

Poetry Series

**Jolomi Amuka**  
**- poems -**

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# Jolomi Amuka()

I was born,  
I cried,  
I laughed,  
I grew,  
I schooled,  
I suffered,  
I traveled;  
To act, and sing,  
To dance and speak.  
To love,  
To write and re-write my play.  
To inspire a young mind, just for a day.  
For someday, when time presses play,  
And the movie reel begins its clockwise rotation.  
I will know that I had directed the Feth out of this picture, called life.

# A Pinch Of Salt

Broken rusty shields, the predator? A double edged sword-  
Just like the tongue, Apollyon-  
Calving hell into frozen bones.  
The trumpet snored far too long; but underneath his raspy breath,  
He whispered, 'take a walk.  
If you need to be naked, its okay by me.'  
Moments expended, hesitant foxes buried-  
Procrastinated sins revoked, warrior chants for favor, favored. Thence,  
Swiftly did the winds change, with sails soaring west.  
A vivid immaculate penetration between soul and man,  
Life pouring like milk from a maiden's breast.  
Nothing needed, nothing Required;  
All that existed were viands fed to a yearning cub.  
And when long winter comes, long suffering shall remind him of his debt,  
As he was the same one who said, 'No matter the economy of the jungle the lion  
should never eat grass.'  
And so the story goes...

Jolomi Amuka

# Africa

5years and a couple thousand miles a away,  
Africa the continent for which my heartbeats.  
Like lover's separated by misunderstanding,  
I'll see you soon,  
But not too soon.  
When we mature, when we forgive,  
When we forget, what we both did,  
When we transcend unholy deeds,  
I'll see you then and only then.

Jolomi Amuka

# Arizona Muse

Dusty rainbow clouds, speedy tires thread,  
Route 66,93W; see through skirt and tickling grass hands strumming-  
To Vegas with beastly haste.

Awkward air bled with familiar teeth,  
Lustful scars freshly healed, as frequently cursed.  
Deathful taunt- close kiss with chance, influenced by intoxication; both human  
and experimental.

Arizona muse, your lips my tortured bliss, buttery sun and tonic wine,  
The ink in my vein, with which I command a majestic army of humble words;  
My name will be forever yours.

Jolomi Amuka

# Bad Dream Sequence

She left romance with a black eye.  
They say the knife cuts deeper when you can't cry.  
Patiently waiting on numbers from the judges score cards-  
Hoping this time he paid more attention to his attitude,  
Dancing through the pain  
Five, six, seven, eight, a gracious lift  
They land gallantly, yet again.  
They score a fantastic seven,  
But she always wanted a ten.

Damn you injured knee.  
She pricked his vein on many an occasion-  
To save his life perhaps,  
To drain dead-blood-  
In hope of an open heart:  
But instead he died every time she tried.

It turned her on to watch him choke on flowery words.  
After the pause, they kissed-  
Before she ripped the hairy silver of his back.  
Nothing touched, everything used:  
A sullied sycophant  
Surfing with popular skies-  
She knew that with a bad knee he would never fly  
Hence, the reason  
He had no reason to even try.

Jolomi Amuka

# Behind The Mask

Deep breath, lengthened neck,  
The drum beat reflected in a single shrug.  
Twenty two legs chanting like piggish hyenas,  
Cursing murky hell with swift angelic strides.  
Godly presence reminiscent of Louie the 14th,  
As radiant as the morning's kiss;  
With sunny lips, she was a soother of childish fears.

Extension of hands,  
The first extension of man;  
Pointing her blue eyes, as she reads beauty's blueprint with every turn;  
Hoping every stretch blurs our worried thoughts.  
Monks waltzing with breathing statues,  
The nuance of intention;  
A variation of time's training,  
All glorified in a body of pulchritudinous movements.

They lean back and forth,  
As discipline strangles fear's grotesque neck,  
Like a dog pissing on the hydrant, ignorantly - yet convincingly aggravating the  
fire,  
And she he does.  
This is where it begins,  
The be all and end all,  
A paragon of her perfection.  
This is heaven,  
Where angels can freely dance with their demons.

