeval Soup

The son of man boast sovereignty and
declare to be omniscient yet knows not
what the hour bringeth forth. Man is but
a phantom with thoughts like vapor, and
he has caused disasters that he cannot atone.
Therefore it is absurd in the realms of logic
and moral culture to consider that all things
evolved from amoeba in a time consuming
primeval soup.

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Faith In The Unseen

Love is obscured yet the whole
world takes the leap to yearn for
it, but faith is considered an absurd
virtue.

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Peace

One cannot inherit
peace with gnashing
of teeth and a weapon
on his hand.

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Wisely Intuitive

A fool has a heart of a sheep
and is faltered by the babble
of a hyena but the wise entails
the mind of a serpent and
a spirit of a lion.

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Piece Of Dust

Man leapt from dust,
not knoweth of the day
nor hour which he was
and when he shall return
unto the earth. But he roams
as if he is omnipotent and
omniscient.

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Absolute Strength

Lions emblem
absolute strength
when roaming earth
but in death even
a flea insults them.

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Mystery Of Existence

The secret of existence
is not to cling to fear
nor take refuge in man
but to set free, one
should love without
attachment.

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Ant Colony

Prudent and diligent are ants, for
their pursuit is contrary to humans.
They toil for the greater good and
display no grievance but deliver
selfless service. Therefore, men
should endeavour as one and the
survival of the species should be the
implicit purpose.

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Measure Of Strength

A scorpion can subdue a lion;
therefore, the strength of a
man is not measured in size
but by the will of his spirit.

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Insincere Friend

An insincere friend can
slay without drawing a
weapon, therefore the
company you keep are
more of a menace than
a foe.

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Maggots

For the fool worm their way in life.
Religion and politics consume, as a
moth to the flame that is burning,
and make path for roaches. Therefore,
be sure not to seek where the wax
is fumed.

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Unity

In solitary, a man is but a splash
in the brook but together we are a
drop of water that form the ocean.
Alone we are a spark of fire but in
unity we are the sun. For where union
with verity is, there will victory
be also.

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Haughty Spirit

The human desire contains worms and is like a sieve that can never be filled. As hawk dives without awareness, the haughty spirit of man has sailed unto the ocean's desert to drown in his own understandings. Therefore, to rebut the notion of a Deity is like to refute the existence of the sun when concealed by darkness or when the moon is obscured by clouds.

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The Break Of Dawn

Where hope reigns, doubts
are rinsed. And dawn breaks
when dusk falls. Therefore,
darkness is rarely eternal
and he that endures it shall
overcome it.

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Worth Of Life

When the cord ends,
it is the worth of the
line that ties birth and
death that counts.

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The Debt Of Consciousness

The debt of consciousness
is sorrow, but be like a
child and you will be
resilient.

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Averse Terrain

The road to life is paved with
thorns and the path to glory is
filled with thistle.

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Wolf Clothing

In the calm, ocean's depth waits
a rapine. For a wolf never alters
his nature, but his coat falters
the sheep. Therefore, be watchful
of who enters through the door.

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Eternal Law

The one that clings to contempt
wounds others, but he that delights
in the truth is an offspring of light.
As clouds pour down equally on the
fertile and infertile fields, rain with
love on the just and unjust. Do not
labour with vengeance, as it knows
no rein.

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Workplace Acts

Engulfed in prejudice reins,
policies implemented to disguise
the true intent. Appointed built
on partiality not competence, for
workplace in the free world hath
no margins. To gain power is to
attain impunity, for lawful employees
are shunned from all opportunities.
Therefor, bear with patience, every
seed has its day, for it must perish
to prosper.

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In Times Of War

In times of war, be still as the
trees, subtle as the wind. Coil
like water and adapt to the nature
of all conditions. The rising of
loathing is the sign of an ambush,
so count the cost and attack like
thunderbolt. In all battle there
is resistance but the supreme glory
lays in resurrecting again after
each defeat.

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Secretes Of Politics

The secretes of all laws is to discern nations, so that the multitudes cannot fathom the true intent. The one that seeks sovereign will be guided unto the darkest valley, for chaos is the social structure.

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Sermon

Blessed are the poor, for they
are the door to treasures. Woe
to you, captivated in righteous
pride for your roots will wither.
Those whose hearth is deaf, the one
with sight is blind, if ye seek the
heart, you lose your feet.

