

Poetry Series

OPWONYA JOEL ONEN
- poems -



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OPWONYA JOEL ONEN()

Opwonya Joel Onen is a Ugandan poet from Northern part, Acoli land. He is the C.E.O and founder of an international poetry group, POETRY AT HAND INITIATIVE UGANDA based on Facebook and a student undertaking Literature and History

EARLY LIFE.

Opwonya Joel Onen was born on 27th November,2001 to Mr. Onen Emmanuel and Mrs Oyella Christine Onen. His early poetry began in 2020 and became known internationally, with his poem 'WHEN I PEN' one of his second hand written poetry album. The poem was translated into a Hindu folks (language) by one of his Indian fan and follower. He however started writing together with one of his friend who passed away on 24th December 2020, Picho Abdallah Khim who was published after his demise in MY COUNTRY AND HER MUSING NEIGHBOURS a East African Anthology. Picho his late friend was born on 24th October,2001 a month before Opwonya's birth.

Opwonya also wishes to be an outstanding poet, writer and author of his time. He started writing also some spoken words that is making him a great mind poet in his community. He wrote a spoken word lyrics, an elegy about the death of The Lion Of Mogadishu, Maj. General Paul Locec which due to some studio false misconduct made the audio to crash on the recording studio database. But all in all he is a spoken word artist who writes in his mother language currently working on his Spoken Word Dub Poem album entitled GIN MANYEN or A NEW THING or SOMETHING NEW. He is an an Acoli one of the ethnic group of The Luo people in Uganda, North of the country.

Opwonya is also a researcher, free thinker and a philosopher basing his studies and thoughts on Culture, Earth and Love. He is also a Pan African growing writer and unpublished author working on his first anthology WILD HEART soon to be released.

Enormous Wish

I keep on wondering,
In the absence of your eyes
That shine like the waters of the Nile
Its moisturising flapping
And elegant blushing.
Oh girl I just dare to keep your passion
Underneath my hearth.

Well,
That absence makes my heart fonder
Woman, you woman, I wonder
Once I sink into your bosom
Dancing in the dry season's pleasures
Give me your dizziness I keep
I'll give you my happiness to live in.
Is this love I seek?
In beseech?

I see stars in your jolliness
A great future in your dramatic gestures
I see the moment just like a prudent empire
I see you in a land of milk, honey
And the radical emancipation.
I see a love of life and vice versa
Be my love and flutter my silent party
I wish to be your emperor, to protect you
With our spear made of mola ki ryal

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Yelling, Telling, Belling In The Harsh Time

Now, kiss that woman in rugs
And shade her house black
Going along a garbage of thugs
Why do leaders lack
The opinion to judge this festive
Maybe the sun is white
To heal; mothers yelling
Unborn blood clotting a while
Poor in labour, young girls telling
Boys to farm on family
Oh my soul, die now and reap
The burden of this pandemic, too deep
In the valley of dreams to keep
And awaken love highly
Belling to old love to care the fallen
Angels of this young brain
Quench the pain and thirst oh God
And teach us not to only gain
But to make dreams be got
Yeast make us sweet in the altar
Then on and on we realise
How to carry the star
Not to be in yolk of trial but dial.

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I Will Burry Me Again

When the pain is painful,
The gain is gainful
To the hypocrite
When I die here, my house
Has to be hurried with me
When I die here, my money
Has to be laid beside me
But when I die at home
I will write a will to my siblings
Because
I have lost all the world games
I have lost all my wealth the world gave me
I will burry me again in the future
I will be rich and loving
No man knows the spirits I carry though
The world knocked me out,
I will praise my pain
And never let anything control me
Accept my own love.

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Yes Ego

Inside me, Mr. Self
My own self talking to me
Puzzled in galaxies of ideas
No road in front or behind
Yes, many patterns in me
So hard to describe
Who is who?
Whose side is the clearest
Then ego said again
I'm your mister, the king to ask
Look! for
Your soul needs your
Attention.

Opwonya Joel Onen.

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Bounce

Our days never hooked
In those old sunlight in the evening
Shadowing your upper teeth

When I fell

Time was not enough
To bounce our fortune but what I know
Is, first cut is the deepest!

Therefore

Hook with me again tonight
In the silent dark night
And bounce your love-knight

In my heart.