Jolomi Amuka

# Break

Wake me up, angelic skulls,  
Tase my zestless disposition.  
Bruise me.  
Clutch my bleeding heart in your eager  
Hands and keep it forever.  
Close my eyes with your wings,  
Make me feel at ease.  
Whispering trees on shimmering eves,  
Wasted dreams on barren beds,  
Bruise me please.  
Collect my universe of tears,  
Sparkling diamonds in your abyss of darkness  
Cover my eyes and help me escape.  
Chain me within your eyes,  
Take me now, or awake me,  
For as doth, you doth, you don't,  
My griming face will turn wroth.  
Nothing more mediocre than an actor's tear on a cursed stage.  
Bruise me please, until I bleed.

Jolomi Amuka



# Cockcrow

Like today, not tomorrow,  
In the farmer's grove on tuesday last.  
When choices kill naive mice,  
And whiskey drops soothe troubled minds.  
When snippers loose their narrow aim,  
And bullets heal wounded hearts,  
Then will I say yes.

When stars loose beams,  
When oceans stop their gliding waves,  
When earrings etiolate in color,  
And angel voices squeak in thundering resound,  
Then will I say yes, Yes.

But no. Not if you keep dealing sore hands,  
No, I say,  
Not even if you kill big ben.

For in these times the world seeks a snigger,  
A human element as chief as zephyr.  
Forgetting to sing, the whispering trees,  
And hum with birds, on coruscating morns,  
But, remembering to dine with thieves on heedless nights,  
Hmm. I think not.

No. I say no!  
No to you useless, bloody, pumpos, empty, wind bags!

11/17/12. Hollywood, California.

Jolomi Amuka

# Cracking Walls

The gecko times it's flash like lightening,  
Then the human strikes;  
Exceeding time, in lightyears.  
This is my biggest fear,  
Marilyn's prophesy bearing fruits:  
That without chaos the world won't realize,  
That all she bleedingly seeks,  
Stretch'st forth arms in return in wait of a tender kiss.  
It's our world lets save it?  
No! Why, no,  
We want it dead for the sake of exploitative exploration.  
Pity on this generation.

J.A.

Jolomi Amuka

# Curse Of The Black Gold

Betwixt the firmament, and light's unerring speed;  
Eros cries foul.  
His quiver quivering  
As greed mocks his valiant attempts with a rebarbative roar.

Broken slings, misplaced stings, lost wars-  
And former triumphs becoming mere shadows of what once was.  
The curse of the black gold,  
The magical straw with an unending hole;  
Nostrils flare wide, eyes bleeding red-  
With an impeccable lust for domination.

Poisoned by familiar blood,  
Bled by the enemy's son.  
Now his head, a bountiful bounty,  
Should someday a favor be required.

Foreign bells are ringing.  
An alien hand has dealt,  
A bluff? Not yet. But maybe.  
Hence, my invitation to you; watch and see.

J.A  
20/4/13

Jolomi Amuka

## Dear Thaisa

As I write across the pages of time,  
Pages unfold, mature - a delicate flower,  
Waiting to be read, touched.

Blank stares, peculiar faces,  
Stare back at me.  
Motionless in time and space;  
Their faces written with emotion and word,  
No one ever dares to speak.

Yet I sit, cautiously  
Waiting for what is to come.  
My mind racing a thousand thoughts-  
Their eyes saying a thousand words-  
And we ponder, for what should their  
Motive be.

For them to tell us a thousand lies,  
Or speak with honesty?  
we can't bare to see their animate faces,  
Their foolish nature makes my stomach shake.

How life can be so naive and thoughtless?  
So uncaring, yet glee?  
How can they live within lies and despair!

Tell us a story we want to hear,  
Make it in a remarkable way.  
You tell the story - it unfolds before you-  
The honorable, the villainous  
The just and unjust.  
The breaths of truth in every letter, most words, and every syllable.  
We gape back at them  
With pure thoughts, with truth, with strength -  
And wisdom.  
We see them see me, like reflected frames from ever peeping lens;  
We gape -  
Their Whispers, then foreign tongues.