Therefore, be wise and just, walk
with love and act with kindness.
For all are hollow husk that will
decay unto dust.

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Paradox Of Life

The supreme victory is to subdue
pleasure. In truth there is reason,
be on guard or suffer the season.
The paradox of life, in the womb a
seed is free, yet is in chain in the
world from the cradle to the grave.

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Resurrection

A man who is for nothing
is devoured by darkness.
A root diverged from water
and sunlight dies. Thereof
the measure of all things is
faith, all starved of love,
will exist in grief and in
death will not rise again.

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Curtain Of Death

Time is a burden, curtain
of death will be drawn.
Seeds of reason will die
alone. Though certain,
how will it end? Will it
be fire or the vice leaking
over the heart's bank that
will suffice the universe
demise.

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Judicial System

In the judicial system,
bribery is a business.
For the aggressors are
the witness, victims
are crucified but the
neglectful guilty are
set free. Woe to you,
legislators of the law,
for your times of
judgement will come.

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Sunlit Hope

As darkness falls, howling
wind cometh. In the antlers
of life, grief is the baleful
thief. For as trees weep leaves,
when love is hushed, the heart is
cold iron and wanders unto fatal
waves. No stormy sea abides as
ragging bulls. When the burden
of the rain vanishes, ye will be
like thunder the mighty lion.

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Dear Poets

Dear poets,
know that all
comments are
cherished. Feel
not disregarded,
for ye are noticed.
I painted this
poem to show
it.

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Feathers Of Love

If a rose hath
feathers of love.
Would the tone of
its petals matter?
Then why cast aside
till unto emptiness
does sink? So long
as animus breaths
eternal will winter
be.

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Prejudice Shades

Roots with flaws,
prejudice is the cause.
If not privileged suffer
under the law.

Scorned for the skin
tone, fused in a sling
due to belief system.
Deemed a sin, a motive
to stone away.

Justice roars, yet
War at shore. A tainted
structure with terror and
apartheid as tools of trade.
Freedom mourns, for bigots
guard the doors.

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Paradox Of Modern Time

Conquered space,
polluted the soul.
Harvest possessions,
narrowed morals.

Mountain of information
yet poor in judgement.
Bank of medicines, deprived
from health. Abundant of
wealth but poverty
smitten.

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Veil Of Politics

Deception is war,
vast lands paved
with skeleton frames.
The art of politics is
to reduce flesh to dust
and measure bones
as gold.

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Den Of Iniquity

Love without conditions,
your fellow man is not the
enemy, the opposition is
within. Give others with
no expectation, in the act
of sharing lays the supreme
treasure. Retain these
commandment or suffer
the den of iniquity.

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Divine Act

labour with kindness, have
no cold feet. Be still as
the hills, venture out into
uncharted territory, suffer
defeat if unable to adapt.
Subdue sinful thoughts,
the supreme act of love is
to conquer without combat.

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On The Wings Of Darkness

If a single seed begins a tree;
a candle lights a room than one
kind gesture can start a friendship.
Let's create bridges or be smothered
by evil's bait. Narrow is the way,
arduous is to enter this gate when
the heart is subdued by hate. Armed
with swords, rage is the fate.
Stranded till the end of time on the
wings of darkness. No victory in war,
the profit is poverty. When love has
abandon, all are lost and wounded.
Shear the skin, but the root is the
same.

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Secretes Of Law

Nations ethnically diverse
but multiculturally alienated
Concealed hands wielding lion's den,
sheltering tyrants but feasting upon
the innocent. A system that compels
to obey rules that embraces
corruption and injustice.

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Sow With The Light

The debt of sin is sorrow and
the absence of love is death.
A soul starved of faith shivers
in cold abyss and life drowns
into utter blankness when
deprived of hope. Therefore,
sow while the light is with
you and labour with integrity.

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Field Of Love

In the field of love,
Hatred's blade will
Not yield.

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Intent

Rulers of the world grasp in
oppression and rejoice over
destruction. All diseases
created are fruits of evil
experiments. If there is
a desire for good intent,
everything has a cure.

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Pestilence

An adversary of the truth, is a burden
in the light. A cunning host manmade
to a malicious virus that will seep
into the pores of all living things
to annihilate the body's biological
code.

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Black Hole

Whoever does not love,
has a black hole in the
soil of the heart and is
a grave among the living.

