

Poetry Series

KERON RAMJIT
- poems -

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KERON RAMJIT(12TH AUGUST 1977)

Blinded

Disappointed in myself
for not seeing the sign,
I have no one
but myself to malign,
For I have created the beginning
and the end,
of the feelings
that I now try to mend.
Love dwells among lies
where little or no trust now exist,
and I am left all alone unable to resist.

KERON RAMJIT

Reality

Reality

facing it sometimes hurt.

Physically injured? No!

emotionally wrecked is more like it.

I've been raped,

my hurt and ways of trying to cope

is on display

in the gallery of the artist.

How could she do this and

not even tell the truth?

how am I to feel or

exist in her atmosphere?

Which hardly seem like mine anymore.

I'm lost

not without her

but within the meadows of my mind,

I'm losing the battle

within the walls of my cranium and

in the battlefield of death and inner peace.

My rights have been violated,

the bomb of internal stability has been triggered

and now I'm on a high

having smoked of insanity.

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