Across the page, across the page; hear me say.  
Everything cant be exactly as it seems;  
People aren't exactly always what you seem; Disguises aren't flagrant for a  
reason.  
First there's mountain, then no mountain, then; there's you.

Everything seen, sins foretold;  
Pretty little lairs, prettier little thieves; scams, wills, tribulation, and a  
Mighty King and Queen.  
We prepare ourselves for the unforeseen; accepting the unexpected.

We watch you unravel into a beautiful flower,  
Unforeseen holds;  
The pages unfold-  
Before me like a delicate flower.  
I do hope the cherry blooms.

Foes are so, and so are friends,  
Relationships may last through wear and tear,  
And laughs and cries.  
My rhymes are now a bit quite dry,  
Please,  
Water them with your fine smile.  
Tomorrow we start anew  
A warm big Hug waits for you.  
And remember

I love you, even as my life my blood that fosters it.

Jolomi Amuka

# Do You See Me

It's 3: 58am in New York city,  
My pen painting patterns, while my tongue drowns in whiskey.  
I heard dines-ties have always been created on tragedies,  
Tragedies make the morning news,  
And legacies are only remembered if the legend dies horribly.  
Two months shy and 6 years away from 30,  
My life a catacomb,  
Decorated with loneliness and too much self-pity.  
My various talents a facade like plaster of paris,  
From which my chandeliers fall from these watery walls.  
And every few years I meet a certain someone who sends my depression into  
coma,  
Covering me with another blanket of bullshit, till I forget the color of my skin.  
And when I shed, I shed painfully,  
Peeling of my flesh, till vultures feed on my bloody wounds  
And on my crusted scabs, bugs lay their eggs.  
My father is the most tortured man, I ever met,  
Diligently teaching himself to never feel pain,  
Till I never feel pain,  
Even in his death.  
I want to visit all my ex's naked with a rose in hand,  
Kneel and apologize for never giving them a chance to really see me.  
I try to turn my life stories into paintings,  
But I'm constantly prosecuted by the people closest to me;  
So instead I recline into this cain chair,  
Self practicing chemotherapy,  
Still struggling with nightmares I had when I was 7,  
With flashbacks of my father's belt on my bare bony bum,  
Molding my veins into titanium.  
I feel a grief that can't be spoken,  
Were words are constantly on vacation,  
Allow me share this blank canvas,  
A part of me worthy of your interpretation.  
Do you see me?  
I'm naked,  
More naked than I have ever been with all my clothes off.

09/10/12. Hollywood, California.

Jolomi Amuka

# Hydrate Or Die?

Hydrate or Die,  
Stay strong or cry,  
What is this I see before me,  
18 christmas trees with one decorated and systematical placed in my lobby.  
What use is bravery, if all my soliders die in an instance,  
My day dreams are grey,  
They are slightly faded,  
Focused on nothing but getting wasted.  
The highway is lonely, and in her fast, sad arms,  
I submit my worries, while she kisses me softly.  
My nights are endless and my streets are cold,  
Being young just feels like getting old,  
A flagrant crime covered by wants and needs,  
Till your want grows deep, but your needs harvest weeds.

Jolomi Amuka



# I Saw A Photograph

I was left to my own device,  
To discover and overcome my many vices,  
To see the sun every morning with the tingle of a first kiss.  
Standing naked on the mountain top,  
With thirsty eyes, drinking nature's beauty.  
Content with being still as the tsunami speedily approaches.  
Near fatal exhaustion,  
Motivated by selfish supposed selfless ambition.  
What use is life,  
If in fear, I won't dare get lost in her vast wilderness,  
All in hope of finding self.  
Wasted tears - track marks on worried cheeks,  
Hung on a future as bright as stars shine in this city of forsaken angels.  
Close your eyes, and you'll see that you've been here before.  
My soul is weary,  
Drowning in my own voice,  
Waiting for the dam to collapse,  
For tomorrow, the revolution shall begin.