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New Covenant

Walk in the orbs of the light,
for this is the way to eternal
life. Serve others with love,
seek peace in friends and foes.
Kindly aid the needy and poor.
Do not retaliate but let mercy
be the aim. Guide the feet that
hath gone astray from the truth.
lo and behold, through the veils
of faith all battles will be won.

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Patience

Patience increases
potential whereas
rapid result prevents
progression.

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Proverb V

Faith is felt in the mind
Love is found inside the
heart but the truth is in
the belief.

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Bankrupt Of Love

Bankrupt of love,
haunted with emptiness.
When the richest pearl
is lost, everything has
no worth.

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Love's Caverns

Serve with kindness
Abide in love's caverns
And peace will reign in
the despaired hearts.

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Endure

Amidst of the winds of war,
fear no adversity but soar
like an eagle. And Whatsoever
you may seek conquer all
no matter the Peak.

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Pursuit Of Happiness

The attitude you display
is a choice made, and the
happiness lays in the
pursuit.

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Linger With Patience

When the spirit wail in despair,
linger with patience for hope is
at shore. And though dying at
heart, be kind to endure
the vying.

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Fertile Field

Life is a fertile field,
the seed you sow will
either yield a crop of
thorns or of grains.

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Sham

Come beneath the system's coat,
there lays fragrant atoms in the
air, but the rose is hidden. To
dispel prejudices the sham must
perish or else justice will forever
be the mirage that man seeks in
the desert.

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Life's Charms

Life's greatest charms,
nothing do they cost.
All are drawn by greed's
cart, but home is not at
wealth's mart.

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The Seat Of The Will

The seat of the will
is in the garden of
the heart. There lay
all thoughts, planting
their roots and so sow
seeds of light for your
deeds will govern the
fruits you reap.

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Proverb Iv

The seeds of light
perish once but the
offspring of darkness
face death twice.

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Immortal

Death hath no
final for what
never dies lives
forever.

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Righteous Path

In the path of
the righteous,
the sword and
death hath no
sting.

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Empty Tomb

Yesterday is a cemetery,
today is a closed casket
and tomorrow belongs to
those who choose to walk
out from the empty tomb.

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Bosom Of Love

Commit into the
bosom of love, for
it is kind and fear
it binds. It bestows
forgiveness and fills
the emptiness.

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Born To Shatter

Take no pride
what is sure to shatter, for
someday everything will
perish.

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Forgotten Messiah

Since the dark broke dawn,
only one has worn the coat
of sin and borne death's
frown.

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Devoid Of Woe

An existence with no end,
but there unconditional love
flourishes. Devoid of woe,
Death brings unwavering peace,
for where hope is, rest will
also be.

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Mother Of All

I am the mother of which all species have sprung from. I have extended my limbs for food and shelter, lest they falter. I have served humans but in return the axe is laid at my roots and clutter on my skin. I am fed chemicals that chokes me to death. My less fortunate offspring are almost extinct, and my mouth runs dry like the dessert valleys. I am in dismay for temperatures are raising and my body is melting.

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Shallow Roots

The hunger and thirst
of the new age can never
be quenched for this
generation have sprouted
with shallow roots.

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Glory

Victory without
humility has no
value.

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The Will

When the will
to live subsides
the spirit dies.

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Shadow Christ

Shadow Christ
not Christians.

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Divine State

Knowledge is a divine
state and mankind cannot
experience that which
they do not know.

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Pursuit Of Power

Better to weep now than to
wail later, for those who pursue
power will be pitied. Wealth
will rot and the cloths will
be feasted on by scavengers.

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Proverb Iii

It would better for
a man to have not
existed than to live
on a leash.

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An Evil Generation

Men of this generation
are both hungry wolves
and slaughtered lambs.

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Good Samaritan

The good samaritan
bears one's burden
and comforts the
orphans.

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Wise Owl

Evil dwells among us,
and therefore be wise
like an owl for it sees
through the darkest of
night.