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Inking My Love Not

Today got me peeping
For the book inside shelves
Looking for a pen to shed off
The emotions uncountable

Today got me whispering
To the birds of rose colour
Perching on the branch in the
Neighborhood, lonely

Today got me in the morning
Waking up, listening to lines
Of my books, arranged like
Gills of tilapia crying

Inking this to you,
Dear one listen to this new letter
How old he has been
Rubbing the balls in the pages

Then later, I will not show
Myself to that new teacher
To come about my ink pot
Shading the beauty of your heart.

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A Broken Soul

Somebody said to me that love is circle
Somebody told me that love is blind
Somebody whispered to me that
Love is never wrong.

Somebody came to me
Somebody came and tossed me
Somebody pretended to love
Me up.

From a far mountain, I fell
From a high building, I flew
From nowhere, I dropped down
Crying.

When somebody told me "love"
When somebody told me "heart"
Was when I died instantly
Broken.

Crying the whole nights
Spending the whole days weeping
Taking the whole me mourning,
Do not love me, I am sick to handle your love.

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Understand

Most love seems young
Most love seems a game
Some love are young to love truly

Understand that I'm a man
Understand that affection
Understand why I cry

Most times we judge
We resurrect evil corpse meant to degrade
And fight for a coward's heart to fall in love with

Words are sweet like quinine than action
When honey tells your tongue to spill it out
You will only pretend eating it

Understand that it's unhealthy to
Fall in love when you're young
Love comes once!

Leap not to the neighbour's property
He will use you, but not love you
When you started your family, you promised true love

Love is more than love when it
Comes to relationship. Do not let him waste
Your time and your love

Understand that love is a choice
Understand that love is a gift
Understand that love is beautiful

When you do so, do not fight
Do not play, do not be a coward
Be the one that understand. Be the love

Understand that love helps
Understand that love grow
Understand that love see..

Understand why you love

Understand that humans can break

Understand that humans can boil

Understand that humans can melt

Understand that humans are human

Teach your self how to love

Teach that person how to love then you can

Love, break, heal and survive

This is real love when you understand it by heart.

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She Needs You Close

SHE NEEDS YOU CLOSE

Love is more than love
Being true love, being
Real love, being blind love,
Being love.

One drop is not yet
Enough to let love
Be love

Look, she needs you close
To the furnace to
Burn..

To iron her skins
She needs you close to let
Her stop being in frozen
Nights

She needs you close to
Hear the beats of her
Heart

That love is more than love,
It's love.

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(Poetry At Hand Initiative)

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We Were Here

WE WERE HERE

I knew not today
That a day of birth
When I bear pages of a living
Diary.

At the drop of a ink,
In the first piece
Of drought,
Oceans flooded the paper.

Here in the cover
Page of the little book
Looking through it, we got
That we were here writing
Our own story.

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Tomorrow

If I can't go, I'm behind
Something is in the dark
No light was in my past days
Just look at me

No destiny is destined
No success succeeds
No light lights
Nothing!
For a greedy me, poor me

Tomorrow, oh tomorrow
Knocking at my doors
Calling my name, look my heart
I need to see fortune in the
Tomorrow
How? When I have love for this
Journey..

Welcome tomorrow, just
Enjoy the new day light
It's not the day last night
It's a new day, my day
Coming soon to clean me
Welcome to my house tomorrow

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Something Somewhere

I have been here looking
At the new day where a new life
Will rise

In the flowers;
New dews fading in the
Mild sun heat

Come close to me
I want to fist away the old me
To go for tomorrow
Something somewhere can't twist my walk

Go away dark path
Tell me it's over
Tell me the storms are gone...
I will change me in the new day

Tomorrow is as precious
Beautiful, sweet, lovely
As my success will be
A golden day to come, to lose everything
That haunted me
In the past.

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Two Us Away

"TWO US AWAY"

Get me good soil from Earth

To make a sculpture

Where I will write you a

Memoir about friendship

On how we met, like Eclipse

Of the moon so rare

Walking in the mat of flowers

Singing something only you

Can hear.

Doing something only you

Can help.

Making something for the

Two us away.

You see? Thinking about what

It mean to have a good

Friend named Janet

Smiling today about my surprise

Calling a friend to read this poem

Thinking who wrote it this way,

Oh sweetheart it's the cry of my

Heart.

Let's maintain the "Two Us Away"

And keep our candle lighting...

