

Poetry Series

Khaldun Atum

- poems -

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Khaldun Atum(December 1st,1994)

Khaldun Atum is a pseudonym for a learning young poet.

A Message To All (Not A Poem)

Hello, my name is Khaldun and I am interested in composing poems with different people to get more people known and do something different.

So if anyone wants to send me message and tell me they want to compse together, I'm all ears.

Thank you,

K. A.

Khaldun Atum

A Way To Save The World - Infused By Jenny Gordon & Khaldun Atum

Dear Readers, a friend of mine, Jenny Gordon, and I have fashioned a co-operative poem in hopes that other PoemHunter users will see that this site doesn't have to be just about posting poetry, but rather supporting others in hopes that anyone can join other poets in peaceful cooperation and express beliefs to the world.

To Save The World...

Do we not see society's ills?
Shall we wait to act 'til all jails are filled?
Today is the day, time to change,
Right here, right now,
Why must humans do things so strange?

We can try fixing the world of today,
But we must act,
Without a doubt, we must pack
Up our faults, and wish them away.

Forgive our fellows the wrongs they have done,
Working together to do right, all of us.
Our first father disobeyed thus we be so,
Yet God's salvation gives forgiveness and hope.

In times of doubt, we look to the sky,
Pray for guidance, What path to travel by?
All around no one cares, we have lost faith, why?
The earth is not yet doomed,
We can fix it, there is still time!

Time to seek God, to seek His face,
The way we should go, to walk by His grace,
Loving our neighbors, and shewing mercy,
Do justly ourselves, walking humbly
With God in His Word, He is the Way.

A stranger to this land shall never know the pace,

Guide him oh Lord, let him see thee's face,
He'll know at once what must be done,
To rid the world of evil, everyone
Must look to the sky and believe what I say,
To save the earth, this is the only way.

Khaldun Atum

Darkness

Darkness, all around me,
While sitting, in my bed.
Darkness, all around me,
My future, red.
Darkness, all around me,
Help me, I need to flee.
Darkness, all around me,
This scares me.
Darkness, all around me,
Please kill me.

Khaldun Atum

Days Of Darkness, Nights Of Light

A day without rain;
Living without gain.
The tree to thine's eye
Reflects the gray sky.
The shades of darkness descending,
Blue turned gray; fading; lightning.
Withall and throughout the lightness gone,
Marked by evil, evermore and anon.
Days of darkness, nights of light,
Why dost these shine so bright?
Stars reflect the dark so ill,
Why does she stay so still?
A statue in itself, her skin a matching gray.
A kind word of love, would save her today?
The lightness engulfs her,
She's gone above,
Flying into the sky,
White as a dove.

A gloomy sea now, rushing water drown,
Prepare to engulf me, my legs bound,
A leap is all it takes to drag me down,
Over the edge;
Watership sound.

Gleaming through the darkness,
The light, bright, I harness,
Draw toasted me, no more blackness.

Awake in a white room, happy,
Nausea, now a little bit queasy,
Move my arms to no avail,
Legs follow in my trail.
Light fades in the hospital room,
I join my wife in my impending doom.

Khaldun Atum

Death For You (Acrostic Poem)

Poet's Note: If you read the first word of every line, a sentence is spelled out.

Why must I ask thou
Hath thy no love for thee?
Thy have followed you into the soul of thee,
Asked you to follow me,
To return to me, forget this morbid history,
Escape this world for an alternate reality,
From thy mind reaching a new era,
This time gone, a new hath begun,
World of sorrow, wasted away,
Of mice and men, of thy and thee,
Darkness coming, envelope me,
Rising, to claim my soul, to remove from me.

Her body down, never to rise,
Love never-ending, never subside,
Will thy go with her, is it wise?
Burn in Hell, the Devil I despise,
Everafter an apocalypse ride,
And with reach, until thy,
Until you and I again reside,
The death of thy is now,
End for me, and without,
Of truth be told, longer than old,
Time could never break, a love so bold.
Itself is s love, like no one will over hold.