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Proverb Ii

None are righteous,
all are sinful in
nature but no one
deserves to earn
the stones of
scorn.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Divine Providence

The world will not provide
contentment for the dreary
and empty lives of mankind,
but greater pleasure and
fulfilment is found in the
spirit that gave him the
breath of life.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Ethnic Violence

All the resentment and
ethnic violence, does
colour matter when on
the edge of the knife
red blood is spluttered.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Proverb I

Do not be kind expecting
it in return nor give others
because you have excess.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

The Voice Of The Enemy

The media is an instrument that
predators use to shatter morality
and betray the deepest trust, yet
society permits it to penetrate
its thoughts.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Raven Wings

An eternal force,
assured to come.
Do not be afraid
of death but fear
what awaits.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Stain Of Darkness

A flower that blooms at night
is averse to light. The stain
of darkness marred its petals.
And therefore What good is a
man with a core filled with
corpse rots? ; is this not
like spraying a perfume
on a casket?

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Mind Over Matter

Battles are only
won by those who
believe they can.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Rat Era

An eternal curse which seeks to prey.
It sways to chase a piece of cheese,
where man decay and exist among the
dead. A contest that moves to falsify
life, as it seeps in to sow monstrosity
in the heart.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

The Galilean Jew

The Galilean Jew,
a master in his
humanity and the
Lord and Savior in
his divinity.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

House Of God

The church is not a museum for the
wealthy but it is a home for the poor,
a hospital for the broken and wounded.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Moments

Mornings holds hope
Afternoons aim to fulfill
that goal and evenings
carry the memories of
the entire day but at
night is where peace
is present.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Plucked Love

Love begets hate,
for it is like a
flower. If you pluck
it, all of the petals
will fall off and only
the thorns will remain.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Educated Fools

An age with abundance information
yet poor in knowledge. A man's current
scarcity is the outcome of ignorance. A
curse that dismiss the moral notions for
a simple solution that grows into the
instrument of destruction.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

A Closed Casket

A zone with closed door,
paved with same four walls.
A jail where no one fails
but all are afraid to venture
out. Except man become like
the butterflies that burst out
of their thick protected cocoon,
one will not discover who
thou can be.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Shadow Of Doubt

Doubts wander like the clouds
to anchor the mind. The key is
to conquer these thoughts and
make the decision before convincing
yourself you need more time.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Proverbs

A villain harvests fury
he cannot defend, and a
fool yearns for acceptance.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Power Of Thoughts

Alter your thoughts
and your reality will
change

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

No Greater Love

No greater gift is bestowed than the
love that giveth freely and move thy
neighbor's mountain concealed in
mist.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

The Antidote To Chaos

Though violence is at times
necessary to dismiss evil,
the only antidote is love,
for it silences the world
but defends the heart.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

A Black Hole

There is a black hole in
the human heart which
even the universe cannot
contain, but a love vast
and eternal can.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Entombed

Man entombed, like a fly under a glass,
to a mindset where he must do and obey
what society says, but those rules do
not apply, as the war we blindly fight
is imposed by fear. If this order remains
in power, humanity will lose its emotions,
and only know what it sees and believe what
it's been told.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Knowledge Is Power

The world is a battle zone,
to survive knowledge is the
only weapon. And education
is the only hope the future
generation need to cope.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Education

Knowledge is progress that cometh
with a price. It is the instrument
that differentiate between the dead
and living.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Time

Time is lighter than a feather,
yet it is powerful beyond measure
that it slips through man's fingers.
At the break of dawn, one rises
older than the one he fell
asleep as.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

The Universal Quest

life is just a spark
in the candle of the
sun, and death is an
insignificant mishap.
We are energy that
never vanishes, but
transfers into the
next room.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Violence

A nation built on political
purpose will sow strife and
dwell on the edge of the
knife.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

When The Sun Sets

Humanity has stared at sunrises
but refused to ask where ye shall
be when the day is done. Will
mankind rise to see the golden
morning glow in the land that
knows no sunset, or fall unto the
darkness of night.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Rib Cage

The finest portion of a man
was fashioned from the bone
that protects the centre of
his existence, his heart, and
his lungs that bear the breath
of life. A woman was made to
complete the man, just as the
rib cage supports the body.

Haile Tesfaye



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Inglorious Quest

A ravenous appetite, awakened
ferocious thirst. Our quest for
wealth and fame could not be quenched.
In vain ends our travail where the
master of all evil hoards and men
lay cold as clay.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

The Beast

The mind is a beast that wanes
the heart and the master that
guards. It is like the ocean
with an endless wave of emotion.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Two Hearts

A heart has two characters,
one is young the other is old
And when one weeps, the other
forbears.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

A Guilty Conscience

That which will expose the treacherous
is a knowledge of himself. A guilty
conscience fears all. And therefore,
be master of your will and life will
spring with riches

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Prey

To be conscious is
to be prey like a
mouse to an owl.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

The Missing Link

Judaism and Christianity are nothing but a mirror image of each other, for one cannot be fulfilled without the other.

