

Poetry Series

Kobik William
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Kobik William(7/11/1989)

A Friend

... You want to know who I am?

I am a friend of yours back

In those shrinking days in your.....

A friend who looked black but was white

A friend who didn't fear the ridiculous eyes of the world he never really loved

A friend who was of the moldering leaves of neglected shrubs

A friend who suffered a pleasant comrade deceit but for trust

A friend who thirsts for happiness

A friend who loves the soft flow of musical notes more than men

A friend whose heart still pumps the acidic past

A friend who reminisces those days of back stabbing and soul piercing laughter

A friend you made happy-sad

A friend whose happiness faded away with time just as beauty rusts with age

A friend who came to see farther beyond your masked smiles

A friend who suffered the potent arrow of your provincial clandestine

A friend....

..... Yes that is me - William the poet.

Kobik William

Clara

The ever generous Maker gave us
a beautiful sunny day; Sunday.

But the fisherman's boat
Had hit the shoal,
And rain drops fell off the pane.
Who was in pain?

The echoes of a beautiful cry
Could be heard outside the magnificent
But dilapidated structure.
It was the advent
Of one of the Maker's
Most prized creations; Clara

Just a little child she is,
But fills my heart with overwhelming delight
And pastes a smile on my visage
With every epithet she spews
Coupled with her
Beauty and innocent virtues -
She is perfect.

She is perfect,
How I wish she would be the same forever.

Kobik William

Communion

Every time I see you
A fire in me burns alive
Right in the depths of my soul
And the hills of wax melt away.

Whenever I think of you
My heart pants for you
And my soul thirsts for you,
It makes me wish God will bless
Me with you and never bless me again.

Because of a certain aura of love
Borne by your winsome eyes,
Bringing me love as sweet as nectar
And as inevitable as the fate of the soul of Hector

So my spirit is tortured
And now I'm robbed of my sleep
With my boundless thoughts
In the quietness of the sun's absence
Cloaked by you and your seemingly shallow cares.

I believe our souls are made of a sole material
Because our souls seem united for some purpose
And I hope there will be time to fathom why
And hold communion.
Making me the favored possessor of your love
Before the wrinkles of time hiding behind
Our youth crawls up our faces.

Kobik William

Downfall

The walls of my heart seemed impregnable
And a particle could not fall off.
Till she came along
And broke those walls apart
With a glance dressed unconscious

And now in her presence,
My tongue is poor,
Her footsteps define my heart - beat,
Her words lurk deep in my memory,
Her beauty is the light of my day,
And her gaze leaves me paralyzed.
So when I'm sick,
Her concern is my only cure.
And when I'm sad,
Her memory is my only joy.

And while the power of what I feel
Distorts my state of being
Like a Savannah condition in a forest region,
Her image brings me peace
Like that of a sleeping child
And the calmness of the sea.
How did I fall?

Kobik William

Faith And Love

There was a fairness I once knew
A wearer of the HIJAB, not as was of the pew
The contrast of our perfect sightly mismatch deepened
And the faithful divide weakened
Her love was mine,
Tasting sweeter than the oldest wine.
Our senseless emotions gave us wings,
A state of defiance by the insanity of our doings.
With naught success unfriendly sharpness
And perilous warmth endeavored uncoupling us.
Believers of our distinct sermons intended to slay our love.
But love is God and God they say is love.
Yet earnestly faith fought that love;
Faith the obvious fruit of love.

Kobik William

Folly Of Men

I am sitting at my window pane,
People are running and not in pain

I am watching men revere rain
And forgetting the One with the rein

These men cherish the love of men
And growing the tree of sin and don't learn.

But they still pray to be worthy of eternity.
God's disappointment in this entity

Shall not trigger my surprise.
That I rue being a son of this race, not so wise

I wish I lived in erstwhile times
Like I wish eschewing living in these times

When the folly of men will pull down the world's walls
In blizzards of wars,

Firestorms and sandstorms of dread
While men feed on kindred flesh as extinction faces bread

In pale sheets, on the way to dust,
They will still covet perishable moments like of lust

Since eternity in their eyes is subservient to their fate as shadows
While herculean transgressions pile like an avalanche of meadows.

