

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**



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# When I Leave

## WHEN I LEAVE

When I leave,  
Don't come to my funeral crying  
Or sobber yourself like you're dying  
Those things would have mattered before  
Nothing is worth it anymore

When I leave,  
Don't ask God why? ?  
Instead give thanks and wave me bye  
For my work on earth is done  
In Him, after death I'll reborn

When I leave,  
Do not criticize or judge me  
Condemn or speak ill of me  
For your own time will come  
And your actions, people will hum

When I leave,  
Do not make my food a priority  
Nor make my wine your anxiety  
Don't turn my funeral to a gossip place  
Or fight each other like a market place

When I leave,  
Do not sleep like the law makers  
Instead, dance with the undertakers  
Let your movement have rhythm  
For I was a rhymer

When I leave,  
Do not fold your arms and watch things  
Neither get upset by humans or things  
Make comedies of our previous lives  
For this is my final romance

When I leave,

Don't come without flowers  
Neither leave with your flowers  
Let the incense burn endlessly  
For in these, I find death ravishingly

When I leave,  
Do not crowd yourselves in cars  
Driving round the city and towns  
Disturbing the streets with cutlasses  
And disturbing the peace of all houses

When I leave,  
Do not gamble or libate  
Or in my funeral, fornicate  
Do not dress in all black  
But in all white and bright

When I leave,  
Free all the caged birds  
Let them assemble on every tree  
Let them tweet and chirp  
Let them sing my dirge

When I leave,  
Let poetry be read at every interval  
So my soul will dangle like in revival  
Take photos to caption every moment  
And let my soul ascend with the trumpet

When I leave,  
Let my departure reminds you to live right  
Let it take your wisdom to another height  
Appreciate life, strangers and loved ones  
Cause truthfully, 'You Only Live Once'

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# Purpose

## PURPOSE

Wouldst thou learn, fair mortal, of thy purpose true,  
And know the path, that Providence hath ordained for thee anew?  
The hearing ears, they know, how to hear, with instinct fine,  
And seeing eyes, they know, how to see, with vision divine.

The speaking mouth, it knows, how to speak, with words of might,  
Yet, mortal man, thou knowest not, thy purpose, nor thy guiding light.  
Thy goings, they are of the Lord, who doth ordain thy way,  
And how canst thou, then, understand, thy own path, night and day?

The clay, it knows not, what it shall become, in the potter's hand,  
Till it is shaped, and molded, to the maker's grand design, and plan.  
So, too, is mortal man, in the hand of his Creator true,  
A vessel, fashioned, to fulfill, a purpose, anew.

Alas, fair man, thou hast refused, to reconnect, with thy maker's might,  
And the essence of thy creation, hath been misplaced, in the darkness of night.  
Thou wanderest, from pillar to post, seeking answers, from thy fellow man,  
Rather than from thy Creator, who doth hold, the secrets, of thy life's plan.

Thus, at the end of each passing day, thou returnest home, unfulfilled, and blue,  
For thou hast sought, in vain, for answers, that only thy Creator, can imbue.

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# The Confused Man

## THE CONFUSED MAN

He sat beneath a peach tree  
With music to make his heart free  
His radio, smaller than a ball size  
Pays attention as the frequency rises  
Held his mat on his shoulder  
With some books like a PhD holder  
The breeze ignores his sweat  
He was soaked by his heavy breath

Touch of his hand, he was cold  
Sound of his voice, he was old  
Looking around, chewing gum  
In search for what will never come  
He placed his hands below his chin  
Into his pocket and back to his chin  
Pressure drops his trouser to sag  
With tattered clothes like a rag

The leaves slaps his face  
His actions were displaced  
Leaned on the tree like his wife  
Hoping to see the fruit of his life  
His movement was like a river  
Unexplainable is his anger  
Looks down to the earth to cry  
Looks up to the sky for hope

Everything seems vague  
His life seems plagued  
He was running out of time  
As twilight runs into daytime  
Birds leaves as bats returns  
Stars and moon shines in turns  
Crickets, kept him entertained  
Water can kept him sustained

His eyelashes, fell in love as it flaps

Mosquitoes stayed away as he claps  
He cleared the rusty leaves  
To lay down his holy grieves  
At a point, he was quite  
Measuring the trees height  
He laid his mat peacefully  
Dropped his properties carefully

The price they thought he'll pay  
Was a place to sleep and stay  
Instead he laid for a sacrifice  
He's life was the only price  
He was tired of the bad government  
That made life a beautiful torment  
Nature couldn't stop him but cry  
As he hanged himself on the tree to die.

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# Eve Of Choice

EVE OF CHOICE

Drink your wine O youths  
Snuff your boxes O elders  
Take your selfish young ladies  
Cook your meals warm mothers

Dust your chalk O teachers  
Rest your cases O lawyers  
Rhyme your words O poets  
Loud your verses O singers

Flair your stage O actors  
Smoke your ganjas Rastafarians  
Salut your generals O soldiers  
Say your prayers O reverend

Let's set our paths as we match  
For tomorrow we vote

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