One continues to anticipate the Messiah, while the other has recognised him.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Infinite Circle

Life begets death, and
when a seed leaps from
the soil and blossoms,
another withers.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

A Fertile Field

Faith possesses elements of doubt,
yet it's beyond the boundaries of
knowledge, as one is a choice and
the other is an understanding.
Similarly, knowledge may discover
the beginning of the universe, but
the origin of being itself is a
fertile field for faith.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

The Plague

War is death and explosion
that threatens humans emotion

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

One God, Many Faces

The mind is a constructed with multiple windows and each being elects which one to peer through onto the world, but the truth is distinguished by its path, not grace, therefore it is a paradox that defies reason to believe that there is one God with many faces.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Sewn Into Emptiness

when the darkness invades and life is bleak,
gaze towards the heavens, for just as the sun
peeks through the thunderous clouds, so will
hope to end the storm.

Haile Tesfaye



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The Battlefield

In the war between good and evil,
the heart is the battlefield, while
the mind is the weapon.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

A Broken Tree

The axe laid at the core of our existence.
Our foundation leapt out of destruction;
a sin passed down to all generation. We are
one out of many branches of a broken tree.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Lost Innocence

An infant enters the world like a lit
candle that is warm and soothing, even
the sun is insignificant, for the newborn's
light shades its magnificence. But when the
darkness perceives the flame that is burning,
it will turn the wax to fumes.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Wise Serpent

Choose your friends astutely, for
a lion cannot befriend a deer.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Last Days

Take heed of thyself, for wicked shepherds have
deceived the flock from the fountain of living
water. The world has come to be a place of thorns
and thistles in which suffering and death abound,
striking down like a sword. And behold Do not
believe those that say peace is on its way,
as the worst trial and tribulation is yet
to come.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Entirety Of God

Man and woman are both extensions of God.
Man represent God's image, whereas woman
symbolises his emotions. But when both come
together, they characterise the entirety
of God.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Pearly Gates

Be on guard or the anxiety of life
will embed shards deep within the
heart, and peel the layers off to
pour salt on raw wounds. And Behold
the gate of life is heavy, and it is
difficult to sweep the doorsteps.
Thieves seek to climb in at the window,
but ye who knock will find the door
swings wide open.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Eternal Paint Brush

The cosmos and all life forms are not
a product of arbitrary chance, but all
are branches created out of glory through
an eternal paint brush.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Power Of Prayer

There is no trial or weapon that is
known on earth that can defeat what
the power of prayer can do alone.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Language Of God

Fortitude does not grow on trees, and there
is no greater weapon than silence for it
giveth peace. It douses the flames of anxiety
and tortures those who seek revenge while it
spawns meekness of the hothead.

Haile Tesfaye



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A Wicked Generation

A wicked mind with a doer heart
of evil deeds. Even animals scatter
away when man is around, as they can
see the rage in his eyes and smell
death emanating from his pores. Mortal
beings Hungry and naïve, they shadow
their instincts and accept anything
the world offers them to eat.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

The Hand Of Evil

Rotten fruits bear corrupt labour.
Poverty and war are curses created
by men. It's employed by the powerful
and rich as a good commodity so that
the poor and meek may fade.

Haile Tesfaye



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The Caterpillar's Journey

All life form begins inside a shell. The caterpillar has a restricted existence, although its insight and perspective are limited, it understands its potential. It struggles to be free, but regardless of the obstacles, it continues to crawl and grow till it bursts through the skin to take a new form as a butterfly, leaving the old behind. The colours of the butterfly represent transformation and resurrection. Man must understand and learn to trust the journey and process of growth, for the possibilities of what we can become are endless.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

A Kiss Of Betrayal

The knives of a foe are heavy to bear,
but the kiss of betrayal from those you
hold dear shatters the heart in two. And
when faith escapes like sand through the
fingers, solitude takes hold.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

The Filter Of Life

The Nazarene is the salt that
preserves the good in man and
excludes the rotten influence. He
is the filter that guides the world
through the perilous waters of
life.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Valley Of Violence

Even in the valley of violence,
peace exists deep within, but
when it sought outside, it
is like the heat that wilts the
flower

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Wells Of The World

The wells of the world are
empty and dry, but in Christ
alone there is living water,
with an eternal supply that
will fill the heart and soul
with abundant joy.