Like Eyes of God never closed

Looking at his lambs.

You know what?

Our purpose is not just here,

We can live to see Jesus Christ

One day.

Good friend like you will

Be honoured.

Love you my friend.

OPWONYA JOEL ONEN

Your Love

Oh love, look at my
Eyes and tell me
What you see
Each time I call on to
The beat of my heart
I call on for the blossom of
Your love,
Do not let me know
How much you hate me
Let me know how
Much you wish to stay
Close to me
Your love shakes me like Earth quake
I only give away my wealth
To build our love.

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Do Not Just Love

Prophet TB Joshua once said

'Do not just love'

And the congregations thought he was

Speaking in tongues

Each sabbath he would speak

To the youths of Synagogue Church of All Nations

'Love is not just a matter of falling for'

'Do not just love'

A mother would say to her daughter

Love has ups and downs

Some friends love you to take

Others come to grow

If you will fall one day,

Agree to you all to grow another

Jesus once said,

'Do not just love'

Water your soul with bundles of love

Love your friend as yourself

Fall foolishly and cry,

Fall wisely and enjoy

'Do not just love'

True love is not a lust

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Wait For It

You will see it happening
Everything that was
Told in the first story
That
Birds will fly up, wind
Will bring them down
That
Flute will sing high, wind
Will stop in to slow

.....

You will see it happening
Fights, troubles and
Lie
That
Storm will loot everything,
Thunder will go off
And you will smell or maybe
Taste if it's the
Same thing you fell in love
With.

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Tell Her

Tell her my story
Tell her my feelings
Tell her about wings
Tell her about games
Tell her that the path
Has honey and thorns
Tell her my name
Tell her her story
Tell her my green light
Tell her about the future
Tell her "I wish";
Tell her to think
Tell her love
Tell her about suffocations
Tell her to dig
Tell her a story
Tell her my love,
Tell her! Tell her!
Just tell her my act
Promise true love
Tell her her words melted me
Tell her she's pretty
Tell her she's an Angel
Tell her my melting point
And my boiling point
Tell her I don't care
Tell her I will be fine
Tell her to fall
Tell her I will win
Tell her it's alright
Tell her! Tell her!
Just tell her I love her
Tell her she's my gold
Tell her the truth
Tell her my soul
Do not shiver
Tell her please.

Can I Talk

Can I talk?
About an Ocean
In the head of a
Young
Beautiful
Girl?
About a hand
Touching me silently?
About a voice
Too deep, soft and
Loving?
Can I talk about
Your heart if it
Can let me fall in love?
About my world
Being in
Despair and extreme
Desertification?
About how we will
Kiss ourselves
Under a thousand bosoms
Telling you
"I Love You"
Because it's the only
Thing left in our
Deserted lands
Can I talk about our feelings
The truth in my heart
How your smiles dig the
Wild eyes I carry
I need to talk to you Princess
I need to tell you my last
Words
I need to water your house
And take a walk beneath
Your heart, for I am lonely
Look I need you, I love you
You have teared me
Apart,

I will die showing you the
True love.

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Go Back Home

Who knows home?
Who comes from home?
Who are you, loitering here?
Stuck in existence
Do not go home if you have
No home to live in

Who knows home?
A prostitute knows home?
A drunkard sleeping in corridors
Mad man in the suburbs
Do they know home?

Expatriates in the West
Mr. President from another country
Exports or imports
Refugees
Bustards
Or thieves in the city
Where are they, at home?

And you,
Bishop, Clergy men and pastors
Soil is home?
Because we came from it
Where is home?

A king and Queen
Rivers flowing
Thorns and flowers
Beggar and his money
Wind of rain
Where? From where going where?

Who knows home?
The birds
Insects
Fish
Animals

Or bushes in the wilderness
Where is home?

Take me home
Quench my thirst
Let me eat the fruits
Let me chase birds from the garden
Take me home to breathe
When I sleep on the mountains
Swim across rivers and sing
Take me there

I want to go back home,
I want to sleep in the lands
I want to know my home
My father, mother, and
Relatives
I want to "Go Back Home"
To live

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(Poetry At Hand Initiative Uganda) .

