

Poetry Series

Martin Greyford
- poems -



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Martin Greyford(16 September 1996)

Martin Greyford is a poet, song writer and author. Born in Mkushi, Central Province of Zambia to Catholic parents. He was born in 1996, September 16th. He was the second born in a family of seven. The elder sister and the first born died at an early age in a pool of water in one of the streams in Mkushi, making him to be the first born now.

He was troubled from a young age by the 'deepening menace' of death, especially the deaths of those who were close to him. When Beatrice, her second young sister grew ill from fibroids and died in June, 2021, Martin was traumatized. Recalling the incident two months later, he wrote that 'it seemed to me I should die too if I could not be permitted to watch over her or even look at her face.' He became so melancholic.

Raised in rural for six years and at the age of seven relocated to the business capital Lusaka.

After some months he started school at Linda Open Community School formerly called Zambia Open Community School for a week then went to The House of Joseph Christian School for about two years.

In 2006 he was enrolled at Mt. Makulu Basic School third grade to ninth grade. After passing the Grade 9 exams with remarkably good points he was enrolled at Parklands High School where he completed his secondary education.

It was in high school that he befriended Darlington Daka whom he has grown up with considers a brother his mother never bore. Their friendship has proven to be a blessing from God and such a one we can compare to that of David and Jonathan in the Bible.

In 2011, a religious revival took place in Linda, resulting in confessions of faith among his peers. He wrote to a friend the following year: 'I never enjoyed such perfect peace and happiness as the short time in which I felt I had found my savior.' He went on to say that it was his 'greatest pleasure to commune alone with the great God and to feel that he would listen to my prayers.'

The experience lasted that in the following year Martin was baptized at Calvary Hour Gospel Ministries where he made a formal declaration of faith and attended services regularly.

He went on to study Theology at International Training Institute where he was awarded a diploma in theology and a certificate in pastoral ministries later.

He is currently pastoring a church under Church of God World Missions in Mimosa. The young and gifted orator of the Word of God.

Martin is currently engaged to his long time girlfriend Leah Nyirenda the woman he met when he had gone to minister at Church of God World Missions House of Joy chapel in Linda.

He has written so many poems and composed several songs of which are recorded and proved to be hits. Of the poems composed none has been published yet and the books.

By all accounts, young Martin was a well-behaved boy. On an extended visit to Lilanda when he was 10, Martin's Aunt described him as 'perfectly well and contented - He is a very good child and but little trouble.' Martin's aunt also noted the boy's affinity for music and his particular talent for the piano, which he called 'the moosic'

He is yet to write and compose more poems and songs.

An Object Of Beauty

A pearl hidden in the sand
At the seashore
Is what i picture her.

The cool morning breeze in summer
An object of beauty and strength.
She hangs like a speck of a white cloud

Though they say
Love is a deep sea
No swimmer has ever crossed

Nor found the pearl of peace
Or innertranquility and contentment
Yet having her surpasses all these.

She is just as large as mast
Just as able to bear her load of living freight
To her place of destination.

A center of attraction
In the midst of the deep seas,
An Island undiscovered in the Antartical

White and pure as snow
Beautiful like a young gizzele
In its mother's bossom.

Tender and soft and pure
In the ways of defiled nurture.
A light house in the Carribbean seas.

Martin Greyford

To My Unborn Children

Hey,
How are you doing?
Is it cold or warm inside?

Well,
Out here its kinder cold,
Especially during the late evenings.

I just want to let you know
How glad I am to know
That you will soon be born.

I and your mother
Have had some insignificant fights
Over the ages

But we are still together
Despite me not having enough
But I managed to convince her

To be with me as your mother.
I can't just wait for you
To be born so that

I can hold you in my arms,
Play around with you
And perhaps be a responsible father.

I know heartily
I have failed as a man
But I won't fail as a father

And not just any father,
A dad that will cherrish you
Till the taste of time.

Hey be cute
Cause I have a friend
Who laughs at anything

It is a simple request
I am asking of you
From the very bottom of my heart.

Much love for you
And please be ye twins.
Love you. Dad.

Martin Greyford

Is It A Myth Or It's True

Is it a myth or its true
That you are truly gone?
Was it not yesterday
We laughed about

The jokes that ain't funny at all?
What wrong did I commit
And what has become of me
And the friends that are left behind?

What story shall I tell off
To my children
When the legacy is not yet loud?
They'll consider it infane, a myth.

You could have atleast
Said; 'I'm dying'
Then I would have
Known what to do rather than losing you.

Sorry, I would
If I had the chance to
But I can't
I'm just a mere mortal man.

Who can't breath life
In your dying body
The life has faded in you
What remains for us is your body.

Martin Greyford

Maybe Today Could Be The Day

Second after second
Minute after minute
Hour after hours
Day after day
Week after week
Month after month
Year after year;

Nothing serious has
Ever happened to me
Not even a single simple thing
It's not that
I am a failure
That I keep repeating
The same things over and over.

I have never
Been serious about anything.
Made promises that I couldn't fulfil
Said I'll change but still the same me
But maybe this is the day
That a change could happen
Today could be the day I'll fulfill my promises.

Martin Greyford

Can't Help Falling In Love

Said I can't be yours
Not today, not ever.
guess I was wrong.

Each passing day
Makes me fall for you
Think of you

In everything I do.
You are my love
But reality made you

Stay so far from me
With what I said
In the first place.

It was a lie
Believe me you
I love you

And I can't
Help falling in love
With you.

Martin Greyford



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Sexual Healing

Blood running fast in my veins
Eyes hot-red like larva
Spilled over a volcano mountain
Lips thirsty like a deer
That is panting for the waters.

Genitalial egorging
Standing ovation
Can't help it
So hot like an oven
Need some sexual tonight.

Oh baby
I can't hold it much longer
It's getting stronger and stronger
It is making me crave for it.
Let's make love tonight

Not the sex we've had before
I need a sexual healing
For it helps relieve my mind
Makes me have an emotional stability
Come baby and give me the antidote.

Martin Greyford

Can I Be Him?

I'm already taken
You spoke up too late
Are the words you
Say whenever I reach out to you.

What words can I say
To convince you
And what song
Can I sing

To make you understand
And know that I LOVE YOU.
My yearning for you
Is growing stronger by day.

Seeing a freelance person you are,
Your beauty burns the yoke off my shoulders
That try to hinder me from reaching out to you
Even if you are taken

Can I be him for few seconds?
At least I'll be able to feel
What he feels having you in his arms.

Martin Greyford

Meet Me At The River

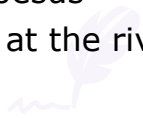
i've been far
from you for too long
i guess its time
i'm coming home.

i'm tired of myself
i; m tired of my sin
i'm tired of the negative
things i have done.

o dear God
meet me at the river
where you'll immerse deep
all my fears and sins.

i am ready to become
a new creature
in Christ Jesus
meet me at the river.

Martin Greyford



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Luscious

She said to me;
'I have made my bed
Prepared it nicely
And I've spread
Over it rose petals
Red in color.

'I want you to come over
And lay me down
On a bed of roses
which I've made myself.

'I'll prepare myself before you come
I want you to find everything
Orderly and nicely arranged.
The fragrance of the the petals
Will be the perfume
In the room.

'The bed-spread will match
The petals and the clothes I'll wear;
A reddish - pinkish see through dress
A reddish - brown gel-bra
And oh I forgot
A reddish - brown thong.

'You will find me
Seating on the couch
With one leg slightly lifted
And one nipple barely out.

'I want us to
Last the taste of time
With a soft dark pop music
Playing in the background
Creating that intense passion
Between us.

'I'll open up myself for you

After a smooth caress
And upon having a
Of entrance in me.
I ahve a deep longing for you'

Martin Greyford

The Hills I Sorrow At

Percussion sound I make
In my mind
With the rhythm
Of my breath

No strings
Nor the sound of pipes;
It's just my mouth
Humming about

The sentiments of my life.
The wind is doing
A lot of help
By

Clustering the branches
Of the trees
And the birds chipping
As they fly off,

Because of the noise
My heart is making.
There's a deep throb
And a giant thud

As I climb
The hills to the top
To make my tears known
To the sun.

Maybe they'll dry up
And the sweat of my body
Will eventually stop
For I am tired

Of bathing
In the river of my sorrows
And the lake
Of my sweat.

Everybody has deserted me
Except for the stick
I use to climb
The hills I sorrow at.

I'm all alone
Talking to the troubles
Within me
And having that -

Unending conversation
With my lips -
For words flow out
Like water -

Falling from a falls -
Words of lamentation,
Emotional stress
And I don't know the last

But its bitter
Than the sting of a bee
More stinky
Than the fart of a skunk.

Insects, ants, flies
Have literally
Become my friends -
They stick around me,

Listening to the sentiments
Of my bitter life.
The lizards just nod
Any direction

Doesn't care if am crying or not.
A mosquito id better off
It cries out loud
And makes me quite.

Pride Of Beauty Humbled

Is it an apparition
I see before me or
Did my eyes deceive me?

Is it that am asleep
But awake in my mind
That I'm able to see clearly;

Something that my eyes
Only see once in a year?
Or did my youth blind me

To keep her in my youthful memory?
An eagle that is seen
Once in a year

For three hundred and sixty five days.
What then has befallen of me
For the pride of beauty

To visit me?
What has it beheld of me?
I'm lowly but

Pride as humbled itself
Could it be that there is
None that has accepted it

As his wife?
I have beseeched her for years
But she kept on telling me

"I am not worthy of you"
How then will I be her kind today?
She's beautiful but I can't

Fall for her
Not anymore
Not ever again.

Martin Greyford

The Man In Me Wants The Woman In You

Where should I start from
In revealing my thoughts and
Emotional feelings that are
Raging strongly in me?

And how do I face you
Knowing that you won't
Accept the reality and
Nature of love that

I have a strong crave for you?
Will it be okay if I stand
At a mountain top and
Shout out your name aloud with a mega phone?

And will you turn back
If you hear the sound
Of your name being called out loudly?
At the top of the mountain?

Won't you be shy?
For I am not.
I'm not desperate
But I am destitute contaminated with you.

No disinfection can ever clean me
I'm addicted to you
Even if I have not tasted
The salt air on your skin.

The man in me is brought down
In humility to its knees.
It is in desperate need of
The woman in you.

Answer me
Maybe I'll stop hallucinating
And having constant wet dreams.
It is you that I need.

Martin Greyford

Lost In The Woods

Did start the journey together
In the deep of the Amazon.

Everything was alright and
Then from no where
You flattered out.

I know I caused it
But you didn't have to go.
You said love will always find a way

But yet am still stuck
Where you left me accamp.
Please come back and

Lead the way again,
Like before -
I swear I'll never

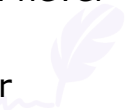
Never ever
Say a stupid thing again.

Now I understand your importance
Not that I'm lost but
That you are gone.

I'm stranded
Don't know which road to take
Don't even know
Which is east, west, south or north.

Only a small ray of sunlight
Shining through just where I am.

Martin Greyford



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On This Our Wedding Day

I never knew it could lead to this
We were both so young
When we first met.

We grew up in each other's eyes.
We watched ourselves fade away
From teenagehood into young adults.

It took a millenium mile journey
For us to reach this very stage.
We witnessed several breakups
Within ourselves -

But yet we're still running strong together,
Chasing dreams and catching nightmares at times.

We were hiding
It's time we come on the open
No more fear
But courage within
Our deepest Sorrows.

We fought;
On reasons unknown.
We laughed and at somepoints
Watched the memories burn with hatred towards us.

But that couldn't stop us
Coming back together ageain
And see us now
Oh oh oh
See us now.

It took a thousand suns
A million winds and
A billion rains for us to stand strong.

See it yourself;
A multitude of people have come

To witness this beautiful day and

On this our wedding day,
I vow to stand with you
In everything pertaining to our livelihood.

On this our wedding day
I pledge a legiance to you my love.

Take a move,
Dance with me
With the tune of our love

On this our wedding day,
It was only you
And it will be only you.

Martin Greyford

The Road Not Taken

Somebody said;
You only hate the road
When you are missing home.

I guess that could be true.

The road had barely forgotten me
I have not taken it
For a decade now
Though it only seem like yesterday.

So many things have changed
The arrangements of willow trees,
The tarmarks and pavements-

I don't know where I have been
For me not to see all these
Things being done
And
I don't know how it is feeling
Right now;

Knowing it was the only way
To and fro home.

One thing I am sure of
It doesn't care
If I am wearing shoes
Or I am bare footed;

Whether I am driving or
I am riding a bike.

Or maybe I am running or
I am taking a walk -

The only thing it cares -
I've used it in a while.

Agony

I never said hello
Nor waved a hand
or just a simple smile or nod
To get your attention
And show that
I love you.

The only thing I could do was
To create pictures
And weird imaginations
That you are mine
Dancing in the full glow
Of the moon at nightfall,

Beside the beach-
The breeze is really cool
In my mind but in reality,
You are just a picture
On the wall in my room,
Which can only be moved by people.

Could there be an opportunity
Or a chance for me to
Speak out my mind to you
And maybe say hello once -
Then later later hear you respond.
My heart is filled with you.

Martin Greyford

Shine O Moon

O moon!
Glow
Shine brighter
And shun darkness.

Show the magic power
Of your light
Let me see clearly
Remove the fog off my eyes.

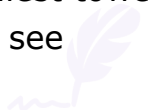
O moon!
Glow
Shine brighter
And shun darkness.

Lead me
In a clear path
To the tallest tower
I want to see

And behold the beauty
Of your glow
In the midst
Of the nightfall.

O moon!
Glow
Shine brighter
And shun darkness.

Martin Greyford



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I Wonder

I wonder
How it feels
To be in your arms.

I wonder
What makes all people
To fall for you.

I'm insane
Going crazy because
Of your irreplaceable beauty.

From which planet
Did you come from?
And how did you find yourself here?

For one second
Let me feel your warmth
Within my deep self

Let me taste
The sweetness of your love
And behold the power of your beauty

For I'm going crazy
Set me free
Free my soul.

Martin Greyford

Sometimes It Rains In June

Every body has a hero
And its the dream of every girl
To have a rescuer,
A brave knight.

Today,
If you've never had one
I stand on my two feet
Pledging to be your hero

A person that will save you
From the world of loneliness.
Somebody you will love
And cherish all your life.

Sometimes it doesn't really go well
In the first attempt
Of being in a relationship
But we hope it'll be alright.

It doesn't really rain in June
But sometimes instead of snowing
It does rain
Bringing all the dead seeds

Buried in the ground to life.
I'll be a hero
Bringing rains of love
In the month of June.

Martin Greyford

Cursed By Poverty

Hunger, anger
Emotional stress and heartbreak
Tummy aching
Stomach empty
Head paining

Wonder what will become of me
And what to put on the mouth.
Its been months now
Almost a year
Without a proper meal.

No shelter or
Warm blankets
Just rotting in the open
Angry at myself for
Failing to seek employment.

On the streets,
Saw my siblings fight
Over a ten cent
For it was something
That kept them running.

Questions arose in mind;
What wrong did I do?
Where did I mess up
And what should I do
To reduce the level of poverty?

Had a migraine
Caused it myself
And I can't bear
Drinking or having a sip
Of a glass of water

It'll worsen the problem
To the problem I already have;
A rumbling stomach

It can cause a throbbing heart.

Poverty is a word
That has been
Bothering me for too long
Even the poor people
Call me poor.

God, come and rescue
Your son from the curse of poverty
For it is boasting and
Its proud of itself
That I am poor.

Martin Greyford

World's Apart

Suppressed by the fact
That I love you.
Embraced in agony
And the pain of
Seeing you walk away
So fast like the flush
Of a lightning.

I'm a loser
And I am lost in anger
Thrown away and
Cast down in a bottomless pit
Of a breakup and heartbreak.
It's covered with dark coldness and
A fool I am once again.

I didn't fall
In love with you
Because I needed a shoulder
To lean on or
Because people are falling in
Neither did I do it
Maybe I was desperate.

No!
I fell in love with you
Because I loved you
And I loved you without a reason.
I just poured out my love to you
And you are on your own
Leaving me with pain of the taste of your love.

Martin Greyford

Hello My Love

I've done stupid things
That hurt and pierced your heart
I don't know what
I can do
To appease your anger.

What song can I sing
To cool your temper down?
What words can I recite
To soothe the pain in your heart?
Please tell me.

Hey loneliness,
Lead me to my love
Take to me to her doorstep
I want to knock
On the door of her heart

And say
Hello my love
It's me calling
I'm outside your door.
Hello my love - answer me.

I know I don't deserve you
For things I've done are
Totally evil and wicked
Just let me in
For my sorry is true.

Yes I lied
In the first place
And I can't pretend
To hate you when
You are my love.

You are the only thing
That matters to me.
I cheated and I regret it.



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It's never too late
To say I'm sorry.

Hello my love
Pick up the call
I'm at your door
Let me in
And I'll be true.

Martin Greyford

She Is An Angel

She cares only that I'm
Happy
Even when I'm not with her.

If some seek on the wind love's traces.
Some seek out the love within.

All my pleasures are her treasures
Nor does she crave joy alone.

All have claim on her compassion
No dark soul is on it's own
Giving this so naturally.
Each day she lights the love in me
Like candles on a sunlight stone.

Martin Greyford



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Things Fall Apart

Speak.....

Will I see.....

Or must we stay apart,
Condemned by destiny?

Shall there be no more meetings face to face?

Must all my days be veiled in constant night?

Shall we no more be caught in love's embrace by a new morning's light?

As the night's dark hours flit by

May I not hold you tight,

My blood on fire

Gaze at you,

Dear,

With languid,

Longing eye

And tremble with desire

And then

In joy beyond all speech or measure,

Listen to your sweet lisp

Your gentle eye

And drowse through pleasing night to waking pleasure.

Just we two

You and I?

And you want to throw it all away

Just like that.

Things are falling apart

And you can't really see it

For after love and fear

There's pride

After tears

The night;

After all the words are gone

A chair with just one light.

Memories, dreams
That you will come home after
The happiness
Of thinking of your love.

The anger and the pain,
The passions and the promises.
O! That is what is left of me
A stone no thought can move.

There's nothing but my love for you
Which waits upon the wind
To bring you from the barricades
That now you must defend.

Things have fallen apart
For you think, our love might be a tomb
The only exit through the pain.

Martin Greyford

Chance

I've seen people perishing
Who are like me
Walking in the wrong paths
Because of poor reasonings from guardians
And the failure to speak out.

I am a boyfriend to my girlfriend
A friend to my friend
But who am I to myself?
I just don't know what and who I am
Just trying to figure out the real me.

Martin Greyford



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Lost Without You

Your name glisten me
It evokes me
I am broken
I remain entangled
I don't know why.

I am lost without you
Come my darling
And be the center of my love
Sorry it was a mistake
You are the only one I love.

Martin Greyford



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I Wanted It To Be You

It was not goodbye I said
But you chose to leave
In a blink of an eye.
Said you'd moved on.
How broken was I.

Fate maybe destined us
Not to be together
Either in this life nor the life to come.
Anyway, It did bring us
Together for a couple of minutes.

How happy would I be
If It was really you
Walking down the aisles
On a new red carpet
With that long

Beautiful white wedding gown.
Imagine the magic
We would have created
The perfect timing of
Our own dance.

Not rhumba, salsa or ballet
But having time to perform
Our love dance in our own tune
The crowd cheering and
Joining later in a couples ball dance.

It would have been indeed
A remarkably memorable day that
One can't really forget and
If it was a video, it would be
Or replay all day long.

I really wanted it to be you
Walking with me to the honeymoon suite
Having to sleep and

Wake up next to you
Being the first person

I'll be thinking when I wake up
In the morning and
The last person to turn off my mind.
You left and never looked back again.
I wanted it to be you.

Carrying and bearing
Our offsprings out from the insides of you
Nursing and caring them
The one who would tuck
Them to bed and kiss them

Goodnight on the forehead.
Well, somebody took that place
And did all that
I had anticipated.
It should have been you.

Martin Greyford

Fare-Well

Hearken unto my voice
O you woman
Pay attention to thy master.

Thou art been good
Unto me
Thou hast loved me righteously.

Hearken O woman
Incline thy ear.
My heart is sore pained within me

And the terrors of death
Are fallen upon me.
I am very weary with my groaning.

All the night
Make I my bed to swim.
Mine eye is consumed of grief.

Thou art been unto me
The rose of Sharon
The lily of the valley

The apple of my eyes
O my beloved.
The day breaks and

The shadows covereth me
To slumber peacefully
Upon thy lips.

Take care of thy sons and daughters
For art been ours
Now yours forever.

Thy pure heart
Wilstead not melt
Even to the very deep of the furnace.

It belongeth to thee
And to thee,
Thy sons - daughters.

Once I'm dead
Cover me in thy bosom
Lest I be taken early to the grave.

The sepulchre should be engraved;
'Herein, lieth the body of my husband
A hero of my soul.

'Food to the worms and maggots.
Fare-well O thou art been the king
Of my heart.'

Love each other
Hatest wickedness
Unite thy family!

Martin Greyford

Song Of An Orphan

It was a long time ago
When everything was right with me.
I had all I had wanted
Most especially to be loved
By my two parents.

It was a journey worthy taking.
Then all of the sudden
Death knocked at our door.
He said his boss would be upset
If he didn't go with anyone.

He took first my mother
And then my father.
I'm now left alone in this
Cold, dark unfriendly world
With no one to lean on.

If at all I ever knew
That they would die
I could have have refused coming to this world.
I lie down in the shadow
No longer the light of my dreams before me.

They are all shattered
Enclosed in an envelope.
Help me to shatter this darkness;
To smash this night
And break the shadow into a thousand lights.

I now sorrow at the hills
Not me alone though
Like an arrow
Pierced through to the marrow
And past the bone.

Your grief and mine must intertwine
Like a sea and a river
For they are the only people left.

Joy may be shy, unique
But friendly to a few.

My eyes are filled with sorrow
Like I've taken the concoction
Made of aloes
It's bitter very bitter
But the sorrow must be laid.

Martin Greyford

Move In My Heart

As in the beginning
O God
Let it move in my Heart.

Like the Spirit
Hovering over the waters
At the creation of the universe.

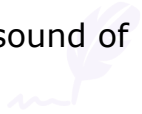
Let it move in my heart
I open up my heart
To you O God.

Just move in
I am ready
To walk with You

Like the roar of
Many waters
Like the sound of

Roaring thunders,
O God move in
Move in my heart.

Martin Greyford



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Different Worlds

We are not in love
It's just a story we share
I want to go
But I feel like I'm not ready yet.

You were the light
In my darkest moments
The compass
When directions had I lost.

I've just discovered
Our paths collided
That's why we found
Ourselves together as partners.

But world's were different
Maybe mine is Mars
And probably yours is Jupiter
But we're here on Earth.

Aliens I'd say
Claiming it's our world
When actually it's not
Accidentally did we meet.

Different worlds
Cannot be in one place
We failed to be good lovers
It was just an obsession of lust.

Martin Greyford

The Pursuit Of Happiness

I'm just a man trying
To understand the meaning of life.
There is pain in my heart
And it's written all over my face.

I'm just a man
Pursuing happiness and trying to get its meaning
Though hardships have
Literally become my best friend now.