Haile Tesfaye



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Rib Cage Of Society

The wise and meek are
the root and impetus of
society, but one day the
soil will cease to support,
and all that is on top will
collapse and get swallowed
into the ground.

Haile Tesfaye



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Eternal Conflict

As the fall in heaven so on earth,
the war within so without. Two natures
battle in the hearts of men to see
which is the master, either the storm
cloud or the disaster. Mankind in
struggle in the grip of love, like
oil and water, incapable of uniting
to be one element. Our destructive
entity has kept us estranged, and
the human race is the smog that
fills the skies.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

The Bird In The Cage

An invisible prison, like a bird
in a narrow cage that is able to
see a small shaft of light and
freedom in the distance, but is
unable to venture out through the
open gate and leap on the back of
the wind and soar. When humanity
refutes the notion that life exists
only through a dust-covered window,
then will ye comprehend thy has the
key and no longer live in a self-
Imposed prison.

Haile Tesfaye



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Measure Of Greatness

If the dry land is fashioned from dust and the sea from droplets of water, then is not man much greater than this? Consider a tree, it is acknowledged by its roots that flourish the earth and when it bears and nourishes good fruit. A cruise ship will re-route its path to avoid the storm in order to reach its destination. Likewise, the resistance you conquer during the journey to obtain your purpose is the real measure of greatness.

Haile Tesfaye



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Thou Art Dust

Man leapt from the soil and blossomed,
to have dominion over all the earth.
Yet when to dust he returns; he lays
cold and stiff to be feasted on by
maggots and worms.

Haile Tesfaye



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Power Of A Smile

A smile gives
life and fondles
the soul in bliss.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Man In The Mirror

A mirror reminds a man of his
inner condition when he forgets.
The judgement of the world will
pass, what the man in the mirror
has to say counts. When all is
said and done, the verdict that
matters the most is the reflection
that stares back from the glass.
And lo do not mind the things that
do not matter, nor despise the world,
but pick up a stone and hurl it
at the oppressor.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Leap Of Faith

Faith is wisdom and courage that
giveth power to defy logic. Consider
the little birds, even though the gust
makes their legs tremble, their flawless
faith helps spread their wings. Consider
the flowers that flourish and learn from
the trees from seeds, they rise to great
heights. Be like the ocean, for the tide
at times falls, but it will always rise.
Take a lesson from the sun, even though
it sets every night, daily it does rise.
Believe as ye will, rise and transform
from a lamb unto a lion

Haile Tesfaye



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Guard The Heart

The heart is the candle.
When it is not guarded,
the wolves will blow it
out, and when it dims,
light fades and it
becomes empty, like a
room covered in
darkness

Haile Tesfaye



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Courage

Fear activates war.
When it knocks, send
courage to open the
door.

Haile Tesfaye



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The Tree Of Life

The tree of life links mankind in
roots of genes. It began as a seed
sown, and grew into branches rich
with offspring of every kind, but
the bitterness of the world has
trembled its core, causing some
leaves to fall and vanish in the
void, while others ponder on fate
and wonder on the origin of their
traits.

Haile Tesfaye



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Origin Of Life

Life is a product of nothingness
but is not buffeted by random choice.
Out of the void a burst of light existed.
A cosmos was awakened to the death of
darkness and a shining morning star became
a living being. An existence created
with a moral compass, but possessed by
desire. A change of inner nature begot
chaos and abandoned its offspring's
with astray thoughts.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Dust Of Doubts

The faith that is planted with a mustard seed will not wither, even if the dust of doubts sows over the soil. Be sure of this, for a faith the size of grain sand that fits in the crack of a palm can rearrange landscapes. But be careful, for insects and rodents will scrabble their way into the garden of the heart.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Cup Of Suffering

It is in darkness that
light is exposed, therefor
great love speaks to us in
utter silence.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

The Oyster

When a grain of sand
enters the oyster's shell,
a vexing pain exists. The
oyster complains not, but
accepts the agony and allows
the misery to create a path
for joy to flow. Remember, the
things that get under your
skin and the many trials
of life will become a comely
pearl through patience.