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Dance In The Rain

No sooner did I
Lock the door than it begun
Beating the drum
In my chest
"Boo-oom! " roars the
Thunder with sparks
Of feverish look
For the mere sun
"Knock-knock" at the
Door
So wet like a night dancer
Caught by the river
Bank bewitching a friend
"Come out and dance with me
In the rain..
I want to whine my waist
Showing you the real
Meaning of patience
No matter the heavy
Downpour
Dance in the rain baby, look
No one can love me like
You do opening my heart and
Writing in it with the inks
Of rain drops
When I am a sleepy weepy
Needy
Calling your name when
Sick to nurse me..
Here, baby dancing with you
In the rain"

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She Told Me Something

After the rain is over, sun will shine
I will remember the mud we played on
And the sand we embraced the looks
How cute and beautiful your face is
To me, my eyes are open for you to look
Into and tell me the mysteries of kisses
After, I will take you somewhere
For you to dangle in the rain of flowers
I met you like a new kingdom of life
Never written about anywhere
Yet existed somewhere far away
Your hands touched me like snails and
Tattooed my fear
I love your body, so much dearing like
A newborn Fawn
Just keep kissing me one day I will miss
You and your lips will give me company
Sweet is your love baby don't remember
The patterns and puzzles I asked,
I wanted to let you inside my shallow
Heart of stones
I loved you before heaven existed
I loved you before it rained
I loved you before I was born
Just before my mother met father, I was
In love with your humble soul
Look at me, twist my fingers and sing
Me a lullaby
Eat my legs, hands and ears too
Cover me out of the harsh worlds
Dance the yoga on my spines and caress
My young breasts
Sometimes I forget to remember
My name because your name is my Favorite obsession
Sometimes I remember not your wrongs
Because I don't want to cry again
Will you marry me young man?
You've tamed my Wild Heart
Will you feel me young ball?

My skins are soft and wet between me
Will you kiss me young husband?
I have lost my wet lips already
Will you be mine young God?
You kneaded me with you to make a Perfect dough for pan cake
Shine on me, I will reflect your real self
Darling, I know the world hates us
Come take me into a pool on Earth
And burry me there
I am not sure if I am still virgin
You've dug me into detail till morning
I love it when you call me Princess
You are my Prince and king too!
Young God, you stole me fully
Nothing is left behind me,
I believe in love, I believe in you
I love you for real and forever,
Don't hurt my heart let's just burn
When broken and heal again
For we carry sacks of Wild Love.

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Serious In This

I am not ash
I am not bush
I am not pain

I am not hot enough
I am not cold enough
I am not sure of me

I think am ready
To curb your feeling
Or to just get into it

I am not the ash
I am the woods
I am the fire

I am serious
I am busy
I am not sure

I am in love
I am in you
I am in me,
I am serious, I love you

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Deep In The Woods

Dusk drained my tears to rest lonely
As I waited for my soul to mitigate pain
July seems a month of frustration
That my feeling is vastly plain
 with black art against me deep in
 woods of agony.

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Today

Today, my morning is shining. my hours
walking. my work output of yesterday is buried. and it is reminding me
something. something you don't know, something about today.
That I should go on rolling the sun to reach dusk. That my today should bear
journals archived in souls of hard work. So I welcome my today in another style
like a coming rain and blessing. on the Earth of mine; to live in with peace, love,
respect and unity on ecology

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Take My Feeling Into Fire

I overslept on emotional theory
That dated me into nationalistic gravamen
When thoughts on self was a ditch of evil phenomena
'A bird in the hand is worth battle for the one in the jungle, ' Christine my mother
told me one evening
'Oh little boy, you are silent as buttock! '

Threads and linens of harsh agony leached the tubules of glory
My feeling was just a mare of vision
I died on a trip to paradise, a 'tranny'
Leafs of grown up 'dork' jubilating like a ' ghoul' not fearing traces of emotional
transient after life
Taken out of the road to the fire

I mean ironical belief that' I can do'
Surviving on a soul of ' I can't do' tragedy..
Calling outside voyagers to come lift a hand to the ceiling
Not knowing the first thing is 'trial'
Not knowing he 'has all'
Oh self sit down and think
Peep not trouble, lead me to the joy and success
Teach me 'me' and lift 'me' out of fire.

