

Poetry Series

JOEL VICTOR KIMUTAI
- poems -

Publication Date:

2014

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

JOEL VICTOR KIMUTAI()

Go Ahead

I cannot believe I am sailing in this mess after the many talks we have held. It sure sucks when you get to the point your heart cries foul as the acts you make it go through are really inhumane.

If there is anyone I am really sorry for, is ME. I pity myself to the point that I cannot take a mirror and look back at myself. The warmth and comfort I once felt for my serenity is drifting away into torment.

Got a loving, caring, passionate, understanding, sweet, friendly and welcoming family but I am blowing that all away for mere happiness. Am I really ready to face them with guilt printed on my forehead?

I am pushing away the most important persons in my life. People who have made a mark in this miserable life of mine, I tend to ignore. Is it worth it for them shading tears for me? Am I even me?

Where did I get lost? Is there hope out there for me in case I still exist? Who will be willing to help me out? I am a loner so afraid to let others into my own mess as I cannot transfer the pinch of pain.

To my pumpkin, you deserve the best of the world. I am just a used up rug to be discarded into the open. Tears roll down my cheeks as I write this and I cannot help it at all. I do not have any sweet part in me anymore as I am already taken apart piecing me up is all waste of time.

It is time I had a stroll down my life and transform myself into a better a person. I do not know how many people I have hurt but I am ready to take the risk of unearthing the skeleton. Time to say I am really sorry for making their lives a miserable wreck.

A few will understand me but that is the intended meaning I am going to pass. Time to fulfill the promises I have made to my Creator and Myself and make happy the few people who kept holding on me.

Thank you for not losing hope in me. You are there to lend a shoulder that I can cry on and I really appreciate that.

It is time for me to light up a candle in my candles, time to see my surrounding. Is it worth confiding in? Will I collapse at the sight of the environment I reside in or will I get the energy to

Go Ahead?

JOEL VICTOR KIMUTAI

Humanity

As the spider spins its web on any particular surface,
It does it perfectly and we are left marveling at the art of such animal,
Take a stick and poke one end of the web,
The entire web shakes

Take a stone and throw it into still water,
The spot the stone hits creates waves that move outwards evenly

From the two illustrations,
We as human beings behave like the web or the waves,
We are so intertwined into one another that a disturbance on one place,
Creates so much effect to the entire world of humanity,

Never turn a blind eye for us as human beings,
Are a WEB.

JOEL VICTOR KIMUTAI

I Am Sick Tired And I Am Tired Of Being Sick

I cannot take it anymore, everyday I grunt in pain despite the record I hold in the amount of medicine I have guzzled. In the name of looking for cure, but I pity my body. Always pulling through and yet I am so blind to notice this. Am I even sick? And if am I sick what am I suffering from? Is there an eye-opener in this kind of mess because I yearn for one? I am past yearning as I grieve for that eye-opener.

This I write in the memory of a friend. So strong was the dude that he faced life from 3D and never hesitated when an opportunity passed by him. Chances were grabbed and life smelt sweet having him

Death robbed me of a role model and all I see now days are mascots and hypocrites. They are not any inch closer to what he was, as they fake but his was a reality and

My clock ticks from far, so frail it is I cannot figure out the direction it emanates from. Word has it that I am to light another person's candle in the dark to help them out but mine is already running out yet have found no one.

Mesmerized am I with the way I am so comfortable lying in the dark. Is my soul lost not to be found or is it just misplaced? Do I have a partner in my ways or I am a celebrity in the making without a competitor?

JOEL VICTOR KIMUTAI

My Heart

Smooth like a river my thoughts drift into worlds known to no man...
The surge of the river force draws a vivid image of a struggling toddler...
A toddler so determined to take that first step to the cheers and encouragement
of parents....
A step that marks a journey into the hidden mystery of this life....
A life full of casts and dark hearted brethren, so dark it can jeer a loving
heart.....
A heart full of love and determination....

MY HEART

JOEL VICTOR KIMUTAI

Old Age Knocks

i miss the warmth of my mothers embrace
i miss the scolding i had gotten used to from my dad
i miss the many escapades i had with my friends then
i miss growing into a lovely young gentleman full of life
i miss taking her out and seeing the smile on her face lighting up life in her
i miss proposing to her getting engaged and celebrating our wedding
i embrace the walking stick in my hand as i grow old with her in the other hand
surrounded by our grandchildren we thank God for our lineage

JOEL VICTOR KIMUTAI

The Whisper Within

Seated at the top floor of our flat, the same feeling I had felt the previous day
gave me a visit again,
This feeling arose inside me with so much power,
I craved for so many things with this feeling, watching myself in the elite league,
I was worshiped by many a figure to be reckoned,

Were this the same feelings that haunted Einstein?
Were these the same whispers that dragged Claudius Ptolemy into his grave?
I was a worried fellow clutching the fists of my trembling hand as I wandered
deeper,
What was the special piece of my doing in this world?

The slow beats from the neighbor's stereo hummed sleep into my drowsy eyes,
My ears ached with passion as my soul cried for mercy,
Mercy to be relieved from the torture of the WHISPER WITHIN

JOEL VICTOR KIMUTAI

What Is Poetry

wanna know the sweetness of poems?

read the poem feeling the persona in heart i.e the voice of the poem

wath might have led the poet into thinking so to write a poem should be a curiosity to be satisfied by the article

3. feel the setting of the poem

the rest comes naturally

JOEL VICTOR KIMUTAI