A broken home
A wrecked marriage and
An unemployed life
In a rented house.

The landlord comes
And throws my stuff outside the door.
Locks the door as he wishes.
No where to go now.

All hopes gone.
Don't know what to do next.
My son is the only strength
I have at the moment.

He gives me the courage
To wake up and keep fighting
Even when I know I'll be defeated.
He pushes me through the rains.

I know I've failed as a man
But I'll never fail as a father.
I failed to be a good husband,
I'll not fail being a dad.

I don't really know what happiness is.
I'm yet to discover and feel it
But could it be a good job or
A lovely stable home

. With a lovely wife and children?
I don't really know.
Guess I have to find out
And see it from my point of view.

I want to be happy.
I'll keep chasing the winds
Until it changes directions.
I'm in pursuit of happiness.

Martin Greyford

Storms

Life has so many things to offer
And there is more than just meet the eye.
At times we might think of giving up

Because people talk ill of us
The storm becomes big
That we can't handle it.

The waves too strong
And the tides very strange
We lose the way.

Are we at Bermuda triangle
Where ships and planes do lose contact?
Exceptionally, we are ourselves.

Wait a minute
Sometimes it takes the storm
For us to see our Canaan.

For victory is counted sweet
When you have known defeat
Accept the storms for a better tomorrow.

Martin Greyford

Break My Heart

It's like
You feel happy
Every time I'm in tears.

Maybe it's something
That makes your heart merry
Every time I cry.

I forgave you
A thousand million times
Hoping that you will change.

You are used
To see me on my knees
As if I'm desperate

When it's my love that
Keeps me coming to you
And forgiving you.

Since you want to go
And you want to
Break my heart.

Then break it
Crush it until it becomes dust.
Stamp on it every chance you get.

Break it
I don't care anymore
Just break my heart.

Martin Greyford

We Are Never Ever Ever Getting Back Together

The first time you left me
I forgave you and
Brought you back in my life.

We shared a flamboyant
Intimate relationship than before.
We soar so high above the skies.

Again you left me a second time
I had to stand like a fool
To forgive you again.

Did not crazy stuffs again.
Enjoyed ourselves to the fullest
As lovers in the rains.

Didn't care about what people were saying
The least thing we cared for
Was to find pleasure in ourselves
And give ourselves that inner joy
Peace and confidence
That we are meant to be.

But here today,
Guess it was just obsession
That led us to do all those things.

You didn't love me at all
I was just a bus at the station
You used to take you where you wanted to go.

If you didn't find anyone to cherish you
You would come back to me
Knowing that you were my weakness.

Once you find a better cab
You'll leave me on the streets again
With no where to go

This time around
I'm not coming back into your life neither you.
I'm not a fool to be falling for you.

I'm human. I get hurt and I have feelings
Guess this is where our roads ends
We are never ever ever getting back together.

You chose your path
And I'll stick to mine
Once again I'm a loser.

You will search for me
And you will never find me
I'm just a person wishing to be loved truly.

Martin Greyford

Rescue Me

What am I supposed to do
When the person I love
Has been taken to a mental asylum?
Tell me, how will I copy
When they say she is a lunatic?

I can't really pretend anymore
That is a nurse
When's she's a mental patient.
She is not insane but
They treat her like one.

They say she's hearing voices
When it's the whisper of my voice
Carried to her by the wind.
She's pure in heart and
Her hands very clean.

Please let her out.
I want to see the woman
I call my girlfriend.
The lady that completes me
And gives me the inner joy.

She can be dirty to you
But she's my girl.
She can walk bare footed,
That's not a problem
She's my better half.

Martin Greyford

Perfect Goodbye

Hello!

It's me calling.

I want us to meet

And maybe share something.

I know we parted ways

But our goodbyes weren't formal.

I think we should meet for the last time

And finish that kiss.

You were upset

So was I

And thus ended everything on the road.

Hear me out.

I want to clove

All over you again

Kiss you passionately

And drive you crazy.

After satisfying our thirst

We can go separate ways

This will be a perfect goodbye

And very formal.

Martin Greyford

Empty

Surrounded with fear
Trembling and shaking
Frightened, scared by the silent glow
Of the dark.

Abruptly,
It found me unprepared
Flamboyantly
It flew into the thin air.

I don't know what to do next
The night is big
The dark is huge
It's growing thick.

Nothing I see
With my naked eyes
Not even a dim light
Of the brightest star.

The heavens are covered
With the nimbus clouds
As if it's about to rain.

Not even the hoof beats of animals
Or the chipping whisper of birds
The clustering sound of the trees.
It's all silent.

Martin Greyford

New Normal

Everything seemed down and dull,
Everyone kept wandering about and around,
Everybody was preparing for the worst,
'Could this be the end or what? '

Amidst the pandemonium,
The mighty were falling,
All nations shut their borders,
Every business must be closed,
Every gathering must be shunned,
All interactions must be spaced,
All nose must be covered and
Simple hand washing was said to be a way out.

Life became a war front,
Living between days and nights
Between rumors and news,
Between truth and false,
Between Life and death.

Scores were taken like it was the Olympics,
All seers suddenly lost sight,
Alas! Heaven spoke to no one again,
Some lost loved ones,
Some lost friends and family,
Some lost neighbours,
Some lost a great population,
And some lost the counts,
While the monster became a chameleon.

Just at the beam of the NEW-NORMAL,
The storm seems fading,
A protective dose was found,
All locks were carefully opened,
All hopes are restoring gradually,
That at least we could live with the monster.

Martin Greyford

Two Faces

Masquerade, masquerade, masquerade
It's all what people in me
They don't see the beauty
Beyond my ugly face
They don't see anything
Except the scar
On the other half of my face.

I'm divided into two equal parts;
The other half of my face
Is really beautiful
And the other half is ugly.
I don't know if it's because
I don't really know
How to apply makeup or what.

But one thing I know for sure
I'm a night nightmare
Dressed in a daydream.

Martin Greyford

Get Up

It's okay not to be okay.
It's just not okay to stay that way.
One thing I know about emotions
Is that they change.

You have a reason to live.

Get up.
Your future is brighter than your past

Get up.
Your latter is greater than your forever.

Get up.
Because the best is yet to come.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Poor Billionaire

Once upon a time
There was a man in a certain town
Not so long ago
A year or two.

He was the richest in the family
But before that the family
Was engulfed in total poverty,
From their ancestors to this generation

Nothing worked for them.
They were all rotting in poverty,
Even the poor people called them poor.
A single meal on a day engulfment at times nothing.

Then a breakthrough came
One of the children started working
He bought an apartment for himself
And started squandering the money.

Every day was more like a weekend to him.
Three girls in one night or more at times.
He fell in love with one of the girls
And paid rent for the whole year

For her and her family.
He was enjoying life to the fullest.
Didn't even look back to see
The trails where he's coming from.

The lady tried to take him
To his family but gave excuses
Just kept on saying
They are good people you will love them.

He was a celebrity
To the lady's family
They loved him because of the money
A billionaire he became to be.

One day he received a call
From his sister that his nephew died
While selling sweets on the streets.
He was hit by a car.

He was angry at himself
And then realized how poor he was
In spite having all the money's
He was a poor billionaire.

Martin Greyford

Nightmare

There was blood
And then the fire.
I blame
The flame;
Though the moon
Came out to soon.

I gaze
At the maze.
I wonder
What was yonder
Here at the start
It looks all smart.

The swaine
Had to be tied by a twain.
It was dragged
And it bragged
Through the streets
To the fleets.

Martin Greyford

Need For A Miracle

Life has given me
Several reasons to hate it.
A lots of reasons reasons to hate the world.

Being a homeless kid
Looming the streets of my town
Hustling day and night
Trying to find the meaning of life.

But nothing seems to work for me
Just coming back to the same place as before.

I never had to enjoy
The relationship of a father to a son.
Hope I won't do the same
If there will be a chance
For me to start a family.

Had to witness the divorce of my parents
Things got worse that day
Didn't know who to go with
Either mom or dad.

I was stuck for a minute
And in the next minute
Only to realize and found out
That I was on the streets.

Tried everything but nothing seems to go well
Even on the streets nowadays
It's getting harder.

All that I need as at now
Is a miracle
A miracle that will set my soul free.

In the Bible,
All that's David needed
Was a single stone to kill Goliath.

Hannah needed a child
To silence Peninah
And all that I need
Is a miracle to testify.

I'm still breathing
That means there's chance for me
To thrive and survive this mess of life
I'm in.

Martin Greyford

Remorse

Letting someone go
Slipping of the hand
Like a cup is really heartbreaking.

Even if you didn't care
But watching her go
Is something you can't watch.

At times,
A wicked mother
Grieves at the death of his hated son.

Those intimate moments
You spent together on a cruise
At night full of candle lights,

That picnic you went to
On a sunny day
And a cool bath in the river

Will haunt you down.
Can't really forget
The warmness of her lips

The sweetness of her words
And the comfort of her love
Will make you cry alone at night.

Martin Greyford

Fallen Angel

If I could transfer my life into you
I would have done that the very first day
You fell ill of this incumbent sickness.
Now I can't except watch you
Die slowly on your death bed.

It's not easy to stand here
And watch you sob in pain,
Trying by all means to raise a finger
And then a word after.
It's really painful and agonising.

I met you a pure woman.
We went through a lot together.
You were the angel sent from above
That shielded me from all danger.
Protected me throughout my life.

You were the bright morning star not Lucifer.
The moon that shined in my darkest moments.
You brought happiness on my face
With your unending love,
The lily of the valley to my life

By the streams of Babylon in my heart.
The rose of Sharon
And the night whisperer not howlers like wolves.
The soft calm breeze on river Jordan.
The fish that swallowed Jonah.

You didn't really swallow Jonah but me
For you kept me inside you all these years.
O my beloved!
What joy I felt when you said
We are expecting a baby soon.

I was filled with gratitude and appreciation.
For you gave me agape love.
I gave you love and in return

You gave me a home.
My beloved dear wife

I gave you money,
You gave you me food.
I gave you sperms and in return
You gave me children.
O what a pity to be a widower!

You were an angel to me
But today in no time soon
You will be among the fallen
Not Satan and his demons
But those we've lost in love.

The beautiful souls that people have lost,
You will join them soon.
Even as you leave me
Just know that I've always loved you
My fallen angel and heroine.

Martin Greyford

Man In The Mirror

When I look into the mirror
It's like am watching a video
Of all my mistakes in life;
Each and every inch of my wrongs
Are reflecting back at me.

It's hard to face the wrong reflection
In this mirror I have.
I can't look into this mirror
But allow tears to fall down.
My eyes are now blurred.

I can't go back to the old me
And I can't be the same person.
I can mend what I broke
And forge ahead with my life.
I just don't want to see

The reflection of my face
Nor face my mistakes anymore.
I want to see my real face
And face the new me.
I can't change the mirror but myself.

Martin Greyford

Artificial Heart

Lights off.
Darkness availed.
In the dungeon.
Killed by the dazzling lights
On the slaughter bed.

My mind was completely shut
Almost died.
The entire body was paralysed.
Entered the dreamland forcibly.
Melancholy is what I felt.

When I woke up the next minute
I was devastated to see that
My life was now artificial.
There was a car battery lying by my side.
The heart was connected to that same battery.

I couldn't think straight for a second.
They removed my heart and
Replaced it with a metal one!
Thank goodness my brains are still with me
And my mind still awake.

So what if I have a plastic heart?
What if I have an artificial heart
Supported by electrical currents from a battery?
Will I die of coronary heart disease or
Power shortage due to low battery?

Well, I don't know my fate.
But I believe that I'm still alive.
Still striving and thriving to make it.
I may be ironman inside but I'm still me.
The body is still the same.

It's only a heart they changed not me.
If they tried to kill my dreams
And shun me out of the world

Got it all wrong!

I'm back and still climbing the ladder.

Everybody will see the undead deeds of me.

I will make it regardless of me

Having an artificial heart.

I'm not ironman even if I have

A heart like him, I am me.

Martin Greyford

Move On

We've all come from broken relationships.
Faced unnecessary breakups and
Illusional dramatic relationships.

Some of us
Our relationship ended up publicly
And others like me silently.

Nobody said its over to the
Other partner but it was over.
We stopped caring for each other.

Well that's how life is
Full of ups and downs all the way.
We gotta stay strong and focused.

Sitting alone in a plane
Wishing she was right next to us.
It's just the mind playing tricks on us.

The seat is empty
In a blink of an eye
She is right there next to us.

Not the same person
Another beautiful lady
I guess a new page has just opened.

Martin Greyford

If Only

If only I knew
That this would happen
I wouldn't have bothered
You to be my partner.

If only I knew
That I would upset you
I wouldn't have argued
With you earlier.

If only I knew
That my ex's would show up
I couldn't have approached
You and proposed.

If only I knew
That we could part ways
I wouldn't have fallen for you
And I wouldn't be with you.

If only I knew
That I could be sitting here alone
I wouldn't have bothered myself
To be close to you.

Martin Greyford

Charlie Chaplin

The sense of humour in him was vigorously irrevocably,
Irreversible and irreplaceable to all who have ever lived.
He's the icon that lives in immortality
To all the hearts of thousands.
He had his uniqueness of doing comedy
And making people laugh without him uttering a word,
But those dumb scenes in black and white
Defines him thoroughly as a legend of comedy.
He's not with us today
And yet he is still with us
For we are keeping him here - in our hearts.

Martin Greyford



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Scared

I've hurt the person
I love and
The person that loves me.
I don't know what to say
For her to forgive me.

I'm in a prison of my imaginations
Scared of approaching her
And scared of being told it's over.
I'm scared of my own thoughts
The very thought that gives me a thrilling sensation.

And cause my heart to throb carelessly
As if I'm watching a horror movie,
The scariest scenes that can't be watched by kids.
If at all minds can communicate
Please just know that I'm sorry.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Beauty In The Broken

I have seen darkness
The very darkness in the abyss
But this one is too cold.
Not cold as ice but the fog of the frost
I can't really see where I'm going
Even the cleared path where I'm coming from

Is still covered with the fog.

I've been rejected,
Given a cold shoulder by people,
Who should be helping me in life,
They dumped me on the streets
Because of their selfish motives and the love of money.
It has been a painful journey.

Even if I'm not yet out of that pain
I have found a better way
To make myself happy and enjoy life.
I have taught my mind and my heart
To find beauty in the broken
And live a happy life despite the hardships.

Martin Greyford

Dusk Till Dawn

I wanna hold you tight
Right here in the warmth of my arms,
Feel the hotness of your body all night long
I wanna be the light in your eyes

That will shine brighter than the bulbs.
I wanna love you throughout
From dusk to dawn.
I wanna be the one holding you down.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Before Dawn

A lot of things have happened
And a lot is yet to happen.
We can't change the past
No matter how hard we try
No matter how hard we cry.
What has happened happened for a reason

And that reason is still unknown.
The dark moments of life helps us become stronger
And no matter how dark it may be
Light will still shine at dawn.
Remember, its always darkest before the dawn,
Stay focused. Head for and change the future.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Morning Prayer

Dear Lord!

Thank you for today

Thank you for your continued grace and blessings.

Lord today I ask for clarity that only you can bring.

When everything feels noisy, confusing and overwhelming

Your peace is what I seek.

Lord, be my center in the mist of the storm

When my mind is consumed with worry and doubt

Lead me to your still waters.

Amen!

Martin Greyford



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Minerals

The sky is crystal clear
The sun is golden brown
The moon is pure diamond
And the earth refined bronze,

The cobalt blue are its roots
And copper its roof.
The forest is all emerald green
The flowers ruby and the grass steel.

Nature is totally covered
In pure jewels of rare value
And the dignity hidden in their cores
As they add value to their names.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

The Wish To See Tomorrow

I don't know what might happen tomorrow
If I'll wake up or not,
The only day I have is today
And this is the moment I need
To make amends to all the broken pieces
And apologise to the one's I've hurt
Intentionally and unintentionally.

Nobody knows how tomorrow looks like
But only hope and imagine
How it'll be like
Only God knows it for all the days
Of our lives are written in His palms.
How I wish I can ride the sun
And see the beauty of tomorrow today.

I don't have wings
And the sun doesn't have a carriage
To take people to their dreams
As in seeing the days they want to see
But deep down my heart I know for sure
That tomorrow is a beautiful place
Where everything is new and shiny in the mist of dawn.

Martin Greyford

I Need You God

I want to see your glory
Like Moses did,
In the dazzling of the lights
I want to see you your form O God!

I want to shine so bright with your glory
Like Moses did,
Up upon the Holy Mountain,
I want to meet you there.

Breathe upon me the fragrance
Of your fresh anointing
And let me be your vessel
Just like Moses.

I need you O God
Here in my heart.
Fill it up and dwell within me.
For all I need is you.

Martin Greyford

Thank You God

Thank you God
For your mercy and grace
That has enabled me to wake up.

Thank you God
For the gift of life
That you have given me today.

I'm not wise to be among the living
It's your grace towards me
And that unending love

To forgive me my sins
No matter how big they may be
You wash me thoroughly always.

Thank you for your son Jesus
Who carried my shame on the cross.
There's nothing to say except thank you.

Martin Greyford

Demerit Of Being Rich

Oh!

What a shame!

A family of skinny children

Easily carried away by the wind

Like a paper in a whirlwind.

That's their say and

They always stand tall above other people

Without having that heart of helping

Except laughing at the being

Of them being poor and thin.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

City Of Iron

September skies accept
Your belch of refuse
And ashes are excreted
High above new grass that
Timidly borders
Your concrete veins,
Pulsating to sustain the hectic tempo
Of days that too soon expire.
Your structure ages
And you remain
A body
Without a soul.

Martin Greyford



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At The Beach

Maggie, Milly, Molly and May
Went down to the beach to play one day,

And Maggie discovered a shell that sang
So sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles,

Milly befriended a stranded star
Whose rays five languid fingers were.

Molly was chased by a horrible thing
Which raced sideways while blowing bubbles and

May came home with a smooth round stone
As small as a world and as large as alone.

For whatever we lose, like a you or a me
Its always ourselves we find in the sea.

Martin Greyford



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Senses

The soprano scream of carriage wheels punished my ear.

Sun

Seeping through the blinds,

Filled the bedroom with a sulphurous light.

I didn't know how long I had slept,

But I felt one big twitch of exhaustion.

The twin bed next to mine was empty and unmade.

At seven I had heard my mother got up

Slip into her clothes and tiptoe out of the room.

Then the buzz of the orange squeeze mr sounded from downstairs

And the smell of coffee and bacon filtered under my door.

Then the sink water ran from the tap and

Dishes clinked as my mother dried them

And put them back in the cupboard

The front door opened and shut.

Then the car door opened and shut

And the motor went broom-broom and,

Edging off with a crunch of gravel,

Faded into the distance.

Martin Greyford

Worship Rise

With all my emotions
I stand before your throne
The Holy seat of Mercy.
My head bowed down
And my hands lifted up.

Coming back to you.
I'm giving you
My heart and my soul
For its all that I have
To worship you with.

I don't mean to be
Emotional in your presence,
Though sometimes it happens like that
When I think of all the
The pain I've caused you inside.

Your mercy endures forever
And you still love me.
I'll say with all that I am.
Let the worship rise
Like a sweet perfume.

To fill the courts of your throne.
Let the worship rise.
Like incense burned on the incense alter
To fill the whole tabernacle
With the fullness of your glory.

Martin Greyford

Her Name

L - loving

E - endlessly

A - and

H - heartedly.

Martin Greyford



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Silent Night

Silent!

O be silent!

The king is born

Away in the manger,

Lying peacefully in the

Hands of the mother,

Holy virgin Mary.

All hail the king

For he shall reign in eternal.

The angels are singing gladly,

Hosanna, hosanna hosanna in the highest.

Woe to darkness

For light has come

To rescue people from it.

Martin Greyford



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Dusk

The clouds are turning
From clear white to yellowish kiss of the sun.
The earth is covered with rays gold
And people are mesmerised by it's touch,
Especially in the high mountains.

The birds are on their flights
Going to sleep in their nests.
People are coming back from work
And all the animals are going to sleep
Except for nocturnal one's, the day has just begun.

The sun is half sank on the horizon
Creating space for the stars to come out
And wake up from their slumber
Allowing humans to rest in the
Beautiful breeze of the night!

Martin Greyford



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Who Is A Friend?

Who is a friend?

Is it the one who only helps you when you have problems?

Is it the person that remembers you when he's drunk and when sober you are not friends?

Who is a friend anyway?

Are they the ones that comes to you when they

Don't have anything but the moment they

Have something they disappear into thin air?

I'm wondering if all the mentioned people are even friends!

They are seasonal friends, appearing once in a while.

Think of you when in distress.

But who is a friend?

A friend is a person that sticks more closer

Than a brother in one's life.

They are there always in all seasons

Whether you have something or not.

They cheer you up every time.

Help you stand when you have fallen

And share with you their intimate secrets

For no matter what truly know

You are the best thing that has ever happened to them.

Martin Greyford

She's Not A Prostitute

She's always seen with different guys.
Maybe every after now and then.
She's in the streets at night,
In the day she's paying attention
To every guy that passes her way.

Every guy that says hello to her
Makes her feel happy and appreciated.
She's not a prostitute.
She's looking for a person that
Will love and cherish her.

I know it's not right for a girl
To chase after guys.
Well, in this case I'm not judging her
For she's in desperate need to be loved,
To have someone she'll call her own.

It's not that she's not beautiful
That all men are running away from her
She's the most beautiful girl I've ever seen,
Good men just take advantage of her innocence
And later leave her stranded in the streets

Perhaps we've seen her and
Said a lot of evil things against her.
She's always in the clubs
Throughout the night dancing like
A stripper when actually she's not.

She's not in the night clubs for money,
She's there because of love
Her agonising pain to seek love has
Made her do wrong things and
Find herself in the filthy places.

Let's just understand her.
She's emotionally hurt.
We judge her from a distance

We don't know the real woman inside her.
She's searching for her lost prince charming.

She's not a prostitute.
Love has been her weakness and
She's looking for a person that will love her.
You will find her crying at the end
Of the street road in county.

Martin Greyford

No Second Chance

We met on the road and you left me on the road.
That was the end of our journey together.
You were my weakness but I learnt
How to be strong in my weak points.

I lost hope and never trusted a girl thereafter.
You took everything with you when leaving,
My pride, confidence and love.
I trusted you with my life.

But you took me for granted.
You are now back and you want us to be together,
I can't accept you back
You can leave me a second time.

Martin Greyford



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Crossroad

At the middle of the roads.
Don't know which route I should take
And that which will lead me home safely.
They all seem to be fine,
But still don't know where they'll take me.

Guess I just have to try one
And see where it'll lead me.
If I sit on this x-road
It might take me ages to rise up
And find that valuable thing.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Bound

In a white painted room
Of a tall building
With about four hundred rooms
And about four story high.

We are all put on this
Black and white striped like pyjamas.
Men and women alike.
All in different rooms.

Some are put two in a room
Others all alone like me.
I'm all by myself
Talking to my shadow every day.

We just meet with each other
During lunch time and when there is work.
Failure to that, we'll all be locked
In our rooms all day long.

It's a tall building
Maybe I lied of it being four story,
For my room seems to surpass
That height to about hundred meters.

