

Poetry Series

**JOSEPH ABUTU**  
**- poems -**

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# JOSEPH ABUTU()

# A New Dawn

Dawning earlier than sunrise  
As at the waking of softest dews  
Every moment formed before the eyes  
Newness calm as the blues

The sky wakes every morning  
And says a quiet prayer  
Rainy, dry or sunny  
With purpose pretty dier

JOSEPH ABUTU

# A Part Of The Story

As the heart beats,  
Days get older,  
Shoulders get colder;  
It's just what it is,  
Who can be quiet-  
Except the dead?  
Life is a diet  
Upon which we are fed;  
In happiness we,  
We praise;  
When lost,  
To heaven we gaze.  
All our young ones are pretty;  
They have become a part of the story.

The last breathe-  
Like a courier  
That delivers  
Only to the next land.  
A land of knowledge,  
Judgement and regrets-  
Where thirst-  
Can only be quenched  
By fire or freedom.  
Mankind is simply a wet ground-  
That would dry soon.  
When the lost is found,  
A loser becomes an owner again.  
This is mixed just like sun and rain.

JOSEPH ABUTU

# All From Above

The sky like a stage,  
Where many a play-  
Has moments to stay

As a home to belong,  
Hope comes from above,  
And every sign to belove

The big sun my blessing,  
Shine bright do none else;  
Ripe moon come cleansing,  
Calm night, come, o yes.  
Tinkling star,  
Bright as crown;  
Break the bars-  
That hold me down.

Showers of rain,  
Quencher of pain;  
For every drop I stand a gain.  
The breathe of lightning  
And cough of thunder;  
Every weakling torn asunder.  
Rainbow colour, finest art,  
I'll keep that honour close to heart.

Heaven heals me,  
It gives me all;  
My God is mighty-  
And sweet to call.  
Troubles won't make me prey,  
As under my feet they stay;  
When hope comes from above,  
With joy it feels my day.

JOSEPH ABUTU

# Big Story From A Small Village

Just as every other,  
It was another new day,  
But featuring the murder-  
Of a helpless prey.

A lonely grandmother  
In a small village,  
Living not much farther-  
Than the hater of her age.

A raging lunatic,  
Void of good reasoning;  
Proven unromantic  
By his fate already drizzling.

While life was good,  
In her quiet room-  
She ate her tasty food.  
Oh! The mad one stroke  
And marred without joke-  
The granny in her empty house.  
"Kocho" she pleaded,  
With her both hands lifted;  
Her plea was loud  
But her voice too low-  
To beckon a savior.  
He sliced her hands to the ground  
And her food she couldn't swallow;  
Torn apart with a hatchet,  
Bitterly dug with a knife of hatred.

A battle unfair;  
The mad versus the old,  
A granny so dear;  
Sent off by a foe.

JOSEPH ABUTU

# Four Cherubims

World of mine  
As I lay to sleep;  
Dreaming fine  
My eyes did see-  
Young cherubs of light  
In the purest gown white.

Blessed me I saw your eyes,  
Crystal clear like diamond ice;  
Smile once more-  
Before I wake;  
Hold that door-  
For glory's sake.

Butterflies I've seen before,  
Yet, nothing I can so adore;  
Perfect beauty,  
Harmless smile.  
Sing the calmest hymn-  
That'll fill my soul to brim.

Please don't go,  
Prolong my sleep;  
Flaunt your glow  
For me to keep.  
Your names I everyday sing;  
Marble, Shine, Violet, Offspring.

JOSEPH ABUTU

# Lady Sarah

Lonely in a garden of thoughts,  
Missing spaces like queue of dots;  
Measuring the length of my flaws,  
Sobbing like a babe with no nurse.  
Efforts being burnt-  
By the fire of failure;  
A garment I can't flaunt  
Because I hate the tailor.  
Searching for answers  
Like a floor with no dancers;  
Yet does my thought tell of nothing  
Even though my heart beats for something.

While nothing seemed to be coming  
Then came Sarah with a calling;  
Her first voice whispered "it is well"  
As her soft touch tendered all it held.  
Braced with the succulence of her breasts,  
She fed me with the only kiss-  
I ever blessed.  
All my worries-  
Transformed to evening breeze;  
And my sagging face caressed with ease  
Lady Sarah is my cure  
Lady Sarah knew it all  
Lady Sarah is my song  
She is all I call.

JOSEPH ABUTU



# Lost Twice

Worthless man of shame,  
Stripped of your name;  
Guilty were you born;  
Sinly you have done.

Fought as a man,  
Defeated like a child;  
Soon as I can,  
Would run home and hide.

God I have been fooled,  
Your grace was my warning;  
You made and it was good,  
But defiled before morning.

Does home still have a door?  
I'll seek it like I did;  
I'll be the weak the more  
To bear in me your seed.

JOSEPH ABUTU

## More Silence

At the wake of grudge,  
More graves in the dark are dug;  
Mercy taken for revenge  
And slaughtered even before-  
The last words.  
Watch subjects avenge  
The bloodless sore-  
Of their lords.  
A scream would loud a much  
For so must they bear the torch.  
Bless the quiet soul;  
It speaks while alone.  
Break of silence,  
For words do make the difference.

