

Poetry Series

oliver west
- poems -

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A Crowned Mother

beneath my mother's shelter,
beneath my mother's feather
laying in her warm hands
beholding her darling smile
looking into her silver eyes
feeling her joyous heart.

where else would I feed
where else would I sleep
if not beneath my mothers shelter
and beneath her peaceful feather.

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Cast My Love

a hopeful net in the river sure is to catch, and my hopeful words in your heart
will surely blossom, cast my love in your heart and it shall cultivate truth with an
endless fruit with sincerity in a rushing brook down to the bottomless heart of
endless joy.

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Flee The Night.

too my hands couldn' hold her wings
she flee without saying goodbye,
too my ears didn't hear her leave,
she flee without saying goodbye,
on my bed dreaming all alone,
she flee without saying goodbye,
flee the night, flee my love
she flee without saying goodbye.

too my lips now going dry,
she flee without giving a kiss
too my heart, breaking apart
she flee without saying goodbye,
flee the night, flee my love
she flee without saying love you.

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Love And Forgive Wrong

Look at bond is not strong,
if we don't love and forgive wrong;
surely my heart is a new born.

Why should our hate keep us distance,
jealousy has destroy our resistance;
why should we fight every instance
with ugly words in abundance.

Every day is raining in our lives,
yet your picture remains by my side;
I am drunk with many wrong
but deep in must be strong.

Who will clean our salty tears,
dreaming all night about my dear
losing you only give me fear.

So am pleading,
let's love and forgive wrong.

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Many Mighty Men

O many mighty men,
is there no spark of light in your dark heart?
why do you choose to erect your muscles;
what pleasures do you derive from the sound of war?

O you many mighty men,
don't you have wives and children?
why do you hunger to shatter parents and children;
your swords yearn too round up family lives.

O you many mighty men,
don't you build huts to shelter your wives and children and animals;
why do you desire to rattle homes build by the strength of another.

O you many mighty men,
do you not consume food from your farms,
why do you want to damage the soil and harvest of another and curse him
hunger.

O you many mighty men,
Have you not taste something bitter or has your tongue not rejected bitter taste;

if the tongue wants not bitterness how much more would the soul not flee from
it's face.

O you many mighty men,
don't you enjoy the cold taste of your stream;
why not look upon the torrent of another and seek not to poison the torrent with
innocent blood, will they now drink the blood of there own brethren which thou
has killed.

O you many mighty men,
withdraw back to your family and love one's
and surrender to a peaceful spirit and
lay your hearts at the soft lips of love.

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Nature Of Love

I could write your name on the moon,
spelling it with the stars;
I could write your name on the sand beach
sing you the ocean blue songs with nice words
and write your name on every surface
spelling your name with the smoke from my pipe.

all of these I could do for love
but nothing is better than the fair colour of love; the green leaves, the pink
flowers
and your darling smell.

love sounds in my ear like a rushing water
and when I bite love it taste like a ripe green apple;
and never shall I behold it a sunset.

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Never Sunder Nor Depart

I can not resist your hug,
i can not send away your kiss;
my soul is screaming for love;
come to my rescue dear miss.

Let the ocean flow in our hearts,
let the sun rise in our lives;
never shall we sunder nor path;
you always will be my darling wife.

I behold nothing but your smile,
cherish nothing but your mien;
let's walk together for a while,
it's a moment that will not cry nor die.

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Returning

As far as the borders of weeping heart,
swallowed by sorrows of secrets night;
coming from the red sea of a shattered trust
and the lightening of fortitude strike again.

Awaken from a rare fake dream
that trap my might frozen as it seems
like a dead moon in a cold mood,
when I was beaten with fears
my life shrinking with tears
tied down to a burden not dear.

Still I put down worries hands,
lift up my drowning life;
mute the screaming around my trust,
returning to my first joy.

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Shadow Alone

i only gaze at a shadow on a wall
and his heart was very poor,
while the cold wind makes him shiver
and the burning candle seems to glow brighter,
his heart keep bleeding heavily
for his adore cometh not too him.

he toss a rose into a flame
cause his heart has become lame,
patient runs from his vein
and now only his heart suffer the pain,
gradually he begins to fade
while his countenance remains sad.

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Sleep My Child

sleep my child, sleep my child
close your eyes
sweet dreams dear
be ye far
you snakes and wolfs
angel protect
my golden child,
sweet dreams dear
kiss the stars
rest your mind
sleep my child.

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Solace In Bitterness

the sun rises with a sorry sad surface,
an endless tears streaming from the sky
a centurion guides happiness gate
a fair coffin has joy in him late;
a breathing pain in the heart not solve.

veins empty, veins runs empty,
the queen's crown crashed heavy
when in pains no gods envy
animals with empathy be thy mates
words of sorrow then lacks debate.

then a powerful solace arise
joy start to resurrect from her grave
the centurion is knock out of happiness gate
now joy like a wind gives thy a blow
then thy eyes are bright
solace in bitterness.

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Strings

The violinist has such a lovely tune,
it could throw me into burning mood;
if melodies comes with tempests
troubling the buds of a golden trumpet
so let the melody sway in a gorgeous vein,
bringing healing to a joy that was lame.

Let the song from living strings
sting our heart with blessings,
pulling the hands of worries
and every note calms my fury.

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Wedding Fruit

Happiness lingers in my soul,
my name is about to grow
and be sheared with my beloved;
mother wish is now solve.

Smile is the king of the day
but tears of joy has a roll to play,
I can't wait to hear kiss the bride
na something way no need bribe.

storm and cold night bye-bye,
name of girlfriend is good to die
while I now pronounce honey pie,
and am going to say I do
and yes I love you too.

happy marriage life;
till the cease of breath we part.

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