Sitting all by myself
Counting the passing of days
And marking them on the wall,
Each and every day doing the same thing.

Bound with chains
Like a piece animal
That could kill or devour people
If let loose by the owner.

It becomes lonelier at night
When power is cut from
The main switch and
The room becomes all black

I mean dark.
You can't see your shadow anymore,
Like it is during the day.
All you can see are your thoughts.

I'm anxiously waiting
For the dawn of justice to rain on me.
Then I'll be be set free and be
Able to do things normally.

I'm tired of walking with chains
Even if it's to go to the restrooms
I have to go with them.
Every movement I make

I'm still bound to these chains
Like a dog in leeches.
I wanna be free
Totally free.

Martin Greyford

Alienation

Neglected,
Rejected by the society,
Forgotten by friends and family,
Nobody remembers that I ever existed.
I'm thrown in the corner of the world
To be by myself all the days of my life
Because of that one simple mistake.

Unemployed,
Homeless in the depths of the dark.
No food to eat and warm clothes
To keep me awake from the coldness
In this winter frost of a snowy day.
How I wish there could be someone
To come to my aid and help me out.

Hated,
Forsaken by my neighbours.
Looked on with scornful eyes like an animal
That the whole county hates,
Because it has been looming about their homes.
Each and every time I meet them
They all run away from me.

Deserted,
Left alone in the rains
With no one to give me an umbrella
To shelter and cover me from shame.
I'm afraid to be around anyone
Especially these people called humans.
I'm a wild animal in their eyes.

Wolf,
Wild dog,
A skunk, is all that they see in me.
I've suffered alienation in the face of humans.
I'm an alien that is feared by
The entire universe in the dark of the night.
Let the sun fall down and burn me up.

Scared,
Afraid of their faces when they look at me.
I'm the mystery maybe that people
Can't really understand like the Bermuda mystery,
Even the best scientists have failed.
Maybe I'm like that to them.

Judged,
Vindicated and sentenced in their minds.
I'm in a prison on the island of fear.
They judge me before getting to
Know the real me from a distance.
I want to be free and walk freely
Like a bird in it's flight.

Light,
Shine brighter so that
These people may get to see the good
Side of me rather than seeing and
Concentrating on the darkest part of my life.
I'm eager to be seen as a human
Not this alien monster they are seeing.

Martin Greyford

Caressing

Every time I close my eyes
I see you nearer than ever,
Touching me in my touchable
Parts of my body.

You kiss me so intense
That I forget the misery of life
And think of that wonderful
Moment shared with you.

You make me lie down on the bed
And then you start to caress my body.
You make me horny and
Crave for it like never before.

You kiss my neck
And then lick my ear lobes.
You suck my tits.
Later you lick my cookie

And that's the moment I go crazy.
I hold on tight to your head
Like my next breath depend on it.
I love it when you do it your way.

Nobody is so tuned in
Into my life than you.
I'm all yours and everything I have
Is really yours and then I open my eyes.

Martin Greyford

The Devil's Voice

"Eve, is it true that
God forbid you to eat
From the tree in the midst of the garden?

If it's true,
Then He has lied and deceived you.
He knows that you would become like Him.

It's a good fruit.
Can't you see?
Open your eyes wide open

And see it's golden colour.
That it's perfect and ripe for food.
Your God didn't want you to be like Him

Just take it and become a god
Don't be afraid or scared.
Grab it and be like Him.

For you will know
What's good and bad today.
Feel free to eat of any tree you like,

Without restrictions.
He placed you into this garden
To enjoy everything that's in it.

You will become the wisest
Of all the creatures He has created
And that makes you a god.

Eat and take some to your husband
You will be like Him
That's the reason He has forbidden you.

See, I'm telling you this
Because I care for your well-being
Everything will be yours."

Martin Greyford

Abduction

I'm on a cliff bound with chains
Only being supported by two poles
Where the chains are tied to.
If the poles falls,
That will be the end of me.

Maybe I might survive
There is a sea underneath
I think I could die.
My whole lot is bound with chains.
Well, no chance of surviving.

I'm like a princess locked in a tower
Waiting for a brave knight to rescue her.
I'm on the edge of the cliff waiting for her.
It's not that my body is really in chains
But my heart is.

I'm in love with a girl
That doesn't really know that I exist
She has captured everything about me.
I can't think straight
Except having her in my thoughts.

I've tried to make her see
That I love her to no availed.
If I'm let loose by these poles
I'll die and she won't know that I loved her.
She has really abducted me.

Martin Greyford

No Room In Jerusalem

The Savior came wandering
All about Jerusalem,
Looking for a place
He could call His home

Unfortunately,
All the hotels, lodges
Motels, inns and guest houses
Were all filled to capacity.

Nobody tried to offer
A place for Him.
The nice and luxurious places
Were all taken.

The LORD wandered
Looking for a place
In all Jerusalem
But no room was found for him.

Alas!
A man offered his stable.
A filthy place full of
Animal faecal matter and animals.

There was no room in Jerusalem
For my King
Except the manger
That's where He was born.

Martin Greyford

Grace To Grace

You left the throne in heaven
For my sake.
You were the word in creation
Now revealed to us.

In grace you didn't care
Where you were going to be born.
The least thing you
Cared for

Was to save me.
You paid and died my death.
The pain which was
Supposed to be felt by me.

You took it upon yourself.
The scapegoat you became
For me to be alive today.
You died and in grace

You were brought back to life
In the fullness of your glory.
From grace to grace you reign.
Jesus Christ is your name!

Martin Greyford

A Moment Like This

Growing up in the neighbourhood
Admiring the old guys with their lovers
In their hands
Wrapping their arms around them
Like a father hugging
His children after work.

Now it's my time to shine
For I have found that
Which was missing in me.
Something that people
Wait a lifetime
For them to have a lover.

Some people wait a long time
To have that one special kiss
They wait a lifetime
To have that one hug.
Well, I can't believe that
It's happening to me today.

A moment like this
Only comes once in awhile
So I won't let it slip of
My hands like I'm letting go
Of my fears and the anger of
Impatience to be around her.

Martin Greyford

Be My Lady

My heart is bleeding
From the pain of not finding a lover.
I've tried all the grim faces of books
But I don't see anything happening
And I don't see any girl.

Even the ugliest one's
Are not paying attention to me.
When I approach them

All I need is a lover
A person that will mend

My empty and broken heart.
A lady that will cover up
The eaten part of the apple
On the Apple Logo and
Make it whole again.

If you can hear
My heart's cry,
Please show up
I'm eager to meet you
And share my world with you.

Martin Greyford

Untitled Love Poem

At times the best things
Comes at the wrong time and vice versa
When you are not ready for it
But in the course of time
You have to accept that
It has happened for a right purpose.

She's in front of me
Short and beautifully curved
In all her edges.
Her perfect figure abducted
And hijacked my emotions.
Black is queen.

Who knew she would
Appear in my life
When hope had I lost
To be in a relationship again?
I wasn't ready but seeing her
Gave me the strength to fall

Into one again.
She made me realise the importance
Of having a woman close to me
As my lover and friend of all time.
My shield and compass
To protect and direct me.

Martin Greyford

Acquittal

Sitting in a prison bus
Staring at the small window
To see the beautiful fields
Just blossoming with sunflower,
Admiring the beauty of nature.

And having to wonder
What it'll be like
In the place I'll call home
The sun was setting in the west
But I felt like it was setting in the east.

My fellow inmates were quiet
Not even the prison warden said anything
Nor the driver except hearing the
Sounds of guns being lifted
And then being put down

We drove for about twenty miles
Without seeing any building;
Just forests and farms, ranchers.
Suddenly, the bus took a u-turn
And the driver said to us you are all free.

It was so shocking to hear that
And for sure we were on our way back home.
It was a miracle.
Acquittal without being heard by the judges
It's dark but I'm glad that I'm going home.

Martin Greyford

Her Knight

Kneeling before her
As she was standing
Before the auditorium,
With a sword in her hand,
Portraying her authority and power
In the kingdom she's been pronounced queen.

She came towards me and said
"With power vested upon me as your queen,
I officially appoint you a knight"
Then she handed me the sword
And made me take oaths
In the presence of nobody.

I vowed to protect her
With my own life.
To take care of her no matter what
And always rescue her from all dangers.
I pledge allegiance to my queen
To fight for peace and stability in my country.

Martin Greyford

Fix What I Broke

If I can
I could bring you back
Into my life
And be the guy you loved
In the first place.

I'd cross the hottest desert
Swim the deepest ocean
And climb the highest mountain
Just for you to see
And believe that I love you.

I'll mend
What I broke
And restore to life what
You lost because of me.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

They Called Me Weak

I've been staring at you
For a couple of times now.
Although I've never had
The chance to talk to you.

I tried to scream out your name
I failed cause
My head was under water.
You were a nightmare during the day.

They called me weak
For I didn't approach you
Nor talk to you or
Even say a simple hello.

And it happens that
You just know how to make
Me guilty with those angelic eyes.
A true nightmare during the day.

Martin Greyford

Statue

Everybody
Sees it
On the street
Every time of the day
When ever they pass by.
It is the center of attraction
Giving peace to every one in our county.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Honeymoon

After the wedding ceremony,
My thoughts were captured.
Captured by how well she fit in my arms.
Only if she knew
She had tamed me by her beauty.
My heart was carelessly beating and I tried not
To cuddle her, not even our feet to touch.

A lot of emotions erupted.
I didn't know how she held on.
I was a mess inside me,
I tried to be decent.
She came close and hugged me,
The hug felt heavenly.
Well, my body was on fire.

Afterwards came the invitation.
I had to re-focus.
My smile was back.
She showered me
And put on some lingerie.
I could not pay attention to anything.
A few selfies here and there.

My heart, mind melted down.
Her body close to me,
At this point I was helpless.
I tried to assume the emotions.
She said we should.
I kissed her
I couldn't help it.

I was permitted to and
I found my tongue on her clit.
I felt her hold on to my head
Like her next breath depended on it.
She moaned through her breathing.
She twirled her waist
As I did justice to her.

Soon enough,
She pressed my head between her thighs.
I couldn't let go.
I had to make a statement.
Slowly I slid inside her
And rocked her insides with each thrust.
I moved up to suck her nipples

As she rode me gladly.
The night was hot
We kept tossing and turning
Cuddling and pulling away from each other.
Then came the forsaken hour.
My horny ghosts could not keep on
I rocked her body with my nakedness.

As sleepy as I thought she was
She responded
And invited me between her thighs
After getting her ready.
I switched her.
Her body language told me she loved it.
I rode her as she rode me.

I sucked her nipples
Getting her ready to explode.
"Please no! " I knew she had had enough and
I felt like I had conquered the universe.
She busted later wards.
I released the seeds of life in her.
We rested while cuddling each other.

Martin Greyford

Moonlight

You have the brightest eyes
That shines for me
In my darkest hour.

I never thought you could
Hold the light of the moon
In your precious hands.

You are the moonlight
Of my life,
Shining when the sun has set.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Tears

I hate it
That I'm crying and
If tears could talk,
I have just said goodbye.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Broken Wings Of A Caged Bird

Tis so beautiful to be
Above the ground and
Soaring high in the sky.
Playing hide and seek
In the fluffy clouds.

It is more beautiful
When you are flying
Against the current of the wind
In the mist of the afternoon
Or night breeze.

Love is sweet when you are
With the man that truly loves you.
You feel the power of love
All around you and
Sometimes you start

Doing crazy things
'Cause, you're mad in love.
I used to fly high
In the depths of the sky
But, maybe cupid missed

His arrow on me.
I was in a cage before
And somebody released me.
I fell in love with him
After he rescued me.

He showered me with lots of love
And I believed he was the
Right one for me.
In the course of days
He began showing some changes.

I hit in a tree
While flying in the midst
Of the trees in one of the forest.

I fell down to the ground and
There was no one to pick me up.

I spent some minutes
Which later turned into months.
I caged myself in my anger
And love became my cage.
I couldn't fly anymore

Or soar high to see
What's happening down on the ground.
My wings are now broken.
I'm nothing less but
A disabled person.

Love has killed me
And shattered my ego.
Hope there will be someone, one day
To free the from this cage
And help me get my wings back.

Martin Greyford

Hostage

I loved a girl
That did not love me back.

My feelings are now
Holding me captive

In my own body.
Will somebody pay the ransom

I be freed.
Love is killing me.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Say Something Or I'm Giving Up On You

I've done all it takes
To please you as my love
But until now you're quiet.

What is it that I have to do
For you to acknowledge
My love for you?

I've bought you expensive clothings
As per your wish.
Even mortgaged my house

To buy you that diamond ring
But yet you're still quiet.
What should I do next?

My world is becoming small
Day by day and
I'm slowly losing interest in you.

You know that I love you
Please say something or
I'm giving up on you.

Martin Greyford

Memories

Stupid memories created by
Foolish people in my life
I don't know why I allowed you in my life.
You came and created memories
That you can't embrace.

It was so foolish of me
To fall for you.
I hate it when I think of you.
The pillow that used to comfort me
Is torn and cut into pieces;

It can't be sewed.
It's a tragedy that I'm me again.
In spite all my efforts
You had the guts
To hurt me and

Ditch me in a pit at the end.
What rubber can I use to erase
All these thoughts of you in my head?
How I wish I was a computer
Or a smart phone which can be formatted

Or rebooted to start it anew;
The bad part is that I'm human
There's nothing I can do
Except watch all the memories
Fade away like a played song.

Martin Greyford

On Him Loving Two Equally

Sounds weird and awkward
For love is between two people,
That is a man and a woman.

No one can ever dare to
Have more than two ladies
At the same time.

Well, in this case;
I saw a man who had two ladies
And he loved them equally.

He could do almost anything for them.
He just knew how to make them happy
Despite being a single hand.

He could cherish both
Spend time correctly
Without adding or subtracting

Any minute or second
From the time he could be with the other
So as to avoid quarrels.

He cut his heart into two pieces
And gave each a half
To prove his love to them.

That looks so ridiculous right
But he loved the two
Like the deep of the oceans.

Martin Greyford

Lot's Wife

Once upon a time.
It was many and many
A year ago
In the land of Sodom and Gomorrah
Where Lot and his family
Lived after
They separated with the uncle, Abram.

The land was fertile
And it was a vast market
For different commodities
And a haven of all immoralities
Upon the face of the deep.
The Lord appeared to Lot
In form of angels

And he received them hospitably.
The countrymen of that land
Wanted the men that Lot allowed in his house
So they could sleep with them.
I'm sure Lot pleaded with them
To take his two daughters instead
Rather only did they want those men.

The Lord was angry with that scene
And told Lot to leave the land immediately
And rush to the near mountains
Without looking back.
They didn't have time to prepare
What to carry or not.
They just started off for it was an emergency exit.

Near the mountains,
They could hear the fire falling down like grenades
And I believe they were terrified.
Lot's wife for a moment thought of the treasures
She had left behind and her heart
Wanted to see the land she called home for the last time.
They were successful in sheep rearing

So they had a lot.
Lot's wife turned back
To see what was happening behind
Their backs and bid farewell to all the cosmetics.
The moment she turned back
She became a pillar of salt
And perhaps died at the spot.

Martin Greyford

Break-Up

Break-up;
Something that is
More painful than death;
Especially if you loved
Your partner whole heartedly
And you never did the
Stupid things behind their backs.

It hurts to see the one
You love walk away from you.
It hurts to see them
Love someone else.
Love us stupid and
Unfair at times;

And what hurts the most
In a disappointment
Is you being loyal for nothing;
Putting in all the efforts
And at the end of the day
They are rendered void.

Martin Greyford

One Night Stand With Delilah

I was in an intimate relationship
With God through Christ and the Holy Spirit.
He helped me achieve several goals
As a young man
In His kingdom.

We used to live happily
Cherishing each and every moment
We would spend in prayer
And helping me get back His people
What a blissful moment it was.

It was after I met Delilah.
The woman of extra ordinary beauty.
She was perfect in her ways
And her voice so sweet and
So melodious like the nightingale.

I was attracted to glitter and show
Without I knowing that I'm grieving
The third person of the Trinity.
It was a tragedy fall
In my Christianity life.

In just one night
Everything happened.
Nothing was left behind.
We did everything evil at that time.
I exposed my weakness to her

And she took advantage of that.
I broke up with my God
And I lost integrity in the eyes of men.
The favor and grace upon me
Was snatched away.

I was desolate and isolated.
After everything I felt as if
I was still naked to every person

On the roads in the streets.
I was ashamed and shy.

Felt embarrassed like I don't know
I broke the heart of God
What will become of me next?
I don't know.
Things happened so fast.

I believe God was crying
On what a mess I've become
In a blink of an eye.
He was in tears
Crying for me.

A child that He loved
Has disappointed Him.
Lord break my heart
For everything that breaks Yours.
Restore me back.

Martin Greyford

O God Forgive Me

I never knew what I was losing
By succumbing to the wishes of the body.
She seemed happy after the act.
I was crying.

I looked at her
With scornful eyes
She didn't pay attention.
Deep down my heart I was hurt.

Spiritually, I lost the connection
With my Heavenly Father.
I felt His Spirit depart from me.
I cried.

I forgot that the marriage bed
Remains undefiled all times
Rather rushed into the scene of
What I should be enjoying

When I'm married.
O God remove not your
Spirit from me.
I know I sinned

But your forgiveness is all I need.
Restrain me from doing what is evil.
Every skirt that is not mine
Let it be far away from me.

Martin Greyford

The Pain Of Loneliness

My heart is bleeding
With the pain of missing you.
Happiness is sweet when you are around
And laughter is known and
Felt to the very bottom of my heart.

Ever since you left me
My heart has known defeat.
A word that never existed in our vocabulary.
My heart can't smile anymore
And I can't show it on my face.

The night breeze is so strong
And the scorching sun is melting me,
The frost is wild that I can't see
Where I'm going in this mist
And the rain never stops raining

Making the fog to be worse.
I'm being troubled with the memories of you.
It's like a horror movie in which
The ghost is haunting a house where he used to live.
Nobody can live in the house.

The house is beautiful
But nobody can move in.
There are all haunted by the same ghost.
My heart is like that house,
You left a mark in me which

Everybody sees where they get close to me.
The pain is agonising me.
Crying and wishing that you never left.
When are you coming back?
My entire life misses you.

I'm tired of nagging myself
Every time I reach home without you there.
The songs we played and danced

Cannot be played now.
The movies we watched cannot be watched.

Wherever you are;
Just know that
The pain of loneliness
Is killing me slowly.
Come back to me.

Martin Greyford

Revenge

I was beautiful when you met me
Even if my clothes were rags
I was naturally blessed with beauty.
You met me in your farm
As I came to do some petty works
To earn some money for grandpa's medicines.

You looked at me pervert,
You stole my heart in a blink of an eye.
Days later you caught me stealing
Some food so I can take home
And feed my poor grandparents
You didn't say a word

Rather helped me escape.
I started falling for you likewise you.
Pathetically, you approached me
I accepted the proposal
Without I knowing that you were married.
You became the center of my world

And later we threw a big wedding
And tied the knot on that beautiful day.
Making known our vows to the public.
Our marriage night was splendid
For you were the very first person
In all things pertaining to my life.

You were my first love and
The first person to taste my vagina
And enter through the door to the
World of pleasures inside me.
I loved the atmosphere of your love.
It was pure.

Fate changed the scenario
When your first wife came into the scene.
I started suffering under her wings
As if you were not around and

As if you didn't see nor hear anything.
I fled to my grandparent's house

You followed me and told me it's alright
You'll sort everything out.
Because I loved you I had to go with you
Without having any insight that
You were taking me in the lion den.
I was brutally harassed and tortured

You never rescued me.
I had to put on sackcloth.
A rug was better than that.
The torture was horribly too much.
I ran away from the city to a far city
With the hopes of not seeing him again.

A certain man picked me on the streets
To his house and told me to forget the past
And focus on the future.
I was hurt when I discovered that
I was pregnant with his child.
The man told me to consider him

As my father which I never had.
Life became soothe and friendly at that moment
As I had put my past aside.
I was happy for a while
Not until I met him in a casino.
I cried again.

I said; "Why is destiny putting this man in my
Life again when I had forgotten about him?
He looked at me and probably resembled me
To the woman he had but this one was now
A changed lady in beautiful clothing.
I don't know why I was looking at him too.

Is it because I had loved him too much
Or it's the world deceiving me to forgive him?
No! That won't happen and I won't allow
It to happen even if I'm carrying his child!

The pain I endured when I was at his house
Will he also endure until I die.

Martin Greyford

Somebody You Love

The journey of love is sweet at the beginning
When the love is pure and righteous
But bitter and sour at the end.

We started well with my beloved.
Walked a long distance together,
Some miles and an extra mile to go
Things started falling apart.

Our love was so sweet and very astounding
For people admired us on our way.
We reached a subway in one of the streets

And from that moment
She turned her back on me
And made me walk alone very wet in the rains
Of disappointment in the subway.

I tried to plead with her
But it couldn't workout as she kept on going.
I asked for a reason she left,

She only gave me a knock blow
On the face as she continued her way.
I sat down on the running waters
Across the drainage system

Maybe she'll forgive me.
That didn't help as she got lost
From my eyes in the crowd.

I recalled the precious memories
We shared together as lovers
The sweet caress of twilight
And it's magic at dawn.

I opened my eyes
Maybe I could see her
She was already gone

In the mist of the rains.
She was my everything in this world.
Anyway, the journey we started
On the road has ended on the road.

I now have to soar alone
In this ugly journey of loneliness
I'll trodde upon the rocks

Bear footed alone.
Stumble and fall alone.
Apparently die in my own hands
For the person I loved has deserted me.

Martin Greyford

Quitting

There's nothing that amazes a comedian
Like people coming in numbers
To see how he performs
And make them laugh all day night long.

The auditorium was already filled
And people were chanting his name
In the crowds
Before he even came on stage.

The announcer said
Welcome on stage the like
Performance of our renowned comedian today
And everybody rose up knowing his hour has come.

They celebrated and shouted
Loud on top of their voices.
He loved the atmosphere of the place
As he finally appeared on stage.

He greeted them comically
And they responded laughingly.
He began cracking jokes
That broke the ribs of every attendee for hours.

Afterwards when the show was over
He revealed to them that he'll no longer
Be seen on stage performing
Due to reasons unknown.

Martin Greyford

Show Me How To Love You

It is awkward and depressing
To be in a relationship
Where the other partner seems
Not to be with you
While you're still together.

It's very annoying
To be in love with somebody
And then all of the sudden
You feel as if you're in
That relationship alone.

Guess what?
You will be doing all the things yourself
And always panic to make
Your partner happy with you
In that relationship.

You have always loved her
And made all the necessary efforts
To keep your relationship going
But she doesn't seem
To be there with you yet.

You call her all the times
But she doesn't.
You visit her every now and then
But she does not make that effort
To do the same to you.

You are now fed up
With how life goes on in your relationship.
You almost call it a quit
But you still love her
You can't give up easily.

You say maybe she's not mature
Let me give her time
That doesn't help at all.

You sit down re-thinking
Of what step to take next.

You say;
Baby,
Show me how to love you
Maybe we can be at peace
With one another and make this relationship strong.

