

Poetry Series

**ransom ossy**  
**- poems -**

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## ransom ossy()

AN AFRICAN GUY WHO'S GAT GREAT POTENTIALS YET TO BE HARVESTED. HE IS HILLARIOUS AND FUN TO BE WITH IF ONLY HE IS UNDERSTOOD. THOUGH NOT A PERFECT MAN, HE IS NOT EVIL EITHER.

FOR SECURITY REASONS AND SOME OTHER REASONS BEST ENCODED BY ME, I WOULD NOT GO FURTHER TO DISCLOSE ANY OTHER RELEVANT INFO. ABOUT MA SELF. BUT IF U ARE CANDID AND WISH TO GET MORE ABT ME, U CAN SEND A MESSAGE.

BUT MY NAME? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? CALL ME RANSOM OSSY.... AND I WOULD BE PLEASED WITH YOU. CHEERS.

# A Dreadful Trip

A journey I know not when I started  
Before long, emotions were created.  
Forging ahead seems not to be the best,  
And going back! The last.  
Two people coming in opposite direction  
In the same road with same intention.  
Took it to be a casual walk anyway.  
But it gets stronger as the day passes by.  
Should I go back or call it a quit?  
Very difficult, can't! Even if I tried it.  
Both travelers had a hidden intention  
Yes, hidden but waiting for the right junction.  
A junction we met through a phone.  
Yes! Through phone on 14th of June.  
Intentions were let known as if it would never be.  
But instead of the much dreaded heartbreak, we were happy.  
Happy that emotions were not betrayed.  
Happy that our intentions were much appreciated.  
Never knew I would write this with joy,  
Feared I would be called a hardhearted lover boy  
A heart-breaker, I never wanted to be.  
Though it was fun, it was also risky.  
A great risk I couldn't bear,  
But thanks to Jah, He heard ma prayer.  
You would read this, my co-traveler.  
Cos you've been a good friend and would remain one, forever.  
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# A Friend

Sticks to you through thick and thin.  
Cheers with you when you didn't win.  
Pulls you through when the tide is high.  
Always stand by when you cry.  
Does not leave when you are made.  
Rather says "hey! Don't be afraid".  
Is always there for you.  
Yearns to make your day blue.  
Does not add to your grief.  
Rather hastens to your relief.  
Tells you the truth, even your dark side.  
Knows your odd past, but doesn't mind.  
Shares your secret and keeps it so.  
Gets provoked but soon lets go.  
Has a love that's deep and true.  
Does good and splendid things just for you.  
Respects you and holds you dear.  
Upholds chastity in Gods fear.  
A true friend, yes a true friend,  
Very rare to find

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# Conspiracy

If you live like you've always existed  
You'd die like you never existed.  
Even if the past has been all sorrow  
Live today while you wait for tomorrow.  
They put heads against a man.  
Conspire against you when they can.  
If you did not fall, you cannot stand.  
If you've been pushed to the wall, you'd understand.  
Conspiracy is good though  
Afterwards you are seen as a foe.  
It gets the victim to adversity  
Getting through it is my speciality  
Should I better keep what I have?  
Much like a bee in a hive?  
It stings, yet it excretes honey.  
Otherwise, it is phoney.  
Conspiracy is a plan against what you do.  
It positively projects the best in you.  
It helps you rise above exigencies.  
When you fall, stand. When you flop, don't cast blame on faces (conspirators)

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# Dejection And Love

Like a well scented rosy-petal, despised by a bee,  
only to open my mandibles awe-strucked at what I see.  
The confidence and pride of having a stunning rainbow-coloured butterfly  
perusing its hood.  
desiring to pollinate and its juicy fluid serving as food.  
Earthly helper, a placid flow of pelican wishes.  
wishes of a dejected cormorant buried in ashes.  
In a cold rainy day, weakened by xenophobia.  
Now basking in d warm glow of a past fear.  
Given an escalope.  
Garnished with flavours, making memories to sustain hope.  
Hope that would make me cope.  
Like a wounded lion whose rage u cannot stop.  
With the graceful regalia of a renowned princess.  
Whos gat the looks and appearance of a bollywood actress.  
The golden crown, yes the crown with precious stones.  
Stuck in one head and it is no one's.  
the innocent display of dentition by a child in ragamuffin lace.  
Running to your welcome and a warm embrace.  
Something from d pocket would really pull a smile.  
Making d race of another day worthwhile.  
Anger! Rage! Revenge are bitter!  
It leaves deadly scares so no one does it better.

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# Exquisit Creature

Like fresh peaches, you are cool & sensuous.  
Just like the moon, you are fabulous.  
You've got a beauty that's breathtaking.  
Your smile & sense of humour is very fascinating.  
Your silky dark hair which rests on your shoulders,  
Makes your beauty obvious even to blind beholders.  
No earthly queen can stand you oh pretty lady.  
You are a charming extrovert a paragon of beauty.  
You are endowed with immense erudition & tolerance.  
You are humane, an epitome of intelligence.  
You are indeed an exquisite creature.  
I can't just wait to get your picture.