JOSEPH ABUTU

# My World

My world is my faith,  
I hold it so true;  
Explains to me the hate,  
Turns my doubt to clue.

My world is my family,  
Always there like a stain;  
Nurturer of my destiny,  
My cover in the rain.

My world is my love,  
The beauty of my soul;  
Higher than above,  
You're perfect and you're whole.

My world is my talent,  
It proves me like a scent;  
Adds to my intentions salt and savour,  
And makes way for my thoughts.

My world is my hobby,  
The tastiest style of play;  
Companion that may be  
When boredom comes to stay.

My world is my quest,  
The fight I must win;  
The heartbeat in my chest,  
The very best I bring.

JOSEPH ABUTU

# No Grudges In Paradise

Of course! No grudges  
It is paradise, no orgies

That vacuum of grudge is filled-  
With lots of love and wonder;  
No plague of hatred,  
All that waits there-  
Are arms that beckon from afar.

No grudges in paradise;  
No blackmails or told lies.  
Prisons are gardens,  
Needless for a court-  
As no laws are broken.

Paradise it can't be;  
A bag of gold and silver  
Paradise it can't see;  
A lying tongue and  
The stained hands of murder.

Eden was so  
Until came the old serpent  
A chance let gone,  
But a second given-  
By the lamb decent.

This is my sincere prayer  
"Let me live and walk the way,  
So when I meet my final day,  
I shall in paradise-  
Open my eyes".

JOSEPH ABUTU

# Old Traveller

Old traveler on the road  
Whistling out in the blistering cold  
Serving as a guide through the damp  
Is the little mould of light on a lamp.  
Loneliness standing on one end  
Fear on the other;  
For every path and bend,  
There seem to be a monster.  
Searching for that land  
Where love grows as grass;  
Lips have said such things,  
Sleep has had same dream,  
Surely eye must see-  
The picture of this beauty.

Old traveler would strife;  
Danger on the mark,  
Yet he counts not his life.  
Voices that sing hope  
And play the tune of salvation  
Has cut loose the rope  
Of a soul due for liberation.  
Pain and torture stings  
Like the cry of a bird  
Who lost its wings.  
Taste has got no place  
Cept the salty dripping sweats.  
Create a large space  
To host the sun as it sets.

Old traveler you're a shell  
Strong mind but fragile soul;  
Find so you can dwell  
In that land without a hole.  
Each new day-  
Giving birth to a new fight.  
But you know flesh is of clay  
And shadow of light.  
Somehow a lonely sojourner

Now finds rest.  
Sure you can conquer  
And seal your crest.  
Life is a journey  
And every other a story.

JOSEPH ABUTU

# Partner With My Soul

Simple soul,  
Servant of my destiny;  
Watch my ways unfold  
Like the curtains of royalty.

While we were together  
In the presence of a greater;  
Our ascent was same  
In the newness we proclaim.

Lust besieged my world  
And claimed my dream;  
Silent when am called  
But sharp like a sun beam.

Threaded the path of lies  
Took the torture to my feet;  
With burns and ties  
Buffeting my face in the heat.

Though I was blind  
Yet I sought home;  
Salvation I shall find  
Then shall I cease to roam.

It's a mystery;  
The future fairly divides itself-  
Among us.  
It's a reality;  
How experience, out of its wealth  
Has apportioned us all.  
Yes everything is lost  
But something is found.

JOSEPH ABUTU

# Rules Are Rules

Rules are rules,  
Like not breaking them;  
Signs don't speak  
But yet is clear.

Times are sour,  
Dark and empty;  
Stare from top the tower-  
The ugliness of pity.

Which is wrong  
Stealing or choosing?  
Life is short  
And souls are losing.

Don't want, don't won't  
It heals quick the wound;  
Daringly confused,  
Yet the heart says it's in love.

A wonder has begun,  
That of the sun;  
Yes, it shines  
But never smiles.

When temper is lost,  
Same goes a friend;  
It gets even worse  
As a broken heart still bend.

The offence has grown,  
The land is alone;  
So it's been newsed  
Bribe, hands, no longer fuse.

JOSEPH ABUTU



# Salvages

Always we wish,  
But when scared we pray  
Many times we walk,  
But when pursued we run.  
Who talks less-  
The dead or the malicious?  
How many lines are drawn-  
To sketch the righteous?  
Swapping places in our dreams,  
As the stronger becomes the weaker;  
Lies that fill the mouth to brim,  
Tasting all bitter;  
With all these bad actions-  
Sent from bad decisions.

What do they next?  
Eaten their words,  
Yet they starve;  
Master and lords,  
Yet they serve.  
It's alphabetic, not selfish-  
As I must come before you.  
We are on a queue-  
Life gives us one by one,  
Same way takes us turn after turn.  
Don't pretend you are ready,  
Just assume you are.  
For something is in the ground,  
And we must dig till it be found.