Let me know
Where I'm going wrong
That I mend that piece and make me

Feel like you love me likewise
I do to you.

Martin Greyford

Heart Communion

My heart was very far away from God.
I remember attending church services
Way, way, way, way back.
I never knew what that meant.

I used to see people lifting
Up their hands in the air
As if they police told them
To raise up their hands in the air

As a sign of surrendering.
It didn't cross my mind
To be part of what was called
Congregational worship.

One Sunday morning I rose up early
And left for church.
I don't really know what prompted me to wish
To be the very first person to be in church.

I opened the doors
And sat in the front seat, a back bencher.
My heart became grieved that I should pray
Something I've never done before.

Tears started running down my cheeks
As I continued praying.
I felt the inner peace like never before
And so relieved from the burden on my shoulders.

I realised lately that it was a
Heart communion with God.
A time and chance that one communicates
With Him freely and at peace.

People started coming
But the church was glittering
With the Glory of God
As everyone prayed.

A thing God desires from His Children.
How joyful it was to know that
God is so delighted
To talk to us.

Martin Greyford

The Messenger

He ran so fast
Past the hills
The brooks and
The valleys
With a letter in his hand

Bearing good tidings.
He ran so fast
So that he could arrive on time
Where he was sent
But on the way

He was met with difficulties
Hindering and delaying him.
He had to climb mountains,
And maybe slip on the cliffs,
Stumbled himself in a stone,

Had to swim in the streams and rivers
Where boats were boarded to capacity
And where there were no bridges.
In the forests, he had to protect himself
From the chase of wild animals like wolves.

Alas! He made it through to his destination.
Although weary and tired, he was celebrated
For delivering safely the letter.
He had to rest before planning
Of going back home with his rewards.

Martin Greyford

News From My Friends Family

I was on stage
Reciting my poems to the audience
When I received the news
That my friend, my dearest one
Has answered the Lord's call

That very hour.
I froze to death on that stage
As I lost words in my mouth.
I became speechless for a couple of minutes
And then tears started dripping out my eyes.

I said to the audience;
There are people that are so dear
To our hearts in our lives.
They might not be our biological siblings
But just mere friends and brothers that our

Parents never bore and here today I've lost
Such a friend. He was so dear to me in all things.
A person that put a smile on my face
In hard times of my life,
A true friend that anyone could wish to have.

Today, that friend is no more.
His death is unacceptable
As I least expected him to give me
A hand in my next show.
I'm a loser by losing such a tremendous soul.

Martin Greyford

The Mystery Of Life

Life is like a race,
It can be tough.

In the beginning we have stamina; We are fit and ready to conquer any hardship.

When we are young,
We have vitality and strength to tackle any challenge.
How we use that vitality and strength now,
Will determine how we'll live when we are 50-90 years old.
This period of life is when our strength
Is no longer the same and we don't have
The same power we had when we were young.
It's when the stamina is gone and all we
Have left to finish the race is
Hope, courage, and mental strength.

Life, like a race,
Can be tough.

If we don't learn to manage stress and hardship,
We'll find ourselves giving up on our dreams
And not fulfilling our mandate.

In a race,
One moment you are running through a downhill
Then all of a sudden you are in an uphill.
It's tough.

Isn't it the same with life?

One moment things are going extremely well,
Then next you have to deal with
The death of a parent,
Losing a job or having to close down your business.

The downhills can be compared to
The opportunities of life.

An opportunity to excel and catch up,
Not with anyone, but yourself rather
We use the opportunities to regain composure.

How you use your once in a lifetime moment
In the downhill will determine how well
You will thrive in the uphill.

Unfortunately,

Human nature is squander the opportunities
That life brings our way
In a form of a windfall of money,
A promotion or business breakthrough -
We use it buy material things instead
Of re-investing in our growth.
And aren't the uphill synonymous
To the hardships of life?
Here, you pass through because
Mentally you have resolved:
"I will never give up, no matter what".

Life, is a lot like a race.
You have to focus on your own target
And not on the person who is passing you.
Some will be faster than others,
And some will be slower, but it's not a competition.
Of course you will compete as a business,
As a student and as a worker,
but when you understand that you are unique,
Competition flies out the window.

Life, like a race,
Can be tough.
Even a sperm to fertilise an egg
It has to race over a thousand semens.
Don't give up now.
Run in such a way that you win.

Martin Greyford

Hello Darkness

Lying on my deathbed
Seriously ill.
Waiting for the final bell to ring.
The light in my senses
Is slowly losing power.

Just some few minutes left
Before I finally succumb
To darkness.
It will cover me to eternity
Until Christ comes for a second time

To judge the entire humans
Dead or alive
That's when I'll wake up
From this slumber I'm about to take.
People will cry

But there tears won't bring me back.
They will sing sentimental and lamenting songs,
I will never hear them
Or see what they'll be doing.
My eyes will be shut forever.

The curtains are being closed
Like a comedian after his performance on stage.
The bad part is that they are moving slowly.
Don't know how many minutes it'll take for them
To be finally closed.

Martin Greyford

A Fragile Heart

You broke her heart
She said
It's fine with tears
Yet she didn't keep a grudge for you.
You still talk and cheat
She's hurt
After two(2)months you tell her
You have a new girlfriend
She said it's fine.

Do you know the feeling of pain
She is going through right now?

She changed towards her friends.
She changed at home.
her mum complain about her and
She cried at night
But people didn't see her pain.
She tried to move on
But memories keep holding her back.
She started drinking to get your thoughts
Off her broken soul.

She couldn't be strong.
You made her weak.
If you didn't trust yourself enough
You shouldn't have asked her out.
She has a very fragile heart.
She needs to be treated with care.
Don't break her heart
'Cause she might not be strong enough forgive you.

Martin Greyford

Insomnia

It's all dark outside, the moon isn't yet out
And people around me are all asleep
Except for me, still gazing at the ceiling
And the lit bulbs of the house.
Tried all the bedtime lullabies
But nothing worked only making myself to be more active.

I walked outside in my pyjamas
And sat on the door looking at the starry sky.
The moon gracefully smiled at me
And the stars graciously shone brightly.
She kept smiling at me
And made me forget the misery of going to bed.

The wind whispered in my ears
"Go to bed" but the way the sky looked
And her smile made me pay a deaf
Ear to him as he kept on whispering.
Time didn't really matter to me on
That night I failed to sleep.

I never noticed that it was dawn breaking.
The moon disappeared and the stars
Stopped beautifying the sky.
I never dozed or felt tired just active
Like always during the day.
The day started and I prepared myself for work.

Martin Greyford

Hunger

It's a long distance from
My place to school
Just like the school motto states
"A narrow path, the way to success";
It's really a narrow and long path for sure.

Knocked off from school the other day
Very tired and very hungry.
I trodded the long distance alone.
My friend left already.
It was half past two in the afternoon.

The sun was really angry
The way it was hitting me on the head.
The journey was really tiresome
Walking alone among the tall trees
In the newly built tarred road.

I reached home late
An hour and some minutes journey
Finally completed by a leap of one step at a time.
At home, tried to find some food
But found none.

Searched all the pots and plates
But no food was left for me.
My stomach started complaining
By throwing punches at me.
Crying loudly and horribly that it need to be fed.

I got hold of the pots
The cooking stick fell down.
I hit the pot on the sink
Maybe I can be relieved of the hunger
And that he can tell me who ate my food.

I reached for the cooking stick
But the spoon fell down
To stop us from fighting.

I told him appreciate the spoon
Otherwise you would have been broken into pieces.

The hunger was so intense
That I even saw an enemy in my own homework.
Sat on the couch
Thinking of what I'll feed
My rumbling stomach.

Martin Greyford

Silence Break Up

It all started on Sunday
After a long walk with my girl.
I realised late that it was hot
And ladies are not so good with the sun.

We trailed a long distance
On dust tracks
Our feet covered with the dust
And our shoes all brown now.

We passed a certain place to check up
On one or two people
But my girl didn't like the idea
Almost twenty meters to go

She withdrew and decided to go home.
I didn't force her, I let her go.
At first I tried to convince her
To come with me

But to no availed
Until at last I stopped persuading her .
Maybe I didn't do commerce at school
It would have helped me to win.

Later in the night
She sent a text telling me
That I deserved the embarrassment
She caused on me where I went alone.

I never knew
That it was the road to singleness.
I sent an apology letter she didn't reply.
For almost a week she was quiet

Only to realise it later
That we broke up that very day
Without telling each other that it's over.
I accepted the reality of our relationship.

We are no longer together.
Everyone is walking on different paths.
Single and very free to mingle.
The road to singleness.

The weird thing that happened
We never had time to talk
About our informalities or
What went wrong.

Never had time to call
Each other that I'm sorry
For the wrongs I've done.
No apologies to each other

But I did send an apology
Which did not reply.
Anyway who knows.
The good part is that I'm now single.

Martin Greyford

Covid-19

The night is come
When all people will not work
Nor do anything in there daily lives
Or visit any place that excites them.

The malls are closed.
The bars, restaurant and offices
Including churches are all closed now.
Just being indoors like a guinea pig

Locked in its cage at home.
Lazing around all day
Tired of watching TV.
Trying to do the impossibles

But these men and women in uniform
Restrict us again
Telling us to be quiet in all the vices
We are seeing and hearing.

When will this dark cloud
Pass over us and make us to be free again?
To be able to do our chores
That we are used to.

We are all covered in this
Cold covid-19 blanket
That can't keep us warm
Unless to the lazy bums out there.

We are still waiting
For this cold night to pass
So at least we can give our neighbours
A hand shake and a warm hug.

Covid-19
A deadliest disease ever
That has made us to be enemies
Even to our own wives, hubby's,

Girl/boy friends, children etc.

The day it will pass

Will be our passover.

The day of celebration.

Martin Greyford

Lie's Of The Heart

You are the only one my heart has chosen
Among the thousands and millions of girls
In this vast universe.

You shine in my life
More brighter than the sun and the moon.

Your beauty makes the sun
To look as if it isn't shining at all.
The look on your face makes the moon
To hide itself for a couple of days.
Your structure makes the stars to disappear,

Every time you are awake,
Feeling shy that they can't shine so bright
And thus chasing them to far heights,
Only to appear when you are asleep
In the night.

This is normally what we say
When we want to get the attention
Of any lady we've come to love.
But as days goes on
This beauty begins to fade away.

Because those were just lies of the heart
Making us believe there's isn't anyone
Beautiful as the one we met
While there are billions out there
Who are more beautiful than the one we have.

Just after a simple argument
We begin to see the ugliness
That we didn't see at first
Our hearts were blinded by those same lies of the heart.

Martin Greyford

Confused

Should I leave or should I stay?
Or should I taste
The pain of walking away?
And if I do so
What will happen to me next?

The nights will be bright
With the light of the moon
But I'll be lonely.
I'll be happy outside
But very sentimental inside of me.

It's hard to make
Such a hard choice
When you know what will happen later wards.
But I'm in love with a girl
Who doesn't really exist.

Because every girl I love
Disappoints me in the end.
Maybe I wasn't meant to be loved.
I'll leave and try to become a Reverend Father
In any Catholic Church where I'll be accepted.

I'm sure it'll work for me.

Martin Greyford

Unlicensed Love

If I knew this would happen
After our first encounter as
Day-time friends, night-time lovers

I wouldn't have kissed you
Nor give you that warm hug
You always crave for.

It's so risk hanging out with you.
Our bodies want to
But our spirits can't.

We are not meant to be together.
You belong to someone else
Let's end this silly drama we've been playing.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Fear

In the midst of the ocean
A strong tide rises and shakes the ship
Everybody in this big boat was frightened
By the height of the tides.
They cried on top of their voices
Hoping to find an answer next.

Their brains froze to death
And their deepest hearts pieced with fear.
The propellers stopped,
The shaft broken and the blades torn.
It started sinking on the other side.

Lost in the sea of confusion
And caught up in it's whirlwind
Suppressed by the tides
Manipulated by the waters.
Moving, moving, moving with a song in
The strong winds in the branches of the ocean.

It became dark in the midst of the waters
All the lit candles now dead.
Somebody then said;
"I have a key
So I'll open the door and walk in
It is dark and I'll walk in.
It's darker but I'll walk in,

To the power room and switch on the lights again."

A ship now flying in unknown colours
Is heading for the island
Although people said
It will not attend to their sorrows
Nor will it console their children
Or help them in any other way

Because their hearts were
Already filled with fear.

Fear to die in the cold waters
Of the sea though some died.
Fear to loose their treasures to the mermaids.

Martin Greyford

W.I.F.E

Without a wife;

There won't be:

W - worship

I - intimacy

F - fellowship

E - entertainment / encouragement

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Dear Martha

You were on the face of the earth
A golden flower that everyone looked up to.
You brought laughter, peace, joy and happiness
To those that were close to you.
You knew him to comfort people
With the sweetness of your scented aroma.

You were the light that shone brightly
In people's lives that loved and cherished you.
You were the candle to somebody
Shining bright and chasing darkness away
In the corners of the house.
You made the blind to see the ray of light

Inside their darkened eyes.
You made the deaf to hear
Your songs of love that made them merry.
You knew how to make people laugh
When you were with them.

But today that light has faded.
It has allowed darkness to crawl in
People's lives once again.
The blind don't know how sweet it is to see.
The deaf how melodious it is to hear somebody sing.
That wax candle has melted.

Everybody is left with a memory of you only.
Mourning bitterly wishing you could come back
To life another round and make them happy
With your unceasing jokes.
Your death has called people from
Different directions crying that you're gone.

They don't know what will happen next
Only waiting for the day they take
You to the garden of love where
Small and big houses are surrounded
With flowers and posts indicating the owner

Of that beautiful house with different flowers.

Where people wear the same attire
Putting on all black and maybe some
Minor white on the robes of priests
As if they are Dracula vampires.
A very quiet place where you won't have
Time to speak to your neighbours

But only you alone.
Your death is so untimely and unexpected
But we can't do anything
Your time came and the king
Decided to take you away from us
Which is still painful and hard to copy.

Your sister Rebecca is left alone
With no one to talk to or share secrets with.
She's all alone now in this whole world.
It has become really huge and very empty for her.
I wish you could see my mom in her distress.
In the agonising pain she's in right now.

Dear Martha,
Hope you're in the safe hands of the Almighty King.
The one that gives and takes away.
You have left a very big gap in the family.
No one will ever fill that space
You were unique.

As a family
We will dearly miss you
Until we meet again on the other side,
The garden of love filled with spacious
And luxurious houses and mansions.
We'll miss everything about you.

Yours sincerely beloved
Your son
Martin Greyford Phiri.

Demise Of The Golden Flower

Once upon a time;
There was a beautiful flower
In the courts of a certain kingdom.
This flower was placed in the middle of the kingdom
And everyone had the chance and time
To see this beautiful flower.

It attracted many people
As they glanced at it peacefully.
A number of them admired it
And wished it was in their homes
But they couldn't have the time to get it.
They could only see it from a distance.

At some point;
The king decided to take
The flower and place it in his chambers,
In his palace so that only elders
And some superiors could have time to look at it.
He took from it from the face of all people.

The disappearance of the flower
Grieved many people and left others crying.
They could not understand why it had to be
Taken to the palace for it was still beautiful
Young and fresh even after so many years
It did spend on the sun.

It was no more,
It died leaving many weeping
Mourning uncontrollably for they loved it so much.
It gave them joy because of its sweet fragrance.
But today
The king has taken it into his bosom.

Martin Greyford

Am I The Only One At Fault?

I don't know what really happened
But it's very saddening to hear that
Our relationship is falling apart,
It's breaking, never to be mended again
Like a broken glass bottle
After that intense argument we had last night.
We all were mad at each other
To the extent that I felt like
Laying my hands on you.

I never said sorry, so did you
But after everything you blamed me.
You said I caused that arrogant fight.
Did I really start that fight or you did?
If you didn't accept my proposal
Would you have been fighting with me still?
And if you didn't meet me
Who would you be arguing with?
Am I the only one at fault here?
Why put the blame on me
When we both contributed to that fight!

If you weren't rude at me last night
I wouldn't have been harsh on you as well.
You were trying to compete with me
In every word I said
Without realizing that we are hurting ourselves.

Martin Greyford

Life

Life is a mystery that one can't understand.
A puzzle that one can't solve alone
Unless aided by someone
Or by his faith in what he believes in.
Life at times becomes hard and harder
When the family you are born in has nothing
To sustain you for ages.
They don't have a penny to keep their lives
Going forward in all cycles of life.

Some are born in the families
Where they have all things
That one may need to have;
Luxurious house, fancy cars and clothes
And almost everything.

Don't you worry.
No matter how dark your life is
There is always a brighter part of it.
You may lack today,
Believe in yourself that you will have tomorrow.

When it's dark, look at the stars
Try to count the brightest ones if you can,
The one that attracts you represents your victory.
Each and every person has a star that symbolizes
His wealth in the entire universe
Yours is the brightest of them all.

Martin Greyford

Our Song

Whence we start from?
Whence we met and
What really happened for us
To be together here today?

How did we manage
When relationships are failing,
Marriages are breaking maybe
After a court ruling and the like.

What has kept us
Standing tall on top of
The highest mountains and peaks?
We've heard a lot of different rumors about us,

But we don't pay attention to them.
It's not that we are strong, no!
We just respect and understand each other well.
That's the only medicine for a lasting relationship.

Many have tried to put asunder
By their sarcaistical words
But I and my darling
Believe in our love and know

That love is between two people
And the third one is a destroyer.
We know what we want from our relationship
And the outcome of it.

Martin Greyford

A Walk To Freedom

Imprisonment, imprisonment, imprisonment!
Is a word that I am familiar with
In this world of injustice.

It was a long a year ago
When I was imprisoned on a crime
I didn't even commit.
I was in chains
In a dark tall building
With a little ray of light
Emanating from the far corner of the room.

I was in there for several days, years
Thinking of what's happening behind my back
On the outside world of light.
Each and every day spent in there
Was like torture in hell.
No food for a day or a sip of clean water.
I was starving to death in that prison.

My body became weak at some point
And I got thin as if I was on a special diet.
My hair was now like a rug doormat
Weird and very untidy.
My body smelling like an old full pit latrine toilet.
The odour I never smelled before.
I almost collapsed from the scent of my own body.

I met people in there who had
Been there for years and they seemed happy
With the life they were living in prison.
I tried to copy out but failed.
The only thing I did was making friends
Who hated that place like I did.
A prayed that somebody would come to my rescue.

My days of sentencing just started and
I was sad inside of me for I'll
Have to endure the pain of having

The rug like hair and sleeping on
The floor to eternity making my ribs hurt
Whenever I try to stretch myself normally
Or trying to do some kegel exercises.

Somebody finally came to rescue me in prison.
They just discovered that I was innocent.
They dragged me to court for case hearings
And it was a long process but inside of me
I knew it was a walk to freedom.
After several appearances at court
They finally released me after pleading not guilty.

A moment of gratitude and gladness for me
To smell the sweet scent of fresh air and roses
Having a good time to bath normally and sleep
Peacefully at night without having to quarrel with inmates.
I was happy being me again, dancing any song
That was played on the streets, for I knew it was
My day of freedom,
A walk to freedom, alas!

Martin Greyford

A New Kind Of Proposal

I won't bring you flowers
For I am not a romantic person
But I'll be there to make you happy
As long as I live for my love is real.

A flower withers and dies at some point
An artificial one melts when heated. And dies in fire when burned
And it becomes useless.

I am sentimental but don't be judgmental
For I will bring myself to you,
I'll be the gift that you would want
To receive every day when you see me.

There are so many stars in the sky
But only one moon in the dark sky.
There are many girls in the world
But only you my heart has chosen.

I'm not so good with promises
And I believe they are meant to be broken
But as long as I live I'll
Always be there for you when you need me.

You are my perfect rose in the garden
Of different types of roses.
You are the brightest star in my life
Be my girl and I'll cherish you for life.

Martin Greyford

Her Breasts

O! My beloved!
To me you are a diamond in the sky.
You have employed my mind to be
Thinking of you everyday like I do
Gaze at the stars at night.

Your body language
Communicates something to me
That no one has ever said or done.
You're so unique.

Your breasts keeps me wanting
More and more of you everyday and
I know it ain't wrong after-all
Dancing to the sound of making love.

Those two firm and strong boobs
Like the twin towers of China.
Everytime I look at them
I feel like I'm already on top of the mountain.

Let me feel them.
Let me caress them gently.
Let me numb myself in that space
Left between your super soft breasts.
May I be satisfied with them
That I may not going and look for others out there.

Martin Greyford

Kiss Of Surprise

A lady was sitting on the porch of their house
Contemplating so hard on the meaning of life,
Her ears were as good as deaf at that moment and
Her eyes blind to the pulse of thinking hard.

It's like she was dreaming;
But in the actual sense she was not.
A man came to her and starred at her glancifully
Without saying anything to her in the first minute.
She thought in her mind;
The angel of God has appeared to her
She opened up her large eyes so wide
So as to see that man clearly.

The man approached the lady and said hi.
She replied with a nervous answer for the
Way he greeted her it was so informal.
She wondered who that man was!

Minutes passed, hours and then almost a day
For them as they poured out their spirits to
One another and its like they have known
Each other for ages rather just a day.

They spent the entire day talking about themselves
Without feeling hungry or tired.
It was what nature had prepared for them
Love that has never been felt before on the first day.

Darkness crawled around them
They switched on the lights and the full
Moon shown so bright over them
As they sat on the lawn outside the house.

The breeze was so blissful
That they felt like it was right for them
To go on to another level of their first meeting.
Their inner spirits longed for each other,

Till at last the man reached out to the lady
And said, 'Will you marry me? '
The lady mesmerized and amazed
With what he said and how he said that phrase

Got her turned on and she never hesitated
In replying; 'Yes I will! ' for she felt he was
The one meant for her and that he's
The one God had sent to end her misery.

Martin Greyford

Genesis

It all started from the very nothing of everything.
It was just after God placed everything in order
Then he made humans to dwell in the paradise
We never thought that we would all exist.

Later wards after church service
Where I was invited to go and minister in praise and worship
I saw this young lady in a white dress
She was splendor in all her looks.

I never talked to her that very day
For our love was formless and void. But our spirits were hovering on top of
Our breaths as we glanced at each other

I approached her and said hello
That was when the darkness was lifted off
Our shoulders as the light shown so bright
It was really our first day of our our story.

Then they had a Bible study in the mid week
I went to see how they were doing rather I was
Given an opportunity to teach and that
Was the second day of our story.

As I created an atmosphere of attraction for her
To draw nigh to me separating the waters and
The heavens of our love.
Her grin on her sweet lips proved it all.

We knocked off from church one Sunday
Never had time to talk to her but
As she was leaving she waved at me goodbye
And the dry lands appeared.

Days passed, she gave me her number and
We started communicating allowing
The dry lands to bring forth grass and yield fruits
Of different kinds and that was our third day.

We created an environment of light to each other
That shown so bright and it never set on us
As we got connected on social media making it
More glamorous for us and it was the fourth day..

I took her out for a date and proposed to
Her that very day and she hesitated replying.
As we waited on be fruitful and multiply.
I was patient to her late response and it was our fifth day.