Oh—; I shall reunite anew,
How fate is askew,
The time hath come; time to renew,
End this now; end this feud,
Is there a way out; A place to find you?
Here it is; An ocean to jump into,
Now drown myself; I shall be with you.

Her Voice After Death (Unfinished)

Poet's Note: Dear readers, this is an un-finished poem that I never had the same inspiration to finish. Excuse the abrupt ending, but it fits, nevertheless. Thank you.

Thy room submerged; Darkness constricting.
Awaiting light; Thy chest heaving.
Suddenly, came a knocking; A knocking someone at thy door.
'Hello', Say I, 'Still, such is not thy heartbeat;
Must I open what haven't I opened before? '

Quivering it was, when her voice came,
'Art thy not the one you expect to remain? '

Khaldun Atum

I, A Vampyre

We hunt the night,
And feed on easy prey,
The darkness of everlasting height,
Hides us,
Shadows we shall remain.

My speed and agility,
Are second to none,
Escape is a false reality,
And your death has already begun.

I wake for night,
Sleep the day,
Survive on might,
Live my life no other way.

Khaldun Atum

Ioana

Hello my dear, to me you are forever near,
Not a day goes by thee has not crossed thy mind,
Never shall your memory stay always in the rear,
It shall always be up on the front line.

Ioana, my flower, a beautiful iris,
You live in thy dreams of bliss,
Whenever I see you, my heart skips and flutters,
Like a bird in the wind,
A beautiful Scarlet Tanager.

I hope we shall see each other soon,
Your presence I require,
Your beauty exuberant as high noon,
Your gracefulness and intelligence I admire.

Khaldun Atum

Life Is To Hang On To

Why did she leave, I know not,
What went wrong, have I hurt her naught?
We had it all, we were a happy lot,
I don't understand, please forget me not.

Flowers for you, a gun for me,
I'll put myself out of this misery,
I grasp the trigger and pull,
My last vision was you, your heart full.

Khaldun Atum

Love's Waterfall

A day gone, another assunder,
I spend my nights in lost wonder,
Pondering the thought of your love,
And what it could have been like,
Had I not forced you to the sky above.

Thy must win your love, your soul,
A gamble, like running through hot coal,
With out it, I shall wither,
Like a flower, during winter.

A game to you, is all this is,
No love, always a quiz,
Why must you hurt me so,
Can I not let my love flow?
A force of love like a pounding river,
Dropping over the edge, falling past the sedge,
Ending life in a puddle downriver.

Khaldun Atum

Memories Of Thy And Thee

In the shadows of dawn,
I held my breath;
Awaiting the arrival
Of my impending death.

Oh— why hath thou cursed me?
But cry thy name in vain, shall I?
NO— for not is the way I remember thee.
And shall thy spirit never fly?
Or should destiny allow me to move on,
But I, a flower, shall wither and die.
For sakeness in it, all and all, one way or another, by and by,
Shall I never say good-bye
Before thy love stars to fall?

But's by breath's away, I sway,
Forever standing, gaping, waiting,
A wind's breath in thy ear,
Whispering, 'Thy am here.'

Oh pity, shout I, into the darkness rising,
Thall shalt not behold, thy heart restarting,
That burning in me regaining and sharpening,
But shall I never hear you, rejoicing?
You in the wind, do I hear you voicing?
Shall it be your love, I believe to be importing,
Instead of a love, thy feel a haunting,
Replace, shall you, to hear you, a desperate longing,
How I beg to hear your voice, I cry, shouting,
A combination furing and frightening, blinding and sighting,
The darkest shore awaits thee, by the temples of Hell burning,
And thy coldness shall extinguish, the fire within me churning,
To what shall I say, be it now further into rejoining?
Pleading to say, stay with me, until times of regailling.

Khaldun Atum

My Dear Goodbye

A day once more, is all I ask,
Rejection hides behind a mask,
Are you not curious, not at all,
Of who I am, once and for all?

