

Poetry Series

# Obrie Writes

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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# Obrie Writes()

Poetry for the change of the world.



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# Black And Contented.

Finally,  
I know who I am.  
I am not human,  
Am purely black.  
I am not a master  
For my fathers were slaves.  
I cannot win  
As losing is my right.

Humanity!  
Am not of that race.  
Am barely a survivor  
Whose protests yield no good  
Except for the knees on the neck.  
Black lives matter,  
Do they?  
Ain't falling for that humane lie,  
Am content in the dark.

I understand,  
Excellence isn't within my range  
So, I won't fight hard  
To win over the world  
I will just stay black  
And wait for the world to win.

Am black,  
Blacker than black  
But am happy like them  
And I'll eat their harvest.

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# The Me You Always Knew.

Some where along the way  
I lost hold of what was me.  
Then I became me,  
The me that you know.

Once I had a dream  
But I couldn't wake up  
To share it,  
And when I did wake  
It was useless to the context.

At one point it was good  
Then it took a turn.  
Somewhere without knowing..  
Tears became my companion.

Who was I?  
Do you remember?  
Or the me you know,  
Is the fine art piece you cherish?

Once I believed in God,  
Then doubts grew on me.  
I wondered,  
Till I gave up.

Yes, I gave up  
Not in one aspect  
But everywhere it was an option  
I chose to forget.

Amidst conflict,  
From right and need  
I chose to laugh  
That's the smile you see now.

When last did I cry?  
I also don't remember  
The world taught me

That tears only drain me  
But nothing changes.

If you know me  
Then you know me not.  
Because am not me  
The me you always knew.

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# I Committed Love.

Your honour,  
My fault is loving.

I love when rains fall  
And when rays scorch.  
I give in to the least;  
Embracing the worst for love.

I plead guilty of love.  
Loving hard that I forget  
What damn(sweet) love gave to Samson.

Her laughter echoes peace,  
Which the pieces of me  
Need to bond  
And thus I always trip.

Her eyes mirror affection  
To the far ends and  
To every little sob  
Of this evidence, my heart.

She pronounces a fantasy  
Which the child lover in me  
Gets excited about;  
I then walk her path.

If am deemed guilty  
And I must go down,  
Let it be known throughout  
That love is my guilt  
For which I pay with heart pieces.

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# The Man.

He walks with Hope  
But his emotions are hollow  
He believed that Life  
Wanted Him alot.

He talks of honour and happiness  
But his face speaks of internal breakdown.

He cowardly ran away from a war  
Because he cared for Life,  
Not his own Life  
But for them that would cheer on,  
And his love to whom his spear would be pointing.

He is a man who learnt to understand  
Understand the un-understandable  
At the expense of his own tears  
And the world mocks his commitment.

Trustable truths  
False Lies  
Journeys to wait  
For affection's sake  
He gives in all  
Without fretting out.

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# Peace.

All I ever wanted was peace  
And an avalanche of peace came  
Just to shred peace to pieces.

I've pieced puzzles apart  
Looking for damn  
peace  
But the quest for peace  
Has left me no peace.

Because, a piece of peace  
Costs lots of peace  
Yet I hold no piece  
Of what peace costs.

Does the world own  
A shortcut to peace?

For peace,  
The peace I want,  
Yet I can't sacrifice  
Any piece for it  
How can I win it?

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# Hunger.

Just how many!  
How many meals,  
How much can cure  
This will to survive  
From the ulcers of the world.

I have lived in pieces,  
Solely fighting for today,  
Some fight for hours!  
But in the warm hills,  
Someone piles food in trash.

You read right,  
Trash that keeps rags  
That are fit to cover me  
From the worldly chills.

We worked hard,  
To erect that tower  
Where he sits in coziness  
As we walk barefoot  
On the nails that held the poles.

Mom taught me  
That never should this quest  
The will to survive  
Take away my humanity.

It made sense then  
'Lions don't eat grass'  
But do the dead,  
Tell any tale?

I need to live,  
But am too hungry.

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# The Last Song Of Affection.

My pencil broke in the midst  
Of a romantic poem for you.  
And I have a hoarse throat,  
I cannot sing this affection to you.

Maybe am not the shooting star  
Towards which your wishes are directed.

Upstairs am frozen,  
Whilst the heart melts.  
But adjectives won't describe,  
Why forever,  
It's you or nothing.

All you do is win,  
You care not about a breaking soul.

Teach me,  
Show me,  
Incept it in me.  
How can I be him,  
That defines the stars?

I want to love you  
But I was never taught.  
I want to hold you  
But I fear you may fad  
Leaving me empty again.

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# Am I Fine?

Which part of being okay  
Do I look like?  
The reality part,  
The delusional part  
Or the non existent part.

I hope to confess,  
Am really not okay.  
I vent anger not to smiles,  
Laughter ain't my enemy.  
My face beams with joy, but no.

Because I have to be happy,  
I made it hurt less.  
But truthfully,  
It really hurts so hard.

I hold on to hopes;  
Hopes that are hopeless.  
Through fights  
I tread daily  
But I never win.

I live your nightmare  
Yes, it is scary  
Living in a loop  
Chained within those hard realities.

Life squeezes me in and out.  
I seek refugee but friends leave  
And you know What,  
Manchester united loses.  
Then,  
How can I be okay?

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# The Red Card.

A rope round her neck  
As she hung on the broken hopes  
Hopes of a world where she,  
As a woman would stand.

The strong arms had held her firm  
As it painfully went in and out.  
None of the screams she made  
Escaped the cloth in her mouth.

Who would she tell;  
That her seal had been broken?  
No one,  
Except washing it down with tears.

'Pregnant and HIV positive'  
Said the salary hungry nurse  
And the gallant responsible  
No mortal tracer could tell  
Where his soul had been seen last.

Even the activist was a mere symbol  
A symbol of noise for justice.  
And the mother was too weak  
To weep to decide as a mother.  
Poor Jessie now became  
An object of dowry accumulation.

Her path in education dead,  
Her life as a teen short-lived,  
No courage to face the world  
Behind the family house,  
Her favourite play zone  
Jessie found justice for herself  
With a rope round her neck

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# Unbeautiful Stories.

Why in this damn world,  
Must the sickness of the dead,  
Be the constitution,  
By which am judged?

Education is still the key  
To a padlock that rusted.

We learnt not to lie  
But lies are what life lies on,  
And society blames us  
For the unrealistic paths it laid.

He who promised all,  
Kept the promise  
When he took all  
To leave us scathed.

Then, we believed  
That the might lived  
Yet he that taught us righteousness,  
Was arrested for fraud;  
Stealing church land.

In the far lands  
Jessie hung herself  
To counteract the folks  
Who sung the praises of  
Her prostituting mother  
The 'slim' vermin had taken.

When potholes encroached our road  
And the boats were bought during the floods,  
To let us visit town,  
Didn't our representative  
Who flew in a helicopter  
See the drowning kid?

This land that by choice stood

Without notice became a monarch.

A monarch were the D lady,  
Died in hospital for not  
Having bought a Mama kit.

Wasn't it known,  
That the 'raped' boy  
Was mocked by his peers,  
When he tried to report.

Or, didn't we all see the judge,  
Concluding that the evidence brought  
Was merely circumstantial  
When young Maria was still bleeding?

That man,  
Yes him that peacefully protested  
And his shirt was torn with canes  
What wrong did he do?

We speak not of fairies  
But ugliness everywhere.

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