21/01/2011

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## Keep It Glowing....

As if it would never be,  
It has come and gone.  
As if it was too far,  
Two years is here.  
Thinking of the past when we were new,  
Then when friend here were few.  
It was as if we would not make it  
just because we thought we weren't fit.  
Yes we've made it together.  
And together we would go further.  
Had always yearned for this day,  
When all would be gathered this way.  
But never knew it's gonna be a time of mixed emotion.  
Cos am gonna miss all your loving companion.  
Wish I could say no.  
Wish I could ask you not to go.  
But we have to, yes it's for good.  
We hope to be back and meet in better mood.  
Hope to see you all again.  
But one thing, KEEP THE FLAME GLOWIN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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# Thank You

To all who gave me a cup of garry or two,  
I say thank you.  
To all who paid my dues  
I say thank you.  
To all who saw me grow  
I say thank you.  
To all who asked me to.  
I say thank you.  
To all who saw me through.  
I say thank you.  
To all who stood by me.  
I say thank you.  
To all who prayed for me  
I say thank you.  
To all who encouraged me  
I say thank you.  
To all who sponsored me  
I say thank you.  
To all who fed me.  
I say thank you.  
To all who gave me bread and tea.  
I say thank you.  
To all who scratched my account  
I say thank you.  
To all who made me count.  
I say thank you  
To all who wished me well.  
I say thank you.  
To all who did not tell,  
I say thank you.  
To all who poured me water.  
I say thank you.  
To all who made me matter.  
I say thank you.  
I wish to thank you all even more  
buh to Jah that gave me life, 'I no fit Thank you'.

'Stepped in here five years ago with a dream and am leaving with a Degree'  
16/01/14

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# The Eagle's Dinner

I sat out on a cushion one cool evening  
Looking up like it's a vision, guess what am seeing.  
An eagle roaming like Alice in Wonderland.  
A mother-chick running 'cos she understand  
Away from danger she really want to be.  
Her care as a mother I looked on to see.  
The eagle still searching for a chick to enjoy.  
Mother-chick still running from the eagle's feigning decoy.  
Mother-chick saw some rice and was picking at a glance.  
The eagle saw a chance and acted on it once.  
She starts crowing was restless and furious.  
Ran around panting, looking so mean and serious.  
The Eagle flew away and couldn't just let go.  
The chick is now a prey off to where it doesn't know.  
She can always get another but has lost one to her dismay.  
Oh! The Eagle's Dinner I still sit and say..

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# The Road Seems Longer

A five-year journey taking longer than expected.  
My stay in here has lingered than I intended.  
'Are you not through yet?'  
Is one question that I hate.  
Yes, I should have been through.  
But unjustly, it's long overdue.

Five years ago it was all too rosy.  
Five years later it gets me feeling muzzy.  
Muzzy cos I gat no much 'water in my cup'.  
Dried by the Decision of 'Ogas at the top'  
Everyone is tired and infact I am weak.  
Expectation has been postponed and so my heart is sick.

Peering into the future, I see a light dim and bleak.  
More like the Aso-rock villa sustaining a leak.  
May I ask 'is there still light @ d end of d tunnel? .  
Can one pure out water from a can using a funnel?  
Light at the end of the tunnel has been blown off  
'Ogas at the top' with no conscience and no love

My school ID has just a month more to live.  
My rent is due and landlord asked me to leave.  
My final exam is uncertain as to day and year.  
My mates are now working and I'm still here.  
My heart is red-swollen on whom should I vent my rage?  
When I finally get this cert, wud it be more than a page?

Asup is stricking.  
Government is not willing.  
Their carefreeness trigers my anger.  
The road is now longer.  
Time is wasting.  
And believe me, boys are not smiling...

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# When It Strikes

When it strikes, faces wet.  
Your absence anyone can bet  
Unmoveably stuck like an iron peg.  
A shoe that can't fit another leg.

the breadwinner loses the game.  
Breadeaters inherit his name.  
No gold-mine no fame.  
Life never remains the same.

A beloved daughter. Yes your queen.  
So loved and now thirteen.  
Her presence pulls smile from your face.  
Welcoming you with a warm embrace.

A son! Yes your Junior boy.  
Speaking with him brings you joy.  
The first word learned was 'dad'.  
You smiled and said 'thats my Lad'

Your wife! Yes ur dearest one.  
A mother to your daughter and son  
few years ago you gave her a ring.  
Now left with a dirge to sing.

Your mum! Yes you cherish her.  
Never wanted to go too far.  
Should be the first to use the door.  
Now you did, and what is more?

'You are gone' cries the bereaved.  
You are not where you once lived.  
Left your loved ones behind.  
With a heavy heart and mind.

Your son, your daughter and your wife  
Your mum who somehow gave you life.  
Left with the question of 'How to cope'

Answered by the resurrection hope.  
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