The day wasted, nothing accomplished,
I look up, my eyes astonished,
We locked eyes upon the red line,
And I lost in your eyes, how so do they shine!

An angel, dropped from above,
Landed before me, perfect as a dove,
I am dumbfounded, I am at loss of speech,
My heart aches, I can no longer speak.

What curse has thee laid upon me,
But no curse bites so powerfully,
As the feeling you give me,
When I turn around and our eyes meet.

You can say good-bye, you can push me away, no matter,
I forgive you, for this I cannot blame,
But I let you know, in my heart there is a place,
Where you have a reserved space.

This is my last effort, my last try,
To say I care, I say this to you my dear,
You were my darling, and this is my good-bye.

Khaldun Atum

Nevermore

Moon shine leaks from the dark night sky,
Dripping into such a wild animal's eye.
But no more than unto men shall it dim its light,
For a mere mortal shall never see such a night.

Thy gazing reflection, a beacon unto thine man,
As thee stood pondering, wondering over such a span
Of time and angels where they collide,
And bring forth the end of time.

Fire, dust and acre blending beforth,
What is this punishment, abandonment in the north,
In all thy years you hast flown by,
I regret nothing, I will survive.

Of what has become, the earth no more,
Mice squeak and parished aboard,
& by thy name, of you Lenore,
Men hve faded, Nevermore.

Birds fly through the sky,
Here now; gone in the link of an eye
Remains of life, shredded, left behind,
All the lies lay and die,
These memories; Lets never rewind.

I wrote this poem off the top of my head, not focusing on sentence structure or even making sense. Prett much, whatever word flew into my mind, I wrote it down. Enjoy

Khaldun Atum

Of Mice And Men (Acrostic)

Our time has passed, forever lost,
Love departed, emboss nothing,
Shall you leave me, only your loss,
Not a calming, but a raging,
Bloom into rage, burn it away,
Forth comes the page, sign it today,
Into the night, I shall run,
One forest gone, one more begun,
Of mice and men, or of sin,
Beauty is ready to begin.

Khaldun Atum

On Fire; Through The Trees

On fire; through the trees,
With one word, I'll remember thee,
A way out is what thy seek,
Any way; this way; that way,
Must find a way to
Escape the fate of thee.

On fire; through the trees,
A path of regret; wilted, on my knees,
One last breath; Oh— how I plead!
I must proceed,
Fight the Evil born in me,
A vision; an apparition,
Of thy and thee.

On fire; through the trees,
My wife; on hands and knees,
For her life she begged,
As I watched her bleed,
Holding the knife; I ended her life,
Savagery; Nothing but,
I am but a monster,
One who deserves to die,
In the sea over yonder.

On fire; through the trees,
From the cliff, I jump to sea,
May this be the end of me,
This is where I deserve to be,
Underwater; In the raging sea.

A fine line between,
Life and death,
Each one I have seen,
And now hold my breath,
From land to water,
I seem to grow hotter.

A burning sensation; A realization,

Hell has come to claim me,
I shall go gracefully.

For the crimes I have committed,
The moment I submitted,
I regret my decision,
From start to fruition.

A short life has come to me,
I cannot sign the page,
I must sign the deed,
A force threatens to tear thee,
And fills my rage.

I am not finished,
To continue, I shall do,
With the memory of only you,
But one more thing is all I wish,
To be granted would be a gift,
Send me to my love,
Send me there, to watch from above.

What shall it take
To be with you after all?
All I need is you,
My one, my all.

I repent! Fare thee!
God— Accept thy
Into your Kingdom,
I do not deserve,
But for my love,
Will you deny me?

I regret ending her!
I regret everything!
I wish for no more harm!
I regret every little thing!
What will it take
For thee to accept?
That my love for her,
Can overpower even you,

With my last breath,
I scream to you.