Jolomi Amuka

## Just Another Day In \*\*\*kville

Alone and Lonely,

Words of a kind with relative meaning,

The first, a state of isolation, where companionship can't be found,

Regardless of a need for it or not.

The other stating a need for companionship, a hole seeking filling, but a lack of it.

Both words burn their roots, and on their ashes do I sleep.

Jolomi Amuka

# Last Time

Yesterday you saw the last of me,  
Today you awake a beast.  
For in these times,  
Beauty, wealth, love and fear,  
Are moby to human intentions.  
Hence, I commence on a feral-like junket.

Jolomi Amuka

# Like Mommy, Like Mother, Mom

I saw you once,  
For a second our eyes touched agape,  
Mother, Sister, Lifetime, God.  
Your prodigal son never returned,  
Engrossed by his selfish wants.  
If only he cared enough,  
He would have seen, what endings bring.  
This is,  
Time's untimely revenge,  
A young man's pride fueled by,  
Wants and greed.  
Unwilling,  
He walks back home,  
Only to see you in your favorite night gown  
Illuminated in watery red.  
It wasn't his fault,  
Needless to say, he didn't try enough-  
Never listened to your rare words,  
Yet in hope, un-surceasing Prayers,  
Shall yield your grace.  
Retroviridae was his compound name,  
The cruel beast who killed your flame.  
I know; let you go I must  
For now, and till then, I leave you a note.  
Saying, Hello,  
My dear Akos.

Jolomi Amuka

# Masquerade's Retort

The Shepard looks over his flock  
With wordily nobility.  
He shrieks, he mocks,  
With whips, he talks.  
They baah, they rock,  
Next time he draws his hand, perhaps they flee.  
However, in cataclysmic times,  
White sheep turn black,  
And scare crows won't scare crows,  
But scare folks,  
Leaving room for a boisterous mortal feast.

Jolomi Amuka

# Noir Sur Blanc

Tusk at dusk,  
Ash created by dust,  
Undertaker, undertake this deed,  
This grave digging enterprise entices me.  
I want to know,  
Is illogicality truly a realm for gods?  
Heed me this fantasy of dark, sandy kings.

Nursery rhymes arousing faded memory.  
Remember me?  
Your best, first best friend;  
A tremendous nightmare,  
You see, what I see,  
Hence all you see is me?

I am he,  
The angelic demon within,  
A paradox or an enigma,  
I lay my eggs when you fast asleep,  
And sometimes visit when we get bored.

By and by our paths were sketched by aged seas,  
Picturesque windy streets.  
O,  
Forgive me,  
These thoughts exceed me.  
Your vivid bark, my constant wake,  
A blind man's hymn, am I?  
A serf desire? I am.  
That is all I ever was, and forever will be,  
Do yourself a favor, and leave me be.

Jolomi Amuka

## Note To Self

I found your earring on my bedroom floor,  
The only thing that proves you were once here before;  
It's funny how absterging it has become my favorite chore.  
I don't just think of you anymore,  
It's more like reenacted vagary scenes from our lives.  
12 shots of Jameson should take me there,  
Beyond fear.  
More drunk than Keith moon,  
I'll see you soon, very soon, you said.  
It's been 3 years,6 months and 7 days instead.  
If you and I ended with you and I,  
Then I guess we are dead.

Jolomi Amuka

# Nothing To Say

Too much weed, No alcohol,  
Too many skunks in my back yard,  
They smoke dreams, buy fancy cars,  
Pilfering self-esteem to lose who you are.  
Hollywood dark, no stars in sight,  
Shots of rain, on my brick wall,  
No weak spots, just a big fall.  
On empty streets we find who we are,  
We rise to fall, to rise and fall,  
With shadows so sharp like troubled saul,  
Buying the harp for david's song.  
Roaring applauds on a broadway stage,  
Obstreperous calls to change a page,  
Your lungs pierced with silver thorns, but on your breathe I smell roses.