Kobik William

Have You Ever... (The Other Side II)

Have you ever loved someone
Who left you for another?
Have you ever had the notion
That someone loved you and it wasn't so?
Have you ever been fed love deliberately
Just to poison your soul?
Have you ever been dizzied with an idiot's ecstasy
And left by the sole provider?
Have you ever been hit by gentle bullets of tears?
Gentle bullets from your own eyes.
Because love slammed a door at your life
With the effect of a thunderclap
And the power of an earthquake?

Well, I have
And it felt like sugar that tasted bitter.

Amazingly, this is the side of the coin called love
Many don't take a flip look at.
So when you get that cheap but important gem,
Flip it and take thorough look
And might just come to see that;
Love is not so parallel to death.
Armed with the infinite power
To keep you buried as deep as forever
In the heartbreak cemetery,
You will become a living ghoul

I am
And now I know what it feels like
To walk about with one's soul in the grave.

Kobik William

In Memory Of Lucky Dube (A Eulogy)

The weather was not favorable,
Nothing was adaptable:
The ground was too hot for any sole
And the blazing air was too hot for any flying soul.
Because beasts among men had turned life cold
But he was just a lone cub - bold.

Even in harsh arid shoes
He grew to become a lion
As rolling years swept honor
Down time's steep cliffs
Leaving MAMA on the bare sands of a faithless world
And the whole edifice of MAMA's pride
Was falling to the dirt;
He fought gallantly

Till death on his usual furtive rounds
Did what he knew best
To break our hearts.

Kobik William

In This Life

Everything around seems normal
Even friends and family you have seem loyal.
You don't know you are at the market on loan.

But that's the way it is
So shut your eyes tight
And open your ears wide
So you can see clearer.

With their sinful gear on,
They device instructions for life constructions
Successfully skating this world propitiously down
Into monumental doom of horrendous proportion.

But that's the way it is
So shut your eyes tight
And open your ears wide
So you can see clearer.

A bairn who sees a mirage in the middle
Of a road ahead sees only a pool of water.
How I wish this bairn was mature enough
To understand the wraith within.

But that's the way it is
So shut your eyes tight
And open your ears wide
So you can see clearer.

The grown up fishes find it difficult
To evade the fisherman's entangling net.
And somewhere in mainland, there's this beautiful flower
Which has the powerful spell to bless and to curse,
To make anyone laugh or cry or to live or die.
Because it is inexplicably beautiful but poisonous.
We all inevitably get to see this beauty and either
Give in to it bearing in mind the price to pay later
Or play fugitive for fear of it.
You can choose to believe me or not.

But that's the way it is
So shut your eyes tight
And open your ears wide
So you can see clearer.

A piece of puzzle won't fit somewhere
To fit elsewhere,
People hate to love,
Lives are lost to life
And instability exists because of balance
Just like wars exist because of peace.

But that's the way it always has been in this life
So shut your eyes tight
And open your ears wide
And you just might come to see clearer someday.

Kobik William

Last Night

Nature had pulled the blind
And put on the crescent candle in the sky so we won't go blind.
The wind was dry and frosty
It was subsahara winter not roasty.
The cold made my teeth shatter
And my shoulders shadder.
But my soul was warm.

Under a big neem tree I stood tall,
I stood tall waiting long.
Then I heard the variagated and dry
Crispy leaves suffering a weight cry.
I took one twirl,
And there she stood - my godess.
A few steps and I could see a beautiful dahlia,
A few more and I could touch my darling.
I closed my eyes and tensioned for a kiss which I missed.
I missed a kiss that could quenched my blazing tongues of passion.
Just then I heard her whisper lightly...
'Open your eyes'
When I did...