Haile Tesfaye



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Thorny Path

Consider the broad and narrow way;
one is a choice and the other is your
fate. The road with an eternal view is only
chosen by few, for it is a stony path and
a difficult one to follow if you enter this
door. Although both routes have an end,
their consequences are different, as one
holds life and the other destruction

Haile Tesfaye



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The Nazarene

Jesus of Nazareth,
born of a virgin,
begotten as a man,
but he has always
existed as one God
who manifests himself
as three coequal
and coeternal persons.

Haile Tesfaye



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Out Of The Dust

That which cometh from
the dust of the ground is
fragile yet taketh superior
position. A weapon will not
vanquish for a fruitful tree
with a strong root will not
suffer the axe.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

A Piteous Roar

what is war but a pity roar.
It is a miserable obsession
of terror that bribes the
bearer to rend blades for
dogma and bigotry.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Tomorrow

Yesterday's burden is but today's lesson
and tomorrow is just a dream of hope. Therefore,
let not your spirit be anxious by what's been
done and by a day that does not yet
exist. Consider the creatures that soar
through the sky and creep upon the
earth, they do not let the resentment of
days gone by and the fear of what's to come
drive them insane, for they know to live
one day at a time.

Haile Tesfaye



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The Scent After The Crush

The burden of the past is
the lesson for the present.
Do not let tomorrow's uncertainty
steal from today's joy and possibility.
A chick hatches through an internal
force out of the eggshell to existence.
A flower giveth a pleasant scent after
been crushed; therefore, life
begins when one is broken from within.
Your confidence shatters your action, so
forgive before the rooster crows.
And behold, be a reflection of what you
want others to do unto you

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Fading Leaves

Nature is struggling and humanity is dying.
We're fading like the leaves on moist earth
lying. We have tongues of forgiveness but
minds of ignorance. There is a reason for
our existence, but from segregation we must
distance, since what we create seems to lead
us to our own extinction.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Overcome Adversity

Take misfortune as a lesson.
Learn to find rest from oppression.
Expect to be punished when asking,
but never give in, keep your essence and
be grateful for all of the blessings.
Take action and turn adversity into
ambition.

Haile Tesfaye



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Lost Stars

At dawn the stars
shone with glory,
but of a sudden,
one vanished and
the chain of light
was broken. The
search since then
has been unceasing,
and the world has
lost its joy.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

The Caterpillar And Butterfly

The caterpillar and butterfly
differ in shape and colour, but
in origin, both life forms began
in a cocoon, and are one and
the same inside.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Rebirth

At dawn, rise as
a different man
than the one you
fell asleep as. And
behold today's
death is tomorrow's
resurrection.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Labour With Love

Let us labour with love, for it was once
the lace that tied all shoes together.
Befriend your foes and do good, not woes.
Give others their due, and pay in kind,
for what you do and say will come back
to haunt you. Blessed are those who give
back more than what they got and in
return expect nothing.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

An Insecure God

A mortal shell longing to be recognised
utterly alone in the cosmos, floating
like a tiny rock. Blindly obedient, like
the wolves that howl at the moon, also
is man to an insecure God. A king who
sits at his throne only to stare down
with a heart of stone, who adores the
power to bend one's will like a twig.

Haile Tesfaye



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Nowhere To Rest

The creatures of the heavens have nests
and earth crawlers have dens but the
greater entity has a swarm of wasps
in his head and nowhere to rest.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Mourning Tree

A gardener starving for knowledge;
as he began to indulge his desire,
the body's lamp opened its eyes and
released a dim light into his soul.
This was the birth of all exiles and
wandering. The axe lies at the root
of our foundation. We are one out of
many branches of a mourning tree

Haile Tesfaye



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The Splinter In The Mind

A conscious and curious universe,
a product of vibrant flux and vortex
sprung into one colossal maelstrom.
The root is a dilemma that has driven
mankind mad, like a plank in the eye and a
splinter in the mind. Nothing is coincidence,
for all things need uncaused infinite force to
bring substances into existence, and to
assert that a lesser life begets an intelligent
being is a paradox that defies reason.

Haile Tesfaye



PoemHunter.com

Painted Rose

If a rose is vibrant and has
a pleasant smell would the
colour matter? Then why do
we cast some aside and give
hell to our own kind? is it not
sufficient that we fail in our
own mind?

Haile Tesfaye



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