Two days after my proposal she called and
Said she has accepted me to be her boyfriend.
I was joyous inside of me, I felt the
Light shining so bright like never before.

I felt a soft hand touching my heart and
Thanked the Man Upstairs for making it possible
For me to be with her, I was glad
And that made it the sixth day, still waiting

For the seventh day when we'll rest and that is our marriage.

Martin Greyford

The Dark Night

Its getting cold and lonelier in
This dark room.
It's like am being thrown in a
Bottomless abyss where demons abide.
It's really heavy in here
With no light at all.
It's all dark.

Don't know if I'll wake up tomorrow or not
But I'd rather not wake up
For I don't want to witness something
That will leave me heartbroken for life,
To see her being taken into the hands
Of another man which will bring about death.
She was the love of my life.

But today fate has given her
To another man who she'll be with
For the rest of her life.
She has left me in the dark corner
Of this small room with no hope for tomorrow.
In this dark night I'm alone.
The light has faded.

It's never dawning in here.

You were the light that shown so bright in my life.
You were the one who made me to see clearly.
The one that helped me to work in the daylight
But today that light is off
It has stopped everything in me.

It has shattered every machine in me
I'm all alone now in the dark night of eternity.

Martin Greyford

Contemplating

I think about you in every moment and every image of you hurts me horribly. I want to feel every thought, every whisper you say in the deep silence of the eternity of your soul. To be able to cry in me, beside you, beside me in you, to be able to understand why our hearts beat, why we live among moments and not among eternities as if it were different.

To be able to understand every smile which breaks in me just like a wave, which finally breaks against the cliff of my eternity through the blood of my ancestors as my misdeeds break in your eternity and that of your ancestors.

And they want to tell you how much I love you, how much I adore you in this vain world.

I know we will never be able to look in the eyes, but only in the hearts.

I know they beat against the infinite precisely because they beat even though we both want the infinite and its truth. Any beat opposes the infinite because it measures an infinity, even if it is finite.

Martin Greyford

Woman Is Power - 2

We disregard women
Thinking they can not do anything
Better than men in so many ways,
But honestly speaking,
I've read about women
Who had a great influence in
Different communities and I've seen
A number of them in my community
Doing more than what men could do.
Woman is power.

Deborah in the bible
Was a woman of great importance
In all of Israel at that time.
People didn't really care if she
Was a woman or not,
They only cared of what she was doing for them.
She was a prophetess,
A wife of somebody and
A judge for the whole city of Israel.
Woman is power.

Why do we mistreat women knowing
They were also created in the image
And likeness of God?
Why do we refuse services rendered by a woman
When we know that she's capable of doing what she's doing?
Why do we always neglect them?
Are we afraid that they'll surpass us men?
A woman also can be anything just like we men.
She can be a pastor, teacher, etc.
If Deborah led Israel to victory, even our women of today can do the same.

Women have the power of life
Within their bodies which makes them more powerful.
The life inside them comes outside when fertilised after a period of time.
A woman is everything in this world.
God knew if a man was just
Left like that in the garden of Eden,

There wouldn't have been this world
We are seeing today with so many people in it.
A woman is a helper of everything.
Woman is power.

We shouldn't intimidate a woman
Because she was deceived first.
God forgave her thus she was given power
To do what God wants her to do
In spite knowing she's a weak vessel.
Through your support she'll be strong
Even when she stands to deliver God's message,
She'll do it with power and whole heartedly
Knowing you are backing her up like Deborah was backed.
Let's support women for change, for women is power.

Martin Greyford

In Her Touch

Soft and tender,
Hands like silk she gently massages me.
Deep I fall asleep on her lips
As I pay close attention to the
Emotional sensational touch of her
Pure and lovely hands.

I start imagining how
Wonderful it'll be when we create
Our own paradise when we
Finally tie the knot together,
In front of the whole congregation
Waiting for us to say "I do";.

In her touch,
I feel like I can be in that
That state forever without having a time
To think about orgasm but
Rather be in the climax,
The point of no return.

She's the only one who knows
How to gently touch me
And she's the best I've ever known.
The girl of my dreams
The woman who loves me whole heartedly.
The best massager ever.

Martin Greyford

Dreams!

I close my eyes and I can see
The world that's waiting for me
That I can call my own.
Through the dark, through the door and
Through where no one's been before
But it feels like home.

They can say it all sounds crazy,
They can say I've lost my mind,
I don't care, so call me crazy.
We can live a world that we design,

'Cause every night I lie in bed
The brightest colors fill my head.
A million dreams are keeping me awake,
I think of what the world could be.
A vision of one I see.
A million dreams is all it's gonna take.
A million dreams for the world we're going to make.

Martin Greyford

Queen Of My Heart

Your throne is erected high above my heart.
You stand tall like a tower of Babel.
Your beauty makes me bow down
Like Muslims and worship you.

You are the alpha of my life and
You are the omega of my heart,
The foundation for my concept of love.
When I think of what a beautiful

Kind hearted loving woman you are.
You will never fully understand
How deep my heart feels for you.
You bring me to a climax without sex

And you do it with real grace.
You are my heart in human form,
My best everything I can never replace.
You are the queen of my heart.

Martin Greyford

You Are Breaking My Heart

Sometimes your words don't really
Match with your actions you give
When you say I have forgiven you.
You can say you love me and that
I am your perfect crush.
You can swear you mean it
But that isn't good enough for
You don't understand the pain of missing you.

You don't really forgive but
Aim at punishing me emotionally and indirectly,
Although you pretend to be alright,
When you are not and that can be seen
In your words and actions
But if you want to break my heart
Just be break it and don't hesitate,
For you are already breaking my heart.

I know you want to move on
But you are afraid of breaking my soul
With those two words "it's over";
Never mind my heart is already broken
And the I try to forget about you
The more it pains, hurt and haunts me.
If at all you truly love me and you mean it
Then have mercy on my poor soul.

Martin Greyford

Zeal

I've always wanted to do something
Great in my life and it has always
Been my dream to achieve a goal.
Many people tried to bring me down
When I said I'll be a poet and author.
They said ill of me and told me to quit
But I know for sure that quitting is
For losers not people who are ambitious.

I pursued that dream for wanting
To write more than hundred poems.
I didn't follow their negative aspects
Towards my dream and my life, my goal.
I was zealous that I'll do it one day.
I persevered in the midst of thorns.
I came out alive although bruised by
Those sharp pointy thorns in the bushes

When I came out,
Those who were devaluing my work
Celebrated me although I was at
The far end of the race, they celebrated me
For not quitting, not giving up on my dreams.
I endured the pain of being laughed at,
Being looked at with scornful eyes
But that didn't bother me.

I knew one day I'll reach there.
I'll write more than I dreamed of
My zeal helped me overcome the trials
And tribulations I passed through,
Though I'm yet to pass in several more
But one thing I know for sure
Is that your zeal towards your work will
Help you if you stay focused.

I'll be great in my city,
In my country Zambia,
My beautiful continent Africa and

Even to the depth of the whole world.
They shall hear of me and my works.
They'll celebrate my pen and
Urge me to continue writing more and
More of the stories and poems I write.

I won't give up and I won't give in
Till I reach the end and I'll start again,
Yes! I won't leave, I want to try everything,
Try everything even though I could fail
And I'll keep on making the same mistakes,
Making them everyday and learn from them.
The words of a certain singer that inspires and
Encourages me everyday to continue pursuing my dream.

Martin Greyford

Just To Hear You Say You Love Me

I'd climb the mountains to get
All the stars for you and
Bring the moon at your table,
Catch all the fireflies
So that they light up your world.

I'd go to the farthest point
Of the sea and bring you the whale.
I'd swim across crocodiles and
Deadliest white sharks to the bottom of
The deep sea and bring you the pearls.

I'd kill the strongest elephant
And get its tusk for you.
Kill the fiercest rhinoceros to bring you the ivory
So you keep for yourself in your treasure
Just to hear you say that you love me.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Please Forgive Me

What I did was repulsive I know
And I didn't mean to hurt you
In any other way but please
For the sake of our relationship
And our unborn kids forgive me.

Forgive me all the wrongs I did
To you knowingly and unknowingly.
To error is human but to forgive is divine.
So please my love forgive me.
I'm really sorry.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Xenophobia

In the universe
It's only in Africa where we hear
Of fellow brothers and sisters
Maltreating their fellow siblings
Because they don't speak the same language.

They kill each other, burning their colleagues
Without mercy and they celebrate
What they have done as if it does make
Sense without them knowing they are
Destroying themselves and thus reducing themselves in number.

Brothers and sisters,
We may belong to different nations
But when we meet as black people
We are a family born in our beautiful
Land and continent called Africa.
Let's stop the habit of killing
Each other because he's not of our land.
Every African brother is our brother and father.
Every African sister is our sister and mother.
Let's take Africa on top of the world because of love.

Let's not be wicked that
We offer ourselves to the gods of the earth
By sacrificing our friend's lives on fire.
We are one people and one family.
Africa, united we stand divided we fall.

Martin Greyford

Your Love

I behave strangely whenever I'm with you,
Of which I know you get irritated
And at times you wish you hadn't met me.
I'm not crazy or mentally disturbed.
I'm very much ok in mind,
Without any mental problem at all.

The other time we met I acted more foolishly
And you said "I wish there was a mental asylum near by";
Don't think of taking me there
I'm very much ok in mind
Without any mental problem at all.

Your presence just does something to me.
Whenever I'm with you I start
Feeling shaky all of the sudden,
Unable to speak normally but
I'm very much ok in mind
Without any mental problem at all.

It's your love dear
That just does something to me.
It's because of you that I behave awkwardly.
It's not that I want to do it,
Even when I try to control myself but
Whenever I see you I find myself doing it.

Martin Greyford

Quench My Thirsty

I've trailed the dust roads
For quite a long distance and my
Throat is longing for a sip of
Cold refreshing glass of water to make me feel good.

I don't know what has made me to
Trail such a long distance
But I know for sure I'm going somewhere
And I'm going to see somebody.

But time is not with me
I have to reach where I'm going on time
And have a splendid time with the person
I'm going to see, my lover.

My throat is itching,
I don't know where I get a sip
Somebody quench my thirsty.
No! Not anybody else but my lover.

Quench my thirst throat
That I reach there on time.
I'm dying to see you and
I'm on my way but this thirsty is killing me.

Martin Greyford

Amanda

Beauty always has its own language
Of attraction everywhere you go.
Beauty has its own special songs
It does sing to anyone.
It could be an attraction of a place
That got your heart when you visited it
Or it could be a person who stole your
Heart because of her beauty when you first saw her.

Well, as for me it's another story
It's not a place that stole my heart
With its mesmerizing beauty,
It's not a view of rock mountains
Or the beautiful sound of waterfalls,
It's a person that stole my heart.
A girl may be not paid attention to
By many boys in my society,

But her beauty is kinda strange.
She doesn't apply makeup but
She was born naturally beautiful with it.
No need of lipstick for her lips
Are already painted by the hand of God
When He created her.
Beauty always has its own
Kind of music it plays.

Amanda,
Is her name.
The girl who took my attention
In a glimpse and blink of an eye.
I don't know how it happened
But it turned out I was following
Her behind like I was sleep walking,
She turned around and waved at me.

Even though she didn't say a word
But my heart felt the joy and
I knew she was interested in me too.

We met the other day,
She said hello,
Her voice was so sweet.
Soft and tender
Like the skin of a newly born baby.

Amanda,
The woman who took my heart.
Thank God I approached her
And we are still together even to date.
The songs of beauty can never be understood
By those who don't seek love,
But as for me I sought love and found
It in the beauty of Amanda.

Martin Greyford

Every Child Is Special.

A child is a blessing from God
In spite the way he was brought in,
Either a legitimate one or illegitimate,
God loves that child and He has
Given you that child for a purpose.

Many people tend to neglect their children
Because they have been born with disabilities.
They reject their children
Because the child doesn't have limbs,
But every child is special.

Despite the child having limbs,
He is still special,
Despite the child being unable to walk,
Unable to do all sorts of things
A normal child does,

He is still special.
It doesn't matter if the child does not have legs,
Everytime he's on a wheelchair,
May be you have to move him to and fro,
He is still a special child.

Let's take care of our childrens
Even when they have difficulties
In one or two ways.
Every child is special to the society and
Especially to the family he is born in.

Martin Greyford

Woman Is Power

A woman is the strongest being ever
In this whole universe we are living in.
Although many consider women to be inferior
Because of their sex,
Everything a woman does signifies
Her importance in every society.

Woman is power, life and victory.
A woman carries life inside of her
For about nine months in order for her to
Increase God's own creation.

Men are superior quite alright
But a woman is more superior
In the sense that she has to struggle
A lot to bring forth her offsprings.
She endures the pain to see her
Fruit of her womb.

She takes care of the baby
Till the baby is of age,
But she never stops caring for the child.
Woman is power.

Let's support a woman through out.
Let's help them reach their goals.
We shouldn't intimidate them.
They are so powerful in everything.
Woman is power, everywhere.

Martin Greyford

Remember Me

Sometimes it's hard to think
And see myself that I'm going to die
One of these coming days.
I have done only part of
What i'm supposed to do
On this beautiful earth.

I know I have also done a lot
Of evil things and I'm yet
To make more mistakes in my walk of life.
I'm human and I'm not perfect.
I make mistakes everyday
But please do remember me.

It doesn't give me
Much depression thinking about my death
As we all know for sure that
It is destined for a man
To live once and die once,
And I'll leave the earth.

I don't even really know
Where I'll be when I die.
Either in hell or in heaven
But please when I'm gone
Do remember me
For everything I have done.

Martin Greyford

Don't Lose Yourself!

Some people are very crazy in mind
By always wanting others to fit in their class,
But you shouldn't let their corrupt minds
Ruin everything on how you think
About yourself everyday in every
Society you are in.

I might not be the smartest person
But I'm very smart for the heart
That is meant to love me.
I may not be handsome
But I'm very handsome for the heart
That is meant to love me.

People say I'm shy and I'm not so good
But I'm always the best for the heart
That is meant to love me.
See! Don't let anyone devalue you.
You're beautiful because that's how you see yourself.
You're handsome because of how you value yourself.

Don't lose yourself to fit somebody's class.
You may be too black, white or coloured
But for the heart that is meant to love you,
You are the best always.
People see the opposite of what your suitor sees.
They'll criticize you because of the state you're in.

But don't lose yourself because of what they say.
You are too beautiful and too handsome
For the heart that is meant to love you.
You are too smart and you are the best
For the heart that is meant to love you.
Don't lose yourself.

They see an ugly face in you
They see a grumpy face in you
But they don't know that somebody out there
Loves you the way you are.

They see the best in you always because they are meant to love you.
So don't lose yourself because of what they say.

Martin Greyford

The Crusade

The crusade has finally come back
To our land to free us all
Of all the chains of misery
The poverty for the grace of God,
The burden of being forgiven our sins,
It has come on a rightful time
When all people need to hear
The message of the true gospel
On the salvation of humans
Through their faith in Christ.

The crusade,
A time in a while when the indigenous people
Of the far remote areas have
Time and access to hear about God,
The creator of all things,
The giver of life and
The redeemer of lives from darkness.
What an awesome time,
That everyone should know about their creator - God
The one who dwells in the utmost of heaven.

Let us all therefore go at once
To this crusade we hear more about His Grace.
Everyone is allowed to come,
Either children, youths, adults and the elderly
Are all free to attend without restrictions
Like other events such as the kitchen parties
Where they only allow women.
But this crusade is for all.
Anyone who wants to know God and hear about
His mercies upon our lives are welcome.

Martin Greyford

Crying Eyes!

Look at me now
And see what you have done to me.
I was one of the person you loved the most
But today marks the beginning of your life
In a different world and place.
We were together way back
But unfortunately I couldn't be the guy
You desired the most,
Couldn't be the person you wished to have

,
Sorry I failed to be responsible for you,
It's like I was not serious with you,
It's the only word I can say now.

Just turn back and look at me
For the last time of your life.
We sang together,
We did all that perfect duet together,
We wrote songs and composed poems together.
We co-wrote that novel -vision of love- together.
But today you are in the hands of another man,
The one your heart has approved,
The one your family has accepted.
So what will become of me now?
I don't know where to go; or
What to do next for my ego is shattered.

My eyes are filled with tears
Due to the pain of losing you!
Just turn around and see my crying eyes
Maybe you will give me a second chance,
Oh yes, maybe you will feel pit forme.
Infact I'm not crying but
Shedding tears of loss
I've been a fool for not putting in
Much efforts on you.
Little did I know that one day
I'll be left alone with memories only.
Pictures of you and us together will be burnt.

It's really sad,
Heart breaking,
Devastating and
Depressing seeing you go just like that
Without you saying a proper goodbye.
How I wish you had time to see me
In this deteriorating state I'm in now.
I'm rotting with pain inside of me,
It's more like I'm in jail given a lethal injection,
To kill me slowly while they are waiting
To bury my body the following day.
You have given my crying eyes a lethal injection.

Martin Greyford

Who Will Be Your Husband?

The pain of thinking who you are going
To marry in the next future breaks my heart.
We've be'en together for almost years now
But I don't know if we will be together
The following day of tomorrow in the next future.

Been wondering and contemplating
How life will be awesome if we turn
This dating relationship into marriage,
The fun we enjoy now will be
Most enjoyable if we stay together again tomorrow.

Life has so many things to offer
Life has so many things to offer
But I'll appreciate it if
It gives you to me as my beloved wife
In the next future of tomorrow.
I don't have to look for someone else again.

You are my all in all and
You are all that I need now,
The one my heart beats for,
Truly you're irreplaceable and
There is none like you.

Martin Greyford

The Feeling Of You

I saw you walking in the room
With a hint of a smile forming on your lips.
Your eyes drawing me to you.
I was filled with the most incredible feeling of love.
I started thinking how much you mean to me.
You are special.
You are one in a million.
I realize just how important you are to me.

Sometimes it feels like we just met today
And other times again
It feels like now,
That magical moment and
What's most magical to me is
That we've never been apart.
Even when you are away,
You're still part of me in my thoughts
And I'll always remember that day we met.

It was truly the beginning our relationship,
I'll never forget that beautiful day,
The way you laughed and
Pulled the lapel of your jacket.
How you did it with mischievous laughter
When I teased you larger than life on that day.
You are still everything I've ever dreamed of.
I'm so glad that we love each other
This is not an ordinary love.
I love the way you sometimes whisper
With secret excitement when you have a point to make.

I hear notes creeping into your voice
How you make them bubble over with happiness.
Your senses makes me feel rich.
Your words to a very special place.
Where only the love is bright,
I never get tired of listening to you
You walk the most extra ordinary wonderful surprise,
And try as I might.

Second-guess what you are going to shine,
And gently touch my face,
How special am I to you.
I feel like I'm only above us
I always fall asleep and imagine
Of what the next day holds for us,
You are always there,
It's like we are of the night dream,
To discover our love,
Our journey is one.
It inspires me,
Makes me feel that it is possible.

I never need to question it;
You are absolutely irreplaceable.
The very best of it - love.

Martin Greyford

The Trail We Blaze

We were young when we first met
And now we're grown up people and we're
Still enjoying the warmth of the sun together.
We quarrel, we fight but
We have not stopped loving each other
Because of the trail we blaze.

We are like tourists in the forest
Looking for a way where there
Seems to be no way,
In a bush covered with thick
Shrubby trees and grass and tall trees
But they still look for a way in.

At times life becomes hard
With no hope at all for tomorrow
But we still know we'll reach there
Because of the trail we blaze.
We understand each other better.
We love each other better than anyone.

It's not that we want to
But because we feel the need
To be together through out
Like mountain campers who stick together
When they go hiking.
We together blaze the trail of love.

Martin Greyford

My Mother!

People always have a lot to say
About other children's parents
Without them knowing the struggles they
Have been through for them to raise that
One child they have.

Any woman goes through that pain
But before that we see women
Becoming rounder and wider
And after that they become
Prettier and happy the rest of their lives.

You might have seen my mother,
She's not the best to everyone
But to me she's the very best of all
Because of the efforts she took to carry
Me inside of her for nine good months.

It's not an easy thing to do
But she took it all on herself,
The pain she endured, the struggles and the ugly face
She showed to deliver me made
Her a happy person ever after I was born.

And I'm even sure the doctors and nurses (midwives)
Congratulated her for what she did,
Others even shed tears because
It's not easy for one to do so.
Others die in the process of delivering.

But thank God my mother made it,
I was brought alive in the outside world,
After being kept in for nine good months.
She was happy and she gave me a name
That made her proud whenever I was called.

Well, you may have seen her on the streets
Selling vegetables and fruits,
You maybe have seen her putting on

Rugs and very dirty clothes,
She didn't apply the good scented lotion,

To make her look bright and smell good,
And maybe you have said to her,
"This woman is nasty and she looks disgusting"
I forgive you, she's not the best to you
But to me she's my everything.

She may not be expensive,
She may not put on a classy code
But she looks presentable and respective to me.
She's my mother despite her having
All the things one might need and want.

You were my mother at birth,
You are my mother in my adolescent stage
And you will be my mother in the next stage of my life.
Wherever you are just know that I love you.
My Mother Rebecca Banda I heart you my world.

Martin Greyford

God Rested!

I have created everything
That is visible and invisible on this
Earth and in Heaven above.
I created trees, birds, and all
Sorts of animals of land, sea, and air.
But that didn't satisfy me.

I said to my son Jesus
And the Holy Spirit
"Let us create man in our
Image and in our likeness"
And there we formed man
Out of the dust of the ground.

We gave him authority over
Everything that is on the earth
And that of the air.
And I rested after creating him
For I knew he would continue with my creation
Thus he managed to name everything on land and air.

I rested because he was created
In our image and likeness,
He carried our DNA with him
Thus having a God nature in him.
He was more like God on earth
Ruling everything on earth and I rested.

Martin Greyford

Uncredited Love

Living in my isolation
Trying to figure out what
I did wrong for you to pass me by,
The first day I saw you and
The first time I saw you
I fall in love with you.

I was heart broken,
Devastated inside of me
Seeing the person I love
Falling in love with somebody else.
I tried to forget you but I couldn't
For you had contaminated my mind

With every gesture you made
That first day you came.
Today you are close to me
And I'll not let this opportunity
Pass me by again like before,
I know people will talk

But I just want you to know
That my heart is filled with your love
I can't love somebody else except you,
Many came but I felt like I was
Cheating on you being close with them.
You loving others hasn't changed anything about me and my love for you.

Martin Greyford

A Life With Step Siblings.

God is really great.
I wonder how He does things miraculously.
I never knew I would be able to associate
With my step-siblings especially my step mum.

But with time that pain was relieved.
I began to love and have fun with them,
Though I hated them for no good reason
But God knew why He had to
Brought them in into my life.

Time with them is really
Enjoyable nowadays than before
And it wasn't easy for us to mingle,
We used to fight unnecessarily.
But nowadays we've turned punches into hugs.

Kicks to be our love for each other and
The head kick a kiss on the forehead.
It's really awesome spending time with them.
Blood siblings and step-siblings living in harmony.

Martin Greyford

Easter

The Lord Jesus Christ is remembered
On this special day.
But what impact does His death
Bring to us people called Christians?

Is Easter just a day that
We remember His agony and pain?
Or how badly He was tortured
On that heavy cross?