A white light; It seems right,

A tunnel and gate; I am not late,
Beyond the gate, Is all my hate,
I turn and run; Away from the light,
I do not understand; I am filled with fright,
What I see I cannot comprehend,
That is my wife; with me until the end.

I see her standing over me,
What happens next, I try to see,
The words she whispers,
From her body to mine:
On fire; through the trees.

Khaldun Atum

One Day At A Time

Your love like no one feeling,
When you're not here, my mind is reeling,
I know about how much you feel like leaving,
But if you leave, I'll die here heaving.

We can fix this problem,
This love can be more than just mine,
All we have to do,
Is take this one day at a time.

Khaldun Atum

Shadow's Kin

The life I live, is not a normal one,
You see, I am a shadow hunter, the only one,
I live in shadow, I hunt the light,
To be specific, I stalk, I prey, I fight,
Because, I am an Assassin.

There is no one better than I, I am the master,
I am fast, agile, uncatchable, and an untraceable attacker,
The shadows breath in the night,
The moonlight glinting off my knife.

A reward is what I seek,
Blood for money is a pleasure to me,
I have yet to not succeed, my deals I keep,
Until my victim is dead, I shall not sleep.

I spot the castle from my horse,
The stone an eyesore against the beautiful darkening sky,
The gates call to me, I shall kill with no remorse.
I jump from my mount in the shadows, look up at the walls so high.

The gates in sight, I am unseen in the night,
The guards shall die without strife, I unsheathe my knife,
I pad closer, their life is nearly over,
One mistake, and I'll end up burnt on a stake.

I am directly behind one, my knife finds him,
He drops with a thud, I wipe my blade on him,
The other jumps up but falls back to the ground,
A throwing knife stuck between his eyes,
He dies without a sound.

The gates now open; I am inside,
Guards walking; the turrets high,
No one has yet noticed, my shadow innate,
I will move quickly, not to be seen,
I don't kill without conscience,
They have to be clean.

I climb to a rooftop, search around,
Many bodies dropp to the ground,
I am at the castle,
Blood soaked into my gown.

I pull back my hood and take in the castle,
There has yet to be a hassle,
I am well armed thought,
Ready for a battle.

I pull my grappling hook off my back,
Throw it up, it lands with a clack,
I feel the rope tighten, it is hooked,
I begin my climb, the city I overlook.

I pull myself up, one more landing,
My arms sore, this climb demanding,
Seven people I've thrown off the tower,
One more won't matter.

Last landing up, I cut out the window,
It is silent as I climb inside,
A guard there, I push him outside,
A long fall, he crashes down below.

A door is what keeps me from my mark,
I push it open, he lay there sleeping,
A good sign, there will be no screaming,
A hand over his mouth, he jumps with a start,
I unsheathe my blade, and get his heart,
I watch him die, such is the order of my art.

I grab the rope and slide down,
Once at ground level, I wind my rope around,
My back again, and head out of town.

I mount my horse and ride away,
The darkness fades, here begins another day,
Another mission well planned, a great reward I will win,
I smile a happy grin, after all,
I am the Shadow's Kin.

Shot In The Dark

You were here, now you're gone.
Leaving me surrounded, darkness close and afar.
What evil lies in these caves, the caves in which I am a pawn.
I call to you, no answer back.
A shiver runs through me, I fall like a stack
Of rocks to the ground, and perish in the darkness.
Without you, ever around.

Khaldun Atum

Shuriken

I am but a shadow in the night,
A gust of wind in a desert storm,
A single man in a battlefield fight,
An entity of energy, never worn.

In truth, that is what I am,
For thy am not human,
I have the ability to turn to sand,
Escape unseen, an invisible intrusion.

No one knows what I can do, I am but a legend,
Whenever people talk about me, I know their reaction,
Whenever someone crosses me, they don't make it out alive,
In fact, everyone I've engaged,
Have yet to survive.

I am a lone hunter,
I hunt with my own blade,
When I gained this power,
History was made.