JOSEPH ABUTU

## Second Thought

Fear has become  
The weather in my soul;  
Shocking like the breeze  
That sets lose the cold.  
Lost while am lost,  
Without faith that makes young;  
Even if I am wrong,  
I must trust at all cost.  
Tempted by the scars,  
Yet the day is blessed;  
Freedom will rest  
Till the counting of all stars.  
So this becomes my second thought  
Should I return all I ever bought?

Humans are weak,  
Can't even raise their hope;  
Blinded by what we seek,  
We ignorantly cross the rope.  
Quietly like sleep,  
Life goes back to life;  
Masked by the tears we weep,  
Only light can end this strife.  
All was much,  
But now are few;  
Signs are such-  
In the dark they are new.  
Surely, someday is that day  
When fear would give us way.

JOSEPH ABUTU

# Tears That Don'T Dry

A simple pattern  
That makes perfect sense,  
The rumor is scattered,  
It goes, we know not whence.  
Like an empty sack,  
Men fall to the ground;  
We look back  
And pity the haunted found.  
Just once-  
We hurt our loved ones;  
Making them cry  
Because we met goodbye.  
So with these one prayer we plea  
That our wishes come true.

Life is not a decision,  
It simply come and goes;  
It's a road not a destination,  
With souls travelling to and fro.  
Our thoughts are our mistakes,  
Our guesses our fears,  
With the morning-  
Newness wakes;  
And the old fade  
Like delicious tears.  
Wind came, we stood,  
Great flood we've swim through  
Beasts and monsters we undo;  
But death we can't;  
It's a tears that can't dry,  
A truth that tells lie.

JOSEPH ABUTU

# The Faces We Know

The faces we know  
Are the faces we trust;  
Yours I have lost  
So the answer is "no"

The faces we lead  
Are the faces we teach;  
A home to reach  
And ours to feed.

The faces we seek  
Are the faces we serve;  
Would give all I have  
To get just one peek.

The faces of grief  
Are the faces we fear;  
They stay like are near  
And frown like a thief.

The faces we lost  
Are the faces we miss;  
Every day I wish  
You return from the dust.

The faces in our heart  
Are the faces we love;  
No one above,  
It's just you and I.

The face in the mirror  
Is the only one I know;  
My faith and honor  
Are the seeds I sow.

JOSEPH ABUTU

# The Merchant

Trading with sight so dim,  
Deceived there's nothing to lose  
Including the soul within-  
Trapped to pay wild dues;  
This is foolish,  
As when the exchange is done,  
Much would be the cost;  
So much to leave the soul impoverish.  
One morsel, one bribe,  
No truth or wisdom to guide.  
Quest for wealth,  
An invite to death;  
What you choose-  
Less that you lose.

Tell me what you hope to earn –  
When a soul is sold;  
Not really a weatherman,  
But I know that life is cold;  
Vanity takes all  
And gives just small.  
Hey! Young one,  
Watch where you go;  
The race's a long one,  
The destination not so.  
"GIVERS NEVER LACK"  
That depends on the substance-  
Give all back,  
And receive life in abundance.

JOSEPH ABUTU

# The Right Offer

Riches are given  
But never enough-  
To quench a man's greed.  
Secrets are in heaven,  
That's the worth-  
Of truth which we need.  
Standing on bended toes  
Without content;  
Wagging empty like a ghost;  
So roads get narrower  
And bends bender.  
Now, who shall remain-  
Under the broken sky,  
When forever it rains?

Fighting because  
We cannot win;  
So doubting becomes  
Our only sin.  
Yesterday is a parable,  
It's days are true  
And it's wishes feeble.  
No more about arrows,  
But heroes.  
No more about warriors,  
But conquerors.  
It's foolish to offer fruits  
When all we need is the truth.

JOSEPH ABUTU

# Too Grown To Be A Man

Younger than the morrow,  
Too grown to be a man;  
Clothed like a rainbow,  
Pride ruined the plan.

This is the sign,  
It had lingered-  
Now all is on the line.  
The days spent in newness  
Being attacked  
By the voice of the conscience.  
If these moments hold,  
Another door would be shut;  
Like a story told,  
Its pictures would never rot.

Debts in the morning  
Threats in the day;  
Surely it is coming-  
Justice as we wait.

No distance far as guilt;  
In arrogance,  
Excuses are built.  
No pity for the fallen  
Because every weakness  
Actually gave its warning.

JOSEPH ABUTU

# Woman

"Few more strokes to shore"  
But you said that before  
And yet no sign of freedom;  
I am but a woman,  
Why do I strive as a man?  
I bear strength just enough-  
To bring offspring to the world;  
Now has my task extended  
And my fragile heart offended.  
So I shed these worthy tears-  
Like a tree parting with its leaves.  
Letting out my fears,  
I ask and seek to know;  
How long more till we are at shore?

"O woman of virtue!  
Hear these sayings-  
For they are true;  
The end of your long years  
Shall be spent as a youth,  
Your labour and cares  
Soon shall bring rewards young and cute,  
Your fruits must ripe  
And give you wine-  
Like that of the vine,  
Your essence shall never be forgotten  
Neither shall your treasures rotten.  
Told you shore was near,  
Behold the proof is what you stare".

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