

Poetry Series

**MAGNUS KING**  
**- poems -**

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# MAGNUS KING(A blessed day, month and year)

THEOCRATIC IN NATURE

# Diary Of Knight Philadelphia

The sky has an eye  
The walls have ears  
The earth has a mouth  
And the wind do have feelings

Come now child distinguished and kneel  
Right here beside The White Throne and listen  
Heard a voice that said ' Embrace my Grace'  
And touched the Son of Man at His Right hand

Arise! ! !  
Quick was the voice  
'The sun is up  
Walk through and the death is sweeter than life  
Arise a knight and Philadelphus keeper! ! !

MAGNUS KING

# Insurance To Assurance

I'm laying here on this restful nest  
Thinking. No, flying back into time  
My ancestor of admiration on the shores of a peaceful sleep  
The one that won't pay my service  
Nor let mine oracle stage as star on the solar system  
Earth's twin is Venus like Sardis in Eref  
Strutting back to time with a heartache relief  
If I'm not a knight, why then do I bear these battle scars?  
I sleep, yet it makes no difference to preys and predators to my wake  
Honour is a royal highness  
I smile, now knowing the memory of my blood  
The One the Psalmist spoke of before my arrival  
Despite the four scheduling sea waves  
Dispensing till there are no more caves  
As the chariot of fire comes for the watcher!

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# Judgment On Death And Hades

Death is a serpent and an armed thief of beauty  
Many are his victims slain to sleep by his evil claw  
Plunder as his motive through lies by charming all  
Yet this evil athlete does not stand nor stay pretty  
Whoever did say ' What is more beautiful than Death? '  
Is it the LORD Most Holy?  
Or the scarlet synagogue of folly?  
Twice. No, thrice I heard the question was saith  
The grave is banking with surplus spoils of abundance  
Piled up with talents and dreams of men outnumbered  
Hades, the man of sickness and laurels, masked with the songs of peace  
Store keeper, chief looter, and treasurer of deadly things  
Death and Hades are both enemies of our future and time  
In a twinkle of an eye and quickening; God will kill both partners of crime.

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## Midnight Series

The morning went spent with evening  
And darkness and deep sleep followed  
I find myself freed from the harshness of the midday heat  
And storms of unbearable terror  
When as your name came from the whistling wind  
Through the sun of life: the orator of breath  
It was soft, sweet and gentle  
Kind, mild, and bright  
And brightened my soul  
When as I heard 'Jane! Jane! ! Jane! ! !  
You were there  
And I was here  
When I rose up  
I was alone  
And had been watching from the midnight series

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# My Fair Lady

O fair Lady  
Pretty as heaven  
colored like coffee  
Smiling like the new moon  
Looking like the firmament  
Adorned with heavenly artifacts  
From here where I stand  
I stretch forth a rose of honour  
A garment of cloud  
To take you to the ends of the earth  
To a waterfall  
And crystal spring  
Where I now see you rule together and forever in paradise  
Like the queen you are! ! !

MAGNUS KING

# O Afrika

The quiet storms  
The ancient drums  
The heated warmth  
Of your arms  
Has made me a knighted warrior

Your pretty face  
Your beautiful place  
Your gallant grace  
Have kept the scribbles by pace  
To know the eagles from the vultures

O my Great Father  
I know she's my mother  
Holding the trigger  
Channeling the course of the rivers  
Of Africa to erase and amaze the stones and the petered

I am Africa; I am the savannah, the rain, and freshet of dew  
I am the dessert, the forest, the harpist, and sweetest of tunes  
I am the spur, the valley, the jungle, and the finest of jewels  
I am the dusk, the evening, the midnight, and brightest of moons  
I am the eagle flown into the sun to behold your key in the days of Tilgath-  
Pileser

O Africa! ! !

MAGNUS KING



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# One Of The Dieties Of Egypt

Kings and servants  
But mine is give and take  
Pain to pleasure  
And pleasures to horror  
Celerity is slow  
The waiting hours gone in one minute

What then is my name?  
The slave or the master?  
Serving exchangeable means  
Differential in scenes  
Absolute in shapes  
Mingling with rainbow  
Appearing as serial legends  
Masking in bold faces  
Within many races

The servant I was  
Serving hastily  
Serving in selection  
Serving to the sky  
I am good. They called  
'Give me wine'  
'Get me meat'

I shall! ! !  
For you are my lord  
Shall serve all your pleasures  
With great boundless measures  
While you're still king  
Relax!  
Relax for the time  
And not forever  
If you loose the sceptor  
In time the tables will turn  
What then shall be my name?

The master I am  
Like a tyrant I'm merciless

Paying crumbs for your servitude  
In my vineyards  
Chance wins my favor  
Diligence draws my face of attention

What then is really my name?