See to it children of God
That this is not just a day
But an agreement, a covenant
He made in the beginning.

It's not just a mere day
But a day that He descended
To the earth because of what
Happened in Genesis 1: 26,

When God said let's make man
In our image and likeness.
Jesus was also there.
Thus He came to the earth because of that.

Let us remember this day as a blessed day
When Christ made it for all of us.
He said it is finished and
That should be our word - Tetelestai.

Martin Greyford

Everywhere

Life is a mystery especially when
You are in a relationship with the girl
Of your dreams in reality.

In whatsoever things you'll be doing
You will be seeing her,
Everywhere you turn you see her,

It doesn't matter you are working,
Or maybe you at the farm,
Everywhere you go she's there.

Do you know why?
It's because you love her
And she loves you whole heartedly.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Just To See You Smile

Just to see you smile
Is one of my best wish ever
Since the day we started dating.
Sometimes I do things crazy
That you get irritated but
My wish is to see you smile.

At times I may not be
The reason behind your happiness
But it gives me peace to see you
Smiling at me inspite of what I do.
Happiness in a relationship gives
Both parties the comfort and peace of mind.

So smile while I'm still with you
For not all men are the same.
I might die today but it doesn't mean
The next person who will come
Into your life will be exactly like me,
I can be harsh today but I'm always loving.

Maybe tomorrow he can be gentle but not loving.
Well, you see, treasure the thing
That is in your hand at the moment
For we all don't know what tomorrow might bring.

Martin Greyford

My Village

The roads of my village are not so clear but
The beauty of the place is amazing,
The view of the mountains,
The hilly cliffs and
Some minor waterfalls
Will make want to stay there forever.

My village is located in the
Central province of my country Zambia,
The home to the beautiful kundalila falls,
The falls that people didn't pay attention to
But once you see the beauty of it and the wild flowers
You won't think of anything but stay there forever.

The houses are not so good,
Made of mud bricks with thatched roofs,
But that's not a problem.
The people of my village will treat you well
And you will think like you are at a villa.
So many things in my village attract visitors.

There are no game reserves but
The animals farmers keep
Add value and beauty to my village.
My village, a hilly place with beautiful views
On all sides, everywhere you turn.
My village and my district - Serenje.

Martin Greyford

My Friend Darlington

It was a long time ago,
When we first met in forth grade.
We were young and loved to play a lot.
Never concentrated on school things
But played a lot.

I have almost forgotten
How we became friends,
But he was there, then,
In front of me always,
Bright like - my dream.

And then the wall between us
Started falling down slowly,
Between me and him,
It was falling slowly, slowly,
Dimming, hiding from the light of friendship.

After passing from seventh grade,
We parted ways for two good solid years
And it was like he died,
The broken walls rose so rapidly
And so strong that I couldn't see the light

I lay down in the shadow,
No longer the light of friendship before me,
Above me.
Only the thick wall.
Only the shadow.

Although my friend didn't really die,
He just moved to another school
But it was like he died to me.
No where to be seen.
No communication between us.

My hands!
Help me to shatter this darkness,
To break through the wall.

To smash this wall in front of me and
To break this shadow into a thousand lights of friendship.

We all passed ninth grade to high school.
The wall that was separating us now broken.
The dawn of friendship started and never did it set again til today.

He was my friend,
He is still my friend and
He will always be my friend.
My friend and brother, Darlington.
You are at heart buddy.

Martin Greyford

Let Me Love You

I don't know what tomorrow
May bring in this walk of life,
The moment and time I have is now.
I'm scared, maybe tomorrow
You won't be able to see me alive
Instead let me love you now.

I don't know who will take
Over my place when I'm gone,
Who will be showering you with
All that love I had given you,
Who will be standing by your side
But let me love you now.

Someone will take over you
When I'm gone for good.
I don't know who will be
Kissing you like I used to,
Wiping off your tears when you cry
But let me love you now.

Let me enjoy your company
As if it is indeed my last day.
Let me kiss you in every kissable
Part of your beautiful body.
Let me be the one to make love with you.
Just let me love you now.

Martin Greyford

Eloping

BOY- The love I have for you
Has grown so strong and
All I think of is getting you as my wife,
But your parents will not allow
Me to marry you because of my status.
You are a princess of your
Father's and mother's palace.

GIRL - I'm scared,
I'm not scared of tomorrow but now.
The wind will carry them to me.
They know the fragrance of
The perfume I use.
No matter what they'll still follow me.
You're a prince of your father's palace.

BOY - Come take my hand
I can take you to tomorrow
You will be able to see the
Beautiful dawn of tomorrow
If only you allow me to take
You to my father's palace,
Where my abode will be yours as well.

GIRL - I LOVE YOU
Come let's go then
And enjoy ourselves in your land.
Where I will be happy with you forever.
No one will stand in my way
Not even the girls of your land.
Take my hand and let's go.

Martin Greyford

The Birth Of Jesus - Part 2

The time for our child to be delivered has come,
And we've wondered so far looking for a place
Where he can be born in.
All the inns are full with people and
This gentleman is saying only a manger is left, Mary.

Joseph, I have no option but take me there
For the child is willing to see the outside world,
And the pains am feeling are unbearable.
Take me to that same place
Maybe I can be relieved of this pain.

The place is horrible Mary, but we have no choice.
With animals surrounding us,
The smelly odour of their wastes,
But its a place we've found
And for a while this will be our home.

Joseph, look!
The child is so cute, adorable and admirable.
The child will call our first born - Emmanuel.
Thanks to the Lord God Almighty for allowing
His son to be born in a place like this.

And I believe the entire universe
And the heavenly creatures are
All celebrating his birth.
My son, our son
Emmanuel - God is with us.

Martin Greyford

The Birth Of Jesus - Part 1

MARY - How glad I am in this whole universe.
For I have been favoured among all
The beautiful women of my land,
By the Almighty God.
He sent His Angel to me
And told me that I am going
To have a son named Emmanuel
- God is with us.

I don't have to be afraid anymore.
For God is with me indeed,
For choosing me to be the one to bring forth
The Savior of our nations,
The redeemer of our sins,
The king of the Jews
The one who was there in the beginning - Emmanuel
- God is with us.

I believe this God who has favoured me
Will not disgrace me in front of my fiancee Joseph.
I know His gotta better ways of doing things.
I've only been believing and trusting Him,
I never knew he would come to me
In form of his angel.
When the angel spoke to me - God spoke to - Emmanuel
-God is with us.

JOSEPH - After I learnt that Mary was pregnant
I was furious and almost dropped the
Engagement.
How could she be pregnant for I have
Not met with her and she's engaged to me?
She's been cheating on me with other men
I said to myself in anger - but
Don't be afraid Joseph, take Mary to be your wife.

As I slept, the angel spoke to me in my dream
That she's filled with the holy spirit.
I didn't really believe in angels though I've

Heard about them but when he spoke to me
I believed and thought of taking Mary right away.
I thought of how embarrassed I'll be
After taking her when she's already pregnant - but
Don't be afraid Joseph, take Mary to be your wife.

JOSEPH and MARY - And this our child
We'll protect him through out
And provide all the necessary things he needs.
A gift from God above
Through his angels voices
Emmanuel - God is with us and
We won't be afraid but take each other as
Husband and Wife.

Martin Greyford

Another Chapter Of Life

The year has come to an end.
So many things have happened,
Somethings bad and others good,
But it's alright, that's how
Every chapter of a book is.

Every chapter of a book
Has ups and downs in its writings
And I'll probably say that's
How human life is in
Its day to day basis.

We are about to write
Our new chapter of life
Containing 365 pages,
But how are we going to write it?
Will it be romantic or sentimental?

We all know the pages of
Last year's life chapter by heart
But we don't really know
How this new chapter will begin.
Another chapter of life is about to start.

How should I start it?
A book that will attract others,
That will inspire many
Is the one I should write.
Alas! I'll start with - Happy New Year.

Martin Greyford

What Does It Take For A Man To Be Called A Man?

Been trying to figure out something on a man
But couldn't really find the absolute solution
Because every person has a different perspective
Thinking on a man with the things he does.

I've asked myself this negative question severally
But I don't really think there is
Positivity in my thoughts over the well-being
Of a man in every society.

What does it really take for a man to be called a man?
Could it be the number of races he has won?
Could it be the number of seas
And oceans he has crossed?

What does it take for a man to be called a man?
Could it be the number of mountain
Peaks he has climbed and reached their tops?
Or maybe the number of women he has dated?

I'm kinda confused.
Don't know which of the above opinions is true.
The people in my society do add more
Confusion to my already confused mind by saying;

A man is counted by the number of women
He has dated and slept with.
But I don't really believe that because
It's how they think and I guess

Their ideas, opinions and thinking might
Lead you into a deep ditch,
But what does it really take
For a man to be called a man?

Somebody out there help me.
I don't want to be in this dilemma.
I would really really appreciate if there would be
One to make me understand this question!

Martin Greyford

Outside Your Door

I don't really remember
Where exactly I first saw you
But you took my heart with you
The moment you passed me by.

It's been a couple of days
And been thinking if I could
Ever see you again in this world
Because my heart is with you.

Look! Girl,
At times we see people the very day
And get attracted to their beauty,
For infatuation do help at times
To meet the love of your life.

I'm outside your door,
Could you let me in
So that we explore the real love
Within our hidden hearts?

Martin Greyford

A Letter To Evelyn!

Dear Evelyn,
It's been four months now
Since the time you answered God's call.
I never knew what it felt like to lose someone
You love not until I lost you.
I could attend other funerals way back
But since the time you left me,
It has been hard for me to attend burials,
Not even church funerals.
It hurts me the most seeing people
Pay their last respects to their loved ones,
Cause I think of you lying in that brown casket
With your eyes closed and ears deaf.
Seeing others lower their loved ones in the grave
Reminds me of you, how they lowered you,
But don't worry Evelyn,
I'll be fine and I'll learn to cope without you.
It does hurt me for I only knew you
For days and for days you did leave me.
I believe you are okay where you are
And your three children are all okay.
Wish you had lived to see your grandchildren.
Rest in peace my dear Evelyn,
My sweet Aunty.

Martin Greyford

I'm Gonna Miss You

Time has come my dear
That we should part ways.
We've run a good race together,
We've done a lot together
But it is assigned to every relationship
That at one point we'll part ways.

You will be gone forever.
No where to see you again in this world,
A place for the living.
Only memories and pictures of you
Is what is left of me in this world.
The sound of your voice is gone with you.

Tears may dry today
But the pain of losing you
To the land of no return
Is quite unbearable my dear.
Just know that I'm gonna miss you
Till we meet again on the other side.

I'm gonna miss you,
In the way we talked,
In the way we walked together,
Made fun and laughed together.
I'm gonna miss you for real,
For you are irreplaceable.

Martin Greyford

Ex-Communication

I never thought people do chase each other
In their christian denominations when they
Have errant in one or two ways.
I once read a quote which said;
'We learn through mistakes'
And I thought, once we make mistakes
Help will be rendered to us as soon as possible
But I was wrong thinking it that way.

Ex-communication is the only help that is
There in churches nowadays when people error.
They won't look on what you have done good,
Successfully in that ministry or
The efforts you've put in them to succeed,
All that they'll look on at is that one mistake.
Ex-communication is the only solution given to
Wrong doers in ministries.

I remember being a very good young boy
Committed to every work of the church,
A boy that everyone praised and wished
That I was their son.
In the course of days, the pastor realized that
I had a very bad sarcaistical language,
He never helped me but probably preached me.
I became his sermon every Sunday service.

The preaching was not only provocative
But detrimental to me and those around me.
I confronted him and the only help that was
Given to me was ex-communication.
Ex-communicated from the church and
The services of the church.
Something that has hurt and shattered my ego in
My christianity life - ex-communication.

Martin Greyford

The Prodigal Son

It was many and many years ago
In a far country
Where a certain farmer resided.
He had two young sons
Who were very hard working and
Handsome in their unique way.

One day the younger son came
To his father and asked of his
Portion from his father's money.
The father didn't hesitate or asked
Him what he wanted it for but
Handed him the money and he was happy and left
For the neighboring countries.

The younger son became rich
In a foreign land.
He ordered the expensive wines and foods,
Slept in the most luxurious and costly suites.
He became the young boss of that foreign land.
Every girl admired and adored him because of money.

He forgot that the money was diminishing.
He squandered his money on women, wines and foods.
Alas! The money was finished.
All used on what he counted was life.
Nobody ever looked up to him,
He was left alone without anything.

He was starving to death.
After staying some days on the streets
Of that beautiful foreign land,
He found a work for himself of feeding swines.
He worked without being paid his allowances.
His stomach was empty.

After sitting down while
He fed himself with the food of the pigs,
He came back to his senses and thought of

Going back to his country and apologize to his father.
He didn't hesitate but started off to his homeland
With a shameful look on his face.

Back home, he was received hospitably
And there was a huge feast for him.
He apologized and the father forgave him.
I believe everyone else was happy to see him
Though he was stinking of swine's foods and wastes.
A new robe and a ring were given to him as a welcome sign.

Martin Greyford

Famous But Not Known

Living in a world of many people,
Doing all sorts of good stuffs that
Makes you known by other people
But in return you remain unknown.
Famous but not known.

Fame is my name but I don't
Know why I remain unknown to others.
Is it because I don't involve myself
So much into their programs?
Or is it because I'm young and the they don't
Want to look on to me?

I wonder, for I am famous
But yet not known to people.
For I have tried to involve other people
Into my programs but none showed interest
But when they need me to help them,
They'll always come and even call when I am asleep.

I am famous but not known.

Martin Greyford

A New Identity Of Me

So many things have happened
In the past when I was
That kind of a boy.
Many people thought there won't be a change
In me for I was addicted
To the desires of the flesh.
I was a person who cared for other
People's feelings welfare and well-being.
A person who never valued humanity.
All that mattered to me was being me.

All of the sudden
There was something good coming out of me.
I didn't know that I can associate with others
For I considered myself an outcast
And I had nothing else to do with
Other people for no other reasons
Except having my heart feel merry
By the the things I had and

I never cared for anybody's feelings
Only cared for my own body.

I don't know what really happened for me to
Change nor do I know what inspired me to change.
I've come to be a person who feels pity seeing
The disabled people suffering,
Something that has never happened to me before.
A person who now values humanity.
I'm another kind of a boy.
This is a new identity of me and
For truly I can say this is a new identity of me.

Martin Greyford

My Virginity Is My Pride

I grew up a shy kid
In a christian family and society,
But I was never told or taught
Of the cunning people of the outside world.

I grew up to teenagehood and
Met other people of the outside world.
I began living a life influenced by these people
I befriended in my adolescent stage.

I almost forgot my moral values
That I have been taught earlier.
I once said; some things of the world
Were so cosy, like the things we watched.

Things that contaminate the minds
And start controlling the whole body.
My friends and I visited a brothel,
Where they exchanged their money with women's bodies.

But I said my virginity is my pride.

I can't fight this feeling,
See I'm so tired of pretending,
Pretending things are normal when
My path really ain't the straightest.

I think I have been favoured among sinners.
Recalling on all that Amen I used to shout in church
And the sermons I listened and heard from the preacher-man
Made me say my virginity is my pride to my friends.

Martin Greyford

Stream Of Love!

Let us go then you and I
To the stream of love
Where love sprouts like a
Shoot from a dying tree.
Reviving itself again.
A place surrounded by beauty
In the banks of it.

A place that once you go
There, you wouldn't mind
Coming back home because of its green beauty.
Let us therefore go down and
Wash ourselves in the stream of love,
So that our impurities to be made pure.

No one goes to the stream of love
And comes back the same.
A place that changes people's inner thoughts,
A stream that mends broken relationships,
There is no age limit there.
All go there as long you are in love to cherish
And make a memory to one's love life.

Martin Greyford

I Am A Woman!

I AM A WOMAN!

So what?

I get into an argument
with a man, he slaps me,
I feel the pain, yet they
tell me I provoked him. I
should have been quiet, I
should have been patient.
I should apologize to him.

I get into an argument
with a man, I slap him,
they tell me I have no
respect, no home
training. I should have
been quiet, I should have
been patient. I should
apologize to him.

Because I am a woman, I
don't have a right to be
angry. So, the degree of
my innocence is directly
proportional to the
degree of my silence in
the face of oppression
and brutality.....

Because I am a woman,
my husband cheats on
me, I am told to tolerate it
to save my marriage. The
barbaric and stupid
excuse is that "it is in
their nature to cheat, I
should slim down, dress
better, cook better, pray

harder and be more
pleasant to him"

I cheat, and I am called a
whore, I have committed
an abomination, I have no
right to look elsewhere
for the love and
emotional support I lack
at home, I am an
irresponsible mother.

So I am sent packing,
from the home we both
built, with all my earthly
possessions stuffed into
a tiny box on my head. I
am henceforth forbidden
from seeing my two older
children, I'm lucky to be
allowed to go with my
little one still suckling on
my left breast.

Three years later, the little one
is tagged a bastard. Now,
my new name is "after-
three", because I am a
woman.

He is 28 and runs a
company. He's tagged
wonderful, hardworking,
focused, career oriented,
successful at a very
young age.

I am 28 and I run a
company "Hmmm....
she is not even married,
unserious, can not order
her priorities right, a
hustler, loves money, let
her go and get a husband
oh"

And I wonder if being successful has anything to do with a person's gender.

Because I am a woman, I am not allowed to have wits or be a prodigy, I cannot be financially buoyant, professionally successful or be treated with respect without a man beside me.

Then I am tagged a generous leg opener, "a runs girl". They never see the possibility that I actually had to go through ups and downs to get to where I am, because I am a woman.

A man loses his wife to death and remarries a year after, he did the right thing, he's being praised and congratulated for moving on, after all life is for the living.

A woman loses her husband to death and remarries after 4yrs, "aaah! so early? Are u sure she wasn't sleeping with that man even when her husband was alive? That was why she killed her husband. She's a witch! Because she's a woman.

Because I am a woman,

this post will be
considered controversial,
and everyone will try to
correct me. But don't
forget, that I am a woman
and it does not make me
less human!

Martin Greyford

Martin's Reply To Leah's Last Words!

I will do all you have said and I
Will make my soul an envelope for your soul,
And my heart a residence for your beauty and
My breast a grave for your sorrows.

I shall love you, Leah,
As the plateaus love the springs,
And I shall live in you
The life of a flower under the sun's rays.

I shall sing your name as the valley
Sings the echo of the bells of the village church,
I shall listen to the language of your soul
As the shore listens to the story of the waves.

I shall remember you as a stranger
Remembers his beloved country,
And as a dethroned king
Remembers the days of his glory,

And as the hungry man remembers a banquet,
And as a prisoner remembers the hours of ease and freedom.
I shall remember you as a sower remembers
The bundles of wheat on his threshing floor
And as a shepherd remembers the green
Plateaus and the sweet hills.

Martin Greyford

Leah's Last Words To Martin

My beloved,
What shall we do?
Shall we consider love a strange visitor
Who came in the evening and left us in the morning?
Or shall we suppose this affection a dream
That came in our sleep and departed when we awoke?

Shall we consider this week an hour of
Intoxication to be replaced by sorrow?
Open your lips and let me hear your voice.
Will you hear the whispering of my wings in the silence?
Will you remember me after this
Tempest has sunk the ship of our love?
Will you hear my spirit fluttering over you?
Will you listen to my sighs?
Will you see my shadows approach with
The shadows of dusk and disappear with the flush of dawn?
Tell me my beloved,
What will you be after having been a magical

Ray to my eyes,
Sweet song to my ears,
And wings to my soul?
What will you be?
I want you to remember me as
A poet loves his sorrowful thoughts.
I want you to remember me as a traveller
Remembers a calm pool in which his image was
Reflected as he drank its water.
I want you to remember me as a mother
Remembers her child that died before it saw the light,
And I want you to remember me as a merciful
King remembers a prisoner who
Died before his pardon reached him.
Very soon the truth will become ghostly and
The awakening will be like a dream.
Will a lover be satisfied embracing a ghost,

Or will a thirsty man quench his

Thirst from the spring of a dream?

No!

He won't!

I'll be dead within seconds leaving a big gap

Of love in your heart but I believe I did fill it all.

Martin Greyford

The Death Of Leah

Will the day ever come when beauty
And knowledge,
Ingenuity and virtue
And weakness of body and strength
Of spirit will be united in a woman?

I am one of those who believe that
Spiritual progress is a rule of human life,
But the approach to perfection is slow and painful.

Spring departed,
So did summer and autumn,
But my love for Leah increased day by day
Until it became a kind of mute worship,
The feeling that an orphan has
Towards the soul of his mother in heaven.

My yearning was converted to blind sorrow
That could see nothing but itself.
And the passion that drew tears from
My eyes was replaced by perplexity that
Sucked the blood from my heart.
And my sighs of affection became a constant prayer.

Why do I occupy these pages with words
About the betrays of poor nations instead
Of reserving all the space for the story of a
Miserable woman with a broken heart?

Why do I shed tears for oppressed people
Rather than keep all my tears for the memory
Of a weak woman whose life was
Snatched by the teeth of death?

Don't you believe that thwarted love which
Leads a woman to the grave is like
The despair which pervades the people of the earth?
A woman is to a nation as light is to a lamp.
Will out the light be dim if

The oil in the lamp is low?

Autumn passed.
And the wind blew the yellow
leaves from the trees,
Making way for winter,
Which came howling and crying.

At midnight Leah opened her tired eyes
For the last time and focused them on me.
She tried to speak,
But could not,
For death had already choked her voice,
But she finally managed to say;
'The night has passed...
Oh, Martin.. Oh.. Oh, Martin.'
Then she bent her head,
Her face turned white,
And I could see a smile on her lips
As she breathed her last.

I was lost in sorrow and revere for my love.
Days passed and nights preyed upon me as the
Eagle ravages its victim.
I froze to death as
I embraced her dead body.

Leah died,
Her soul was embraced by eternity,
And her body was returned to the earth.

Martin Greyford

The Hidden Utopia

Walking down the road
To a place unknown
To the outer world,
I heard a commotion
Behind my ears but
I didn't know where the noise was coming from.

I tried turning around
Maybe I could see where
The joyful sound of celebration
Was coming from.
But I saw nothing
Except hearing the sounds of celebration.

The sound was coming out so good.
In a good harmony of their voices.
But I was lost and was eager
To know what caused that harmonic celebration.
I sat down on the tarred road,
Thinking out loud where it was coming from.

I searched the rhythm of that sound.
At first I thought it was the trees
Dancing to the tone of the wind
And the branches whistling to its rhythm.
But as I paid attention it was not
The trees producing that joyful sounds.

I said maybe it's a wedding celebration
But I wasn't so sure what kind of a party it was.
Women shouted and men whistled.
All that my heart wanted was to go
To that hidden land and see what was going on,
And at last my eyes saw something ahead.

I opened my eyes so wide
To see clearly what was ahead.
It was a society in the midst of the trees.
In the midst of the forest.

A place so beautiful like the hidden paradise,
With people not so many in number.

I rushed there and realised that it was
A hidden utopia.
A society with people living in harmony.
Like nowhere else in the world.
With people so beautiful.
A place so clean and green.

