

Poetry Series

Mark Meck
- poems -

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Mark Meck(29/07/1964)

Africa Xenophobia

Cradled under the burning sun so far from the cold would say our ancestors
Its rays like spears by Chaka, straight to the point
Warmed and cooled by the breezes from surrounding seas, a womb of creation
She brings fourth offspring lush and supple, strong and firm - its flora and fauna.

Her body is clothed in lush green, of both wild and gentle forms
Sinewy hairs of trees spring up to the height of stars, bulbous and slim
And gigantic streams of sweat flood the crevices in her skin - the Niles and the
Zambezi
Dare listen to their deafening flow, hissing and gurgling all the way to the sea.

The body is not exposed but well covered in dignified attire
Her maiden beauty and sanctity is thereunder ensconced
Little would be her worth, if dished out to all, kings and villains alike
But to the most deserving by time and need, to feed and protect her own.

Woo to you Africa of my generation, Woo to you Africa of today
Your people inebriated by Western greed and creed, of gold and diamond rings
Have raped you, rended your attire, and exposed your sanctified possessions
You limp in pain, growl in poverty of economic wounds inflicted by politics of
greed

Woo to you Africa, for the spilt blood of you children haunt the land
Your flora and fauna almost extinct, you are bereft of heritage
Woo to you Africa, a cradle of diseases, hunger and poverty
Your people are scattered, lost in hope and dejected - you uncaring mother!

Woo to you. You have turned son against son for your nipples bleed xenophobia
Look how they shout with their mouths full of hate, their teeth crimson red, vying
for blood
Soon, another son's cries are heard no more, but only muffles of death throngs
by his brother
Another Xenophobia attack? Not of East versus West, but of black against black
while the West look riled.

(Mark Meck)
10 October 2019

Awesome God

Built from nothing has everything come from love
This earth, the sun, the moon and all stars above
By Thy word commanded, the world was wrought
O Lord, how awesome thou art.

Rain from clouds fall, to the earth and lakes below
And flowers in summer bloom, obedient to nature's law
How beautiful nature is, that by word is this canvas of art
O Lord, how awesome thou art.

All these worldly wonders in six day you made
From the moon and the stars, and the sun that never fade
I wonder on which spindle is supported the sun that its heat will not melt?
O Lord, how awesome thou art.

How awesome that I was created, from dust and the breath you gave
How fearful these signs of life, that in death we cannot relive
I wonder how at the cross of cavalry, the same death you defeat
O Lord, how awesome thou art.

How much would the blind give that they may see?
How much more the lame that they may walk: but to me, all for free!
To the righteous and sinners alike, your blessings you impart
O Lord, how awesome thou art.

Mark Meck

Beat The Heat

At forty degrees of heat so they say are fourteen signs of stress
Do not stress over the issue but find ways to distress
Address these signs of stress, first tiredness then lack of breath
Drink plenty of fluids and be under a shade at best
If not, be in a room and try to undress, stay naked and allow to cool
Thatched roofs are best for they allow air to flow
But most are bricks walls under tin roofs
They burn the more and sweat you worse
Open your doors and windows and let perspiration vap
For in evaporation your body cools
Drink hot fluids if you can; they increase perspiration rate
Or hug your partner and make love at best
Remember, the bigger your partner the faster the pace
For in perspiring you sweat, sweat will vap and cool you down
At forty degrees of heat there are better ways to beat the heat
Especially with a big partner, you are surely set I bet!

Mark Meck

Begging To Live

The sun scorches his feet blistering the sole
But the son knows it cannot break his soul
He wearily takes the journey towards a shimmering point
Might be an oasis to quench his hunger

Scoundrel dogs too are hungry, to the spot they go
Their pink tongues out, to snatch breaths from the dry air
Their tails between the legs, foreboding subservience
Might be a chance to pick a bone or two and survive another day

Days are the same as there is nothing to remember
Today, yesterday or tomorrow are all shades of darkness, the colour of poverty
All around death lingers like vultures to the prey and survival is by chance, the
prerogative of nature
Forget your wordy prayers _ they melt before they reach your gods, fight
instead, fight

When the battle is set, food is at stake, winner takes all
Man against animal, life against death
How long is life anyway, but just a spray of breath _ eighty at best for most
shorter
But he struggles to live anyhow, oblivious of stalking death.

(Mark Meck 4/10/2019)

Mark Meck

Corruption

Corruption corrupts a system thus:
A head nods assent to vice
And blinds he the eye that sees
So he commits more acts corrupt
And blights he the arm that judges.

To him they swear false allegiance
And so dig a vault of shame, with bribes to fill
All with ill-gotten gains. In sordid fame they rise
And he to them turns, a begging bowl in hand.

When the head nods assent to vice
Beware to ever feed her so,
For to deny her thus, will render thee ashamed.
Never blind thy eye nor blight thy judgment scale for vice
But trust your eyes to see and your arms to weigh
And thus avoid her snare
Lest the system, by corruption be corrupted!

Mark Meck

Mark Meck

Decorrupt Me

It could be the sun scotches the system black
For black is the colour of vice, 'n all ills
Black Africa is black of its people and their vices
While virtues are white, for white is innocence!