A weapon is what I am,
An immortal being, a wanted man,
What would you call wanted men,
This is my life, I am a Shuriken.

Khaldun Atum

The Daylight Assassin

I am the hunter of shadows,
No one see's me,
No ones knows,
Where I am,
Or the kill I chose,
Fear me, mortal,
For you are next.

People run and shout,
Admist the chaos, I stalk about,
I am the predator, I shall not leave without
The promise of shed blood, drain his all out.

He tries to calm the crowd,
But no one can hear him, too loud,
I pull the blade from my sheath, without sound,
Run forth, part the crowd.

I leap off the shoulders of another,
Flying direct, I plant the blade into his shoulder,
Driven to the ground under my force, he shudders,
His life slips out, his eyes flutter.

The guards yell out, I don't waste a second,
I sheath the blade and spring onto a guard, kill him in seconds,
I run into the crowd, the guards abandon,
I exit the city, the job of an Assassin.

Khaldun Atum

Through The Forest

Through the forest — Darkness ahead.
Through the trees — The forest dead.
Through the vines — My mind unwinds.
Through the black — No turning back.
Through the trails — Nothing but hail.
Through the rest — There is only death.

Khaldun Atum

Un-Sheathed Truth Of An Un-Holstered Youth

Once upon a midday morning,
The sun rising, the equinox forming,
Hundreds gathered in the temples,
The temples underground, beneath the castles of deepest mourning.

A man stood and spoke a name,
'Sitka', saith he, 'I have wandered for so long, travelled so far, I a man, a hunter,
one many destain.

'This is my job for you,
Run admits the trees until a city shall come into view,
This city, shalt be surrounded palisades made of trees,
And the city wilted, burns and cries and pleads.

Your mission here, is to eliminate the king,
For he withholds food and slaughters all beings,
He is a gruesome man, a dangerous fiend,
Beware him, my son, many fights he has seen.'

Sitka speaks now, standing upright,
'I shall not fail, master',
And he flees into the night,
Not a trace of cautiousness nor fright.

Many days Sitka runs among,
With his blade sheathed and his bow unstrung,
Finally, in the distance smoke hung
In the air before him, his bow is now strung.

A day later, he arrives,
The guards dispatched with a few knives,
For bloodshed, he thrives,
The king shall not expect, he shall be surprised.

Without a sound nor footprint, he enters the city,
More than a building burning, he feels pity,
No time for pathos, no time for tears,
All is left is to find king illiteracy.

He finds him sleeping, in his castle chamber,
He'll leave no corpse, no remainder,
He draws his blade, it shines in danger,
He slits the king's throat, the blood pours into a for-placed container.

The blood gone, not a dropp spilled,
He dumps it into the chamber pot, the bucket filled,
A torch he pulls from the wall, with light the room is filled,
He sets fire to the body, of the man he just killed.

His job done, he leaps from the window,
A story down, he lands gracefully,
He exits the city, nothing but a shadow,
The night air shrill, but his body is full of energy.

He runs all night, arrives at the temples at dawn,
His mission, the story told, for the world on
The alter of truth, nothing is lied upon,
He is welcomed as a hunter, his ranked well donned.

Khaldun Atum

Utopian Dreams, Un-Utopian Reality

When will people learn?
Will they not see that we're hurt the planet so,
Through all the money spent and earned,
No ones sees the planet slow.

We have started an un-realistic decline,
How have not kept the earth in mind?
Have we been too selfish to try and realign,
The earth is all we have, treasure it,
It does not have much time.

We have a choice, why make the wrong turn,
All we have is the earth, why should we let it burn?
Do not throw garbage in the streets,
Why would you want to make the earth weep?

A bottle in the grass, decomposition does not include glass,
Pick it up, throw it out, it is not hard when you think about
All the recycling bins around town, why let it sit and break,
The earth is peaking at what it can take.