A dream was my realization
'Cause beside me, there she lay
Glowing brighter than the sun in the dark
And her visage well arced
Separated by a gleaming smile
Carving into her cheek a crater and exposing her teeth
Which embarassed the night stars
Made my blood rush through my veins
With the fury of a zillion streams searching for freedom,
And a consuming sensation
As strong as the earth's foundation.

Now we lay close and near amalgamated.
Her embrace was warm; better than that from my mother,
Her feminine skin was soothing and tender;
Better than the finest satine,
And her sweet scented nature;

Better than the perfumes from all of Arabia.

My greedy hands slide of her shoulders
Down into her gentle vale waist
Right onto those soft semicircles...
Her spartan limbs also currested mine,
The firm bulbs at whose sight
One remembers baby life also kissed my chest tight.
While my eyes were fixed on her's
Eyes so magical with enough magic to
Seize my breath and petrify my heart
And still give me life.

Then suddenly started quivering,
So I opened my eyes
But she was not there.
Rays of young sunlight streamed into the dark room
And on my bed there was a pool...
A pool of little drops of life.

This event which climaxed yesterday's night
And was the treshold of today's day
Was a dream not a lie.

Kobik William

Lies

Opposite,
Never sooth
Clear clandestine science,
Utter drivell by perfidious
Words.

Kobik William

Love

Love

Intricately unconditional

Unearthly, undying ulcer

Enigmatically strong with intrepid

Beauty.

Kobik William

My Fear

I feel no cringe when I walk
In the empty dark that could hold shadowy evil,
I fear not the rime fingers of solitude,
I fear not the maledictions of the tongues of men
And the horned fangs and claws of any beast of this earth.
I fear not the taunting of the cunning devil;
The strength of his legions or jinxes that paralyse my efforts,
Nor do I fear the halitosis in the breath of dearth's call
Reducing life to a mere toss of a coin.
I can even stand to dare the axe of my err.

There seems to be non, still I have my fear;
I fear that peaceful lake that conceals silent people,
I fear that never ending hunger even if they call it God above.
I fear love! ! !

Kobik William

Rage

Alexander,
Like the weather
Sometimes calm and steady
And sometimes rough and violent.
That thing fights him
With nature's strength
And hurts the people he loves.
He fights it as a fiend,
But this fiend has been a friend from infancy.
Always making him cherish the illusion
That those he loves be dizzied with delusion.
It blurs his vision,
And paints his climax much gloomier.
If only tears; the precipitous
Effect of his overwhelming emotion
Would cross his mind
And the chagrin disposition were
Seen for what they are -
Ignorance.

Kobik William

Tears

Only strong belts of endurance
Can hold back this magical fluid
From pouring down one's countenance.
It is the wheel barrow
That carries out the wreckage circumstance leaves
After shaking a life in its moments of dominance.
It is the silent words
That turn around dispositions
By showing spirits
The different colors of sunlight.
It is the rain that keeps a waif company
And crowns bar-raisers.

I am jealous
Because everyone sees it in oodles
When season wearing the right circumstance comes.
But I don't.
Because my well of tears
Is arid with nothingness.

Kobik William

The Bleeding Heart Of A Beast (The Other Side Part I)

A deceptive appearance
And we were walking down the isle
I took no chances
And would have taken
Her down to Eden
Thinking our mirage-love would make us
An immortal single duo; and dying we'll die in love
But we weren't meant to be
Because the sun burned out
And darkness swallowed the shining day
So she left without saying
Adieu! !
And now my bones are chilly
Because joy comes no more

Kobik William

The Lose

Brightness ruled the morning
And no one thought of mourning.

A comrade in struggle had fallen.
The news stormed the atmosphere
As a silent thunderstorm
And broke our hearts
Like a thunder clap through the sky

He had visited again,
He had separated flesh and soul again.
He could not be defied this time.
And so he pushed him down the path of mortals.

We barely knew him...
And judging through
The windows of his soul,
He unmistakably had
A replica of our earth's heart.

But now he's gone.
Did we have to lose him like that?
Like sand through the
Fingers of an infant with tardiness.