Jolomi Amuka



# Ruse

Miffed dog, puking at his owner's feet,  
Forced to wax tiles with fresh spit,  
Mocked by cats, he swears to never react;  
Till the time's right,  
Till the night casts laughing shadows on eidolic studs;  
Till malkin parts get stuffed in a box,  
Waiting to get lit up;  
Until then, he lingers, he lulls.  
Barks and Meows are beginning to sound the same to me,  
The cat feed,  
The dog eats what's left,  
With,  
Tail dancing,  
I run around in circles finding my lost, best, friend.

Jolomi Amuka

# Singing Shadows

Chained neck,  
I'm your wounded slave,  
Bleeding heart but you not crying,  
My love is way too late,  
Shave your mind, and I'll wax mine.  
He cried, he called your name,  
With 20 years comes too much pain,  
It had to be done, done today,  
I'll sing your song, while you hum it.  
Poisoned wine or Russian roulette,  
He chose, I just listened,  
Ocean tides are wild at night, so swim with me, if you willing.  
Chuck of skin on an empty plate,  
You taste the blood while you cuming.  
Tiger's smile even while they cry,  
You will love me in the morning.  
Folded lips send my soul to sleep,  
Your wicked smile still hunts me,  
A flagrant Foul, I tried calling you now  
From Mr. jailer's phone this morning.  
Singing shadows on broken windows,  
Ululating babies at dawn, they mourn.  
The mirror reflecting a burning scare crow,  
Now from you I shall forever run.  
RUN I MUST,  
RUN.  
Run like a mouse,  
Cause cats are pretty cute till they eat you,  
Or you eat them,  
Tattoo your tears on my chest,  
Just to excite me,  
Better yet,  
To remind me, of how much you spite me.  
Your laugh shatters vatican walls,  
A clue to your heart I always ignored,  
Let's record today on our time line,  
As we dance to the whispering hamony of our soul in one accord,  
And if there be a God,  
In his embrace we shall someday re-unite as one.

07/28/12. College Park, Maryland.

Jolomi Amuka

# The Moment

I miss talking to you.  
Many times a day I stare at your face,  
and with every scroll I make,  
I look for something new on your page,  
Hoping one frozen pixel would have something to say.  
I try texting you, but my dexterity has grown more lethargic since the last time  
our fingers touched.  
And since we barely speak, my computer screen was the only place I felt a spark,

Till I walked into the classroom.  
From the corner of my eye I caught her smile,  
My gaze plastered on her fragile face like Creme de la Mer.  
We broke eye contact for a second, then stared for a few more seconds and  
chuckled at the awkwardness in connection,  
Cause the next question,  
Was who's is going to initiate the introduction?  
But for some aberrant reason, we both sat still,  
Appreciating the chaos,  
Sounds of noisy students reverberating off padded walls and hollow skulls.  
Yet in this Ataxia, we established public solitude,  
Connected by a golden bubble, although divided by the distance between us in  
the room.  
It's the first day of class, the teacher walks in, class is in session,  
I'm listening to everything the teacher's saying, yet the girl with the vintage  
smile, in the pocka dot dress has got my vivid attention.  
We go around in circles introducing ourselves,  
It's her turn to speak,  
I felt like a kid hyped on anticipation,  
Waiting for tunes from a singing clock,  
She opens her mouth, I feel my heartbeat through my fingers,  
Breakdancing to the rhythm of her voice.  
Drunk on poisoned wine, like a cat high on catnip,  
Between her saliva and locked lips,  
I felt like Schrodinger's cat, both alive and dead.  
I went through class thinking about everything,  
Only to realize moments after each thought, that I didn't remember thinking  
about anything.  
Last thing I heard was the teacher say 'have a great day and see you tomorrow'.  
Twas time to take action, time to reintroduce myself, time to confront this alien

passion.

In soft focus, intuned with my surrounding, I pick my bag and look about the room,

Miss Pocka dot dress was out of sight.

Doubting my visual perception,

I look about the room again but the result remained the same.