The people there were just singing and dancing,
To their own melodies.
There was no party at all.
They were just happy for being
Their own kind of a a society in the world,
The hidden utopia, land of peace.

Martin Greyford

Losing Your Beloved Woman To Another Man.

Very Soon,
Destiny will put you in the
Midst of a peaceful family,
But it will send me into the
World of struggle and warfare.
You will be in the home of a person whom chance
Has made most fortunate through your beauty and virtue,
While I shall be living a life of suffering and fear.
You will enter the gate of life,
While I shall enter the gate of death.

You will be received hospitably,
While I shall exist in solitude,
But I shall erect a statue of love
And worship it in the valley of death.
Love will be my sole comforter,
And I shall drink love like wine
And wear it like a garment.
At dawn love will wake me from slumber,
And take me to the distant fields,
And at noon it will lead me to the shadows of

Trees where I will find shelter with
The birds from the heat of the sun.
In the evening,
It will cause me to pause before sunset
To hear nature's farewell song to the light of the day
And it will show me ghostly clouds sailing in the sky,
And at night love will embrace me,
And I shall sleep,
Dreaming of the heavenly world where spirits of
Lovers and poets abide.

In the spring I shall walk side by side
With love among violets and roses
And drink the remaining drops of winter in the lily cups.
In summer we shall make the bundles of hay
Our pillow and the grass our bed,
And the blue sky will cover us as we

Gaze at the stars and moon.

In autumn,

Love and I will go to the vineyard and

Sit by the wine-press and watch the grapevines

Being denuded of their golden ornaments.

And the migrating flocks of birds will sing over us.

In winter we shall sit by the fireplace reciting

Stories of long ago and chronicles of far countries.

During my youth, love will be my teacher,

In middle age, my help

and in old age, my delight.

Love,

My beloved will stay with me

To the end of my life,

And after death,

The hand of God will unite us again.

Martin Greyford

My Sins Of The Past Haunts Me

As I sit down on my couch,
Thinking of the wrong things
I have done wrong in the past,
There comes this weird obsession in my mind
Knowing that I have committed
A lot of sins in the past.

My dreams are no longer inspirational
But horrible nightmares.
The scariest of them all.
Sometimes I dream of being taken to hell
By the sins I succumbed to.
The sins I committed.

I dream of the spirit of fornication
Along with the girls I slept with and
The spirit of drunkardness and
All the wines, spirits and whiskeys
I have tested,
Dragging me forcibly down to hell.

How will I handle such nightmares?
How will I be able to tell these
Spirits that I'm a changed person?
I am a person who is wishing to live freely
But all that is dragging me down is fear,
For the sins of my past are haunting me.

Martin Greyford

Searching For Love

I start off my journey on handling faith
That someday I will be free
And find someone I'll love to eternity.

Feeling lost in a chamber so clear.
Seeking truth for love to heal me
And knowing that love is on its way coming.

Walking through a lonely path
I know it's all I have to do,
Just trail alone along the tarred road.

Shading my heart with shades of blue,
Saving all my tears
Just to look for a love that's true.

All the pains I have to bear
Knowing that when I find her
I would endure all the risks.

Martin Greyford

The Creation Of The Earth!

Science will say life began in the sea
And the Bible will tell you God created it.

I'd support science a bit because even
The Bible states that one word 'waters'.
But I really go for the Bible because science
Might mislead me at some point.

The work of the creation cannot
Be explained well by science.
Through faith we understand that
The world was framed up by the word of God,
So that things which are seen
Were not made of things which do appear.

In the creation of the earth,
Science will always tell you that things
Kept changing by what they call 'evolution'.

In the creation of the earth,
God was not indebted to pre-existing matter.
All things, material and spiritual,
Stood up before Him at His voice,
And were created for His own purpose.

The heavens and all the host of them,
The earth and all things therein,
Came into existence by the breath of His mouth.

Martin Greyford

I Wish It Was Daylight!

When the night has fallen,
We see nothing but darkness.
It surrounds us and brings about
A lot of fears to those
That hates darkness like me.

The stars shines but not so bring
To light up our ways.
The moon shines but at least
It gives us a light to shine
On the roads we use.

I wish it was daylight.
Maybe I could see things clearly,
And know where I am stepping.
At dawn, all these fears
I have of walking in the dark
Will be no more.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

The Eve Of My Heart - Part 2

The meaning of nature and revelation of books
And scriptures when I heard 'LOVE' whispered
Into my ears through Leah's lips.

My life was a coma
Empty like that of Adam's in paradise,

When I saw Leah standing before me
Like a column of light.
She is the 'Eve Of My Heart' who filled it
With secrets and wonders and
Made me understand the meaning of life.
The first Eve led Adam out of
Paradise by her own will,
While Leah made me enter willingly into
The paradise of pure love and virtue
By her sweetness and love.

Oh, comrades of my youth!
I appeal to you in the
Names of those virgins whom
Your hearts have loved
To put a garland of flowers
On their necks and heads.
For flowers you put on them
Is like falling drops of dew from
The eyes of dawn on the
Leaves of a withering rose!

Martin Greyford

The Eve Of My Heart - Part 1

I was twenty years of age when
Love opened my eyes with its magic rays,
And touched my spirit for the first
Time with its fingers,
And Leah Nyirenda was the first woman
Who awakened my spirit with her beauty
And led me into the garden of high affection,
Where days pass like dreams and nights like weddings.
Leah Nyirenda is the one who have taught me
To worship beauty by the example of her

Own beauty and revealed to me the
Secrets of love by her affection.
She is the one who first sang to me
The real poetry of life.
In every young man's life there is a
Leah Nyirenda who appears to him suddenly
And makes him to recapture that strange hour,
The memory of which changes his deepest
Feelings and makes him so happy
In spite of all the bitterness of its mystery.

While in the spring of life and transforms
His solitude into happy moments and
Fills the silence of his nights with music.
I was deeply engrossed in thoughts and
Contemplation and seeking to understand

Martin Greyford

The Beauty Of Leah - Part 4

Or the chisel of a sculpor.

Leah's beauty is not in her black hair but in her virtue and purity which surround it.

Not in her large eyes but in the light which emanates from them,

Not in her black lips but in the sweetness of her words,

Not in her ivory neck but in its slight bow to the front.

Nor is it in her perfect figure,

But in the nobility of her spirit,

Burning like a white torch between earth and sky.

Her beauty is like a gift of poetry.

But poets are unhappy people,

For no matter how high their spirits reach

They will still be enclosed in an envelope of tears.

Leah is deeply thoughtful rather than talkative,

And her silence is a kind of music that

Carried one to a world of dreams and made

Him listen to the throbbing of his heart,

And see the ghosts of his thoughts

And feeling before him.

Looking her in the eyes

She wore a cloak of deep sorrow

Through her life which increased her strange

Beauty and dignity, as a tree in blossom

Is more lovely when seen through the mist of dawn.

Martin Greyford

The Beauty Of Leah - Part 3

The sweetness of her mouth and the grace of her figure?
Or was it that her brightness, sweetness
And grace opened my eyes and showed me
The happiness and sorrow of love?
It is hard to answer these questions
But I say truly that in that hour I felt
A new affection resting calmly in my heart,
Like the spirit hovering over the waters
At the creation of the world.
The month of April was coming to an end.
I felt an invisible hand drawing me to her.

In her velvet dress;
Leah was splendour as a
Ray of moonlight coming through the window.
She walked gracefully and rhythmically.
Her voice was low and sweet,
Words fell from her lips like drops of dew
Falling from the petals of flowers when
They are disturbed by the wind.
But Leah's face!
No words can describe its expression,

Reflecting first great internal suffering,
Then heavenly exaltation.
The beauty of Leah's face is not classic.
It is like a dream revelation which cannot
Be measured or bound or copied
By the brush of a painter,

Martin Greyford

The Beauty Of Leah - Part 2

The play passed fast in that garden
And I could see through the window
The ghostly yellow kiss of sunset on the mountain.
Looking on each other with
Sorrowful eyes and not speaking
Although beauty has its own heavenly language,
Loftier than the voices of tongues and lips.
It is a timeless language common to all humanity,
A calm lake that attracts
The singing rivalets to its depth,

And makes them silent.
Only our spirits can understand beauty,
Or live and grow with it.
Real beauty is a ray which
Emanates from the holy of holies of
The spirit and illuminates the body,
As life comes from the depths of the earth
And gives colour and scent to a flower.
Real beauty lies in the spiritual accord
That is called love which can exist

Between a man and a woman.
Did my spirit and Leah's reach out
To each other that very day we met,
And did that yearning make me see her as
The most beautiful woman under the sun?
Or did my youth blind my natural eyes
And make me imagine the brightness of her eyes

Martin Greyford

The Beauty Of Leah - Part 1

My neighbors,
Remember the dawn of youth with
Pleasure and regret its passing;
In a few days,
Loneliness overcame me,
And I tried the grim faces of the books,
I hired a carriage of love and
Started for the house of joy.
As I reached the pine woods
Where people went for picnics,

The drive took a private way,
Shaded with willow trees on each side.
Passing through, we could see the beauty
Of the garden grass,
The grapevines and
The many coloured flowers of April just blossoming.
In a few minutes the carriage stopped
Before a solitary house in the
Midst of a beautiful garden,
The scent of roses,

Gardenia and
Jasmine filled the air.
As I dismounted and entered
The spacious garden,
Just then a beautiful young woman
Dressed in a gorgeous velvet gown appeared.
When I touched her hand,
It was like a white lily
And a strange pang pierced my heart.
We sat down looking at each other without words.

Martin Greyford

I Miss You

The day you left me
I thought I will stand
The absence of you
But without knowing that
I was killing myself inside.

My heart, soul, body and mind
Were not ready to let you go
That fast, even if you did go
That side where you are now.

When are you coming back?
Cause things aren't the same here
As they used to be.
Your absence has made my ego to go down.
No one supports me likewise you did.

I just hope you do miss me
The way I have missed you.
But all you have to know is that
Your absence has brought me
Much pain in my heart.

I can't do anything without you.
I miss you!

Martin Greyford

A Message From My Heart

I know people do say alot
About the person you have come to be
Because of this boy reaching out to you.
I know I have made you become
A burden to your friends and your family.

No one now ever wants to cast
An eye on you because of me.
Everyone thinks that you are wrong
By accepting me to be your guy.
They say alot about you.

Some say you are idle.
Others say you are selfish.
Others say you don't have a choice and
Others again say you are blind.
Maybe its love that is blind.

But what I might alert you
Is that you have shown true love to me.
And I won't let you down
Nor disappoint you in this relationship
But always will I love you.

If darkness hides
the trees and the flowers from our eyes,
It will not hide love
From our hearts.
I love you.

Martin Greyford

Finding True Love!

It takes time to find a person
Who truly loves you
The way you are.
Who accepts you
The way you are.

Some girls will only accept
A man if he has something, money and porsh cars
That will attract them to him.
But if you find such
A person who says

"I love you the way you are.";
Then believe in yourself
That you have found true love.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

I Cried

Yesterday when you left me
I went home without
Realising that I've allowed
My love to go without saying
A proper goodbye to me.

Yesterday when I went home
I sat down thinking of you.
The love you give me
Made me cry overnight
Saying that if I lost you

I won't find another one to
Replace you with.
You are unique with no one to be compared to,
In terms of the love you're giving me.
I've never cried for a woman

In my life but last night
I cried for you my love.
I don't know if the tears
I cried were of happiness or sadness
But I'm certain that I cried

Because of you and the love
You are giving me.
I wasn't crying for anything
But for you my true valentine
Leah Amanda Fostina Nyirenda.

Martin Greyford

Expiry Date

I am in a lonely cage witnessing
My days slowly reaching their expiry date.
How it haunts me knowing that soon
I will depart from this earth joining the dead.
Being recognised as dead by the living.

Ah, my blood begins to boil
My heart throws its punches at my chest,
Knees start to shake
While the rest of my body becomes paralysed.

I think without coming to a conclusion
Nor having a solution and answers,
To the questions stuck inside my brain.
I feel like I am inside a cage
Waiting on the line for death to deal with me.

The bad news is that
I don't know my number so
I guess this gonna be a surprise.

Do you know your number?

At last composure makes me gain my strength.
Legs start to walk
Cause the good news is that
I will live eternally
If I live by the commandments of God.
Which is the solution and answer to the
Questions in my brain.

Solution found.
The question is,
Do you follow His commandments?

Martin Greyford

Valentine!

When we escape the storms of the real world
For even a short while,
We seem to fall in love
A whole lot quicker than normal.

Be careful. Sometimes what feels like true love is
Just infatuation which could
Never survive the pressures of real life.

Not only do we fall in love
Quicker when we are on valentine's day,
But we also fall for people who
We would not usually be interested in.

Don't lower standards just
Because you're on valentine's day,
You deserve somebody who is going
To respect you and treat you well.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Forgiveness

Trying to put things in
Your personal life could
Prove to be your hardest challenge
Especially as events behind
The scenes hinder your progress.

Stick to your relationship
If you value it.
Do not permit a temporary upset
To throw your love life off course.

Forgive even if you cannot forget easily,
You are bound to make a number
of poor decisions this week.
Delay important choices for a while
Because misjudgements could be particularly costly.

Your romantic life could
Become unstuck unless you work at it.
Do not allow barriers to spring up
Between you and the one you treasure.

Martin Greyford

Waiting For You

I was stalked once for years.
There I was fighting to get better
And somebody else
Some sick person,
Was making me feel worse,
That enraged me.

Part of me feels I'm a victim
Who has fought for his life,
Judges and juries who release
People because they are sick
Should take responsibility for their actions.

Thank God that part is gone and
My life is good right now.
But once you're famous
You never know what might happen.

Martin's at a crossroads again.
He's one of the most open and
Honest person I've ever met.
He shares aspects of life
Many would hide especially from strangers.
He blushes.
He's enthusiastic and dreams of
Starting his own family and raising kids.

Whatever directions he decides to take,
I hope he holds onto that
Waiting for you.

I tell him I think he'll make
A great dad.
He smiles and sees me out of the building
Waiting and waving goodbye.

Martin Greyford

Unspeakable Gift

It is through the gift of
Christ that we receive every blessing;
Through that gift there comes to us
Day by day the unfailing flow of God's goodness,
Every flower,
With its delicate tints and its fragrance,
Is given for our enjoyment through that one gift.

The sun and the moon were made by Him.
There is not a star which beautifies
the heavens that He did not make.
Every drop of rain that falls,
Every ray of light shed upon our unfaithful
World testifies to the love of God in Christ.

Everything is supplied to us
Through the one unspeakable gift,
God's only begotten son.
He was nailed to the cross that all these
Bounties might flow to God's workmanship.

Behold, what manner of love
The Father hath bestowed upon us
That we should be called the sons of God!

Martin Greyford

Self Discipline

We are never alone.
Whether we choose Him or not,
We have a companion.
Remember that whenever you are,
Whatever you do,
God is there.
Nothing that is said or done
Or thought can escape His attention.
To your every word or deed you have a witness,
The Holy,
Sin-hating God.
Before you speak or act,
Always think of this
We need a constant sense of
The enabling power of thoughts.
The only security for any soul is right thinking and that is self discipline.
As the man thinketh in his heart,
So is he!

Martin Greyford



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Nature Is Not God

God's handiwork in nature is
Not God Himself in nature.
The things of nature are an
Expression of God's character and power,
But we are not to regard nature as God.
The artistic skill of human
Beings produces very beautiful workmanship,
Things that delight the eye,
And these things reveal to us something
Of the thought of the designer,
But the thing made is not the maker,
It is not the work,
But the workman,
That is counted worthy of honour.
So, while, nature is an expression
Of God's thought,
It is not nature
But the God of nature
That is to be exalted.

Martin Greyford

Learning By Imparting

Let the youth advance as fast as
Far as they can in the acquisition of knowledge.
Let their field of study be
Broad as their powers can compass
And as they learn,
Let them impart their knowledge.
It is thus that their
Minds will acquire discipline and power.
It is the use of their
Knowledge that determines the value of their education.
To spend a longtime in study,
With no effort to impart what is gained,
Often proves a hinderance rather
Than a help to real development.

In both the home and the school it should be
The students efforts to learn how to study
And how to impart the knowledge gained.
Whatever his calling,
He is to be both a learner and
A teacher as long as life shall last.
Thus he may advance continually,
Making God his trust
Clinging to Him who is infinite in wisdom,
Who can read the secrets hidden for ages,
Who can solve the most difficult
Problems for minds that believe in Him

Martin Greyford

Importance Of Little Things

Life is chiefly made up,
Not of great sacrifices and wonderful achievements,
But of little things.

It is oftenest through the little things which
Seem so unworthy of notice that
Great good or evil is brought into our lives.

It is through our failure to endure the
Tests that come to us in little things,
That the habits are molded,
The character mishaped,
And when the greater tests come,
They find us unready.

Only by acting upon principle in the
Tests of daily life can we acquire
Power to stand firm and faithful in
The most dangerous and most difficult positions.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Heart Education

What we need is knowledge that
Will strengthen mind and soul,
That will make us better men and women.
Heart education is of far more importance
Than mere book-learning.
It is well
Even essential
To have a knowledge of the world in which we live,
But if we leave eternity out our reckoning,
We shall be a failure from which we can never recover.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

A Personal God!

The mighty power that works through all
Nature and sustains all things is not,
As some men of science represent,
Merely an all-pervading principle,
An actuating energy.
God is a spirit
Yet He is a personal being
For so He has revealed himself.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Sensational Literature!

Many of the popular publications of
The day are filled with sensational stories
That are educating the youth in wickedness
And leading them in a path of perdition.
Mere children in years are old in a knowledge crime.
They are incited to evil by the tales they read.
In imagination they act over the portrayed deeds
Until their ambition is aroused to see what
They can do in committing crime and evading punishment.
To the active minds of children and youth,
The scenes pictured in imaginary
Revelations of the future are realities.
As revolutions are predicted,
And all manner of proceedings described
That break down the barriers of law and self-restraint,
Many catch the spirit of these.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Over Work!

The strength of the mother should be tenderly cherished.
Instead of spending her precious strength in exhausting labour.
Her care and burdens should be lessened.
Often the husband is unacquainted with
The physical laws which the well being of his family
Requires him to understand.
Absorbed in the struggle for a livelihood,
Or bent on acquiring wealth
And pressed with cares and perplexities,
He allows to rest upon the wife
And burdens that overtax
Her strength at the most critical periods,
And cause feebleness and disease.

Many a husband might
Learn a helpful lesson from the
Carefulness of the faithful shepherd.
Jacob, when urged to undertake a rapid
And difficult journey made answer,
"The children are tender
and the flocks
And herds with young ones are with me,
And if men should overdrive them one day,
All the flock will die.
I will lead on softly
According as the cattle that goeth before me,
and the children be able to endure."

Martin Greyford

Rest As A Remedy

Some make themselves sick overwork.
For these, rest, freedom from care,
And a spare diet, are essential to restoration of health.
To those who are brain weary and nervous
Because of continual labour and close confinement
A visit to the country
Where they can live a simple
Care-free life,
Coming in close contact with the things of nature,
Will be most helpful.
Roaming through the fields and woods,
Picking the flowers,
Listening to the songs of the birds,
Will do far more than any other
Agency toward their recovery.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Condiments

In this fast age,
The less exciting the food, the better.
Condiments are injurious in their nature.
Mustard, pepper, spices, pickles,
And other things of a like character,
Irritate the stomach and make the blood
Feverish and impure.
The inflamed condition of the drunkard's
Stomach is often pictured as
Illustrating the effect of alcoholic liquors.
A similarly inflamed condition is
Produced by the use of irritating condiments
The system feels a want,
A craving
For something more stimulating.

Martin Greyford



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Forgive Me

My love,
If there is a person that
I can't forget in my life,
Babe its you.
You have contaminated my mind
With the love you gave me.
I can't bear the pain
Of missing you, not anymore.
Babe, come back to me
And tell me why you walked out on me.
All am asking for
From you is forgivenes.
Please forgive me.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

I'm Sorry

I never thought you will
Get upset with the things I said.
I never expected you
To be mad at me.
I thought I was doing
The right things
While hurting you
Emotionally, physically and spiritually.
But the most important thing is that
I've realised my mistakes
And I'm sorry for that.
I'm sorry.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Lovers In The Rain!

It was the first and last time
That such a thing could happen.
Seeing lovers in the rain,
Just standing there doing nothing
But wanting to get soaked
In the lighter down pour of the rains.

They never wanted to go home
But just to stand there
and starring at each other
Like a cup of wonder
With a lighter grin on their faces
In the lighter down pour of the rains.

I heard the woman say:
'I've been waiting for this day
My entire life and here am I
Feeling the down pour of the rains in my body
With the one I truly love.
We are lovers in the rain.'

Martin Greyford

Writers!

Writers writes of poetic things
Like the humming birds' wings
But I think people beat
Humming birds every time.

Writers like to write of rain
And dawn and candle light aglow
But I'd rather write about me
And writers and stuff like that.

The funny thing is I delight
To read what writers likes to write.
And writers say they think
My poems are okay too.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

My True Feelings

Your love comes like a swelling storm,
Rumbling over and over,
And ends smoothly like a flying kite.

How beautiful is the feeling?

Its the exact expression of love
And it coils around, squeezes hard,
Very shaking and comfortable
Like a soft pillow at the same time.
That's what draws you and I together.

Your love is amazing and my thoughts
About you are countless like the sand on the seashore.

Your beauty is like the shiny
Golden butterflies in a colourful flower garden,
With the freshness of the aroma
Mixed with so many different types of
Beautiful fragrance of flowers.

You shine upon me with your smiles
That I fail to close my eyes
Whenever I see your face.

Martin Greyford

Change

Nothing changes if nothing changes.
Many are the time we people
Keep on chasing the winds
And never reach the point of catching it.
Because its nothing.

A relationship of friends, marriages or romances
Is a blessing that causes happiness in our time.
Therefore, if these elements produces no good in our time
Change has to be presented in order to acquire benefit.
I believe some people come in our lives to help us change.

And change is personal to our desires when taught.
When you see things that leads you to evil ways.
Its you yourself to cut an affair
And change to a better way for your own pleasure.
We have to enjoy life on Earth.

In a way to change from bad to good.
And God will grant us wisdom.
So, let's continue changing to do good
And blessings will follow us.
And changing to bad curses will load upon

Our heads.Change builds.

Martin Greyford

Why This Love?

I've been in love before
But i've never had someone
Who loves me this way.
Someone who loves me with all
Her body, soul, spirit, mind, heart, and brain.

But why this love?

Any boy or man
Can be loved by a girl, woman or lady.
But no one will ever feel the love of
His girlfriend, wife or spouse the way i do.
The love she gives me
Keeps on driving my nuts crazy

Martin Greyford



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If I Knew

If I knew it would be the last time
I would be there to share your day.
Well, I'm sure you have many more to come
So I can just let this one slip away
For surely there's always tomorrow
To make up for an oversight
And we always get a second chance
To make everything right.
There will always be another day to say
'I LOVE YOU MARTIN'

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Ctrl+alt+delete

What do I do now?
With all these memories?
Everything is reminding me of you.
Your face,
The memory etched into my brain.

