

Poetry Series

**Kator Lutso**  
**- poems -**



PoemHunter.com

**Publication Date:**

2024

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Kator Lutso()

Kator Lutso - is a Nigerian writer and poet. He has deep for the fine art of writing and hopes to make the world a better place by the power of his written word. With an unflinching dedication to his craft, Kator uses his unique perspective and storytelling abilities to captivate audiences, leaving a lasting impact through his words.



PoemHunter.com

# A Letter Of Freedom To My Ex

Every time I try to get close to you,  
You push me far enough away.  
God knows I tried and that I am tired of trying and waiting.  
Just as it is with the moon and the sun,  
As with the day and the night,  
You and I may not share the same space and time  
Which make for a home.

Once, I spoke so highly of you.  
We seemed perfect together, sharing a lot in common.  
But now I fear time and space may have changed everything.  
You are no longer the woman I loved; you are a whole different person,  
Whom I am almost worn out trying to understand.

You literally are like the light,  
Spoken of in the gospel of John,  
Which shines in the darkness and the darkness does not comprehend it.  
I fear I may be the darkness,  
And so I may never understand you.

I really never want to say goodbye;  
Yet I do not want to try so hard to be in a place where I am not desired.  
A little more pushing away,  
And I am likely never to be seen again.  
Oh! How I am worn out with longing for what does not want me.

Perhaps, I should be like you and not care anymore.  
I should be full of myself and not care.  
I should do as I please and not how anyone cares.  
Yes, this is freedom.  
I am a free man!

Yet, again, I fear  
Such freedom as this may lead to eternal woe.  
Oh! How I would the light you are would truly shine  
As of the Light in the gospel of John.  
I may be free a light as you only I hope to truly shine.

I hate it that I love you;

I hate it that I can not have you.  
I hate it that you do not want me.  
And most of all, I hate it that I miss you.  
But it is all fine now that I am a free man,  
As free as the freed caged bird,  
To fly to my happiness.

Kator Lutso

# Love Is All Bad And Good Akin; A Haiku

Until I met you,  
I never knew what love was.  
You showed me to love.

Of when I loved you,  
I knew love is courageous.  
A tick-tock away

From the loved forbids.  
It unites two hearts in one;  
Perfect couple make.

And all this before  
Time is due for their settling.  
Love, their home, make good.

And as time passes,  
The lover may wonder well  
What idea love holds.

When truth of love gleams,  
Then may he know love is all  
Bad and good akin.

Love is like a tool  
For pain and pleasure akin;  
That is love for you.

Kator Lutso

# Throes Of Love

Oh! Lady Cecilia has better vision  
Than this poor fool head over heels in love.  
Who is mighty to save me now from Death?  
For albeit I see Death's flaming arrow,  
Come hither from a lover's bow well drawn,  
Can't I but mourn like the saplings thereby.  
Oh! What a sacrificial lamb I am  
Yet, very unlike Jesus, die for one;  
And not all beneath a great many sin  
Pile like Everest which now make my grave.

Kator Lutso



PoemHunter.com

# Confines Of Intelligence Deceptive Trap

In shadows of intelligence, a young man stood,  
His mind ablaze, his spirit pure and good.  
A brilliant flame, a flicker of creativity,  
But society's pressure whispered for conformity.

With dreams of literature and arts so fine,  
He yearned to let his creativity truly shine.  
But the world, in its wisdom, had other plans,  
Forcing the young man into law's demanding hands.

Intelligence, once celebrated and revered,  
Now trapped in a path that left his spirit seared.  
For what is brilliance without passion's flame?  
A hollow existence, a life without aim.

With each day passing, his soul grew weary,  
As depression's grip tightened, swift and dreary.  
The halls of academia turned cold and gray,  
As his vibrant thoughts slowly faded away.

The weight of expectations crushed his dreams,  
A symphony of dulled lights, or so it seems.  
For intelligence alone cannot cure the heart,  
When a passion lies buried, torn apart.

Oh, what anguish for a spirit so bright,  
To be confined to a path that feels so trite.  
But in the depths of his despair, a truth did gleam,  
Intelligence can be a trap, a silent scream.

For true brilliance lies in the song of the soul,  
In pursuing what sets our hearts on a roll.  
The world may dictate, with its judgment and gaze,  
But our own passions should guide, in a magical haze.

So let us learn from the young man's plight,  
To follow our hearts, no matter how contrite.  
For intelligence is but a tool, a vessel to explore,  
And without the fire of passion, it leaves us wanting more.

May we celebrate the beauty of the mind,  
But not at the expense of leaving hearts behind.  
May we find our true purpose, our passions ignite,  
And break free from intelligence's deceptive plight.

Kator Lutso