Dejected and distraught, I leave the classroom forlorned,

Like a fat kid staring at his fallen ice cream cone,

I pulled out a cigaret and contemplated heading home.

Heads bowed, shoulders shrugged,

My vision clouded by the smoke from the burning tobacco,

Suddenly I heard her voice echo, do you have a spare cigaret I could borrow?

she sounded like a nightingale singing hymns, she must be a second soprano,

Miss pillow lips, in the pocka dot dress was standing before me,

With a timid hand, I stretch out a cigaret, while basking her glory.

My heart aggressively refusing to pulsate,

Like a man dying from eating too much red meat,

I slowly gestured and said 'would mind having a seat? '

She said, 'you Jolomi right? '

I said yes,

She said my name is .... before she could finish the statement, I interrupted,

I said I don't mean to be forward, but I heard a story today that I think you will appreciate,

She smiled and said 'Oh really? '

I said 'yes, you see boy meets girl, boy really likes her,

Boy loses contact with girl but he finally finds her.'

She smiled,

I said 'would you mind having dinner with me tonight? '

Her face grew blank.

She responded 'I'm sorry, but I have a boyfriend'

All that had to happen next was for lightning to strike and shutter me into smithereens,

Then she spoke, me thinking she was about to cast me into hell,

She said 'well, its complicated, I don't really have one but I do, I don't know why I'm telling you this.

You know what? Screw it, yes I'll go to dinner with you.'

And here the story begins,

For in that Moment, we embarked on a beautiful tragedy.

09/31/12. Hollywood. California.

Jolomi Amuka

# Toast.

Shall I make a toast?  
To my towering achievements, accolades and prestige,  
Shan't I be allowed a boast?  
For I must have a reason to carouse this grand soiree,  
A milestone worth more than lag-est expeditions.  
November tenth.  
The day I hope to love, but yesterday I cursed.  
The day I've grown to hate,  
But today, the day, for a change  
I awake in faith...  
That today will be a good day.  
To one good day.  
Cheers.  
Salute.

Jolomi Amuka

## Uncealed Letter.

Before me, there was you,  
Before this,  
There were two  
Rival nations joined by hymen's song.  
O,  
Believe me, we will have a happy ending;  
Now I understand.  
Though happily ever after might not fit with the plan.

A year of education?  
False truths,  
But you never knew,  
What I had done to you.  
The wages spent,  
Your faded dream's dream come true.

Architecture and graphic art,  
Orating to tragic lies,  
Surfing with success in daddy's sweat,  
Hating foreshadowed shadows,  
Wishing my country death,  
Hence I left,  
Only with earned years,  
To grow to regret.

Across the seas to Joshua tree,  
Saw the sheriff frown and a new born's dream.  
Heed me, this is your dream,  
Listen and hear me speak.

Before you, there was me,  
This is what you always wanted me to see.

Jolomi Amuka



# Undertaker

Like wild tigers stuck on desert land,  
With corroded claws we blueprint a clan.  
Our salty tears rain on holy sands, Igniting  
A corybantic pac of aroused cats  
That feed on wolves, yet feed hungry mice.  
A Chatur score encoded by vivid barbarian minds, with eagle eyes.  
Fear not? Together we fear none.  
And in this Elysian feild of faith,  
We blitzkrieg the city like a diabolic plague.  
Ravaging one man at a time,  
Till all that's left are bite marks,  
And hemorrhaging scars that will liberate mankind.

11/15/12. Hollywood California.

Jolomi Amuka

# Waiting On Forever

I saw you once,  
When there were no such things as strangers,  
You played your guitar,  
Singing like a great white under attack,  
My feet echoing your ocean like waves,  
As my soul aggressively refuses earth's  
warm embrace.

We rocked back and forth,  
You kept playing till the next stop,  
Terrified by the shared attention,  
Your eyes chanting two terrifying words,  
Don't wait.

Then you whispered,  
Don't wait on forever,  
For I will leave you soon,  
But I sat still.

My past has always warned me about  
Foolery, a special being as you,  
A vulnerable man's dreaded fear,  
I wanted more,  
But O, I wouldn't dare,  
My insecurities hold, no bounds  
A useless desire snipped by timidity.