Come hither you doctors and surgeons
Hypnotise me and carry out incisions, scans and X-rays
Discover me out from the hidden secrets of solar rays
For this vice is rampant in Africa under the sun.

I was born black in Africa of a corrupt delivery system
Ostracise me from a system chocked by the sun to Iceland
Hypnotise me and carry out incisions, scans and X-rays
And see if without the sun I can be a virtuous black man.

Mark Meck

Life

Little invitation for existence
Life's short
Shorter than breath itself
For Life cannot last longer than loss of breath

Why invite me to this party of life
T's too dreadful to leave yet sometimes painful
It is too good to be true yet temporary
Why invite me to be part of life?

This life's an open cage in the wilderness
Of games and game, of marauding beasts in hunger
Yet for its magnetic hold, we cling to it
Till surprise secretly attack and we surprisingly leave.

Mark Meck (11/10/19)

Mark Meck

Lonesome

Unwilling to leave for home tonight and slip into bed again,
Too cold for comfort, too free for freedom,
Too spacious for one person, especially one without a partner.

Memories of lost relationship take centre stage
Haunting the haunted like a haunting dream
To your aid come thoughts of some past relationship
That fill but cannot fulfill

For some time the horror retreats, hiding in the grey of the brain
You fantasize in fantasies of love, just a fleeting realm
But like reality the real comes back to haunt yet again
As the horror of loneliness outsteps the grey of your mind.

Your head reels under an intense ache
Your veins feel stretched and your mind feels like tossed in air
You are turning and twisting, seeking the refuge of your blankets
The night wears away and new day sets in
Slowly like so sudden, you are rescued by slumber till early morning breaks.

Mark Meck
15/10/19

Mark Meck

Merry Mary

January's slow by nature's law
Enburdened by woes of a new born year.
All resolutions made last, gathering dust
Till February comes with a cupid's valet.
Violets and roses afresh, refresh our love vows
A rose for Mary with white carnations bound.
She smells my bouquet till March's tides swell
When her heart turns with the flowers' wilt.
Shall I grow roses and carnations plenty?
And plant my vows in her heart's soul,
That every day may be a merry day.

Mark Meck

My Beloved Lost

I have had pain in rain
With aches from sprains and strains
I have endured labour unattended
But I found strength to live

I have fallen from mountain tops
My misery and misfortunes all at the tip
I have had economic woes like the ills of war
But still I found strength to live

You gave me the strength to stand
As you were the reason to start afresh, a shelter of love and happiness
You were the blood in my veins, my heart throb and thud
Indeed, with you I was blessed

I have had pain in rain, I endured it
I have had misery and misfortune
Ills of war, economic hardship and desertion, I soldiered on
Till I lost you-Oh, how vulnerable I am

Remember me in your heavenly days
Till we are reunited in spirit
I cherish your love in smiles of love and care
Which though lost, I will find in the hope of second life, my beloved.

Mark Meck

My Lover

I have had laughter and mirth in royal lovers' nest
But nothing special about it
Have had rides and slides and sights from heights,
Still nothing special about them
Till I had you
Oh, you are so special to me!

Mark Meck
15/10/2019

Mark Meck

Pat My Pet

Thy wagging tail is welcoming
A sign of friendship and peace
Return I the gesture with a pat on thy back
And on your hind legs you stand
Maybe to reach for the lips and show thy affection
So consistent and true
For lips are gates to the tongue, love's unspoken gesture.
Wonder I when thy spirit is low and thy day is gloomy
Or if thou ever get broken hearted?
Or if thou have mood swings?
For thy countenance never betrays thee,
Being ever veiled in happiness and love.
Let me pat you my Pet
And partake of the gift of true love!

Mark Meck

Rain

Rain rain rain

Come down and water my garden
Fill the drain and flood the stream
Flood the stream that floods the river
Flood the river that floods the sea
And see all treasures wash ashore.
Oh, let me choose a fork,
I have a hole to dig and plants to sow
And see them grow in rows of green
To feed us all and make us grow.

Rain rain rain

Come down with clatter on my roof
Fill the gutters and sweep the dust
Dust on plants will make them sick.
Oh, please rain I pray
Don't pour and pull down the shacks
Spare my friends from your cold and drench
Till above their heads they have a roof
And a garden we can help them tend
With treasures of tools washed ashore!

Mark Meck

Valentine

Hold my hand and walk me past the isle of sadness,
of stress and fear gnawing my heart.
Usher me into a new world of happiness imagined,
not seen nor experienced before.
Hold my hand and lead me past the isle of loneliness,
of solitude and emptiness untold
For this my virgin heart has long since waited for a Romeo
so come hither and clasp this broken heart.
Claim this heart once wounded and bleeding from past stresses
but mendable with promises of new beginnings.
This body encasing it, sure not pretty but not adulterated either,
can still be moulded into a life companion.
So come ye February 14th, bring promises of love blown by Eros
from all corners of the earth.
With borrowed spears from Cupid, spike my heart tenfold red
and attach a tag of love signed by Valentine on a rose.

Mark Meck