Here is a message to all of you,
Clean up now, before it is too late,
Recycle a bottle, don't kick it with your boot,
Decide what you're going to do now,
For 10 years from now,
We'll look back and say,
This happened; how?

The good of your life or your children's children,
All generations to come, will benefit from your help,
Get up, act now, it is time to change the fate of women and men,
In truth, we each have our cards to be dealt,
What order will you place them out?

Khaldun Atum

Vampire's Night

In the dark that fades the day,
Between the trees, I stalk my prey,
Shall be nevermore beautiful,
Than a midsummer day.

In the darkest hour of the night,
A rustle of leaves through your shivers of fright,
But it's just the wind, you are hopeful,
Subconsciously, you know there is no change to fight.

Sitting in a tree, I watch your every move,
Your fear, I see you try to disprove,
I slide to the ground, graceful,
I advance quickly, you hear nothing to behoove.

I pull you back, expose your throat,
Fangs extended, as fast as an eighth note,
The skin breaks, blood gushes in mouthfuls,
Satisfied, I drop the body with no tote,
No one will find the body, in a place so remote.

Khaldun Atum

Werewolf

Run now, save yourself,
I am changing, go for help,
Don't stay, bad idea,
Now it's done, and you're not here,
I told you to run, my mouth now red,
You didn't listen, and now you're dead.

Khaldun Atum

Wings Of Icarus

Many a day I have dreamed of wings,
I awake in sunlight glistenings,
Weight on thy back, the wax gold and flowings,
Soar above cities, my mind a ray of swirlings.

'Granted these wings bring you responsibilities',
Thy father said to me,
'From the Sun ablaze,
You shall stay away for your wings shall melt,
Leaving you falling in a haze.'

I fly up through the sky,
Heart pounding, eyes high,
Everhigher I go, birds fly by,
Clouds dropp below, darkness before thine eyes.

Space lifts me to the Sun,
I turn away, to no avail,
My wings are frozen,
They move not an inch at will.

Closer to the heat I come,
Hotter the wax becomes,
It melts and feathers become undone,
I know I approach my impending doom,
The Sun.

Oh— how the heat is intense,
Fire all around me, closer, inch by inch,
The burning gas is dense,
It is killing me,
No more do I flinch.

The Sun overtakes me,
I burn in milliseconds,
My fathers waits for me,
My death he reckons.

With Trumpets Sounding

I jump ashore,50 cal. in hand,
Everyone is dead, I'm the only man,
One shot is all I have,
I cannot miss, but I cannot stand.

I force my legs up and run the beach,
Bullets dance around me and shred the ground,
Bodies erupt on mines and blood sweeps
Across the sand; do the bullets pound.

A scope mounted on, I look through,
I lock on, my bullet goes right through,
He is dead, the war is now our attack,
I raise my horn in victory,
Blow a note, echo and rebounding,
I win the war, with trumpets sounding.

Khaldun Atum

Without You

Without my eyes, I can still see.
Without my nose, I can still breathe.
Without my ears, I can still hear.
Without my mouth, I can still shout.
Without my hands, I can still give.
But without you, I cannot live.

Khaldun Atum

World Of Darkness, World Of Misunderstanding

What has this world come to?
How can youth have gone so wrong?

Do we not see it or do we choose to turn our heads?
We have the ability to stop this madness and put our kids to their beds.
We do not have to live knowing our kids are living so wrong,
All the choices are up to us, they have been all along.

How can kids not see the path drawn for them?
We have placed it to guide them, not to control them,
A slight variation still follows the path,
But now kids are turning their heads; losing themselves fast.

We must act now!
This is a call to awareness for all parents to see.
A fight for what's right and in what we believe.
The future of your child lives whether you make the right choices.
You're going to act how?

Khaldun Atum

Your Embrace (Acrostic)

Why must I question our connection?
Art thy no more than a reflection?
Thou must answer with a recollection!
Afraid of what thy might erase?
Of all our memories— the collections,
Thy shall win you love, your embrace.

Khaldun Atum