Now I miss you,  
Wish I gave life a chance,  
Then the train stops,  
Leaving me with endless thoughts,  
What happened to spontaneity,  
Why didn't I dance?

Jolomi Amuka

# What Are We Fighting For?

Since meeting you, I have experienced heaven and hell,  
Now you got me stuck in purgatory.  
I wonder why we must fight, to ignite  
One candle to reflect light on our sacred moments.  
My friends think you're cute,  
Frankly, I think you're freaking adorable,  
Your friends call me a douch,  
How cute, how adorable.  
I try to understand you,  
I talk to you,  
But somewhere lost in the connection, we transition to argue.  
Understand I'm not calling out a name to shoulder the blame,  
But in between my mystic, and your psycho analysis,  
We get hypnotized by our own mystery.  
What happened to living in the moment?  
When did our insecurities become referees, who determined,  
When we could play, told us what to do and what not to say.  
When did we ignore, spell bound,  
for end now.  
Are we objects of our lustful desires,  
Or can we race across the ocean floor like Poseidon on a seahorse,  
Gallantly Piercing our soul with cupid's arrows,  
Till we die on amorous over-dose.  
If this be a dream, then I don't wanna wake up, cause if I do,  
I'll be back to existence still not knowing what to do.  
And my hands long for yours, so would you please, just  
Hold them tight, cause you know it's only right.  
Let's write each other love letters and post it above the Hollywood sign.  
If you willing to choke this bellowing sorrow, tonight I'll be your Zoro  
Flying in to steal your heart like a kid from out of space, i'll be your dodo.  
Slow ah pace, young love,  
Cause I see whinny roads and shattered faces,  
Boiling rain drops in holy places.  
Lovers, afflicted with silly theories, silly notions, and silly schemes,  
Save me from my silly deeds, and I'll lend you an ear when you need to scream.  
When we fight, I contemplate soaking my eyes in wax, then puncturing them  
with splinting toothpicks,  
Cause being blind is way better than watching your heart plastered in all this  
bullshit.

And,  
I ain't no superman  
I don't profess to be  
Can't play the righteous man  
That's way too hard for me  
If you keep waiting on perfect  
You might miss out on honesty  
If you don't really think i'm worth it  
Why do you keep coming back to me?  
Tell me, what are we fighting for?

Thursday, November 01,2012. Hollywood, California.

Jolomi Amuka

## Why? Renaissance.

Stretch forth those wings,  
And watch them sour like sails aroused by foreign winds-  
Or clip them tight,  
And watch them rot;  
Becoming mere cheerless caged ethereal slaves-  
Shedding till dead feathers turn grey in a penitentiary of timidity,  
And time spent in cantankerousness.  
Barking in the gullied cimmerian cave,  
Whose remarks will you believe! Sin, disease and death?  
Or will you rather get drunk with hope, overdose on faith;  
Get aroused by hard-work, stop the pretentious search for inspiration  
But, rather demand it;  
And realize,  
You are your greatest work.

Jolomi Amuka

# Working Title

How did you do it?  
I don't know,  
You closed the loop.  
So write this down,  
The sky feels heavier when you not around.  
W224, the code-less cryptograph,  
Indicating your esteemed return.  
And through your bloodshot eyes,  
I see myself fighting for existence,  
Like a ballerina with a peculiar attitude,  
Tip-toeing on frozen grass fields,  
Reflecting broken time frames,  
Circumventing the 4th dimension.  
Killing you won't make me weak,  
It will only exalt my curse-ed profession.  
She doesn't know,  
So don't tell her so,  
Or my life would be traded for coke and gold.  
And though I might seem young, yet old,  
My misson is and has been to survive untimely ills,  
Evade the loop,  
Retrain the troops.  
This is my musical,  
I decoded the truth.  
A baby I might be,  
But I offer wet dreams to dry streams,  
Like Mr Maker,  
I am your rain negotiator.

Jolomi Amuka