Kobik William

The Shadow

Yesterday, I bowed out of my hat,
I could hear the birds herald the day,
I could also see the the glorious sun rays
Piercing the clouds
And me were beautiful nectar flowers

At dusk, the sun was on the other side of the earth
Slowly walking down to sleep.
The lake was calm,
The breeze was warm and still,
And the cloak of darkness thickened.

It was very late in hour.
The weak light from the old moon betrayed the night
But in the peace of the night,
The sneaky stealthy shadow prowled.

But today, I bowed out of my hat
And I could hear only rain whispers
But the bird singers.
I could see rain drops from the face of the sky.
Because a beautiful nectar flower was gone.

Ergo, even at noon it was so cold
And the lake's face looked pale
Still clinging to the chills of dawn.
And that was when I realized
The herald of woe; the shadow last night
In the quietness of the faded day
Came and lingered in the garden.

Kobik William

The Traveler

Every now and then
The shadow under a womb disappears
And the hourglass starts to pour its heart out.
For another traveler has begun his journey with a cry out loud but tender.
Where he comes from we find unfathomable,
Not even amen can satiate by telling the where(s) as we know them
Where he goes from here we feign to know.
Nay, his arms are empty but he seems to carry the heaviest of loads.
What a traveller this is -
He travels without a rucksack

He has one of two destinations for an end.
Initial steps are prattle and naive,
Then final steps as huge as a prance.

The whole praxis is definite
With a waltz into eternity.

Kobik William

Vicissitudes Of Silence

The soul needs words to grow and blossom
In the glory and fullness of love

When it is all quiet,
When the sun is setting over the lake
And the birds, wind and everyone is silent
And the sky is purple
It is so beautiful and blissful
And there, the eyes have a lot to say.

But silence could be horror to life
When someone lands another
In a vortex of silence and agony
And when the eyes begin to run out of words,
Solitude is then given the biggest of all smiles
And life begins to shrink and feel
Like a morning of pale spring
Still clinging to the waters of chill.
More poisonous to the soul
Than words that walk the night.
And even trees nearer to the lake are bare
So they doubt their proximity to it.

Kobik William

What Men Don'T See

The neat white fluffy clouds
Are scattered in the face of the growing sun's
Dazzling light.

Higher in the sky the crescent moon
Hangs faint and ever disappearing
To descend the hour ladder later.
Below under the shades,
The nocturnal survivors
Have round up their night prowling.

While the day's light grows unabated,
The cock wakes from his
Meager sleep and climbs his favorite fence
To wake the lazy.

In midair, the dew still hangs
With holes from bat-flights last night.
Drops of converged dew
Struggle desperately to hold on to
The green leaves at the tip.

But man possessed of the visual curse
Of the delusory glamour of the world
Fails to notice
What even the recuperating owls see.

Kobik William

When I'M Gone

Everything is elusive,
I'm so cheated life has become abusive.

Wasting my writing time wondering alone
Why in this sundry of chaos I wander alone

I am lost amid a wilderness of imbalance,
But in this life the imbalance is balance.

Pain feeds on my souls flesh
As vultures feed on scavenged flesh

And fear is feeding on my joy
As I have become another realms toy.

When I come to the end of my helpless wallow,
When I become just a shadow

And take of this dust garment,
I hope I'll be blessed to have a blissful life in the firmament.

Kobik William

Why Too Late?

When we began the ultimate journey,
I tried not to get in any one's journal
And continued to stay blessed
Alone in my Will-bliss.
Over my shoulders was the sun
Father to the white son.
With only songs at the depth of my heart;
I was so flat.
Simplicity got my vision blurred
But I managed to climb up the bluff.
I could now see
The heart of the sea
And because of the ridiculous eyes of our...
I took the dive too late in hour.

Kobik William

World Without End

A time comes when one slips away from the sight of he sun.
But before or after he falls in the slippery terminals of life,
Another slips into the sight of the sun
As a substitute for the departed and the world continues its life.

Kobik William