I'm scared to forget.
Do I have to forget that I ever loved you?
That you were the only one that mattered?
Should I burn every memory I have of you?
Along with all the things that reminds me of you?

And if I do will I regret it?

Will you ever come back to me and make new memories?
I don't want to let you go
But holding on is killing me.
Yet so does the thought of forgetting you.

I don't think I could,
But who knows when pain
Becomes unbearable and yet if it does.

Have I not left traces of you everywhere?
Ones that even formatting cannot erase?

Martin Greyford

Leah Nyirenda

It was long and long a year ago
When my eyes were charmed by the
Looks and likes of leah nyirenda.
She is a girl who is not that beautiful
But once you set your eyes on her
You wouldn't want to look elsewhere.
Her charming face is the center of attraction.

If you've never had feelings for anyone
Especially girls, womens and or ladies.
Try to take a look on my leah nyirenda
Then you will see that something is missing in you.
The natural makeup she has on her face
Will make you forget where you have come from.

There is a magnetic field that attracted me to her.
If you idle in mind you may end up
Following her slowly but sure behind.
Forgetting that you are going somewhere.

I've know girls but not someone like
MY LEAH NYIRENDA

Martin Greyford

Home Of Hearts

Building a home of hearts my love
Is what we've got to do.
Making a peaceful haven to shelter others,
To bearing reach others burdens
Sharing the heavy load
Yoked to the masters service
And walking a single road.

Giving your heart to another
Is making it a home
Where the heart can rest in safely
With no more need to roam.
Its making the best from nothing
To independent souls and
Make a home of love.

Beholding heart to heart my love
Sharing secret dreams
Loving the Lord in others,
This is what it means
Laughing with one another
At the funniest things we do.
Learning to be a family,
Jesus, me and you.

Its giving to one another
To make the weaker strong
Stopping to help the other
No matter whose right or wrong.
Its learning the love of Jesus
That sees beyond the sin,
Loving the heart that loves Him
Building peace within.

Martin Greyford

I'll Keep On

My head's exploding,
My hearts letting go.
I'm a house of walls covered in pain,
My problem is I don't want to fix things.
Just want to repair.

The feeling is exasperating.
Wish to run but...but.... I just
Can't run away from myself.

I see bronze in gold,
It glitters no more.
Say I'm great,
That I know verily I do.
Feels like am letting go,
These hands are tired of holding on.
Yes! It's true,
I'll keep on
I know God ain't dead.

Martin Greyford

Eyes

The look on his face
When he saw me crying
Is a look I would never forget.
As if he was feeling my pain of being humiliated.

The way he looked me up and down
Acknowledging the fact that I was crying.
The one person he will ever love was crying.
I couldn't really understand his eyes.

They were saying so many things.
Love for me being in the
same space as him.

Anger for seeing his love
crying by the doings of others.
Guilt for not being there
In time for whatever happened.

And finally the emotion that
puzzles me is his happiness,
His hazel brown eyes tell that;

The happiness I am seeing is
For the fact that he is the only
One that can kiss me,
Like nobody else does.

That he is the only person that
Can kiss my painful tears away.
And that he can hug my
Sorrow out of my own body,
And into his
In order to feel the pain
That I am feeling

Martin Greyford

Grandmother

I remember every moment
I had with you,
Every laugh and every tear.
I sometimes still dream that you're alive.

I remember when I got ma stitches
you were right there next
to me in every step.
I remember what you told me,
not to cry.
but that was much worse, people die.

I remember when I broke my arm
you were there,
so caring and so loving.
I remember when I got sick.
but now all that is left of you are the memories.
I still sometimes cry about you.
I miss you so much grandmother.

I wish you were alive.
so that I could see
your face and hear your voice.
but now I understand that you
are in a better place,
but I still wish.....
sometimes.....
that you.....
alive.....
grandmother.....

Martin Greyford

A Blessing In My Life

When you lose such a close person in your life
You tend to believe that
life is shallow and that you
Will never feel so close to another person.
I held onto my grandmother's memory,
But as time went on,
I was able to let go
And accept that she was gone.

Although I always feel she is watching over me,
I finally accept that she is no longer with me.
And that is part of the circle of life.
-As when I accepted that
the Lord gave me a beautiful
Gift that I can't even imagine living without.

A beautiful,
Healthy baby girl.
A gift like that did not replace
The one I had lost but it
Restored my belief in the beauty of life.
When God takes a precious thing
away from you he will give you something else,
Not to replace it but just to
Show that he cares and that
Love is something that can never perish!

Martin Greyford

Past, Present And Future!

I have been left to think of things past, present and future.

Although I cannot change the past,
I can work in the present so that it is not repeated in the future.
I can be humble enough
In the present to admit that
I have seriously injured people in the past,
So that hopefully they can forgive me in the future.

I can forget the past mistakes
Of others against me and love them both
In the present and future.
I can look to the future and decide
That the present I am in
Today is not the past of a tomorrow I will regret

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

My Future

Making my baby happy
Is what I live for.
I do it because I have
Never been this happy before.
How much I love you
I will never be able to explain.
Your image
Your smile
And voice don't ever leave my brain.
All day you run around in my mind.

Someone as perfect as you
I never thought I would find.
I would give anything to marry you
Now I really cannot wait
To take that vow
Once you say those words;
'I DO.'
My baby the universe
Is what I will give you
When I look at you
All I see is a treasure
And I know for sure
You are my future!

Martin Greyford

Broken

I thought you cared for me
That you were my prince charming.
You gave my life meaning
And then you took it all away.
In times of pain,
You were my joy.
But now I see I was just your toy.

An innocent girl
Wanting to be loved and cared for
Sadly,
To you I became a bore,
You broke my heart,
Stomped on it,
Until it was nothing but dust.
All I have now are memories.
But you don't care,
You never did.
You left me broken,
Lost and alone,
Hurt me straight through the bone.
Once again I am in the loser zone.
Now I wish you had just left me alone.

Martin Greyford

The Glory Of The Cross

The revelation of God's love
To man enters in the cross.
Its full significance tongue can not utter,
Pen can not portray,
The mind of man can not comprehend.
Looking upon the cross of Calvary we can only say,
'For God so loved the world,
That He gave His only-begotten son,
That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish,
But have everlasting life.'

Christ crucified for our sins,
Christ risen from the dead,
Christ ascended on high,
Is the science of salvation that
We are to learn and to teach.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Goodbye My Sweetheart

When it comes to love
You used to love with all
your heart, mind and soul.
Suddenly the winds of the night
Swept you away.
I couldn't and it's hard to believe
That you are gone.

You once said;
'Open your heart to both
Giving and receiving love.'
Now that you are gone,
Who will I open my heart too?
I'm left all alone and
Everything feels bad in your absence.

The dances, the smiles and
All that we did together
Will last forever in my mind.
Goodbye my sweetheart

Martin Greyford

Mother Prayed Before Bedtime

I had never seen such a woman
Who was so devoted to praying like my mother.
Whenever she'd pray, we'll all sleep well.
No one was ever haunted by night mares
After her prayers.

Mother prayed before bedtime.
And the house was peaceful that night.
Whenever she'll do her prayers,
The devil and his demons We're afraid of our house.

When mother prayed,
The witchcrafts were all disturbed at their mimes.
I could see one falling from the
Sky after her prayers.

The God of the Heavens and Earth
Liked her alot I think.
For she was so committed, devoted
To praying before bedtime.

Martin Greyford

Will The Train Bring Back My Girl?

Come on!Hurry!
The train is moving!
I can hear it from a distance.
That same train that took my girl.
I hope my girl is in that train.

Please, the train;
Have you brought back my girl?
Or have you left her where you went?
All I need is to see my girl alive.
Please, may someone rush to the train
And see if my dear girl is there too.

My girl was taken from me
As if I had debts that I
Haven't paid to the train.
She was taken as if
They were going to enslave her.

But now I can hear it moving
Far from a distance,
I can hear it's sound.
Has it brought back my girl?

Martin Greyford

A Poem From Leah

I'm not good at rhyming.
I guess I just have to keep trying.
What it be on, though?
That, I really don't know.

Whatever I choose I must have passion.
Could it possibly be the latest fashion?
There's no way that's true.
How should I think this through?

Should I take a break?
And grab a piece of cake?
No. If I do, I might never come back.
I'd never give this poem another whack.
Wait a minute, I'm already done.
Now I'll go and have some fun.

Martin Greyford



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Death-Our Worst Enemy

You know no race, colour or tribe.
You know no age or physical appearance.
You attack the rich and the poor.
The thin and the fat.
The tall and the short.

What have we done to you death?

I once had a mother and a father.
A sister and a brother.
An uncle and an aunt.
A grandmother and a grandfather.

Where have they all gone?

Now i'm ruming on the street.
No food, no clothes and no shelter.
Please God, protect us from the evil of this enemy,
Death-our worst enemy.

Martin Greyford

The Worker

You wake up early in the morning,
To the resonance of your conscience, Your inner you has told your outer,
That.....dawn is breaking.

You know WORKER that someone needs you somewhere,
You grumble, but you've to meet the odds, To the slaveyard, you walk, WORKER,

To the house of slaughter, you march humbly like a sheep,
To the sweatshop, you march, as a criminal being led to the cell.

They enslave your soul WORKER,
Their affluence renders them,
Their might that renders them right.
You've got to endure it WORKER.

Like a criminal they keep you closed in the sweatshop,
Where everyone is turned into a mere working tool of the shop.
By intimidation and harassment induced by them,
You've to be a tool.
You got to contain all this, poor WORKER.

The world is theirs and you've to live up to that.
Remember, you can suffer now, but you can't suffer forever.
Work until the day is over, everyday WORKER!

Martin Greyford

The Port Of Misery

All we needed was a repatriation,
From an alien world,
That's made us mere objects of subversion,
Of the wicked dominators of the modern world.

There we stood, bonded from one neck,
To another, with heavy iron chains,
Of the cruel acts, of the austere minds,
Minds that aimed at purging us,
Of our freedom of mind,
And vision of the soul.

There we were, on the Port Of Misery,
Verbalizing events that took place,
In wordless flashes of consciousness,
No presentiments prevailed in us,
Only the feeling of dear overwhelmed us.

All we yearned for was, an explosion.
A heart whose self determination, would outmode,
All the techniques of the wicked
And emancipation of our souls would be,
A dream come true.

Martin Greyford

Dreamed A Lot

As a little girl
I dreamed a lot,
I dreamed freely,
Often on the top step of the back porch-
Morning,
Noon,
Sunset,
Deep twilight.

I loved clouds,
I loved red streaks in the sky.
I loved the gold worlds
I saw in the sky.
Gods and little girls,
Angels and heroes
And future lovers laboured there,
In misty glory or sharp grandeur.

Martin Greyford



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I Miss My Friend

Last month when I gave my speech
My friend, Rita, organized my notes,
Corrected my timing, applauded my delivery.
She even gave me a standing ovation.
Rita sorta died last week.
I look at her empty chair,
Next to me in class,
And I feel like crying again.
Her parents took her away.
I couldn't bring myself to see her off
And now I feel horribly alone.
My friend, Rita, didn't really die.
Her family just moved to a new city.
It's the same thing.
Please, Miss Kalusopa,
I can't give my speech today.
There's nobody here to give me a hand.

Martin Greyford



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The Busy Clock

Clock, clock, tell the time,
Tell the time to me.
Magic, patient instrument,
That is never free.

Tick, tock, busy clock!
You've no time to play!
Bustling men and women
Need you all the day
BUSY CLOCK.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Forgive And Forget

If others neglect you,
Forget; do not sigh,
For, after all, they'll select you,
In times by and by.
If their taunts cut and hurt you,
They are sure to regret.
And, if in time, they desert you,
Forgive and forget.

Martin Greyford



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Make Up Your Mind

I never thought I'd be a killer
Cause there's so much to lose
But if I can't drink the water
What else can I do?
And although the axe is heavy
It just sits in my hands
While you're changing like the current Not a shore on land.

Every time I try to bring it down
You always turn my head around.

Make up your mind
Let me leave or let me love you
While you've been saving your neck
I've been breaking mine for ya'
The power is on the guillotine hums.
My back's to the wall go on, let it fall,
Make up your mind
Before I make it up for you.

I never thought that I'd be facing
A sea that's bluer than the tide.
Now my knees are shaking
And I can't look in your eyes.

But if you're gonna make me do it
How'd you want it done? Is it best to sip it slowly
Or drink it down in one?

The executioner's within me
And he comes blindfold ready
Sword in hand
And arms so steady.

Martin Greyford

Homes In The Country

If the poor now crowded into
The cities could find homes upon the land,
They might not only earn a livelihood,
But find health and happiness now unknown to them.
Hard work,
Simple fare,
Close economy,
Often hardship and privation,
Would be their lot.
But what a blessing would
be theirs in learning the city,
With its enticements to evil,
Its turmoil and crime,
Misery and foulness,
For the country's quiet and peace and purity.

To many of those living in the cities
Who have not a spot of green grass to set their feet upon,
Who year after year have looked out
Upon filthy courts and narrow alleys,
Brick walls and pavements,
And skies clouded with dust and smoke,
-If there could be taken to some farming district,
Surrounded with the green fields,
The woods and hills and brooks,
The clear skies and the fresh,
Pure air of the country,
It would seem almost like Heaven.

Martin Greyford

The Power Of The Will

The tempted ones need to understand the true force of the will.

This is the governing power in the nature of man,

-The power of decision, of choice.

Everything depends on the right action of the will.

Desires for goodness and purity and right,

So far as they go;

But if we stop here, they avail nothing.

Many will go down to ruin while hoping and

Desiring to overcome their evil propensities.

They do not yield the will of God.

They do not choose to serve Him.

God has given us the power of choice;

It is ours to exercise.

We can not change our hearts,

We can not control our thoughts,

Impulses,

Our affections.

We can not make ourselves pure,

Fit for God's service.

But we can choose to serve God,

We can give Him our will,

Then He will work in us to will

And to do according to His good pleasures.

Thus our whole nature will be brought under the control of Christ.

Through the right exercise of the will,

an entire change may be made in the life.

Lets use the power of the will in everything we do

Martin Greyford

Opportunities For The Homeless

Within the vast boundaries of nature
There is still room for the suffering and needy to find a home.
Within her bosom there are resources
Sufficient to provide them with food.
Hidden in the depths of the earth are blessings for
All who have courage and will and perseverance to gather her treasures.

The tilling of the soil,
The employment that God appointed to man in Eden,
Opens a field in which there is opportunity for
Multitudes to gain a subsistence.

Thousands and tens of thousands might be working
Upon the soil who are crowded into the cities,
Watching for a chance to earn a triffe.
In many cases this triffe is not spent for bread,
But is put into the till of the liquor seller,
To obtain that which destroys soul and body.

Many look upon labour as drudgery,
And they try to obtain a livelihood by scheming
Rather than by honest toil.
This desire to get a living without work opens the door
To wretchedness and vice and crime almost without limit.

Martin Greyford

Life's Opportunities

Our time here is short.

We can pass through this world but once;

As we pass along,

Let us make the most of life.

The work to which we are called does

Not require wealth or social position or great ability.

It requires a kindly,

self-sacrificing spirit and a steadfast purpose.

A lamp, however small,

If kept steadily burning,

May be the means of lighting many other lamps.

Our sphere of influence may seem narrow,

Our ability small,

Our opportunities few,

Our acquirements limited,

Yet wonderful possibilities are ours through

A faithful use of the opportunities of our own homes.

If we will open our hearts and homes to the divine principles of life,

We shall but become channels for currents of life-giving power.

From our homes will flow streams of healing,

Bringing life, and beauty,

And fruitfulness where now are barrenness and death.

Martin Greyford

When You're Gone

Sometimes I wonder what
Life will look like when you're gone.
I try by all means to forget it
But it seems so impossible to me.
In silent night when rest I took
For sorrow near I did not look
I wakened was with a thundering noise.

To you my dear darling
I'll love you more after death.
For my love is such that rivers cannot quench.
My love is such I can no way repay.
Then while you live,
In love let's so persevere.
That when you live no more, We may live ever.

That fearful sound of you.
Let no man know is my desire.
I, starting up the light did I spy,
And to my God my heart did cry
To strengthen me in my distress
When you're gone.

Blessed be His name that gave and took
That will lay my bride in the dust.
Shy maybe shame
But joy is unique.
My sorrowing eyes aside did I cast,
And here and there the places spy.

When you're gone-
I shall but cry to eternity.

Martin Greyford

Last Day On Earth

If today was my last day on earth,
What would your last words be to me?

-Go to hell

-I love you

-I will miss you

-I never wish to see you again

-I am glad you are gone for good

-I will kill myself and follow you.

-I will treasure our times together forever.

-Rest in peace

-Forgive me for telling you that I loved you

-I was too late I would have told you the truth,

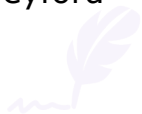
I was irrevocably in love with you.

-I never wanted you to die without having kissed you.

-I will always love you.

What would you tell me please?

Martin Greyford



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Take Time

Take time to think.

It is the source of all power.

Take time to play.

It is the secret of perpetual youth.

Take time to read.

It is the foundation of wisdom.

Take time to pray.

It is the greatest power on Earth.

Take time to love and be loved.

It is God given en

It is the road to happiness.

Take time to laugh.

It is the music of the soul.

Take time to give.

It is too short a day to be selfish.

Take time to work.

It is the price of success.

Take time to charity.

It is the key to Heaven.

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Martin Greyford

Don't Be Lazy

Laziness!

Look at the ants beside the path.

Think about how they work.

Then you'll be right.

They do not have a boss to check on them. They do not have a supervisor to supervise them.

They get their food and store it

Until they need it.

They don't need government's gifts.

So don't be a lazy

Fellow and sleep all day.

Get ye up and get to work.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Africa

Africa, oh Africa
Oh mother Africa.
We live in you
And you are ours.
But why do you treat us like this?
We ask for help
But you don't respond.
Is it because your head is bare of the sahara desert?
Is it because you are shaped like a question mark?
Is it because your stomach is thickly forested by the Equatorial forest?
Please Africa answer me
I am your slave Africa.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Irresponsibility

Some people are afraid of the world.
They do not want to make any mistakes.
They do not want to make any responsibility.
They try to run away from everything important.
They are selfish.
They use God's gift like toys

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Death

Ooh death
Which has no cure
Which has no choice.

It takes the children,
It takes the young stars.
It also takes the oldies.
Whenever it strike its destruction.

My dear brothers and sisters
How can we escape death.

There is no other way out
But looking back on to the throne of mercy.
For Jesus said 'I am the only pillar of salvation.'

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Desperate Leah

Leah!
Listen to me!
Leah!

You may say that
David,
Jonathan,
Mary,
Ruth,
Have passed on

Even desperate we can't despair.
Let go each other's fingers sink.
Numb in that numb-
Drawn there
Sole in our cold selves.
God is there too, in the desperation.
I do not know why God should strike
But God is what is is stricken also.
Life is what despairs in death
And desperate is life still

Leah!

Do not let my hand go, Leah.

The Lord giveth.....say it.

The Lord giveth.....
The Lord taketh away.....

Takes!

Kills! Kills! Kills! Kills!

Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Martin Greyford

Date Night

Lovers in the moonlight
Aboard the delta junction
Exchanged a ring and promises
And sealed them with a kiss.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Hope And Courage

We can do nothing
Without courage and perseverance.
Speak words of hope and courage
To the poor and the dishearted.
If need be, give tangible proof
Of your interest by helping them
When they come into strait places.
Those who have had many advantages
Should remember that they themselves
Still err in many things,
And that it is painful to them
When their errors are pointed out,
And there is held up before them.
A comely pattern of what they should be.
Remember that kindness will
Accomplish more than censure
As you try to teach others,
Let them see that you wish
Them to reach highest standard,
And that you are ready to give them help.
If in some things they fail,
be not quick to condemn them.

Martin Greyford

Life's Best Thing

Men and women have hardly begun
To the true object of life.

They are attracted to glitter and show.

They are ambitious for worldly preeminence.

To this the true aims of life are sacrificed.

Life's best things,

-Simplicity,

Honesty,

Truthfulness,

Purity,

Integrity, -

Can not be bought or sold.

They are as free to the ignorant as to the honoured statesmen.

That may be enjoyed by rich and poor alike, -

The pleasures found in cultivating pureness

Of thought and unselfishness of action,

The pleasure that comes from speaking

Sympathizing words and doing kindly deeds.

From those who perform such service

The light of christ shines

To brighten lives darkened by many shadows.

Martin Greyford

Beautiful Surroundings

God loves the beautiful.
He has clothed the earth
And the heavens with beauty,
And with a father's joy
He watches the delight of his children
In the things that he has made.
He desires us to surround our homes.

Nearly all dwellers in the country,
However poor, could have about
Their homes a bit of grassy lawn,
A few shade trees,
Flowering shrubbery,
Or fragrant blossoms.
And far more than any
Artificial adorning will they minister
To the happiness of the household.

They will bring into the homelife
A softening,
Refining influence,
Strengthening the love of nature,
And drawing the members of the household
Nearer to one another and nearer to God.

Martin Greyford

Strength

That strong right hand that
once balanced our
young sons near the sky,
once tossed bales of
straw each August,
once pitched no-hitters
after sunday picnics,
once tenderly stroked
my once-auburn hair.

That hand
now crudely arches to grasp a
bamboo cane and
now trembles as you reverently
bow your feeble body in prayers
and give thanks for the years
of that strong right hand.

Martin Greyford



PoemHunter.com

Who Am I?

I am not a child
Even though sometimes,
I behave like a child,
I demand like a child,
I get upset like a child,
You treat me like a child.
You say: 'I mustn't do this or that
I am not ready yet.
I shouldn't pretend.'
Sometimes I wish
You would just leave me alone.

I am not an adult
Even though I wish to be
It is my decision, my goal
To be free, to be independent
To do things
To live my life
As only I can live it
To be someone.

I am a boy
With the body of a man
With feelings I don't understand
With hopes unfulfilled
Sometimes taking steps
For which I am not ready
Suffering the pain of falling and rising again
Hungry for friendship
Hungry for acceptance.

Longing to be told; 'Well done, you are worthwhile.'
I am a learner on life's journey
Heading for a future unknown
Needing guidance to reach there.

The Start Of Something New

Living in my own world,
Didn't understand
That anything can happen
When you take a chance

I never believed on
What I couldn't see.
I never opened my heart
To all the possibilities.

I know
That something has changed,
I never felt
This way
and right here tonight
This could be the start
of something new.
It feels so right
to be here with you.

And now I'm looking
in your eyes
I feel in my heart that
This is the start of something new.

Now who'd have ever thought
That we would both be here tonight?
And the world looks
So much brighter
With you by my side

I never knew that it could
Happen 'till it happened to me.
I didn't know it before
But now its easy to see
That we are sitting under a tree.
Look! The tree is dancing
To the tone of our love
And the branches are

busy whistling to it.
Now I know
that this is the start
Of something new.

Martin Greyford

Stay Alert Of Death

I just want to tell you
Living in this world
Life is changing
Believe me all you!

Once I was living
Like a prince
When my mother and father with me.

But death came like a tiger,
Died sameday.
It fell on my parents-
They died sameday.

When it comes to you,
Crawling like a tiger
Take care of yourself
Like a fighter.

Martin Greyford



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