The god I am;  
Like Xerxes  
I am kind  
Like Pharaoh  
I am ruthless  
Generous and evil  
Single edged and edges is my sword  
Blended to the crossroads of pride and Death  
Raining pleasure for my nobles  
And sunning pain to my conquests  
I give answers  
And cause numberless tribulations  
Both as a king and slave  
I am the highway to your grave  
Without my escort

All love me  
Some like to curse  
The answerer of all things  
The very root of all kinds of evil  
They that love me praise me in sequences  
Hailing and painting my face in diverse images and colors

What then is really, really, my name?

I am Mammon the god of money  
Placed on the same equilibrical scale with God  
On this earth by Christ the LORD  
I smile at the simple ones  
For even after all these sayings and warnings  
They still will not heed to Moses and the Prophets  
They shall but come to me; pledging and serving  
But one day I too shall die

I, the very one that hath killed many  
And plundered the sons of men  
I was a good servant but forever remaining a bad master  
Till time calls I shall be judged  
Even as He promised to Judge the gods of Egypt  
For I stand as one of them

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# Resurrection

I have long admired in quiet solitude  
The crying voice of lightning  
Lodged within my inmost being  
The shadows of laughter reversed in the fire  
Like the dewdrops upon the savannah  
Blooming the scents of myrrh away from morning  
And attaining the coffee tree at dusk  
When as my frankincense is come against darkness  
By grace and His thunder  
My flag is a signature to encourage hopes of lost dreams  
As my white stone stands and sits upon Mount Zion forever!

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# Summer

Summer is a friend of mankind  
Not so is the enemy Winter  
The dehydrated pressure in the tsarlike fire  
Turbulent voices tired in, with mirage and dryness  
Yet know I not too far from refuge  
The weak method of perseverance  
Became strength in the vast sahara of confusion  
Lodging and longing for the fumbling oceans  
And the babbling and ripples from brooks and rivers  
A retired journey from wonder and riddledom  
The highway not too far from home  
Home is where the solace is a crown prince  
Or the solace is quickened to the throne  
But Winter is an envoy of destruction  
A quiet assassin with the arrows of cruelty and decay  
A citadel with death sentences of fever, of corruption  
Let me not into the hearth of winter  
She pitched evil within the stormy tents and seas  
Let Autumn hide me  
And bring me the gates of Spring  
Then will I be once more at Summer's brilliance

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# The Sealed Epistle

My pretty little beloved Cuz  
My tree of love still blossom because  
We both love the beauty of sermon  
That lives in Moriah and dwells in Zion  
Hold fast and take care  
Eyes wide and beware  
One or two is striding like the pact between men and lions  
For John is the excellence he craved  
And Daniel the pictures he saved  
Knowing that wires are winding  
Olives mount is where I'm still standing  
That you may know we're not in oblivion

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# The Ships Are Sailing On And Through My Tears

I sat down searching for the lost ring of my future  
In the mines of the earth, a stone of my presence  
The golden lady of youth; my cherished silence  
Deep down in the wells of my heart lays her picture  
    Now, the ships are sailing on and through my tears  
    Just as she clamored in darkness for, for, many years

I loved her though, very much, O by heaven I cared  
My noble ways were always aligned with honour  
I fondly crumbled like the walls of the Uruk and Ur  
Not once did I conceive her leaving me so scared  
    Now, the ships are sailing on and through my tears  
    Just as she clamored in darkness for, for, many years

O tempered beauty, the sun of my heart frame  
My night, my moon, my season and mercuric place  
Virgin of goodness adorned with olives and grace  
Come nigh and heal these scars to kindle my flame  
    Now, the ships are sailing on and through my tears  
    Just as she clamored in darkness, for, for, many years

The story is graven on stones and not one is untrue  
Our dancing, singing, kissing and speaking eyes  
Match not. As she flew to the winds uncircumcised  
I'm killed, slain, skeined, pained, and death to blue  
    Just as the ships were sailing on and through my tears  
    Now, she no longer clamor for, for, any of my years

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# The Transition

As darkness and deep sleep fell on me  
The truths of my past scans deeply  
On me. And the future start  
Picturing through my heart  
Of glory and grace  
Killing disgrace  
By Jesus  
Blood on  
Me

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# There Was Once A Dream

There was once a dream  
Which are we  
You and me  
It walked the rocks  
It sailed the seas  
Then suddenly came the storms  
The triple tempest  
That never paid any salute to the cease  
Then I prayed;  
O my dear  
My beautiful black belle  
Deny me not your virtue  
Nor receive my oath as a common stone  
This lingered  
As I pondered  
And wondered  
If this dream would survive  
And if dead could revive?  
This you and me  
Which were we  
Now once a dream

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# These Dirty Pages Of War

These dirty pages of war  
Compels our pace  
In the midst of grace  
From above; so shallow  
It's tick tick scenes  
And so long\_\_\_  
So long beneath our fathers refuge camp

And this god of hunger  
Curses our years  
Blinding our eyes with crimson tears  
Without desire we bear a cross  
Suffer a loss  
And lay in sack-clothing  
For supplication; for peace  
In this millennium  
And that this dirty war may die

(God save the Niger Area)

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