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Awful Animosity Of Your Love

Pants are just like a watch man on night shift patrol
When crystal of dew spewed over a cold heart,
Because mornings come with hot winds flying through the neighborhoods
You always dread bad luck to my dreams and visions

Atmosphere of Kitgum can't threshold to give you a quarter of hope
To keep you the river between my desert soul
To make me a Majesty of your love
To give you blessings and grace about romantic engagement
You just stand to quilt away the stars of our own making

Awful you horrors the necessity of kisses and cuddles onto your lips
When I want to whisper true love into your romantic world
To take care of your eggs, build for you a reservoir of roses
Take you to the moon, whirl with you in the rain, and brush my hands with the
succulence of your breasts
I baptised you 'A Woman of Desperation'

You were so good and kind to my veggies in the field
You were so quite to the beats of my heart that always keep you in praise
You were at most the rhythm in my violin strings that direct my palm to your rich
kingdom
You were my Venus the Goddess of Love, The Juliet whom I drunk her juice
You, you, you lived in the mysteries of golden paradise in my heart
You have spoiled the honey in our basket this November with your Awful
Animosity of Love....

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Tossing My Soul

Back in those days, in the dust of creation
When larks sings, owls give instrumentals and parrots raps
Man live naked and didn't sinned rather live
Back in the days of no schools, phones or money
And life was life! Life was lived not existed
Dear God created man to own earth not to be ruled on earth
No Corona infection or HIV, no pills or family planning, no religion! In those days
And now we are here drowning as soon as birth
Prescribed in an envelope to follow like a doctor and patients' doses
Spiritually parallel but religiously perpendicular and stuck following religious
protocols
In a heavy paste of existence against God's 'live on earth'
Oh earth...

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Coffee And Love

As usual to my muscles, a break burn deep in my love router. in the morning sipping coffee and biting slices of bread. I reach out for a reward of love shown on your face. the wavy hair your head grows ripe my weary jungle. as they seem a real love, I nod for more in the morning. peeping to the reflection in our eyes, mingling our fingers, toasting cups, freezing in the mist, enjoying crisp of the rain rippling on the coarse glass window. We make love like kites and air, like rain and thunder, like tooth paste and brush, like coffee and love. like morning and dawn, birds and song, king and crown, day and night, peace and unity.... Sweetheart, in Acoli we say 'Ocok man ki bye ne' meaning 'Each wild pepper with his own anthill (problem) as a sign of romantic partnership glued

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Bliss Of A Young Amateur

She sits on the couch and read the solfa
She strikes the keys in melody that
Blazes sparkle in unity
As though she teaches her mother
How to make love out of stress
Listening, observing and singing away
The pains from self to the air

In the beats of her piano

She is a living expediter of love,
Who kisses her soul into music
To warm
Her blood and forget the tear and wear
The world caused.

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The Ash Of Revival Night

As my brain washes the blossoms
My night kindled the portion
Negating the demise of dawn
On a night walk to the towns
 In a neighborhood

As my eyes predicted the coming mists
My lips spoke of the hidden gists
About yesterday's hope in vain
On the bereaving ash of pain
 Battling my self-peace

My country yard grows wild grapes
And their story's born from the Apes
As I least tell my soul the assuage
To extinct my fear through the passage
 Of evil shrines

How do I keep me in peace?
And fear not any hurting piece
Of injustice. Apprenticed to love
Mediating inner freedom like a dove
 Sent as sign of revival

How will I wake up grace
To hold my hope in blaze
So that my feeling can crown
Kingship, fragrance, and fury clown
 To own this Earth as written.

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Kiss Of A Butterfly

If loving you is a flight, we would be
Butterflies

For I can't kiss air without a heart
Where my kiss will just be a kiss

That day your lips irritated upon mine
Heaven came down and I wailed to God

I realised our lips fitted one another
Just like a butterfly and flower

I dream of a life, you and me kissing
And felt enduring tasting you

Please be my butterfly that can't
Forget to visit a flower in time

That understands the sweet juice of
The flower, And I be your Rose flower.

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Pure Heavens

'How much do you love me? '

'Have you seen the milky ways, ' I asked

'How much do you love me! ', she asked angrily

'Having seen them, that's how much

_You deserves my golden soul

You deserves a solution of purity

Cracking awareness of belonging

In the palace of divinity

Like a warrior and his swords

_Never separable

How much do I love you

Like a King and his crown?

Or a witch doctor with his drum?

Oh my soul mate, believe my love

_We lives in pure heaven

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